

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 51

OLD JOHN. No time for stories, we have three days, if the doctor isn't one of us by then, God knows.

WEINGARTNER (flat on the ground; raises his head and let it sink down again). Uff.

THIRD BROTHER PRIOUS. Three days is a damn short time.

FIRST BROTHER (to old John). Why didn't you ask for a week?

FOURTH BROTHER GOD. A century would have been too short.

WEINGARTNER. Do you want to look at life so trivially, how can murder be a blessing?

OLD JOHN. If mankind doesn't hear, they must feel. If reason fails to appear, nature must take its place.

A LONG DRAWN-OUT BERP FROM THE CHAMBER

OLD JOHN. A turning point in the history of mankind is imminent. The age of slavery is drawing to an end. People won't merely speak but rule. They'll reign democratically. At the expense of efficiency, the unity of states, economy and the elites will be condensed. By the release of plurality and regionality, resilience will be increased. Many will hear the Lord taking to them, and many ideas will be tested and realized in the communes.

WEINGARTNER. But the many deads!

OLD JOHN. We are at eight billion human beings...

FIRST BROTHER PRIOUS. The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away. Look at nature! It doesn't destroy without creating something better. If this is what nature does, God

does it all the more. He never destroys anything without creating something better for it.

OLD JOHN. Before we open the doctor's eyes, we'll need another load of salt. Help me, brothers, we don't want to let our baby starve.

WEINGARTNER (raises his head from the floor). And me?

FOURTH BROTHER DIVINE. There is no me, not yet at least, get used to it! Explain you how it is.

FOURTH BROTHER WISE. The ego is a fact. If it wasn't a fact, I could see from over there exactly the same things I can see from here. If the ego sags away, schizophrenia and paranoia take place. Buddhists call that vision. The ego, therefore, must remain while desire for no matter what and thinking can go.

WEINGARTNER. Forever??

FIRST BROTHER WISE. He speaks about ever and doesn't know a single time, harharharha!

OLD JOHN AND HIS PIOUS BROTHERS (drag a number of bags into the chamber and dump their contents in the shaft. At the same time, they are warbling). The world is full of gaudy colors, green, white, red, but deep inside, it is dark, somber, like death itself...

WEINGARTNER (calls.) Where, inside of what?

OLD JOHN. In yourself, Doctor, in yourself!

OLD JOHN AND HIS PIOUS BROTHERS. The world is full of gaudy colors, green, white, red, but deep inside, it is dark, somber, like death itself...

WEINGARTNER. And if it was not God who spoke to you but Satan?

THIRD BROTHER GOD. Hoho, you won't

still believe in the grim reaper,
Doctor.

FIRST BROTHER. If we want to talk
about the devil, let us talk about
people. (He strikes up the song.)
The world is...

OLD JOHN AND HIS PRIIOUS BROTHERS.
The world is full of gaudy colors,
green, white, red, but deep inside,
it is dark, somber, like death itself...

WEINGARTNER (joins in singing).

ONE AND ALL. The world is full of
gaudy colors, green, white, red, but
deep inside, it is dark, somber, like
the death itself.

OLD JOHN. *Nowhere but into the
hungry maw,
there, it sinks into his sacred heart and
saw,*

*in the cavings of stomach and socket,
while singing for joy the immortal
hocket,*

*partaking something divine and dance
for the holy creeping influence.*

*Not too free and not too compelled,
not too soft and not too quelled,*

*soon together, soon together,
without blether, without blether,*

*not concerned about the place,
fed to the days of grace.*

ONE AND ALL. The world is full of
gaudy colors, green, white, red, but
deep inside, it is dark, somber, like
death itself!!

FIRST BROTHER PRIIOUS. Put lip to lip,
*go heart to heart,
from hoax to smart,
don't tip, don't tip.*

*At first the cloth
and then the dress,*

*at first the dove,
then less and less...*

(At the same time, John loads three
bags on his shoulder, while his

brothers can manage to drag only one bag on the ground behind them.)

FIRST BROTHER. Get an eyeful of this, boys, isn't John strong like a bear? No one is as strong as he is, and he is not only strong but also wise and just.

WEINGARTNER (with his face towards the floor). But still, his fiancée left him behind.

FIRST BROTHER. Sold down the river.

WEINGARTNER. How did the contract come to be broken, didn't he fight for his right?

OLD JOHN (growls; to his brothers). Tell him how it came about, but don't forget to mention how it made me a different person.

FIRST BROTHER. Kirsten and her father had worked out their plan precisely.

THIRD BROTHER. She summoned John and pretended to give in to his feelings and to return his love.

SECOND BROTHER. "Can any mortal resist you, master of my heart?" the cunning daughter asked him. "Your constancy has won, but I don't want to be just your bride. I want to be your beloved at your side forever." Am I right or am I right, John, isn't that how it was and how you wrote it down?

OLD JOHN. Everybody but the judge knows the story.

FIRST BROTHER. "But one thing oppresses my heart," the beauty said to John. "No woman has the charms of youth forever. She is like a flower that fades away all too soon, my youthful attractions will wane. How can I be sure that you are the tender, loving, pleasant and tolerant man you seem to be while

my beauty is still blooming?”

SECOND BROTHER. The beauty demanded proof of John’s favor and loyalty.

OLD JOHN. The bitch betrayed me into signing the document.

THIRD BROTHER. She purported to test his patience in order to judge the strength of his unwavering love.

FIRST BROTHER. She said to John, “Go and count the trees in your wood, but take care not to cheat me. Don’t miscount a single one, because this is the test by which I want to check your fidelity. If you state the number to me, then I’ll be completely yours; but if you miscount, then you lose me and half your lands.”

WEINGARTNER (with his cheek on the floor). Who on earth counts the trees in the wood, was it not about turnips?

OLD JOHN. It was about the wood I grew up. I thought I knew every limb, every branch.

End of the reading sample

HONEY FONGUS

also in Spanish and German

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Preview

GEORGE M GROW JR



AWAKEN, YOU SLEEPING BEAUTY

A PLAY FOR FUN AND STUDY IN 3 ACTS
BASED ON THE FAIRY TALE
BY THE BROTHERS GRIMM



THERE'S STILL ONE SEAT LEFT

What if we all, like the enchanted princess, are in a deep sleep right now? Can this bold claim be corroborated? If so, all the elements which appear in the fairy tale must play a central role in our lives: the castle, the spinning wheel, the spindle, the needle, the hundred-year sleep, the hedge of thorns, the prince, the kiss and the wise women. And who is the 13th Wise Woman who puts Snow White under a sleeping spell, a witch or a fairy, anyway? And why does the whole royal court fall into slumber in company with the girl?

To clarify these questions once and for all, an illustrious society from all over the world comes together in Nob Hill, San Francisco, to the salon of Madame Stadnikow - a dazzling diva of bygone days - and, as it seems, discover the eternal secrets of life.

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Preview

GEORGE M GROW JR



HEIRS OF FATE

Mystery-Thriller

THE SPIRITUAL HERITAGE
OF THE MORDERER EDWARD KAY



A TRIP TO THE GREEN AND MAYBE BACK AGAIN

For what seems like an eternity, the gates of Ashton Manor have remained sealed. But recently there have been stirrings of life. Who are the strange guests who have taken up residence in those dusty chambers?

A mysterious estate in the depths of the Scottish Highlands, steeped in history and literary heritage with nine colors, nine corridors, nine rooms, nine heirs of fate and nine days to secure the secret knowledge of spiritual technology and power for all of humankind.

Which of the nine heirs of fate - are major and minor luminaries of British literature - will win the competition for the deceased and take home the million-dollar prize?

Where did the notary and the bus driver get off to, and what are with the ghostly figures lurking in the darkness, what of the disappearing guests and the occult legacy of a suspected murderer who was put in prison to keep him forever silent?

Join Edward Kay and the heirs of fate in his struggle to share his secret with the world!

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