

Le Monstre and the Kitten

Once upon a time a terrible human being lived on earth.

His occupation was to eliminate people. He was a professional assassin, a hit man.

But just killing was too boring for him. He would torture his victims in the most horrific ways, which even the paper wouldn't be able to contain.

As a *desert*, supposedly, after he executed his gory mission, he used to lurk for little girls, hiding in the dark parks at night, grabs the first girl to pass by, and then he quite happily commit the worst abominable deeds a twisted mind can invent.

He never was caught. The remains of his crimes were scattered all over the place, but there never was a clue, not a hint, nothing. He had an ice cold mind, endowed with super intelligence, which was directed solely upon evil. He had no prints on his fingers – it was removed by a plastic surgery. He would change his outer expression by surgeries, and, of course, the surgeons would disappear after that. He had no car, no registered property, no telephones, and nothing that can trace him.

Only three people knew him, but even they didn't know his whereabouts, or his real name. He was nicknamed: "Le Monstre".

Why he became such a dreadful two legged creature?

A short survey of the Akashic records might offer a clue; but there is a catch: The Akashic records are actually the garbage dump of the creation. It is not a pleasant place to frequent, and also because of the horrendous stench of decaying documents, often the vision of the visitor might be distorted, so don't trust so much such accounts. But for you, of course, I must take such bold excavations.

I'll try to go 5000 years back. To view even backwards, might not be so important, and also it is too strenuous.

In the beginning there was nothing special – young boy or girl living in a tent of nomads, taking care of the goats or sheep, trying to help the tribe to survive, living a short, mediocre, life span, not too good not too bad. Most of infants didn't make it to adulthood, and if you were lucky to reach that old age, then you had a very few years to try to contribute a few people to the tribe. Not once that little person was a witness to brutality, as the tribe was constantly under the attack of other nomadic tribes, who were moving about the deserts, trying to grab a piece of livelihood from others. Not once his tribe was attacking other tribes, raping, murdering and looting as has been the custom among humans ever since. It is possible to say that ninety percent of his life-spans were spent in slavery, or paid servant, or most likely, as an abandoned nobody. In the short terms where he stayed in what we call the ruling classes, he tried to compensate for his past sad life spans, by grabbing pleasures as much he could, on the expense of other unfortunate souls.

This was not the case of living on earth in olden times, but it is not our issue now.

It seems that the turning point for him was during the time of Jesus; he was one of the lepers Jesus healed. Later on he witnessed the gory crucifixion of that kind hearted, benevolent person. The shock of that horrendous torture of a human being had a profound effect on him. He actually lost any faith

in God, who cannot protect His Messengers, and lost any sense in goodness. All that he saw from henceforth was brutality, cruelty, corruption and egoism of all. To top it all, his leprosy returned, and he was sentenced to a slow, excruciating death.

As a Roman Emperor, he used to rape little boys and girls in his Capri castle high on the cliffs above the Mediterranean Sea. After he finished with them, he simply flung them out of the window, to be crushed down on the rocks.

As 15th century [Romanian](#) general and [Wallachian](#) Prince [Vlad III the Impaler](#)*, he mastered the art of impaling people; he improved this art and found a way to drive the sharp stick from the anus till the mouth without killing the person. When the ruthless Ottomans came to conquer Romania they found a forest of impaled people. They turned back away from that horrible country. His cruelties were legendary in Europe.

From now on, he was consciously, purposefully, eliminating any spot of goodness which he discovered in his soul.

During the 17th century, he was forcibly-recruited by the emissaries of her majesty the queen of Great Britain, in order to serve on a battle ship. I don't need to explain much concerning the *duty* of a young boy serving on a ship with coarse, rude males. Being naturally stubborn, he was often flogged. One day he spat in the face of the captain, after refusing to clean the latrines. The captain ordered to tie him to a rope and to throw him to the ocean, to be dragged behind the ship. An hour later, when the captain was convinced that the cold icy waters calmed him down, he ordered to bring him up. But the rope was cut, obviously by a sea-beast, which found a cheap meal.

As Oscar Dirlewanger**, he was a commander of [SS-Sturmbrigade Dirlewanger](#), a [penal battalion](#) composed of German criminals. Dirlewanger's soldiers were mostly recruited from criminals, particularly rapists, murderers, psychopaths. His cruelties were such, that Hitler himself said that he was *unique*. Atrocities committed by Dirlewanger included injecting [strychnine](#) into Jewish women prisoners to watch them convulse to death in front of him and his officers for entertainment. Dirlewanger's unit was employed in operations against [partisans in the occupied Soviet Union](#). Later, Dirlewanger's unit was used in the suppression of the [Warsaw Uprising](#). In August 1944, Dirlewanger's troops were responsible for the [Wola Massacre](#) (Warsaw District), in which between 40,000 and 100,000 Polish civilians and POWs were murdered. This was the largest single mass killing in Poland during World War II, outside of Nazi death camps. The atrocities included the burning homes, rape of civilians and indiscriminate killing of hospital patients. In the single biggest mass killing of the massacre around 200 children of ages 4-10 were killed by his troops. The Wola Massacre was part of the Nazi suppression of the Warsaw Uprising, as part of a campaign to crush the uprising and intimidate the local population.

And now he came again as Le Monstre. A person devoid of any goodness whatsoever, a complete black soul. Systematically he erased any aspect of kindness from his soul. So, after a few life spans, he succeeded in this attempt. His entire being was focused on causing harm and pain; that was his only *good* spot.

There never was such a case in all of human history. Even Hitler had a little kind spot, which eventually paved his way back to goodness.

Of course, his case was brought before the spiritual hierarchies. Down here, on earth, no one found a way to amend his ways. Punishments only made him more bitter and cruel, increasing his inner hatreds, which he exhausted without any mercy whatsoever each time he gained a position of authority. For him, kind treatment was a show of weakness; once he was made to be borne in a family

of a devout disciple of a saint. Already from childhood he was fornicating with his sister, beating his brothers, harassing and abusing his mother constantly. One day, when his father refused to give him money to buy drinks, he stabbed him to death. For this he was hanged.

The Gods tried their best to channel him out of his determination, but failed; finally, his case brought before the Supreme Council of the Lords of creation. After long deliberation they voted unanimously: Le Monstre was sentenced not to receive any more possibilities of amending his ways. Thus he was banned from entering heaven and hell, and further incarnations on earth wouldn't be granted to him. He was doomed to remain in the outer darkness till the end of time. Don't ask me what *end of time* means, where time doesn't exist.

There he won't see anything, non-stop screams and growls of his victims would be his only experience, with no way to escape, no repose, no forgiveness whatsoever, no way out.

Since it was a precedent, the verdict was brought before the Divine Beloved for His final approval. Signing such a verdict meant a Universal Precedence, and His signature would turn it into a Law.

Thus the Universal Laws which dominate the creation were formed, like the Law of Karma, etc. But the Divine Beloved didn't sign, and Le Monstre kept on going with his horrendous activities. This was going on for quite some time, to the utter consternation of the Supreme Beings, who were determined to make an end for this. But there was nothing they could do – Le Monstre had an assigned life span, which had to be carried out through till its end.

It happened not once, that obnoxious group souls who refuse to participate in the Divine Game, like our humanity, were delayed, sent backwards to restart their game, but they always received a new chance, in due course. We were facing such a verdict not once, but our Beloved tricks the Lords by taking a human form on earth. Our Beloved signed not once such verdicts, and whole group souls were sent back with no problem on His side. But for whatever unknown reason, which even the Supreme Beings of the Universe cannot comprehend, He decided to interfere with the evolution of humanity, which is against the Design and the Laws. But our Beloved is a Law by Himself, and for whatsoever reason either He took pity on us, or He has some soft spot for earth; in short, the only way for Him to go against the Design is to take form on earth, which is against the will of the Gods, who cannot take nor accept the horrendous suffering which He takes upon Himself. Since they are totally focused on Him, they were determined not to allow Him to appear on earth again, but He managed to escape their gaze. Not once They were about to interfere, but this would cause an automatic Mahapralaya, which is not in the Design now.

They are simply stuck with His unfathomable ways.

One dreadful night, after Le Monstre was on his way home from one of his gory assignment, the city was struck by heavy blizzard. When he approached his home, just in front of the door a little kitten was screaming from the top of its little lungs for help. Most likely it was abandoned by its mother during the storm. Usually Le Monstre would simply kick it, or kill it slowly – since causing pain was his sole delight; but he looked at it with his usual cold indifference and – for whatever unknown reason – he picked it up with his hand. For a long moment his eyes and the kitten eyes were met. After a while He opened the door and walked in, with the kitten in his hand.

AS SOON AS HE CROSSED THE THRESHOLD WITH THE KITTEN IN HIS HAND, THE LORD OF THE UNIVERSE TORE APART THE VERDICT.

Why do I bother you with such a dreadful story? I always prefer fun and entertainment. It is true that I love to poke fun at everything, using satirical and comical scenes to make you laugh. But there is no fun here. The stories are true, and they do happen on Earth constantly. The minds of humans are polluted with toxins of nonsense and delusions, mixed with a good portion of poisonous diet.

Why am I writing these things? I actually don't know. Maybe I can say that the only episode of this story, the last line which I wrote in capitals, as if I saw it as a moving picture, and the rest of the story were established around it. We, spiritual people, as we like to call thus ourselves, are eager to achieve God Realization; if not such a lofty state, may God's mercy will descend on us and we will receive Liberation.

As God-Realized, we will know why such things happen – and moreover – we will acknowledge our personal responsibility, as the cause of this. We will realize that our constant neglect and refusal to cooperate with the Divine Design made such insanity possible. It will be our assignment to take care of such distorted humans, and our task will be to bring them back to the orbit of The Divine Beloved. As His Lovers, we protect Him from the constant onslaughts of the creation – to such a degree that He even won't know about this. As God Realized you will absorb such things, and the buck will be stopped on you. As a matter of fact, we won't be able to return to our Beloved without these lost souls.

Why the Divine Beloved earned this title? He is the sweetest darling in the Universe. This might be true – no question about this. But He is such a Beloved, because He has never given up on anybody – always toiling to bring back to Him the worst of beings, as long as it takes. In this respect, He is the most baffling Being in the Universe, and no other God Being, no matter what State He achieved (needless to say that the states of consciousness go on forever – God Realization is just the first step), cannot fathom the ways of our Beloved.

Anyway, I kept on wondering at this incident, what made this monster take pity on a cat?

It was the EYES of the cat. There was something unusual about them, something which even this heartless man couldn't resist. Is it possible to speculate, that the Lord of Love Himself took the form of the cat, in order to look personally into the eyes of Le Monstre? Did He decide to give him this last chance?

Rumours say that Le Monstre disappeared after that, and quit his gory profession. According to another gossip – he bought with his money a large ranch, where he keeps a few hundreds of cats.

And I am telling you this – if we claim to be His lovers – why to wait for some supposedly lofty state were we can function perfectly and then, as some believe, we can protect our Beloved?

We can do it now, wherever we are.

Etzion Becker 2012

<http://www.eestileegion.com/?home/waffen-ss/waffen-ss-divisions/36th-waffen-grenadier-division-of-the-ss-dirlewanger.html>

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Oskar_Dirlewanger

**Count Dracula: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Vlad_the_Impaler

<http://www.romaniatourism.com/dracula-legend.html>