

All Children Matter !
2021 BOOK OF MIRRORS

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„Book of Mirrors“

Ylva

I waited for the inspiration

***which book should be newly created,
and with your guidance and help, the following
will soon be done:***

I have two books in my new publishing

The Book of Shadows ...

- sleep ritual
- Rituals against trauma
- Cleansing, physically and mentally
- knowledge of the earth
- herbs, stones + magic
- recipes, methods
- correspondence

The book of mirrors ...

- insight
- Knowledge
- Awareness
- introspection
- self-discovery
- Experience
- inspiration
- growth

... about dreams, knowledge of people, dogs, upbringing, work, also with colleagues, art, gained knowledge and maturity

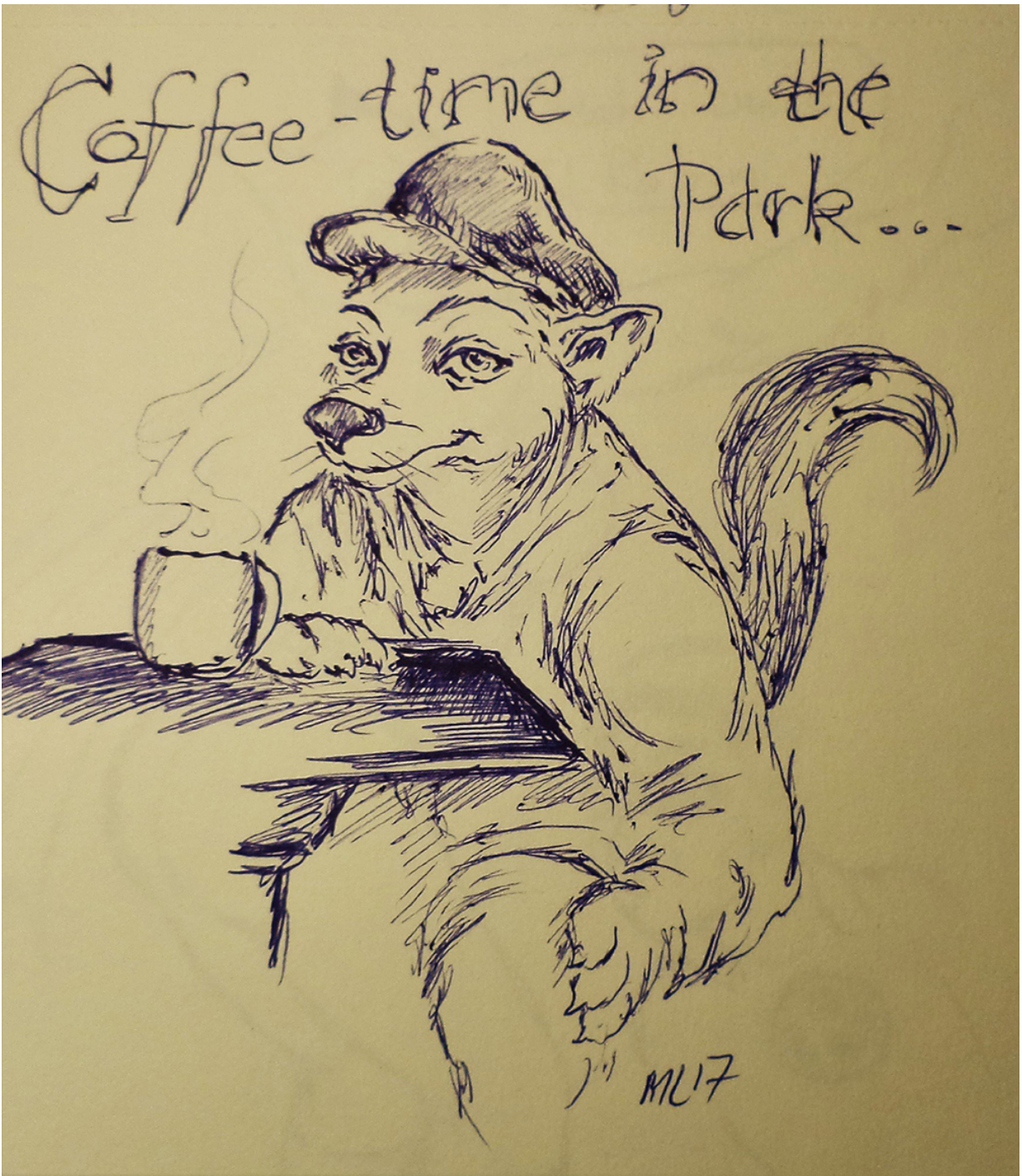
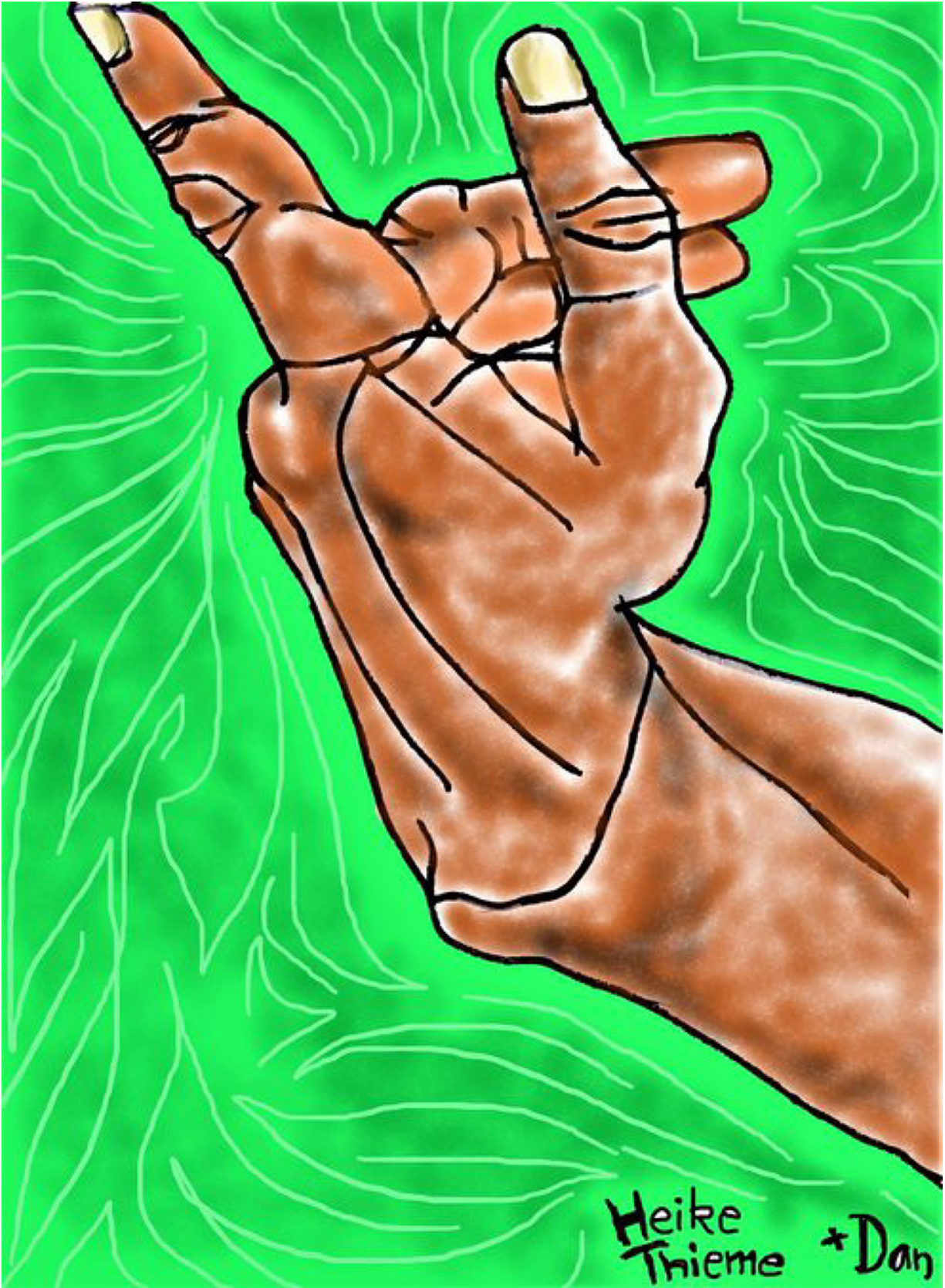


Illustration in togetherness
with Dan Magnus Lundgren



Heike
Trieme *Dan





People love to tell other people when they have taken the initiative in some other job, maybe to find them, and got the GREAT BUS DRIVER DRIVER'S LICENSE ... huahh hahahahah and I tell you ... Huah Huah Huah they are REALLY no big specials, aren't they even smart so proud to say this was something smart?

I saw how a small long bus drove around and followed it, a small, white, longer bus with the label "driving school" and knew that all these brilliant job seekers only drive around in an idiotic vehicle that looks like a better disabled bus which people are transported to the workshops? What was it good for me to see how ridiculous this driving school bus really looked, huah, huah, huah.

And now I shouldn't come across an inflated wife of such a bus driver anymore, even though she sits idly in the nest at home, or I'll collapse from laughter! OHHH LITTLE BIT!

But it can't really be fun to be a bus driver either.

No, actually I had said this directly to such a bus driver recently and was quite ironic. But now they have lost the game in every upcoming variant!

I heard the balloon burst nearby, and another, and another, and another!

Four balloons. I say the league bus drivers may never come to this triumph of being seen as civil servants or city employees, but more as clowns, their desire to puff up in front of me has been as lost as the freckles on their daughters' faces because they get thicker and thicker and the freckles unfortunately had to fade ... hihi

I need summer back soon and a long summer night with weather lights to forget those faces. The bus driver's wife was purely arrogant. And the man is sent to walk the dog

from time to time and then they want to hear all the latest from me. But I just hold back.

I have growing greening on my face, I meet him again.
Summer is coming, hold out.

I remember the last and last feeling when I said to the woman, "You may like it when the dogs say hello, but you don't want people to come and talk to you." Maybe better that way. I orient myself towards those who can take it by growing their hair, they take it with a better sense of humor.

There are a few,
sometimes hair up to the ass,
sometimes red and blond and dark.
I feel like the bald people feel very marginalized
almost unmanly even just before the elections.

I can see me driving the local bus, asking people hard questions and laugh at their confused faces.

Driving the local bus, asking people hard questions and laugh at their confused faces.

That was what I did, if I was a busdriver, talking about the hair, and why not bake a cake, and change the mode of shoes, and then where to go to the dentist, and ask who visiting the weekend again, and how are their kids....some of them then would start to hang up in the living room listen to Heike the whole day in the bus driving around, in and out. Miauw! You win the big price as most popular bus driver. I would directly start to give the people from the East to West good advices - for example quit the schools, leave the workshops, let the parents behind, move to other places, give up the husbands and wives, let the children do what they want, eat no more meat, throw away the smartphones and TV, walk on foot, buy a dog and go with him, leave the doctors alone and heal by yourself, sleep longer, calm down

the stress, abundance for peace, fuck the asshole, throw away the family stoff, leave the church, drink some good tea, back bread, never follow the leader,

That would really damage the poor, innocent people, of course you would have to quit if they really listened. I mean they would all enter in the psychiatry.

To be poor AND innocent, maybe is a problem that never anyone had solved before.

So sad, this way it is a risk for women to pray of better worlds sameway as if Men would do it.

Preachers are not the best to the world. No better world, now when the great minds has shaped it so well.

They be in a such ego and arrogance pretend to be the wiseness of all and God made, that they oversee, the single person that might not understand his point of view. That is irreversitile, unreal and vain but no helping out the folks.

Can we really judge a MAN talking to HIS god???

However I use to talk to such people about my own humor, and youth, and same about the historic facts. And the response?

Then they do as all do, they mourn, and beg for understanding, the christians were followed all over, then I do hurry saying they do polarise everywhere in the world, then I go further my way.

Maybe it is all good to look in to people's faces and guess, how they behave maybe in five years.

I've always been bad at guessing. Who ever knew when people do mostly only dream of something that is their future. The best always would be never loose trust in the people, and then find the best that will confirm and do it together against the look in to the storm.

Loud protest, silent diplomacy
Weighing up different conflicts of interest
to represent knowledge in this world
make it visible to all
but protected instead of taken away from others
not to be relegated to other worlds
what doesn't belong to the wrong hands
it is easy to act or to share happiness
and to decide things
and undermine regularities
and an angel who just plays the big girl
the winners of a game bedded in madness
and playful pastime about plastic things
constantly looking for new worlds to do with new seas and
new jobs.

Wish you a good day
with hot silver rain,
as long as we have the scales
which followed ashore.
As long as the one and other
still cares for the one he is his mother
and we all do solve our problem together
instead to see as lonely wolves
that those problems won't bother!

The many fairytales they teach us children is the bad
princess that wants a prince for being rich and find a step
on his throne.

And I still say, that the old fairies have the worthy truth all
time, like I can see that little manlike pope in Italy small,
nearly naked, barheaded seems like a little blond Daisy or
Blondie or Pop singer doll on his golden throne, that wanted
that power and all the money they can give, cost what
wanted even the abuse of the whole world and eat it all up.

The divine poop...pope, I mean

I mean then they do all sit on the pope's golden toilets and do have only the golden stored nuggets to bite on. That seems to be the best reason to become a dentist. Like I'm reading a comic titled 'Lucifer',

seems to be the lucky one that does not think very much about that awful happening in the world but just asit in this armchair with a bottle redwine every night and relax by knowing that they can't give a shit on what is happening.

For that I won't enter such a drinkers'pub anymore before knowing why I should do it, and would only drink a single beer by knowing what to talk about. That made it much more comfortable now live so far from the inner city, and not to meet the drunks anymore.

Pub's and churches are overrated, as well as the church does offer his open doors sometimes at the same time the drunks have their freetime, get well drunk and then spend a midnight mess.

Drinks and company plus music.

But You know why I don't accept these places, and all the rubbish around is for they make party all about even the fact that people in their circles die, and suicide, but they still hold on then and party!

That made these people so awful and less and less symphatical to me. The musicians okay, they need the money and must express themselves because they do own this talent.

I never really understood spending time in noise and spending a lot of money to get drunk and just feel bad the next morning. That is altime the thousand reasons to say

"No". People seek company, even when it doesn't give them anything.

I mean clear said, they do really give up a part of their mind and healthy thinking so called get close to vanity and disease to fall and fall and not many to collect and summarize again to come back to normalty. I know when they explained me that then their one and only compaignion they realize and not the truth is the imganitation of a huge glass of beer and when they only watch houses in the road, and then see passing windows open when just the ladies hold a glass beer prepared to drink every second they had the longing for. That is pretty weird at last!!!

Like those "colleges" who be called their workmates, and friends of a "lifetime" I told them before they opened their dirty mouthes, that they can lick my ass, and that I ain't interested in listen to their bad truths about the other that ain't close to them talking, that they can steal away and they never understood what real friendship ever meant.

They just don't know what to do with their existance. But it ain't be filled after drinking, because all is just the TRY to fill something into a body that seems to be so empty, but not realize there is the trick that it all comes out again.

Donald 'Amigo Don' Johnson
Ecuador John - The Treasure Hunter!

We thought would be good with some kind of Twitter manifestation. This days our nice pirate friend and adventurer has passed. This time I am so speechless, maybe You will find the right words to our friend.

I join in. The everytime joy reading Donald 'Amigo Don' Johnsons tweets and comments brought smiles and laughs, always giving of himself to make a brighter day. And reading

that little rant of HandyDandyBrandyGubbaRumCoffee was like a little happy spell!

like he found to his own hammock over the paradise ocean...

like mummy does hold him finally back in her arms...

like all the friends still keep on his golden words...

like none would ever forget

how to fight through the everyday

when see what he as pirate has done...

like he would crumble in the white sand as Turtle egg

and shall soon to be seen again...

like we all miss his friendly voice, because he was so fatherly...

like who ever knows when to meet such an adventurer again...

like we let him go, but once soon will reach him in our best dreams...

Blessings from us all

Do you want to know how I seem to remember that old dentist was called by name?

He was called "Vongerichten" that is in long term said "Von Gerichten" that meant translated "By Law" - do tell you that man and dentist that tells as a doctor the people always the truth "by Law"?

He warned us by that fact, that is the opposite what has come on the business market, and that is the opposite of health that the doctors will sell and this word he insisted was meant "If I tell you something than this and By Law as well as that is my name."

The Medicine sold today is in every part a selling out the sick people's health with lies, to make the big money, and