Ambassadors by the Sea

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AMBASSADORS BY THE SEA

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"This day be bread and peace my lot; all else beneath the sun" Alexander Pope

Eiopa Dynamic sat at the café counter drinking some kind of strange brew, "You really need to do better than thatâ I meanâ think about it. I came all the way hereâ to this little hole in the wall of a town to get a storyâ Iâ m not leaving without one."

Borghin was a strong manâ one of the localsâ he needed money, "Okayâ but you have to understandâ the people in this town are like one big extended familyâ I meanâ hellâ they all know each otherâ s business! And if that isnâ t enoughâ they are all into each otherâ s business. Youâ wellâ you stick out like a sore thumb..."

Eiopa laughed under her breath, "I am a sore thumbâ now tell me whatâ s going on here?"

Borghin looked aboutâ as if to see if anyone was noticing that he was talking to herâ a reporter, "Something has happened here..."

Eiopa said, "Okayâ what has happened here?"

Borghin replied, "I canâ t put my finger on itâ but it is big and it seems to be affecting all the people in my town. Things are differentâ I meanâ they donâ t look different on the surfaceâ but I can tell."

Eiopa looked over her shoulder a few timesâ yeahâ there was a seemingly odd feeling in the café, "Okayâ Iâ ll grant you that your fellow townâ s people seem a little offâ but heyâ you seem a little offâ I meanâ how do I know that this isnâ t the way that you folks are? Just weird?"

Borghin countered, "In this townâ some big-shot reporter for some tabloidâ who writes about all sorts of sleazy thingsâ you seem a bit off to me."

Okayâ she had that one comingâ Eiopa said, "Are we in any type of danger? I meanâ are there locals that might not want me here to the point of killing me or you?"

Borghin studied her face for a moment, "I once went to see this big-shot attorneyâ you knowâ to see about getting a divorce from Darleenâ sheâ s now my ex-wife..."

Eiopa interjected, "Because you are now divorced..."

Borghin answered, "Something like that."

Eiopa questioned, "Oh reallyâ so the two of you are still married?"

Borghin became kind of moodyâ more so than he already was, "Are you sure that if I tell you my storyâ that your paper will pay me some moneyâ I meanâ real moneyâ enough for me to get the hell out of Fofhe?"

Eiopa pulled out a wrinkled contract, "Here it isâ you sign thereâ keep the bottom copy for yourself. Only do it if the money amount in the contract is enough for youâ because once you signâ thatâ s itâ you wonâ t get a point more."

Borghin seemed to be reading the contract carefully, "Okayâ Iâ ll sign," and he did so.

Eiopa frowned, "Youâ re not as dumb as you appear..."

Borghin was not offended, "Dumb is how one survives in this townâ you donâ t get rewarded for being too smart."

Eiopa said, "Soâ whatâ s the story?"

Borghin whispered, "Darleen died six months ago in a car accidentâ thatâ s her over there!"

Vsews Badkid was the townâ s local rich manâ he owned most of the storesâ and the newspaperâ shops, "Soâ you are some kinda big-shot reporterâ come all the way down hereâ to report on a story?"

Eiopa was visibly uncomfortable, "Your town isâ wellâ interesting to say the lease."

Vsews grinned, "You think soâ because Iâ ve been trying to get the state government to fund us more money for developmentâ but canâ t seem to get anybodyâ s attention."

Eiopa said, "What have you been using for bait?"

Vsews said, "Whyâ me of course..."

Eiopa answered, "Then there you goâ that is your problem. You have to use something that the fish want..."

Vsews uttered, "Fishâ Iâ m the fisherman!"

Eiopa answered, "Then I suggest that you are the fish and that the state government has simply thrown you back into the pond."

Tension grew heavyâ a womanâ looked like a secretary was in the room with them, "Iâ m sure you are awareâ being a reporter from the big cityâ that small towns like oursâ usually get ignored when it come time for appropriations."

Eiopa spoke, "What you are saying is trueâ butâ it also helps to have an honestâ elected local governmentâ so that the powers that be donâ t become nervous when they look your way."

Vsews took in a deep breath, "Are you saying that your story is on the local governing establishmentâ are you looking into corruption in the fair sea town of Fofhe?"

Eiopa studied them both, "You are the mayor of this little townâ what do you think of the people?"

The secretary fielded the question, "We are a quiet little downâ there was once a time when the fishing was greatâ the town thrivedâ but things changedâ partly out of regulation and partly out of environmental changes."

Vsews motioned to the secretaryâ then turned his attention to Eiopa, "Your paperâ best I can tellâ it is a tabloid..."

Eiopa nodded, "Some might call it thatâ others might call it an independent presence in a sea of corrupt and controlled news organizationsâ who do more to undercut and please the powers that beâ ohâ ever so much in a sneakyâ pretend kind of way. Trying the make the people think that they are reporting objectivelyâ when in factâ all their editors get their pulses checked each day by the covert news monitoring secret service."

Vsews frowned, "You are working for a tabloid though..."

Eiopa smiled, "I write the story as it presents itself. If there is something sensationalâ or if the truth gets muddied up with so called factsâ did anyone ever tell you what a fact is?"

The secretary interjected, "The facts are the truth."

Both of them looked at the secretaryâ Eiopa said, "The facts are nothing more than manipulated liesâ seasoned with a sprinkle of truthâ just enough to get you to believe the fact being put forth."

The secretary said, "Thatâ s not true..."

Eiopa continued, "The greatest fact was one told by the devil to Eveâ oh you wonâ t surely die. Wellâ noâ not that instantâ but my Godâ the entire human race was doomed to something that could have been avoided."

Vsews voiced, "Wellâ I hope you manage to find something good to write about..."

The heat was up and it had been a long hot nightâ Eiopa and Borghin had been in a small pub drinking ale for most of the night. One thing led to another and they both found themselves in a motel roomâ the passions rising and the emotions flowingâ unchecked. They made love that night and in the morningâ when Borghin woke upâ she was alone.

The ships seemed to be set in a kind of surreal pose as Eiopa gazed onto the seaâ white sails moved ever so slowly across the calm oceanâ s plane of view. A man approached her and sat next to her.

Malchok said, "This is my favorite spot. I come here often and just watch the sails of the boats out in the distance. There is something soothing about it all."

Eiopa studied the elderly man then said, "I decided to come here because I have a hangover and I wanted to get away from some guy I slept with last night."

Malchok grinned wisely, "Some nights are best forgottenâ if one can..."

Eiopa cut in, "You are so right about thatâ Iâ m going to have to remember that from now on. Just in case I find myself in bed with a stranger againâ drunk and not executing better judgment."

Malchok voiced after awhile, "You are the reporter that the town is all abuzz about. Going to write a big story about our little sleepy seafront town?"

Eiopa nodded, "Thatâ s meâ guilty as chargedâ I guess. The problem isâ the people I want to talk toâ donâ t really want to talk to me. And there is something weird going on in this townâ but I either donâ t believe itâ therefore I wonâ t write about itâ or I will write about it and your town wonâ t be sleepy anymore. Youâ ll have all sorts of crazy people wandering in..."

Malchok uttered, "Ahâ therein lies your dilemmaâ you are torn by wanting to write the truthâ but the sensationalism of the lies are more interestingâ thus is your conundrum."

Eiopa kind of laughed, "Wellâ to be honest with youâ I do work for a tabloidâ we write pretty much crap anywayâ heyâ but it sells copiesâ virtual papersâ beamed to countless subscriberâ s data-pads."

Malchok nodded, "It must be liberating..."

Eiopa said, "What?"

Malchok continued, "To be able to mix a little fact and fiction into a story that narrowly passes as a news story. What have you learned about this little sea town?"

Eiopa took a deep breath, "Well? A few people seem to think that they are seeing the dead walkingâ that is the most interesting little bit of fact that Iâ ve picked upâ but when I try to interview theseâ erâ resurrected individualsâ they just seem to vanish."

Malchok raised an eyebrow, "Oh myâ well that would be a problemâ any theory on what might be causing all of this?"

Eiopa answered, "You knowâ I could go out and dig up a few good theoriesâ but to be honestâ Iâ m on a deadlineâ and Iâ ve all but come up with zip. Soâ Iâ m probably going to make up a bunch of stuffâ sprinkle a dash of truth here and thereâ and call it a story."

Malchok smiled mysteriously, "And there you have it..."

Eiopa said, "What? I have what?"

Malchok answered, "Whyâ your story of courseâ you are going to write about the truth as you see it. People vanishing and coming back to lifeâ in some little seaside townâ that happens to serve up a damn good clam chowder."

Eiopa said, "You knowâ you are rightâ the clam chowder is great here!"

The way seemed mysteriousâ fog and a strange charge of static electricity filled the airâ Eiopa had been asked by Malchok to interview a local boyâ they sat on the porch of his grandmotherâ s house.

Eiopa said, "Soâ maybe you can give me your spin on whatâ s been happening in Fofheâ this little sleepy port townâ that seems to have something else going on?"

Kwood didnâ t say anything right awayâ as if thinking on the question put forthâ then, "You donâ t believe..."

Eiopa smiled, "Believe whatâ what do you meanâ I have to know what it is that Iâ m suppose to be writing aboutâ I really donâ t think it matters if I believe or notâ reporting is suppose to be objective."

Kwood said, "But that hasnâ t been the case in quite some timeâ has it?"

Eiopa studied the child for a moment, "You knowâ for such a young snotâ you really do have a handle on the world."

Kwood smiled, "The world is irrelevantâ what matters are the things that pertain to the inner man and womanâ the soul..."

Eiopa said, "I canâ t believe in what I canâ t see..."

Kwood cut in, "Can you see the air?"

Eiopa finally shook her head, "Noâ but that is different..."

Kwood asked, "How so?"

Eiopa answered, "Because we breath the airâ we can see the trees moving with the breezeâ we can feel the coolness of the air as it passes over our skin."

Kwood answered, "And so is the soul. Have you ever seen the body of someone who has died?"

Eiopa nodded, "All too often..."

Kwood said, "And when the person is aliveâ we can see the person smile and speak and ambulate throughout the world. Are these signs of the soul just like the signs of the air? Of course they areâ for though we can not see a thingâ does not invalidate itâ in factâ those things unseen are often more powerful than those things seen."

Eiopa said, "Name oneâ because I donâ t believe you..."

Kwood quickly interjected, "A virusâ it is a small creatureâ yetâ throughout the history of mankindâ starting with Adam and Eveâ a virus introduced into their bodiesâ slowly and with maliceâ killing them..."

Eiopa thought on the saying for a long momentâ it was her turn to think, "But we can prove that viruses existâ we can see them using sophisticated machines."

Kwood answered, "Likewise the soul can be seen using sophisticated machines. You are of hereâ this worldâ this timeâ the children of darkness are wiser in their own time than the children of light."

Eiopa said, "Heyâ now wait a minuteâ Iâ m no child of darknessâ just because I need scientific proof for somethingâ doesnâ t make me evil!"

Kwood agreed, "Noâ it makes you naturalâ of the world and the universeâ there are two scenarios happening in this universeâ those who are saved and are leaving to a better placeâ and those that are damned and are staying hereâ even after death. Hell is full of her children."

Eiopa said, "Then pray for us allâ that we learn to believe as you obviously do..."

Kwood answered, "Each person has to accept Jesus Christ as their God and Savior..."

Give praise and thanks to the Lord Jesus Christ for his is the glory

And the light and the way and in all our darkness it is God that guides

Us through the maze of shadows and the trails that seem to go nowhere

And in the God of Heaven and Earth is our salvation found forever

It was many times ago when I was young that I fell victim to the ways

Of the world and it was then that all the blessings that God would have

Bestowed upon me were squandered for I did live in the temptations of

This world and fell victim to the tricks and the lies of the Dark Powers

But God so loved me that he healed me from my wanton ways and set

Me on a path to true righteousness but it was not without trials and

Tribulations for all things are set for a reason even if we can not understand

We must live our lives in faith that the Good Lord will take care of us all

In my life I have experienced many occasion for death but the Lord has

Delivered a sinner like me from the shadow of death and worked with

Me so that today I write these words to you in the hope that you will also

Learn to believe in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ for we live in his name

The world has forgotten its Creator and has gone a whoring after strange flesh

And has rejected the one and true God of all the universe in order to worship

False gods and the image of the beast for whose superscription is within the

False god that cause nations to stumble and in doing so damn entire generations

But I will sing the praise of my God for he is the will and the way and in Christ

There is nothing that the Lord can not do for with men it may seem impossible

But with God Almighty nothing is impossible and all things are possible for

The Lord is the beginning of our faith and the end of our faith forever more

The world has gone mad with the stink of death and has become drunken with

War and famine all the while the rich get richer and the poor become even more

Oppressed but I believe in a God that does not give care to the rich and hates

The proud in heart for God will deliver the poor in Christ for God is King

There are many mysteries in the universe and what is often thought to be one

Way often turns out to be another for we have understood with out physical

Bodies which have limitations built within and the universe by its very nature

Deceives us into believing scientific facts which are lies of the evil ones

But turn your heart to the one and only God and place your faith in Jesus

Christ for there are secrets yet to be known and the hidden will be revealed

But the knowledge of men is to lie and deceive and the tree of knowledge

Is not what it seems for God is the only true giver of light and God is wonderful

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