

DREAMENTIA

This is the second part of the story of Andy Rottman. Andy's strange and marvelous journey began back on the album "Relic of The Modern World". Andy was just a regular guy who got fed up with the world with all its technology and our ever growing dependance on it, and he decided to get rid of ALL of his electronic devices, cell phones, computers, and the like. When he mentioned his plans to his friends they remarked that he would essentially "disappear". Andy was not bothered by that thought, and decided to disconnect from the world at large. Lo and behold, he ACTUALLY disappeared. This is the story of his journey.....

As Andy awakened, he found himself in a rundown one-room apartment with an old bed in one corner and a small desk and a chair on the opposite side of the room. He rubbed his eyes, slowly got up off the bed and walked over to the desk. On the desk was a small old-fashioned orangish-red lantern, slightly rusted. He was surprised to see a hand written note addressed to him that said...

Dear Andy,

This will help guide you on your journey into a new way of life. Trust it and above all, believe!

I love you.

Mumbletypeg

"This is really strange," Andy thought, but oddly he wasn't afraid. He sat down and picked up the old lantern. There wasn't any obvious way to light it, but Andy decided that could wait because it appeared to be early morning and the sun was starting to rise.

He picked up the note and read it again, trying to figure out who Mumbletypeg was. He also began to wonder where he was and what was going on. Was he dreaming or had he crossed over into some kind of alternate dimension? He always had believed in that sort of thing, but never thought he would experience it for himself. After what seemed like an hour of contemplation about his strange new circumstances he decided to splash some water on his face and leave the apartment to look for answers. After freshening up he caught a glimpse of himself in the small mirror above the sink. To his astonishment he found that he appeared to be in his early thirties again! Taking further stock, he also realized that the aches and pains of being a man well into middle age had vanished. A strange excitement came over him and he was ready to venture out and see what he could discover.

Andy picked up the lantern, left the apartment and walked down the hall to a set of rickety stairs. He headed down the stairs, pushed open a door at the bottom and stepped out onto a city sidewalk. He took a deep breath and began to look around. He was in a good-sized city but it was not familiar to him at all. After a few moments of taking it in he decided to begin exploring, and soon discovered that the only noises coming from the street were the sounds of the occasional car, cab or bus passing by. As he walked past the bars and restaurants and small shops he noticed that no one was talking, not even to each other. That was the case everywhere for the next hour as he continued on his walk, nobody was speaking. Finally he stopped at a small store to buy something to eat and at the counter he tried to make small talk with the cashier, only to be met with a very offended look from the man as he took Andy's money and gave him his change. Andy left and continued on his journey, now he needed to not only find out where he was and why he was there, but he wanted to find out why no one was speaking.

He came to a park and found a bench to rest on while he ate his snack and planned his next move. He sat down, set the lantern beside him and had a bite of his protein bar. After a few moments he saw the lantern begin to glow, starting slowly and becoming brighter and brighter. When it was nearly too blinding to look at, Andy saw that the light was illuminating an old man with long grey hair sitting next to him. The man turned to look at Andy, and Andy saw that his eyes were bright blue and full of kindness and wisdom. The man said, "Hello Andy. I am Mumbletypeg." He reached out to shake Andy's hand, which Andy politely took and said nervously, "Hello. I'm Andy Rottman." Mumbletypeg replied with a smile, "Yes I know. I've known you your entire life." Andy had trouble finding the right words to say, but Mumbletypeg knew that and continued talking. He stated, "You have disconnected, and now it's time for you to learn the truth. You are here for revelation." In his nervousness Andy blurted out two questions. "What revelation and why doesn't anyone talk in this place?" Mumbletypeg responded, "It's because of the God Machine," then he slowly faded away as the lantern dimmed.

Now Andy had even more questions. Who was Mumbletypeg and how did he appear from the light of the lantern? What or who was the "God Machine" and why did it make people not talk? Andy finished his snack and got up from the bench, picked up the lantern and started walking. He had no idea where he was going, but at least now he felt some sort of purpose.

He walked back toward the city and came to an electronics store. He wandered inside to look around, and soon realized there were no phones on display. It suddenly dawned on him that out of all the people he had seen walking around, not one of them had been looking at a phone. He hadn't even seen anyone talking on a phone; they were all just staring straight ahead with a dull look in their eyes. He continued over to the television area of the store and discovered that all the TV's were tuned to the same channel. There was a strange looking man on the screen who was not speaking, but words were scrolling by underneath. Andy read the words, and was stunned by what he saw. "We are all you need. We take care of all your desires. You want for nothing. You are all important to the success of our society. Comply." The message flashed across the screen over and over again. Feeling overwhelmed at what he had just seen, as well as by what he was learning about his new surroundings, Andy left the store in a hurry. Once again he wasn't sure where he was going, but he felt guided by some unseen force and decided to go along with it and see what happened next. A few blocks later he spotted a church steeple peeking up from behind some of the other buildings. Feeling a sense of relief he decided to find the church and perhaps get some answers to his questions.

He rounded the corner and saw the church. He ran up the steps to see if the door was unlocked, and to his relief it was. He walked in and was surprised to see a large television screen on top of the podium, and there on the screen was the same man with the same words scrolling by at the bottom. Andy sat down in one of the pews to try and collect his thoughts. He was beginning to understand.

As he reflected on everything he'd seen, he noticed the lantern was beginning to glow. When it reached full illumination Mumbletypeg appeared beside him once again. He looked at Andy with his kind smile and said, "In your old life the church was where you would go for comfort, and where you would find direction and answers. You would turn to me because you believed in me, and I made myself known to you because of your belief. You sought me, so I drew closer to you. You can see that the church is no longer what it was intended to be. Now, because you've chosen to disconnect, you are learning to see things that are hidden from those who choose to ignore me. You are seeing that the machine has become God, and the people have become soulless beings with no identities or connection to me or other people. They live for nothing, they believe in nothing, they feel nothing and they know nothing. I knocked on the doors of their hearts for as long as I could, but only a few answered. You are one of those who answered, Andy. Your time here is not eternal, it will end when you have learned what you need to know, however, you must experience it for yourself. If I simply tell you, you may not believe me, even though you believe IN me. Remember how much I love you and that I will be counting on you to tell others about what you are discovering right now. I know it's a lot of responsibility, but I trust you just as you have trusted in me your entire life."

Mumbletypeg rose and opened his arms with a smile. Andy stood, and Mumbletypeg gave him a long, warm, comforting hug. As the light from the lantern began to fade he said to Andy, "Never fear, I am always near and I will see you soon." After Mumbletypeg had gone Andy picked up the lantern and walked out of the church. The other people seated in the pews hadn't acknowledged Andy in any manner; they just stared motionlessly at the television on the podium.

Andy walked back to his apartment. It took him a while to find it as he was very preoccupied when he'd left earlier that morning. He climbed the stairs, stepped into the apartment, set the lantern down and sat at the little desk. He put his head in his hands, exhausted from all that he had learned that day. It wasn't really physical exhaustion; it was more mental and emotional fatigue. He was now aware that what was happening to him was not any kind of dream, but was instead some sort of spiritual mission that he had been sent on. After sitting in silence for a while he heard what sounded like footsteps coming from an apartment above him. He didn't recall seeing any stairs leading upward, so he stepped out of the apartment and walked down the hallway trying to see how to get upstairs. All the other doors were locked and he saw that there were no numbers on any of them. He couldn't find any way to get to an upper floor, if there was an upper floor at all. He went back to his room, laid down on the bed and stared at the ceiling. Eventually he drifted off to sleep but was suddenly awoken by the sound of footsteps above him again. The lantern was burning bright, but Mumbletypeg did not appear.

Andy could now hear faint talking along with the footsteps, but the words were too quiet to be understood. He stood in the middle of the room and silently strained to make out what was being said. After a while he became frustrated and decided to knock on the ceiling in an attempt to get the attention of whoever was up there, because this was the first voice other than Mumbletypeg's that he had heard since he'd arrived at this place. Andy slid the chair into the center of the room and stepped up onto it so he could reach the ceiling. He raised his arm up to knock, but to his astonishment his hand just passed right through the ceiling as if it were made out of air. He tried again, and heard a voice from above him say, "Andy, is that you?" Andy was taken aback to hear his name called, but then realized he shouldn't be too surprised about anything at this point. After a few moments of silence he answered, "Yes it's Andy, Andy Rottman. Who are you and how do you know me?" The voice replied, "Come on up and we can talk". Andy asked, "How do I get up there?" The voice responded, "Give me your hand." Andy reached up tentatively through the ceiling and felt a hand grasp his and pull him upward.

He was now sitting on the floor of a small room, and in front of him was a little dwarf-like man about three feet tall. He was dressed in an ill-fitting suit that had certainly seen better days, however this little man also had a very kind face and wisdom filled eyes resembling Mumbletypegs. He reached out his hand to Andy and said, "So glad to finally meet you, I am called Still." Andy attempted to stand up but realized that he couldn't because the little room had a very low ceiling. He took Still's hand and replied, "Pleased to meet you, Still. I'm Andy." Still said, "I know, we have been waiting for you. We are glad you have finally arrived." "What do you mean 'finally' arrived?" asked Andy. Still gave Andy a knowing smile and explained, "There are many people here that can see what you see, and who already know what you now are learning. However, we have been labeled as fanatics and heretics by the ones in power, so we have had to hide out. It's very difficult to get people to understand when the blind followers believe the truth is a lie and the lies are the truth. Everything here is somewhat backward. It happened slowly over time, so no one perceived it until it was too late. Many of us didn't fall for it but unfortunately the masses did."

Andy digested Still's words and then asked, "So what do I have to do with all of this? How do you know me, why have you been waiting for me?" Still answered, "You may think you have gone forward in time, but you have actually gone sideways. This world that you and I are in at this moment is a "possible" future, but it is not the actual future. We needed someone who had the will and the faith to disconnect from The God Machine on his own. Doing that allowed you to come to this place and meet Mumbletypeg. Now you can start to learn what you need to know in order to return to your side and begin to tell the people the truth so that the kind of world you see here does not become reality. When the people on your side wake up, myself and the other seers can

come home too. But there is still more for you to know. I will be working with Mumbletypeg to guide you through this experience and help make sure you understand what is needed for you to return to your side.” Andy said, “But I’m still confused, why me?” Still replied, “I already told you, it’s because you chose to disconnect on your own.”

After taking all of this in for a while, Andy asked Still, “What should I do now?” Still took Andy’s hand and replied, “You’ll know soon enough, but now it’s time to get some rest.” Still began to lower Andy back down to the apartment below. Andy found himself standing back on the desk in the middle of the room. He stepped down on to the floor and pushed the desk and chair back into place, then sat on the bed to collect his thoughts. He eventually laid down with his mind racing and stared at the ceiling, but eventually he drifted off to sleep. Some time later Andy was awakened by a light tap on his shoulder. He opened his eyes to see Mumbletypeg smiling down at him. “Come with me Andy, I have something to show you.”

Andy got up, rubbed his eyes and began to follow Mumbletypeg, but stopped short when he saw Mumbletypeg walk through the apartment wall. Mumbletypeg said, “Don’t fear,” as he took Andy’s hand and brought him through the wall.

They were now on what looked like an old battlefield, but oddly strewn among all the debris and barbed wire were television sets. Andy asked, “Why are there televisions here?” Mumbletypeg said, “Follow me. First I will show you and then I will tell you”. They began walking through the field toward a television set and as they got close to it, it turned on. On the screen was a large ocean liner sinking among icebergs. Andy asked, “Is that the Titanic?” “Yes it is,” replied Mumbletypeg. They continued walking and came to another television set. When this one came on it showed a battlefield similar to the one they were in, but Andy noticed that the planes flying overhead on the screen were bi-wings. Andy said, “This must be World War I?” Mumbletypeg responded, “That’s right, Andy.” They continued walking around the field and looked at the various scenes being shown on the television sets. Andy saw everything from World War I and the Titanic to The Great Depression, World War II, Viet Nam, all the way up to September 11th, essentially every great tragedy and terrible event that has happened in modern times.

Andy asked, “What does this all mean?” Mumbletypeg answered, “You are seeing all these horrific events that you thought were just random and unfortunate tragedies. However, in reality they were all created and implemented by the same thing, the God Machine. Although it has only been recently named that, it has been called many names throughout the years.”

As they were walking out of the field, Mumbletypeg said, “Turn around.” Andy turned and saw that now there were hundreds of soldiers down on their knees. Andy asked, “Are they praying?” Mumbletypeg replied, “Yes they are. They are asking for answers as to why these horrible things have happened to people all over the world. I have tried to tell them, but many of them don’t recognize my voice so they could never hear the real reason for all the suffering in the world. It’s all coming from the same place.” Andy turned to Mumbletypeg and asked, “Where?” Mumbletypeg smiled and said, “I will show you soon.” They arrived back at the apartment, the lantern still glowing. Mumbletypeg said, “Get some rest, there is much more to learn tomorrow.” The lantern light and Mumbletypeg both faded away, and Andy was alone once again.

Andy slept for what seemed to be a very long time, but there were no clocks in the apartment so he couldn’t be sure. He realized that it didn’t matter anyway since he didn’t have anywhere he needed to be. He decided to take a shower. After he dried off and got dressed he heard the footsteps above him again. He called out, “Still, is that you?” Still answered, “Yes, so glad you are awake finally. Come on up.” Andy slid the desk and chair into the middle of the room, climbed up and put his hand through the ceiling. Still took hold of it and pulled him up.

“Mumbletypeg tells me you had quite an eye opening experience last night,” Still said with an impish grin. Andy replied, “I sure did, to put it mildly. I’m seeing there is a very powerful deception that has been growing over the

last century that appears to be coming to fruition here, now." Still sighed and said, "Yes, you are right". Andy asked, "Can you tell me who or what is behind it all?"

Still took a deep breath and said, "That would be who us fanatics call 'Old Harry'." "Old Harry?" Andy asked. "How can a guy named Old Harry be behind all the evil that is happening?" Still replied, "Well, it's not his real name. We prefer not to say that aloud. And it's not really a person, it's a spirit or what some may call an energy, a deceitful energy that can at times take a human form. Many different forms actually." Still went on to describe "Old Harry" and told Andy how he tricked millions of people over many many years. Still explained, "It started a very long time ago and has slowly built up over time. Old Harry is very patient and calculating. He took his time removing all of the good things that Mumbletypeg and I put into place. He twisted words and changed their definitions. He told lies about how people should live until eventually everyone was following his plan and believing in him without even knowing it. After years and years of his influence you can see what the result is; A world without human identity, no God, just government, a broken moral compass with no hope of real happiness and fulfillment. What's sad is that no one knows the difference, everyone believes in the God Machine and not in Mumbletypeg and me, the ones who truly love them and want them to be happy in eternity."

As Andy tried to absorb everything he'd just heard, Still said, "That's probably enough for now." Andy nodded, and Still lifted Andy down to the apartment below. Afterward, Andy was lost deep in thought for a long time. After replaying everything he'd learned a dozen times in his mind, he decided it was probably time to go back out and look for something to eat.

He walked out of the building, leaving the lantern behind this time, and started toward an area where he thought he might find a place with food. He knew his thoughts wouldn't be interrupted since nobody would be talking to him while he was eating. As he was walking down the street Andy began to notice that all the people passing by looked strange to him, they all had a very pale sickly look, with eyes sunken, dark and dead. He hadn't realized that last time. He found a little cafe and sat at a table outside. The waiter came by with a menu and some water. Andy ordered his meal by just pointing at items on the menu. As he sat and watched the passers-by he realized that what he was seeing was starting to take on a darker and more hopeless appearance, the people were looking sicker as the minutes passed.

Andy finished his meal and then went back to the apartment. A few minutes after he arrived the lantern began to glow and Mumbletypeg appeared. Andy stood up and gave him a big hug. Mumbletypeg said to Andy, "I'll bet you have even more questions now, don't you?" Andy responded with an emphatic, "You bet I do! I think I'm beginning to understand; all the things we thought were truth are in fact a lie. And we have believed it for all of our lives?" Mumbletypeg replied, "Yes, you are exactly right, Andy." Andy continued, "So everything, all these wars and disasters and horrible tragedies have been all manufactured by this 'Old Harry'?"

"Yes indeed," said Mumbletypeg. "By gaining control of what people see and hear and what they are taught in school, slowly over time people learned to accept it as reality. But there is a group of people called The Fanatics, who, like Still, began to see through the lie. They tried to tell the people but only a few listened, most refused to believe the truth. The ones who did listen joined The Fanatics in an attempt to wake people up, but sadly most didn't listen at all. Still and his followers had to go underground. They had my help because they believed in me, so I was able to keep them safe and secretly help them build their numbers as well as hide them from Old Harry's thugs, who would try to silence any and all voices that didn't follow the doctrine of the Machine. Now you have begun to see how things really are and how life has been slowly removed from the people."

Mumbletypeg continued, "We realized that you would be the one that could change the course of the human race. That's because you recognized that you must disconnect from all the over-saturation of technology and

get back to a more natural way of life. Still and I knew that you would be able to understand what we needed to show you, and more importantly you would be able to take what you have learned back with you.”

Andy said, “Back with me? So I do get to go back home?” “Of course you do,” said Mumbletypeg. “We need you to wake people up so that what you’ve seen here does not become reality. Remember, you haven’t gone forward in time to the future, you have gone sideways in time to a ‘possible’ future.” Andy asked, “So how will I make people listen and believe me? Why would they care what I have to say?” Mumbletypeg smiled and said, “Don’t worry Andy, I will take care of that.”

In his excitement knowing that he was going to go home, Andy began to pace the floor as a million questions flooded his mind. He turned to Mumbletypeg, but before he could say anything Mumbletypeg said, “Remember that Still and I will be with you always, and we will give you the words to say when you need them.” He took Andy’s face in his hands, looked him deeply in the eyes and with a compassionate smile he said, “You are doing a great thing. You have more than you know, and you are loved more than you know.” Andy smiled as the lantern and Mumbletypeg faded away.

Contemplating what seemed to be his new purpose in life, Andy spent the rest of the day wandering around the city. As each moment passed everything and everyone he saw continued to become more noxious looking. The atmosphere seemed to get darker and dirtier. He found a place to eat dinner and then headed back to the apartment.

He felt conflicted because he was so glad he was going to go back home, but he also sensed a heavy burden on his shoulders. He had to tell everyone about what he had learned, what people must do to prevent the end of life as they knew it, and that they had been lied to on a scale that was hard to imagine. The one thought that comforted him was the knowledge that Mumbletypeg and Still had promised to help him and would always be with him. He got ready for bed, crawled in and, utterly exhausted, fell asleep almost immediately.

He began to dream right away, not the usual random dreams but almost as if was reliving his life, from childhood to becoming an adult. However, all these memories now had a huge question mark around them. Was it real or was it a false experience? Was it a nightmare, a dream, or did he have some sort of dementia? Mumbletypeg and Still both appeared in these dreams, which put him at ease somewhat as he struggled with these doubts about his life. They both told him not to worry about people listening and believing his story. “You will be seen as someone very special because of your miraculous return.” Again, they repeated, “We are with you always.” With a jolt Andy woke up.

Andy slowly opened his eyes and as they began to focus he realized that he was back in his own home and in his own bed! It took a few minutes to process, but he soon felt a nice sense of calm after the initial shock. After a few minutes he sat up and looked around his bedroom. He noticed that things seemed very dusty and dirty.

He got up and walked to the bathroom. Turning on the water in the sink, it sputtered and spit out some disgusting brown water. He left it running and it eventually cleared so Andy washed his face. He picked up a towel to dry off and when he did, dust went flying. It looked like his house had been just sitting unattended for who knows how long. He shook the dust off the towel and dried his face. He looked in the mirror and saw that he had also returned to his mid-fifties in appearance, although he still felt like he did while he was wherever he just came back from, free of the aches and pains of middle age.

He walked through the house and the entire place was covered in dust and dead bugs. He rubbed clear a spot on a window and looked out the front of the house. There were vines growing across parts of the window and all over the front porch. The front yard was so overgrown that he couldn’t even see the path to the front gate. “Yep, no one has been here for a long, long time,” he said out loud to himself.

He spent the rest of the morning getting things cleaned up. He was pleased that everything was just as he'd left it, other than being covered in dust. He threw out the food that he had in the cupboards and was hesitant to even open the refrigerator for fear of what things could have turned into. He took a deep breath, opened it and found it wasn't so bad. Once he was done purging, he decided it was time to go to the market to restock his kitchen. He made his way through the yard by walking where the path was supposed to be. He found the gate and had to tear off a bunch of vines and overgrowth so that it would open. He stepped through, closed it behind him and headed down the street. He was pleased to see that everything else looked pretty much the same. He turned to look back at his house, laughed to himself and thought, "It looks like that one house in the neighborhood that all the kids say is haunted and dare each other to go into."

He walked into the store, took a cart and began his shopping. Within a few minutes the owner of the store, who was a good acquaintance of Andy's, came out of the back room. He immediately recognized Andy and called out his name in disbelief. The man rushed over to him with a stunned expression and said, "Andy? Is that really you?" Andy smiled at him and replied, "Yep, it's me." The shop owner couldn't believe his eyes. "We all thought something horrible had happened to you! What happened? Where have you been? Are you okay?" Andy had to pause for a second because he realized that he hadn't given any thought to what he was going to say to people who ask that exact question. He responded, "It's a really long story that I will tell you soon." The shopkeeper said, "I understand, it's really great to have you back Andy, and I'm so glad that you are okay. Lots of folks were really worried about you." Andy smiled again and said, "Thanks so much, that's very nice to hear." He finished his shopping, went home and spent the rest of the day putting his house back in order.

As he worked Andy was lost in thought about how to tell people about what had happened to him and how he would get started with what had become his new mission in life. He eventually decided to tell them that he'd been on a sort of vision quest, hoping that he wouldn't need to get too specific about location. He knew he had to explain to people what he'd seen and the possible future that they were facing. At the end of the day he got into bed, wondered what tomorrow would bring, and slowly drifted off to sleep.

In the morning a vigorous pounding on the door awakened Andy. He put on his bathrobe and stumbled to the front room. He opened the door and was bombarded with microphones thrust into his face, reporters shouting questions and flashbulbs going off. He was as polite as possible and said, "Sorry, I can't talk right now," and closed the door. He thought to himself, "Ahh, so this is how it begins."

Over the next few weeks Andy discovered that he'd been missing and presumed dead for over three years. He was interviewed by newspapers, television, and magazines, and found himself giving internet interviews for things he learned were called podcasts. He now understood what Mumbletypeg meant when he'd said, "I will take care of all that," when Andy had wondered why anybody would listen to him. Andy told everyone about what he learned and warned them of what was coming if they didn't wake up.

He became somewhat of a celebrity, with some calling him crazy and some calling him a prophet and some saying he was a liar, especially those in the media and tech companies. However, he found that over time his story and his message began to resonate with a lot of people all over the world. He was soon being contacted by people who'd had similar experiences and feelings from disconnecting. These people were now part of a global network, sharing the message and warning the masses of what's happening. The message began to make people re-examine their lives and ask themselves if they were truly happy.

Multitudes began to disconnect from a life oversaturated with technology, and with that disconnection they began to be able to discern the media's lies and manipulations. They also were able to reject the Godless way of life that had been pushed on them for so many years. Many resisted the truth and always would, but those waking up were growing in numbers daily and the course of their lives was changing direction.

As long as people open their minds and listen, there is hope.

Have you met Andy, yet?

Dreamentia, 2025
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