

## 1. The End of the World

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There lived a hermit in a cave covered with moss and peat. He looked out of the dark hole and only ventured out at night. He stole food and clothes and smelled of long ago rotting things. He busied himself plotting hate and tried to lure others to his way of thinking. He was not happy with the world; not at all. They had stolen what was his and he would get it back someday. Every once in a while others came by to listen for they were unhappy, too. They lost their jobs or they took some drugs. So what? The rich had so much and they had nothing. They deserved a break.

The hermit smiled with yellow teeth and his eyes aglow. "Are there many others like you in the world?" "Yes, of course." "Then let's gather them together." Pretty soon many came complaining of one thing or another, blaming society and the rich, blaming the Jews. They blamed the government. Blaming and blaming everyone and everything except themselves. They needed money so they stole. They needed a place to live so they killed the occupants and took over. They spent their days and nights plotting and planning. Kill and steal. Make them pay. They took over a town and then another. Their rallying cry was, "this belongs to us not you". "We will cleanse the land of all who do not believe as we do." They burned and killed. They did not hear the cries of mothers and children - of fathers whose families were lost and burned. They were consumed with hate. Other groups gave them money and ammunition; arms to hate and kill. They kept on and on.

Then one day, they stopped for they had reached the end of the world.

They all turned around and saw only ruins; bombed out shells and crying souls. Destitute and hungry people wandering around lost.

Suddenly they realized that they had nothing to replace the world they destroyed. No one was left to care for them. There was no more food - no more ammunition - no more lands or people to destroy. Now what should they do? Their sole purpose and sole energy was hate and revenge.

How would they ever re-build the world? What would they put in its place?

They looked to the hermit for the answers.  
But he had disappeared and only his laughter was heard.