

GEORGE M GROW JR



HONEY FONGUS

Beast from the underworld

A SCARY PLAY IN 3 ACTS
THE FINAL DAYS OF HUMAN KIND?



From the series Books of Life®

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HELP, HONEY FONGUS IS APPROACHING! THE BIG FEAST AND DESSERT

Nobody could have expected that the Last Judgment will come not from heaven but from deep under the earth below us.

Or is it just a purely natural phenomenon that extends its devastating antennae over long distances for the life of man, but doesn't separate each of us from lifeblood?

The stage and reading play - it was designed in such a way that it works well when read aloud – keeps track of the murder or suicide case of the young researcher Dr. Weingartner from the Geological Institute in Concord, New Hampshire, USA, as far as Peterborough and the cottage on the edge of human civilization, where the horror seems to have its origin.

Who is the Brotherhood of the Woods, and why do more and more people in the street, out of the sky, keel over dead? Can Dr. Weingartner, who was said to be too good for this world, solve the riddle before he breathes his last breath, or is humanity finally going to the dogs?

Before all this, though, they sing and dance, and the trumpet of Empyrial wisdom resounds. Is its sound so sweet and clear that even the profound scientist sings along with it?

Don't miss the next volume!

The Books of Life®

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Reading sample, page 21

In front of the little country house

The front of the free-standing cottage is in the middle of the stage, on the right, the actors. The left third is cloaked in darkness.

SHERIFF. Dum-dee dum dum dum, dum-dee da da. (To Weingartner.) This was a hit about twenty years ago, as shabby as this house. (Towards a woman.) Is the watch correct?

WEINGARTNER (to the Sheriff). Do you want to keep waiting?

FIRST WOMAN. Another six minutes.

MAN WITH PICKAX. Not that he gives us the slip.

WEINGARTNER. You haven't said yet what your suspicion is based on, Sheriff.

SHERIFF. A good nose does not need any reasons. Normally, strange occurrences have a strange cause, and nobody in the whole town is stranger than old John.

WEINGARTNER. I see. That's why you didn't get a search warrant. For someone who sticks to nothing but facts, a strange approach, don't you think?

SHERIFF. Aha, and you, Doctor, aren't strange at all. Your jacket could be from the circus, isn't it?

FIRST WOMAN. If you want to turn the corner you must step out of line.

SHERIFF. I bet, and you got the hang of it, you know the drill.

WEINGARTNER. Is he home at all?

SECOND WOMAN. Certainly he is. It's

said that he used to get out among the people in the past, but for years, they've only seen him driving around his pickup. What does he live on, where does he shop, does he never get ill and never need a doctor, what does he do all alone in his house?

SHERIFF. Brooding.

WEINGARTNER (to the Sheriff). And what are we still waiting for? Not for him to slip through your fingers.

SHERIFF. My deputies have taken up position behind the house. If he tries to run off through the fields, he'll run directly into their arms. How much longer?

FIRST WOMAN. Two minutes to go.

SHERIFF (gooses the walkie-talkie). Wood Spirit, this is Bravo one! What's the word? Over.

WOOD SPIRIT. This is Wood Spirit! The farm road and the edge of the wood are sealed off. Not even a mouse could get through unseen. Over.

SHERIFF. Keep your eyes open, we're moving in now, over. (He clips the radio to his belt. To the crowd.) Now, if you will step back, you never know. Doctor, that goes for you too. (He takes out his service weapon from its holster, steps forward and shakes the front doorknob twice.) John, open up, we know you are in there! (He shakes harder.) Let us in or we'll break down the door!

FIRST WOMAN. He isn't moving, not at all, tell me, is he dead?

MAN WITH PICKAX. He has finished himself off.

SECOND WOMAN. Himself? This cannot be true, I can't accept that,

this would be too simple. He took my child, my only child from me, and then he simply ... himself ... that'd be too easy for him!

SHERIFF. Hang on a minute!

MAN WITH PICKAX. Put in irons and decapitated, that's what he deserves. Off with his head, off with his head!

SHERIFF. John, answer the door, this is your last warning! (Silence.)

WEINGARTNER. And where do we go from here?

SHERIFF. Law must turn a blind eye now. (To the people.) That won't go any further, the consequences are mine, you have nothing to do with that, you have seen nothing, understood?

ALL TOGETHER. Understood.

SHERIFF (points his gun at the door lock).

MAN WITH PICKAX. Do you want to shoot the door, let me try!

FIRST WOMAN. You can't shoot doors and you can't shoot spirits. His revenge will be terrible.

MAN WITH THE PICKAX. Gracious goodness, it can't get any worse; I'm going to get him out! (He rolls up his sleeves, spits into his hands, snaps the ax, lunges out and hits the spot exactly. The gate bursts open. Everyone retreats).

SHERIFF (leaning against the doorframe, with gun at the ready.) John, it's no use, come out with your hands up!

WEINGARTNER. What do you see, Sheriff, is he there?

SECOND WOMAN (low). Better not.

SHERIFF. John, I'm coming in now, don't be silly, we only want to take a look around! (With his weapon at the

ready, he takes a step into the doorway, glances quickly around and enters timidly. With his first step over the threshold, the house inside illuminates gloomily. While he is inspecting the side rooms...)

FIRST WOMAN. I tell you, he can disappear into thin air. He certainly is watching us. Can't you smell it?

SECOND WOMAN. Is he decaying? (She coughs and takes a handkerchief to her face.)

FIRST WOMAN (buries her nose in her sleeve). Ugh, disgusting. No one is gonna get me in there. I've warned you. If it gets to an old woman like me, well, all right, yet still my knees are shaking.

WEINGARTNER. Where does the stink come from, can you make anything out, Sheriff?

FIRST WOMAN. He can't smell us just like we can't smell him. This spirit is an ungracious spirit. He plays practical jokes on us. He lead hikers astray or lets them go around in circles till they get stuck someplace on a cliff or at the edge of a marsh without caring about them. He breaks the axles of passing cars, or he lets the air out of the tires. If someone divines who has played this trick on him and starts complaining about him, he sends them a swarm of hornets, a hail of stones or strange illnesses. Be careful, the stink could be a sign!

SHERIFF (calls out of the chamber). Dum-dee dum dum dum, dum-dee da da ... Yeah, you see, everything has a rational explanation. Boo, pshaw, cough! It's coming out from the hole in the floor!

WEINGARTNER: Who, old John?

SECOND WOMAN. The Lord help us!

End of the reading sample

HONEY FONGUS

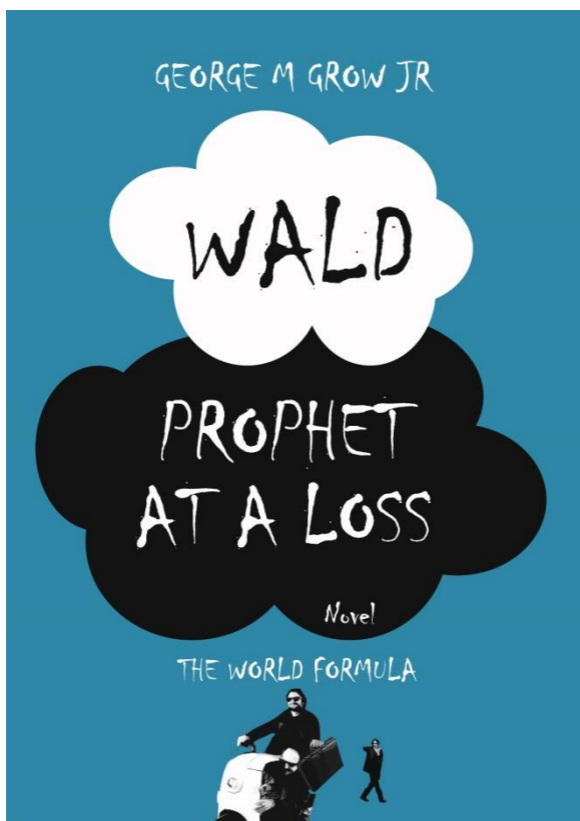
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Preview



A FANTASTIC JOURNEY TO THE VERY CORE OF REALITY

With the enthusiasm and curiosity of the researcher, Wald Whittman, a rising star of the zombie film genre, immersed in his frenetic party life, surrounded by desirable women, finds himself entering the world of "non-everyday reality". It's an enormous undertaking to create a Buddha who goes beyond the Buddha we have come to know and accept, and turn the vital question of man and humanity on its head, for my young friend Wald who - expelled from Vienna and pursued by Islamic terrorists – makes his way to Kashmir, India, where he not only comes upon the ominous Prince and his companion Mr. Osama bin Laden, but also upon his long-sought love and the reason for his existence.

A comedy of salvation for theists and atheists, a humorous trip full of surprises and, as it seems, the long-sought master key to everyone's desires in this world.

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Preview

GEORGE M GROW JR



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Lifestyle

POWER AND SECRETS OF ELEGANCE



KEY TO SUCCESS

What is the meaning of success? Countless guidebooks have been pursuing this puzzle since time immemorial.

In essence, anyone who thinks they are successful could write a guide to success. Too often overlooked is that the touchstone of success cannot exclusively be the dominant social model: money gives us some freedom and can open up creative possibilities, why it can be important before and a part, but certainly not the only ingredient of success.

And so there may be a whole list of ingredients of success which make many kinds of wealth possible, but, at the same time, interfere with each other.

In his quest to resolve the question of success, the author follows another path and, as it seems, comes to a far-reaching conclusion which doesn't lie at but rather behind the phenomena.

The Habitus offers you a universal key that can open doors and gates of which you thought they would never open to you.

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