

THE BLACK SIGN

by Lars Rex Mundi



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Chapter 1

It had been raining all night and it seemed that there would be no end in the small town of Dartford, near London. The rain hit everything on its way down and fell as big balls of water. In between the heavy rain, lightening would light up the sky for a short moment. When the lightning struck through the night, you could almost see how impenetrably dark it was. It were as though some ancient symbol showed through, then quickly disappeared again, never to be duplicated.

This continued on for most of the night and at times it seemed like it would never stop. It were as though the rain had only one thing on its mind, to drown everything in its path. At the same time, the rain was beautiful in the way the raindrops danced on the ground. It was not until the morning that the clouds let up and light slowly began to break through. For a while the fight continued between the rain and the morning light, but in the end the light won and the cold autumn day began.

David had slept just fine and had not noticed anything at all about the weather. He started his day as any other, with a black cup of coffee before all the morning rituals. This seemed to be the same every morning after the first cup of coffee - a bath, some breakfast, and then out the door. Normally he walked to work, even though it took more time. David liked the fresh air and enjoyed the time to think about different things, most of all the walk itself.

As David made his way to work, a cold wind hit his face, waking him up to the temperatures. He took his scarf from his pocket and put it around his neck, then continued on his

way. After some time, he was at the front door to the café, where a new routine would begin. He knew that some of the first customers would be there shortly after the café was officially open and he grew eager to take care of them. His job really gave him something special, although he could not quite put his finger on it. In any case, he loved the time that he had with his customers that regularly came in.

The Café where David worked had a sign printed in light blue and in the windows stood flowers. The flowers were always cheap, but they suited his personality just fine. The numerous tables that saturated the café were different colors, which matched the salt and pepper shakers that looked like husband and wife, also in different colors. In addition, the cutlery was out of the ordinary, with a picture of a rabbit etched into each piece. Even the cups were of different designs, each having a small figure painted on it with a history of its own. These were some of the reasons why people seemed pleased about the place, as though they have entered another world.

David was almost ready to open the café, making sure everything was ready and in its proper place. When the time came to open, he walked over to unlock the door and noticed that the rain began to fall again. It started slow at first, with only a few drops hitting the ground. A few minutes later, the water was falling from the sky at an incredible speed, hitting the street and quickly taking it over.

The rain fell for the next two hours, emptying the street of people. Watching through the large front window, David could see the shape of a person walking in his direction, the person being almost completely obscured by the rain. He wore all black, had a cap on, and struggled to escape from the water without success. A few minutes later he was standing at the doorstep of the café, and reached for the door at the same time he noticed David watching him.

In walked Thomas and few moments later a small pool began to emerge from his clothing. After he hung his jacket, he went over to David to order a cup of coffee. Thomas was one of David's loyal customers that came in every day for a coffee and a chat. He was a little overweight in appearance and always dressed in black, worn clothing. His smile however, could warm anyone he came in contact with. Sometimes he looked like a wild man who had just returned to civilization with his dark curly hair and a beard that reached to the middle of his chest, but despite this, Thomas had the biggest heart you could imagine.

Often Thomas just came to talk over his cup of coffee, everything that was happening in his life. This was one of those days, where he discussed his work and some of the problems he was having at the office.

The door opened again and Ann, one of David's colleagues, walked in. She looked at David and said in a hurry, "Sorry that I'm late." Then she quickly went behind the counter.

A few minutes later, customers came through the door, ready to order. The sudden influx of people broke the conversation between Thomas and David. Thomas wore a big smile as David went to attend to them. He known that David needed to work, so he began reading a newspaper that was sitting next to him.

A few more customers filed into the café and took a place in line. The rain continued steadily, although not as heavy as it did earlier. David didn't seem to notice as he kept himself occupied at the counter with even more people coming in. The cafe was busy, so the conversation between Thomas and David would have to continue later. Waiting as long as he could, Thomas waved David goodbye and set himself back out into the dreary weather.

The rest of the day was busy, with a lot to do and almost no time to relax. David had been at work since 10am and by

6pm he was exhausted. When he was finally ready to close the cafe, he felt relieved to be going home. Walking into the back of the café to change, he sighed in relief. It had finally stopped raining, so when David walked outside, there were many large puddles that filled the streets. A cold wind hit David in his face as he walked his normal route home.

David's apartment was small and not very decorated, leaving it feeling almost empty with the exception of a few simple furnishings. After shutting the door, he switched on the light, which immediately went out, leaving the whole apartment once again shrouded in darkness. David grew wildly irritated. He couldn't see anything and walked into furniture several times as he made his way through the darkness. He cursed the dark and at the same time cursed that the light was gone.

Continuing his blind journey further through the apartment, he walked into the kitchen, to try and find a new light bulb in a drawer. After searching for half an hour in the dark, he found what he was looking for. Sometime later, there was light again.

David spent the rest of the evening watching TV. He flipped through the channels until he decided it was enough and jumped into bed. It took a long time before David fell asleep. Sleep came in several intervals with many strange dreams, leaving David feeling as though he hadn't slept through the night at all.

Everything seemed to go wrong with his morning routine. David considered staying in bed all day and calling out sick. Before it got too late, he called his boss.

"Yes, this is Mr. Thomason speaking."

David grew nervous when he heard the voice of his boss. He knew that he would have to lie. In truth, David wasn't sick at all, but needed the day to recover from a night of tossing and turning. "Hello," he spoke into the phone.

“Who is this,” asked Mr. Thomason dryly. Dave got up the courage and pushed the answer through his lips, “Its David. I work at the café.”

“So,” Mr. Thomason replied automatically.

David could hear that his boss didn't care about what he was about to hear. “I am sorry to say it, however, I'm sick and have been throwing up all night. It isn't possible for me to come into work today.”

Mr. Thomason responded condescendingly, “Yes, it is always this way with youth today.”

David laid back in his bed, even though he could not fully relax. He thought about the way his boss had reacted but quickly shook it off. He tried to sleep again and after closing his eyes, he slowly fell back into dreamland.

Weird dreams once again entered into his sleep. There was nothing that he could remember when he awoke, but he still felt woozy and not quite himself. It took quite some time to become himself again. After three cups of coffee, he started to feel more normal. Once again, he went into the kitchen to make coffee, which took nearly fifteen minutes because of his fatigue. After he sat down again, he opened his Facebook page to check the status of the world. It wasn't long before he grew bored and signed off. It was the same news with a new name. He silently missed the good old days before Facebook, where people talked face to face or called each other. In fact, he seemed that the world had become shallower with social media and people had started to become indifferent to each other.

David decided to go back to his coffee and sit at the table. He felt a little sad that it all seemed to run in a circle. He sat in his own thoughts, for although he was happy with his work, he wanted something more with his life. He didn't know what it should be or in what direction he should go in, but he felt he would like to achieve some kind of goal. Half an hour had passed in this manner when the phone began

to ring. David got up slowly, went over to the phone, and found it was one of his old friends on the other side.

“Hi, it’s Brian. I passed by your work and they told that you were out sick. I thought that it has been awhile since we have been in each other's company,” said a warm and happy sounding Brian.

Brian had been David's friend for some years now. The friendship had given a lot of good times and some great experiences that David would always be happy for. Brian was a person who gave a lot of himself. He would always support his friends in need. David could get help at any time from Brian even though Brian never asked for anything in return. No one could have a better friend than Brian.

“Yoo-hoo,” said Brian to a silent David.

“Yes,” replied David listlessly.

“I think that we could meet today in a few hours. What do you say?”

Joyfulness grew in David's head, “Yes, let's do that.”

“Lovely. So, let's meet at 2 p.m. I’ll pick you up at your place,” Brian replied.

They said goodbye and hung up. David’s mood brightened and he looked forward to seeing Brian again. He began to get ready, taking a long enjoyable bath that went on longer than expected. Afterwards, he gave a little thought about what he should wear. He found clothes and slowly made himself ready to go.

It was still a few hours before Brian would arrive. In the meantime, David decided to read a book that he had started some time ago. He used the hours before seeing Brian to read further and soon found himself completely absorbed by the story.

The doorbell shook David from his book. Although he had come to an interesting chapter, he forced himself to put it down. Outside his door stood Brian, dressed for the season. David quickly threw on his jacket and scarf. A hearty hug

came from Brian when David finally opened the door. It came with the happy answer, "You have been missed!"

They went down the road from where David lived. Autumn was already in the air with some leaves from the trees lying on the ground. Every now and then the wind took hold of the leaves and threw them up into the air in a bizarre dance. Brian and David proceeded down the block, although they did not keep talking as they normally did. As always Brian's company was enjoyable, even in silence. After half an hour, they passed a café. Brian pointed and said, "Let's go in there and get something hot to drink."

When they got inside, there were a few people who kept to themselves, talking very low, barely making it louder than the soft 50s music that played. Brian and David went up to the counter. Behind it stood an older and heavysset woman. The glow in her eyes had disappeared with age and it was hard to see what color her hair would have been beneath the gray. She looked coldly at them and said in a mechanical manner, "What will it be." When they had ordered coffee, they sat down at a table. They waited until they had their coffee to talk. The coffee stood on the table and steamed. A warm feeling came over the two friends. After taking a sip, their conversation came back to life.

"How are you these days," asked Brian in a happy tone.

David hesitated slightly, "It's going alright, but could be better. I know I have to get better at asking for help, even if they are only small things," replied David. He looked down at the table and became a little embarrassed.

"It's ok. Sometimes it's hard overcoming problems in life and we must always learn something new from the things we encounter," Brian said smiling and looked at David with happy eyes.

David was ashamed that he had not asked for help sooner, even if it were just to talk about things. They discussed David's life at length and Brian came with a lot of

good advice. His advice was both logical and easy to follow. David wondered why he had not seen the logic in the way of solving problems. It always felt harder when you are standing within the problem itself.

The rest of the afternoon they talked about life and drank coffee. The weather was bleak and gray and they could feel how much they missed the sun, but it wouldn't be for another six months that the sun would come back and reclaim its domain. Hunger slowly began to sneak up on them. Right before they grew uneasy, their burgers and sodas arrived. They enjoyed their meal in silence. After they had eaten, they talked a little more.

Brian looked at his watch and announced that he would follow Dave home. "It was a bit later than I had imagined, but thanks for a good talk David."

"You too," David replied and sent Brian a smile. They paid their bill and continued back the way they had come. The evening was incredibly beautiful as the clouds began to break up just enough to let the sunset shine through. They both gave a friendly farewell and parted ways at David's doorstep.

Chapter 2

It had been some weeks since David had been in the company of Brian, but they had talked over the phone. Although Brian was very busy, he always had time to call back. Replies may not have been quick, but calls came. It had been some long days at the café, where although there had been a lot to do with the many customers, there had also been a lot to keep up with.

Towards the end of the day there were about twenty guests left, even though it was almost closing time. David stood with one foot in the kitchen and the other in the café, as the front door opened and he noticed one of his old friends standing there. It was Peter. David couldn't remember how long they had been friends, but it had been quite a few years. Peter had a bit of a social disability and a little difficulty in new situations with new people. Despite his struggle, he was a friend you could count on, and David had been incredibly lucky to know him at this point. Peter stood inside the café and was greeted with an extended arm. He worked in an office and always wore gray or black suits, glasses, and had short, thinning hair.

Peter walked slowly over to David. "Did we have plans," asked David, looking questioningly at Peter.

"Actually, I just wanted to pass by and say hello," replied Peter, speaking quietly.

"I'm finished in 30 minutes. Then we can grab a beer at the local."

Peter smiled indirectly at David's suggestion.

Shortly after, they were on the road to the local pub, Ox. It was gently raining as they left the café and it took them a little time before they reached the pub. The place was cozy and had always drawn David's friends to the place. They sat there for a few hours and enjoyed some good English beer. They talked a bit about different things, mostly about work, but this time they also talked about love. Being that both were single, it was clear that they both had had a hard time finding love. However, when they came to discussing it, the conversation alone seemed to fill the void. They were sitting and talking about what they did wrong, compared to women, but they could never get to a real solution. A little more beer came over the table as they talked further without being able to come up with an answer. Shortly after the conversation ended, they both went home.

David thought about his night when he arrived home and how lucky he was to have wonderful friends. He thought ahead and let his mind run in different directions, without settling on anything special. He sat silently, but without anything coming of it, he decided to jump into bed. He had work early in the morning.

David usually had little difficulty falling asleep, but as he looked at the clock showing 3 a.m. he concentrated on listening to the wind. After rotating again in his bed, he tried once more, but sleep didn't arrive. When he finally did fall asleep, he began to dream strange dreams. When he woke up the next morning he felt confused, and although he couldn't remember the dreams completely, it were as if they just sat in the back of his head, shrouded in mist. The images seemed unclear and he could not quite get them to come up right or disappear completely. They were just there in his subconscious. He decide to get a little coffee and ease into the day. It was annoying that the blurry images from dreams were still there, even after his morning ritual of coffee and breakfast.

Before David left for work he looked one last time out the window, where there wasn't anything special to note except for the gray clouds. He quickly threw some warm clothes on and headed out the door. He continued moving down the street. The route to work had already become routine to him. The last leaves on the trees were almost completely gone, wind sliding them across the street. Although it wasn't blowing strong, the wind was chilly, making his hands cold and the same with his bare face. When he walked past other people, he could see how the cold affected them. Some had red noses while others tried to pull their jackets farther up, to protect against the weather. The gusts grew colder and everything they met could feel it too, as if it could cut through bone and marrow.

David craved as he walked, to live somewhere else in the world where there was a little more sun and a little less cold. He could now begin to see the café and looked forward to the warmth inside. He now stood at the door and could feel how numb his fingers were, making it difficult to get the door open. When he finally walked in, he felt immediate pain in his hands as the warm air hit them, forcing him to spend time rubbing them together before starting to work.

Slowly, he began his normal rhythm at the café, steadily working through procedures that needed to be done. It took some time before the first guest arrived, but the cold weather kept most of them away. When the door opened, David could feel the cold from outside rush in, hitting him in the face hard. The wind had also rushed in too, hunting everything that was out in the open.

David stood and looked out the window, watching the wind blow everything around. He was happy to be indoors. It was a long day with very few guests and most of the time, it was only a cup of coffee that came over the counter. The majority of the day had been quiet which gave David the opportunity to clean a bit while his colleague read further

into her book. He didn't mind busying himself with things around the café that usually lacked attention. Towards the evening, Thomas came in and ordered a cup of coffee. He sat down at a table near David and read the daily newspaper, looking up a bit in between articles.

Thomas looked at David for a moment and said, "It has been a bad day so I'm not so much in the mood to talk. You are a good friend, so I hope you can understand." Thomas tried to look happy but without luck.

"It's ok," answered David. "We all have those days where everything just goes to hell, or appear as hell." Thomas sent him a thank you in the form of a warm smile. David looked over at Thomas but didn't say much. Sometimes it is better to be allowed to be left alone, when you have things that disturb you. It might have been nice to have a little chat, but as he very well knew, sometimes it is better to wait for some other day and this was one of those days where he was to wait, even though it was hard. There wasn't so much to do at this time and Thomas was the only real guest he had all day that he knew, but also had a friendly relationship with. This moment however, was most likely the reason David become aware of what would change his life.

A single customer walked in. It was a young woman with dark hair and red apple cheeks. She stood for some time before finally ordering. She ordered a cafe au laity, smiling short but sweet at David. She looked around for a table where she could sit down, then turned around and asked for access to the Internet.

David watched her as she went over to a table. There was something that caught him by surprise - she had female forms and her smile had warmed him up inside. He was captivated by her and her beauty. She sat down and sent him a smile, after which she took her computer out. He could not quite put it into words but there was something beautiful about this woman. He had never seen her before

and began to daydream about her, stealing glances and smiling to himself. David looked around the café, but there were still no customers, only people walking by, taking a look through the main window. The weather had still not changed. It had rained most of the day mixed with a little wind.

Then the rain began growing stronger, falling heavier than before. Drops hit the ground so you could hear the sound they made hitting the pavement. It appeared that the weather change so far would make a very cold and wet trip home. David tried not to think about it.

“Typical, it is just typical, how it can be, that the rich always escape punishment, I don’t understand it. There is something wrong in the system,” Thomas grumbled angrily. “It is as if the rich escape punishment because they think they are better people than we are. It is as if there is someone, who puts his hand over them, and protects them.”

Quietness returned to the café. David looked over at Thomas and thought to ask him about his outburst, when the door suddenly opened and a group of customers flooded into the café. This put a stop to David finding out what Thomas read in the newspaper and the reason he responded the way he did. David had to wait for an answer, although it irritated him.

Suddenly there was a lot to do and there were many different orders from the group that just arrived. He looked for Thomas when there was time, but he couldn’t bring himself to approach him. Thoughts went through his head. He had never seen Thomas in this mood before as he did this evening, He tried to turn it out of his head, but without any luck.

Customers steadily came through the door now, making David busier and rushing orders that came in as an emergency. At 10 p.m. the café grew quiet again. Customers

had started to leave and when David was completely finished serving them, he knew that there was a lot to do before he and his colleague could go home and call it a night. They both began slowly shutting down the café.

In the middle of cleaning up, David looked over at Thomas who was still sitting at his table. "I hope you will stay a little longer, so we can talk."

Thomas looked up from his notes at the sound of David's voice. Thomas, having apparently spent time on other things, peaked David's interest. David walked over to see what it was that Thomas has been writing. What David could see were some lines with notes, as well as some mysterious symbols, but nothing that made sense to him.

"Would you like more coffee or something else," David asked.

"No," was all that Thomas replied.

"That looks interesting. What is it?"

"Maybe you will hear about it later, but now is not the time for this type of information." Thomas smile back to David.

David smiled in response and nervously ran his hand through his hair. He returned to cleaning up and an hour later, the whole cafe was ready for the next day.

Thomas continued writing notes without looking up. David had never seen Thomas act that way before. What was it that was so important that the whole world disappeared from him? He had obviously been sitting like this for a long time, working on this notes. Then David saw a symbol he thought he had seen before, but where, he could not exactly recall. He thought about it awhile but had to let it go.

When everything was done and the cafe was ready to close, David sent his colleague home, so he could be alone with Thomas to hear what the notes were about. He locked up after his colleague was out the door and let his gaze fall on the street, where some people were gathered. He stood

for a moment looking, and enjoying the evening. After some time, he turned around and walked straight to Thomas, as casually as possible. He pulled out the chair and sat down. "I'm a bit confused, but tell me what this is about."

"I don't know where to start, for there is much to be said here," replied Thomas, looking at David with a strange glance. "As I said, there is much I have to say but do not know where to start."

David grew confused and he could not keep up with what was going on.

Thomas looked at him still, "Where do we start, where do we start... Well, I will try to do my best but it is not easy. What I am about to tell you has taken me several years to understand." He looked around before he continued, be sure that there was nobody there, as if someone would listen or take notice of them. Thomas continued thereafter, while David listen. "There is something wrong with the world. In the first place, it is hard to see it, who is to blame for it. It is hard to find the underlying cause of this, and it is often shrouded in mist. It is a mixture of many things, yes. I know not all this makes any sense right now. As I said there is something wrong in the world today, the whole thing is shrouded in mist, where truth is the cover of lies, where everything is being used as weapons against the people.

David did not understand anything, but listened and found it interesting.

"There is an elite group that controls everything and who will not let go of their power. They have found ways to hold on to their power, and I will tell all about this but it takes time and requires a lot of study. Once you start to see the state of things, it will change you forever. You will probably not look at the world the same way as before, everything will change, you will not see the world the same way again. In our history, there has always been an elite, and indeed, it is this elite, who still rule the world even today. They want to

hold on to that power as they have always done. They have learned to hide, so they are hard to find. However, it is possible to find their symbols. All know some of them, but do not notice them, for the same reason, since it is obvious with symbols, they actually become invisible in your eyesight. This is one of the things they have learned through the years. If only it were that simple... There is something more to this elite, a more dark and sinister plan. I share this knowledge with you because I trust you David." Thomas continued, "Today the world is ruled by a small core which controls everything, I mean everything - all media, whether its television, newspaper, radio, the internet - they are everywhere. They also control the economic aspect of the world, such as banks, finance of all kinds, they sit on it with an iron grip."

"Who is this elite," asked David. "There has to be someone who knows it and wants to change things."

"I wish it were so easy, but all who have been a part of it before me, who have tried, have disappeared.

Remember, you are up against an elite, which are above the law. If they feel their power is being threatened, they will do everything and I mean everything to get it back. They have no morals at this point, you are just a pawn in a game and you can be sacrificed, always remember it. Some people have forgotten this, but you should always remember it, keep that in mind." David nodded and Thomas continued, "I do not know how familiar you are with the occult and secret societies."

"I do not have the great insight in these areas, but I have the willingness to learn something new," replied David.

"What comes now is important to keep in mind. This is due to the developments that have occurred. I am talking about The Illuminati and on May 1st, 1776, the order of The Illuminati founder Ingolstadt in Bayern, Germany, by the Freemason Adam Weishaupt, formed the perception that

this order was destroyed. It however was not destroyed and has survived to this day. The short version is that the church made it out to be destroyed, but the real story is long. I will tell it to you one day, but here is the short version. The Illuminati's power was growing and the story of when the Illuminati being stopped should be in 1784, but they only made a change in their structure. They changed everything and went underground. They wanted it to look like they got wiped out. So much so, that they sacrificed some members on this account. They continued to grow in power and not only in Germany, but across the whole of Europe. Some of their plans were to get total power in Europe. It did not matter how, whether it was through economics, politics, or other ways - the idea was the power to control everything. They are everywhere where there is power in the world today. They do however emerge from time to time in the press. I will show you a good example." Thomas took some newspapers from his bag. He put a few pieces on the table and circled a few small texts. "Do you have a new newspaper?"

David found a recent newspaper and gave it to Thomas. He opened the first page and looked at David while he pointed at the newspaper picture. "I know this person."

Thomas then quickly got up and disappeared into the night.

Chapter 3

David had not heard from Thomas in ten days, even though he had tried to ring and contact him by other means. However, in the days that followed, he had been in the company of a good friend. Brian was a heavily built person, slightly overweight, wore glasses, and worked as a school teacher. He was a socialist and often talked of poverty, especially the exploitation of the working class by the rich.

Peter was a different kind of person, he was a Liberal, and worked in a large business where he earned a lot of money. It was often that he did not understand Brian, but even though they had a different perception of life, they had the best of friendship anyone could have wished for. With their different views of the world, they supported each other the best they could.

The day had come, when the three were together. It was one of those days where the sun shone a little, and sometime the clouds would take over. They decided to go for a walk, but ended up in Central Park. Before they came thus far, they stopped at a cafe along the way. They all went with their drinks - a coffee, a chai latte and a hot chocolate. They had been talking all the way, but it changed when they first entered into the park.

"It's nice to be in good company, we should do it more often," said Peter.

"Yes, but you do also work a lot. Maybe that is where the problem lies," replied Brian, after which he took a mouthful of his chocolate. There was a stretch of quietness again. They had gone several minutes before Brian started the conversation again. "I have decided to invite one of my old