

The Destroying Angel (culled excerpts of deadmen)

# The Destroying Angel (culled excerpts of deadmen)

By : Kaithe

Mushrooms, mycology, fatal mistakes



Published on  
**Booksie**

[booksie.com/Kaithe](http://booksie.com/Kaithe)

Copyright © Kaithe, 2015  
**Publish your writing on Booksie.com.**

## The Destroying Angel (culled excerpts of deadmen)

The Destroying Angel (culled excerpts of deadmen)

" I think I ate the Gallerina, it was growing on a tree in my native\_, if anyone can help me identify it, I would gladly appreciate it. For three months I have had flu like symptoms, my urin bubbles excessively and smells acrid, to the point of burning my nose. I don't want to die from liver failure, I heard it was the worst way to go....."

" I have found the delirium and trip I searched for, but it is from fever and my kidney's shutting down. I have eaten the Deadly Cort. I am in line for a transplant, but I will not take a kidney others need. I searched for an escape from life, and I found it....depression looms large....."

" I am scrambling to find the mushroom I have eaten to post it so it can be identified.....I am in no need anymore, The Ringed Cone Head it is, I have drank alcohol to aleviate my pain and now have jaundice, my skin resembles that haunting color and the rings of that lethal mushroom. I will die from a world old fungus, me, why didn't they warn me better, why are not books more descriptive, I die cursing with blood bubbles, a razor blade is in my stomach pit, my dreams are a screaming contest with a giant hooded snake, it always spits in my face with blinding force at the end then I wake only to fall back asleep to hell.....where is God, where?....I fall back to see the snake again, and get the painfull rinsing. I hope to be gone from this cruel world....."

" I have eaten the false morrel, they say the ingredient in rocket fuel is derived from it, and it is truly so, my blood boils, my vision has debilitated to almost blindness, the doctor say's I will survive, but I will not do this to my body, for the sins of my mind, learn from my mistakes, err on the side caution with these ancient forest dwellers, I think... I think I can beat this, without a transplant, if not.....I lived a good life."

" I am a murderer, I have murdered my whole family, a harmless puff ball mushroom at maturity resembles the Death Cap (amanita) at adolescence. Her beauty has destroyed my family. You know what's funny, that was the greatest dinner we ever had, we didn't fight for once, we all go together with that dinner in mind....."

" The Destroying Angel, the damp forest is her bath; rising out of the forest floor-- statuesque atop a scree hill; every fallen limb and surfacing glacial rock seems slayed from her beauty. Through all litter or log she

## The Destroying Angel (culled excerpts of deadmen)

commands the eye with her partial veil over her face. Not a fly or animal has nibbled her compared to her fellow mushroom neighbors (even the poisonous ones.) She is resistant to decay completely compared to her sister Death Cap. An alabaster sculpture among mundane color, a sanctity of white, inducing a sense of purity in its viewer, she is a world old killer, she sends out her mycorrhizal white roots far under the soil. And that is how she trapped me. My eyes fixed on her, and as a well read mycologist I knew her trappings, and she was easy to steer clear of, but not easy to take one's eyes off of.

"I plucked then ate the edible chanterelle, well transfixed with the deadly alabaster beauty of The Destroying Angel. Her white tendrils have waited their whole life for me, parasitizing the Chanterelle underground making it a hollow fruit of what it once was--making it her sepulchral home. She is not satisfied until all fall and decay in the forest, enriching her bed and bath with rotting wood or flesh.

I tell the reader on this site, for pray to God, because you can be struck from this world as lightning snaps a tree in half--I was overconfident in science and so conquered by the mystical..... it was slated and to be.... I shall try to help the viewer, by recording my descent in the many leveled hell of pain of the Destroying Angel, I shall even do bloodwork on myself and take concoction.

My delirium has set in, I see the alabaster statue, she is still beautiful, the one to cause my pain.....

....I wait, unblinking, for the Angel to come and lead me away, I even feel summoned to go back to the site of my seduction and poisoning to enrich her forest floor bath with my decaying body.... I return to her--to relieve me of the brutal pain she has kissed upon me."

(quotations mine, pretending excerpts)

The Destroying Angel (culled excerpts of deadmen)

The Destroying Angel (culled excerpts of deadmen)

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-01-27 21:28:51