

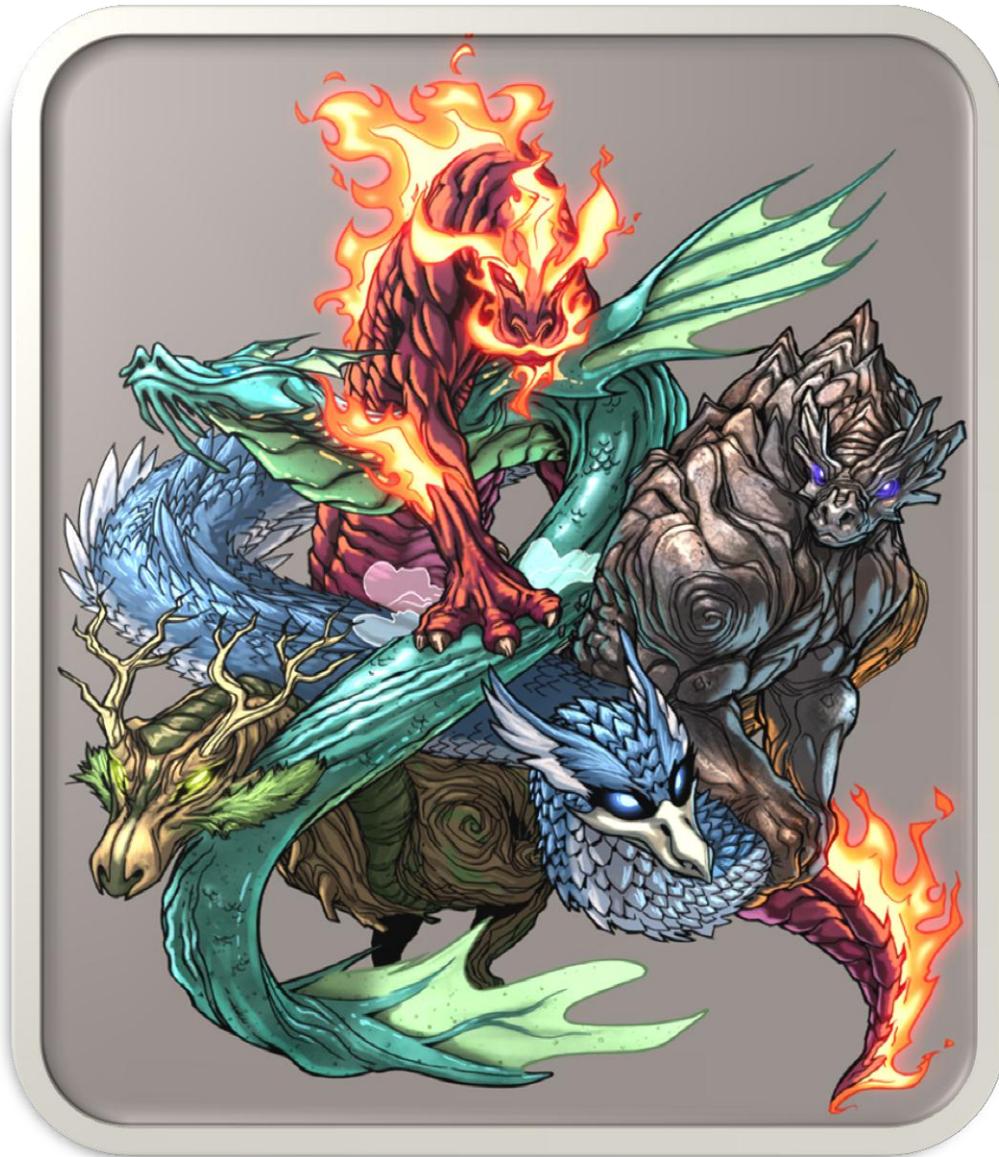
# About Those Gods...

*You know who you are or do you?*

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*By Jamie Webster*

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Dear Alex Vern:

Over the eons words and there meanings have changed. Take the word 'god' for example. This word's meaning did not steam out of Christianity. It existed before the Greeks, although the Greeks where close in their meaning. A god in the oldest dialects means different and how true this is. There have always existed people who are different or special, gods in their own right. There are always five, Fire, Water, Earth, Wind, and Life, never more but sometimes less. How do I know? I use to be one of them.

I died on April 21 after being hit by a motor vehicle. I was dead for one minute and twelve seconds. The paramedics gave me my life back on a bloody sidewalk but not all of it. You would be happy to know that nothing else eventful happened in my life after that and I life to a ripe old age to write these words to you. But this story is not about what happened after that day it's what about happened before when I was still a god. So which god was I? Well the rain god. I learned this much later in life but it seems obvious now. This is because ever since I was a teenager it rained almost every day. I can't will it rain or to stop. It just dose so to make me happy. Following me around the English isles as fast as the winds can carry them. I also learned later that the even though there are five categories what a particular god is made of completely depends on them. Even though I was the water god I only have an effect on rain, so far as I know.

Only a few weeks before I died I meet the last of the five gods, myself include. His name was Adam Wolf and he was the god of death. Adam looked like death had already taken him the first time I meet him. He had white skin, black hair, and yellow eyes and a stare like a wolf. Adam lived in small town in New Mexico desert, a place that as only rained once, which happen to be when I was visiting. He was a normal man knowing not that he was special. He worked as pilot flying researchers into the heart of the desert. Every person he ever touched died within 24 hours. He didn't seem to understand how special he was and even when I tried to explain it not sure he got it all. It may seem confusing to you as well you see Adam was a life god. Turns out death really is part of life. Before I left I did manage to convince him to wear gloves, no small task given it normal 100 degrees out in the desert. Turns out gods can change as well. He explained that through many years of trying his home in the desert is now an oasis of life.

Before Adam Wolf there was Dr. Loren Anbrook who spends most of her time in Antarctica the windiest place in the world. Dr. Anbrook was a doctor of climates, specializing in ocean currents. I have never met her in person but she seems like perfectly normal person. We have sent emails to each other on regular bases, but still after all these year she does not believe me that she is a wind god. I will tell you this though, the nice part of the year in Antarctica is when the good doctor is not there. Having never met Dr. Anbrook I don't really have more to say about her.

About the same time as I started regular correspondence with Dr. Anbrook I found the earth God, a giant of a man, by name of Joe Barberry. We own a vineyard in the south of France. Joe discovered at a young age he loved dirt, rocks, and everything else that came from the ground. He grew up in the framing region around Lyon, France and on this 14<sup>th</sup> birthday pulled a gem the size of your fist from a field he tended. Ever since then he has wanted for very little and enjoys his many acres of land growing fruit, vegetal, and wine. He cooks and I must say the best food I have ever eaten. He did take a lot of

convincing that he was an earth god but after a few weeks, I was in no hurry to leave and it seems he was in no hurry to kick me out, I did manage to convince him. It happened one afternoon as we were enjoying the walk up the long hill his farm is built on. When we were near the top I trip over a rolled a good way back down the hill. As I picked myself up I notice was sitting on something pointy and when to remove it when I noticed it was an emerald. After a conversation about where it could have come from. Joe confided that he has found a treasure chest full of rare stones on his farm over the years. It still took him some time before he tried to will a stone from the ground but when I returned from my visit I did have brilliant uncut ruby and a number of great recipes from a true God of the earth.

Years, many years, before all the rest when I was a young man I meet the fire God. He is different then the others he learned at a very young age he was a fire God and used it. His name was Albert and he was Russian. As I learned later in life he grew up in small town in the wilds of Russian north. I also learn then when he was 16 he froze to death on a dismal night. But he didn't die, instead he erupted in an explosion of fire, destroyed the entire village and everything around it for miles. I meet him when I was traveling Europe before college. We shared the same hostel before it was burnt to the ground. It turns out that you don't want to make the fire God angry or things burst into flames. It also turns out that he dried out the air around him and as you may recall my friends the rain clouds don't like that idea. So first it rain inside then there wasn't an inside anymore. That was the first time my power manifested in such a way and the first time I thought I was different. At the time I didn't even realize I meet the fire God but later in life I piece that much together.

I have also learned another thing in my old age and that is who replaced me as the water God. That is why I write to you. To explain to you that you're different, that you are not alone, and that I would very much like to meet you before I die. It would be my honor to meet a water God.

Take Care,  
Dan Webber