

Creating With A
BANG

Hunter K. Smith

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The Narrators in This Book

In the best stories, social media conversations
and dialogues from all time
everyone has their chance to speak and listen,
and my story is no different.

BOOK DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to Mari Therese Maxwell. Justice, vivacity and perseverance are borne of her bones. She is an extraordinary creature, creator, author, woman, friend and my childhood neighbour. Her intellect and personality are shining lights that cannot be unseen. We are forever in her gaze. One of Carlo's Highest Achievers. A Master Creator.

I love Mari like a longed-for sister. I want to hug and protect her but it's too late. That ship has sailed long ago and we are forced to live with what might have been, memories of our picnics on the grass. We were two innocent girls, too young to understand the future train wreck that life unleashed, battering each of us to bits and pieces in its own way, separated as teens by ghastly secrets not of our making. YOU broken, splintered and spat out of the mouth of evil at a level I cannot even imagine today. I lived a few metres away from you, next door. Your nearest neighbour, but so far away.

I am so proud of your incredible survival from the jaws of emotional and physical death, and the endless love that still thrives in your heart, reminding me of the brilliant poem you wrote about us as children. It brings stinging, worthy tears on every reading.

And to Mari's mom, Dolores Maxwell, who was our next-door neighbour for twenty-eight years. Her life demanded justice and what she gave was love.

You each created an interwoven human complexity rising above harrowing sorrow and insufferable hardship, a life-long pledge to shout from the rooftops about what goes on behind nicely-painted closed doors in the suburbs next door.

They say the dead (Dolores) can assist the living (Mari) in the dancing Tango of Life stories. Survival of the fittest at all costs. Who are we to judge?

This is Mari's story to tell, and not mine. May she find the perfect doors to open justice, true healing and hope for a happy future. The website in honour of Dolores's long, hard-working life; colourful, artistic genius and answer-seeking, is below.

www.dolores-maxwell.com

1

The Creator in Carlo, Master of Quantum Reality

In Memory of Time

“Don’t bite me,” Carlo yells over Cormac’s hairy head, his curly haired dog half-asleep. “Am I asleep or is the dog asleep, or have I lost my mind? Am I alive or dead, or spirit, or dispossessed?”

Carlo feels that dry, doggy smell against his face and tries to jump into the fire—he sensed trouble in the flames ten minutes ago—as the master creators make supersonic contact with him.

“Have you gone insaaane, Carlo?” he can hear their question accusing, his ears burning, attacked by the dense crashing sound. The master creators arrange themselves tall like spinning bats, neatly as always, into a curling, swift circle close to Carlo, too close, blocking any chance of escape.

“What came first in YOUR creation, Carlo, humans or animals? When we improved your creation training in the super tube waves in the ocean, touching the moon tides, and with the wind and string instruments for balance, you had it all: rhythm, wind and echo location. Carlo, did you let a Devil in? Did you let the dogs out? We trusted you, for what?”

Dreaded. Silence.

“What does confusion *look* like Carlo? Tell me, tell us, now. C’mon. What does confusion *look* like? Get your connection started boy, now.”

Carlo can feel the frost under his nails biting cold—or was that another dream? His mouth trembles and he struggles to breathe. He has suddenly developed asthma with no inhaler in sight. Creation did not come with a guidebook but that’s not the answer the master creators will respond to well.

“Hell has opened slightly, Carlo,” the master creators speak in low unison, their boom still burning his ears or what’s left of them.

“It all happened so fast—I can explain everything,” Carlo whimpers trying to find his voice, feeling the quivers expand. “Let me explain.”

“No, you can’t,” they answer too firm. “You stupid twit, the years of education you took on, for what? Nothing. What have you brought the dog for? That bloody dog interferes with your creations and our connections, or so it appears. Take him away now and unite

with us on your own, and make it quick. Answer us, Carlo: What does confusion *feel* like, more of the SHOW and less of the TELL, do you understand? Have you lost your senses? Is that where the challenges began? Feeling, doing, and being appear the same sometimes. Answer our questions, for God's sake."

Let's see.

"Do I matter to you? Does anything matter? What's even the point of creation?" Carlo defiantly asks the master creators, mustering up his previously enviable confidence. As he chokes on his words, his head feels like the inside of a fancy coffee machine swirling around at 7.30am, late for work again, full of empty bubbles if not used up, jammed to their host. Gear dysfunction. A cappuccino like no other emerging soft and frothy, just like Carlo.

"Confusion feels like a Rubik's cube or a set of dominos where the colours and numbers are not in order and can't be put back together easily," Carlo timidly answers. "Confusion is when you think it's 2017 but it's 3052. Time in 3D—sorry, 6D.

"No, Carlo, confusion feels like YOUR human creation set up to fail, falling down mountains and into damp bog swamps, tripping over rocks in the darkness of time, injured from the descent, too weary to ask for aid. One human leader with his finger on the nuclear GO button. WTH. We can't aid your manoeuvres and direct your compass. That's your job. You came so far in your

creations and we have come so far in ours. We cannot undo the mistakes. Unwind your tangle angle, Carlo, and get back to us with decent news. Don't contact us until creation has a solution. We could have intervened way back at early plans of development. There's always a way out, you know that. Remember the key and the jigsaw of time and space. If you can't, well, find them."

You are sacked as the croupier for now, Carlo, he says to himself. I know what it feels like to be a harlot. I can feel the cerise silk shirt stuck to my skin, covering up my stolen soul.

Carlo remembers a time when nothing much happened at all. Hell's Bells, how things have changed.

Carlo is one of many co-creators in a kaleidoscope of colourful mirror worlds looking down into a tipsy hologram, a refraction of bows and arrows in a melting pot of silver spoons singing their favourite songs in the distance, dancing that happy dance. He has no beginning and no end, although paradoxically he did originate from colour, pink salt and sand, microbes and exploding stars. Dead stars fill the sky with replies and hope. The circle of life never ends and no one yet knows how it began, when it began, or indeed if it began.

There was no great need for him to live on Jupiter or earth. He paved the way for his progeny to come forth and learn to spawn, so that they too, one day, could become master creators if that heavy social desire overtook them. A few took up his offer.

Pandora's Box

The master creators identify him as a gender bender or gender-fluid, slightly more male than female. And they call him Carlo. Others call him Orica or Texas Rodeo because he has a special talent for creating horses and snails with shiny skin and ears—ears, the seat of the soul. He perfected the sensitive heart of the horse to such an extent that it can beat at the same rhythm as the human heart. The horse senses the ticking vibe and acts out the human mood, whether laughing, nervy or hysterical. His favourite horses, Paddy and Belvedere, taught him that creating the moon for planting and feeding was genius but could be his downfall, as Carlo often got side-tracked with the details. He fell in love with his horses because their soothing souls sent him sideways to the real heaven. First mistake of many.

Carlo was so passionate when he formed his Full Moon, Half Moon and Eclipse creations that the horses, animals and later humans got linked to the moonscape and the tides of ocean waves like a fiddler's elbow to a treasured antique violin. The feeling of getting close, too close, to his creations haunts him. It got him all mixed up. He did not separate his creatures properly or prioritize the nuts and bolts of a working day on earth at the office. Like a lamb with two mothers, he got the numbers muddled and two and two made five. Meanwhile time was ticking and space was expanding.

Heartbeats and the Emperor's Tail

The horses' heartbeats were adjusted to synchronise with music and the moon. The horses' hair grew less as the moon ascended and more afterwards. Carlo had used sight, sound, touch, smell and taste to breathe life into his creations. After his massive success with horses, he used his brain more and more, leaving the senses behind to wither and nearly die. Was this his downfall? He had information overload, too much knowledge and not enough wisdom. His creations were sourced all in a row, one after the other. Was any part of his invention missing or out of control like the irascibull? Carlo and his creative irascibull need to be friends again.

When Carlo made the plants, trees, herbs and grasses for the animals to eat, cardamom and garam masala were two of his most generous creations. Humans would later eat the seeds to expel heartburn, pain, viruses, bacteria, fungus, constipation, inflammatory bowel disease, bad breath, hiccups, nausea, mould, urinary tract infections and the Big C, Cantankerous Cancer. Moreover, these spices would enable the eater to absorb vitamins and nutrients, all benefits free to the user. Sandalwood and tea tree came next.

In those distant times, he even made a half-horse mixed with a super-insect, but the full horse creation could live longer as you do. The super-insects became a species of their own with antennae able to find their next feed from 50kms up that road there—the one with the

peppermint tree waving its branches in the sea breeze, able to house and protect anything that moved. A tree house like no other. Smell the peppermint.

Blowing Raspberries

Time and space have a dreamy meaning in this hazy, wavy, quantum world. There is no past or future, just one magical moment of Now—eclipsing Heaven and Hell, golden or green grass and cannabis oil in Woop-Woop. Time. Which. Never. Ends.

“Did you pass confusion on to your humans, Carlo?” his favourite co-creator teases.

Not a bad question, he muses.