

Part 3

F U L F I L M E N T S

“What are the fulfilments, Billy?” Wilhelmina asks of Billy Gilded Creator, seated with her in the drawing room of Boughton House, Boughton a village in the north of Worthshire.

Billy waits to reply.

He smiles and quietly states:

“Happiness and helpfulness and oh I’ve forgotten the other one. It will come to me later. But these two are good enough to be going on with. To be fulfilled we need to find out happiness and help others to achieve this. It takes time and kindness and effort, but it happens more than you may think.”

“I like you; you are very observant and consider other people carefully. That is unusual but very good. You will come to my wedding, won’t you?”

“Of course I will. You are sure that is your happiness to marry this Sir Charles what’s his name Payne?”

“No, I’m not sure, but I will give it a go.”

“Yea, go for it; take risks; it won’t matter to you.”

“I would like to sleep with you tonight if you like,” continues Billy.

“Why? You don’t know me. Have you no morals?”

“Course I do. I have natural morality. I would like to spend a night with you because it would be a beautiful experience. Course I know you, I have seen you and been with you and talked to you. That is enough for me. I am very quick. Society’s family morals are an unnecessary mess of life.”

“What are you, Billy? Who are you?”

“I suppose I’m one of those Generation Zed children they define now.”

“What’s that?”

“Oh, a new definition society has thought up for kids born mid 1990s to 2010 or so. They are the first lot born in the internet age, and the last born in the 20th century.”

“So, you’re a Zed?”

“Yes, funny isn’t it, as most things said to be of society are. But I have never taken much notice of society. I am a freeman. I am a Freedomian. I live by my natural morals of love and caring. My father was a traveller who never stayed anywhere for long.

I never knew him. My mother, Deborah, brought me up with Steven's help, Georgian Merchant's son."

"But what are you as a Zed?"

"Well I suppose I am one of the first to live without belief in the identity of the one world. I may be wrong in that. But it feels like it. You see, now people seek an identity beyond the world, which seems to fail them. Sorry, that sounds too generalised. Being more specific, the impact of technology on a new generation will lead them to live identities of a more multiple kind, than an insistence on the singular one world view."

"Sounds fascinating. It remains to be seen though. I rather like the sound of it. And it could be engaged with the moneyless society I have been trying to introduce."

"Yes, you are on a step forward, but you will receive great opposition."

"That's true, but it's late, and I am tired; and despite your colourful mind I think I will sleep alone tonight."

"As you wish."

“Don’t be offended.”

“That doesn’t exist in my world. Goodnight.”

Billy leaves his host to go to his personal room, he was shown earlier, and prepares for a good night’s sleep

It’s always good to get your identity interests off your chest. He likes to talk about himself to other interested people. He finds it fun. It sets him up against himself to think anew. And that is always his intention.

Sir Charles and Wilhelmina had fixed the date for their wedding to be in June.

being a leader of the armies of goodness and light

Billy felt the fulfilments of his lives
of multi universes to be well establishing
themselves

the days of the one world view seemed
numbered

indeed it proclaims them to be so
the virus was bringing
an end

but end of the world does not mean
end of life

Billy planned the life to create
without the outward world view

His armies were armed not with
guns and weapons but with love
and compassion

His armies were peace perpetual

The religionists believe the Kingdom of God
will come to Earth

Billy plotted on for all these
contingencies urging tolerance and understanding
of all the differences

Meanwhile Wilhelmina had to face her
future with Sir Charles

“do not give in” he says

“It’s hopeless, my love, society has failed” she responds

Corporatus Magnus had just passed his sixtieth birthday. He is one of the richest men in the world, of one of the richest families in the world, unseen and unknown by any, except his immediate family circle. His family descends from the group line of the 6 richest families in the world throughout the ages, throughout all time and history. It was their business to be unknown and to be invisible. But Corporatus was troubled by something special. The day before his 60th birthday he realised to himself:

“I am 60 and I haven’t done anything with my life. I haven’t achieved anything special. I have done nothing with it. What am I to do with the remaining half of my life to come? Goodness knows.”

Corporatus, Corpy, to his friends and family, was handsome, broad and tall, with a head of dense brown hair, thick lips, high cheeks, and bushy eyebrows over piercing green eyes, and a nose to knock out anybody. He stood in his villa overlooking the sea, living on his private island off the east coast of Scotland.

He wanders back into the peace of his study, a peace to be shattered as his daughter rushes through the door from the hall.

“Corpy, darling, please say I can go to Mount Pleasant,” she begins.

She is late twenties, very pretty, blonde girl, with a manner scarcely wise to call lively.

“Course you can go, sweetheart.”

“It’s just I need some more money.”

“What do you need money for?”

“Oh daddy, you know, everyone engaged wants to be paid money.”

“But you have your allowance, your quarterly allowance that began at the beginning of the month.”

“Oh, that measly thing finished last week.”

She rushes up to him and gives him a blackmailing kiss on his head.

“I’ll have funds put into your account,” he declares, grins and hugs his daughter of joy.

“You’re just so wonderful, daddy, but you re up to something. I can tell. What is it?”

Corporatus looks serious and turns away for a moment. His expression becomes worried as he says to Dilly:

“I have been receiving reports from surveillance about movements in the world to dislodge money and introduce free economy states. It bothers me.”

“Just round up the ring leaders and scrutinise them, and see what they’re doing, before acting drastically.”

“Now there’s a wise remark from you. I see you re capable of them my pretty, once in a while.”

“Must dash thanks for the dosh, the gang are waiting outside in cars and boats, for our outing to the Pleasant.”

“Take care, and enjoy, my angel,” she leaves, as he continues to say to himself, “more than I ever did, I hope. My age were not taught to enjoy ourselves enough, I fear. Play, play, play, that’s’ what I say nowadays. Ah my cares. What was it? O me miserum, so wealthy and so troubled; poor people just do not understand.

Why should they? Why should I? Why should anyone? Even Socrates was defeated. So, why can't I be? ... ha ha"

Link has called on Corporatus. Link is the head's contact to the world out there. Link is a little like Polonius to Corpy's Claudius. He has come with results of his investigations into the upsets, the disturbances throughout the outside world.

I have come across a young

strange ringleader

a powerful strident

belligerent Englishman

calls himself Billy

Gilded Creator

thinks all sorts of nonsense

about change and

the global nation

whatever that might be

a fantasist I'm sure

nothing more

Corporatus listens deep in thought and waits to answer his
man Link

I have heard of him

I have observed him

a fine strapping fella

interesting but dangerous

Link interrupts with the suggestion

should he be removed

his eyes glitter as he speaks this threat

Corporatus opens wide his eyes and sneeringly replies

certainly not

no arrange for him to

call on me

I will talk to him

sir that is very risky

he is a great talker

a seducer with words

all the better for

me to listen to him

arrange it for a day next week

Link nods agreement and leaves shaking his head

and now we come to the beginning of our story as Link drives
himself

unusually for him

to the mountain retreat of Roundup

Roundup is the villain of our piece

he is Corpy's son, right hand man

and follower

his names being Harry Benjamin James

Roundup considers on his own

I shall entrap them both

both the rebels the revolutionaries

and the established the Corporate

Magnuses

I shall deal with them

I will draw each in to each

I am ready for the planning
just see how I think and
when I have tricked them both
I shall pounce and destroy
all of them
leaving everything to me for my
pleasure
those that know

Roundup declares

don't go near that chap
he's mad they say he
dreams of world order he's silly

Roundup is quite insane with his desires to end everything

He is 40 years old and tall.

He is a man of the people age.

He is the people he thinks.

He is charming and certain, hard and cruel.

He is a staunch capitalist.

He wants to murder his own father in a duel. He hopes to pass it off as an accidental incident, but it would be a terrible fight over behaviour and ideology, and it would lead to Roundup swearing his life to money and power and gaining as much of any of both as possible. He had worked his way into the hidden worlds of Corporatus Magnus and had become one of his allies and assistants. He was head of various internet tracking and surveillance groups. He knew everything about everyone and used his knowledge to reward and to punish.

Corpy, Corporatus Magnus, did not like Roundup but tolerated him because Roundup was efficient and reliable, and Corpy's only son.

Anyway, here comes Link, a fifty year old, visiting Roundup

They meet and go out onto the terrace overlooking the valleys of the mountains.

Link:

Terrible news

I've terrible news

Roundup:

my dear Link you

always begin with the

most melodramatics start

for something normally

simple and weak

this is not weak

this is cataclysmal

Corpy has asked me to

invite that dreadful

Billy Gilded here to talk

there you are

what's so terrible about that

you'll see

in the vicarage of Merton

Reverend Freddie Lawrenns

strode over to his window and gazed on the fields outside

and called:

Roundup what are you doing

Harry Roundup what

do you think you're

doing

what are you up to

mind your business

Freddie Lawrenns

comes the mindal reply

this is my business

rescuing my friends

Sofie Alice is enjoying bringing up her baby girl in Slavonia. She chooses to stay in Tisk with Stephen Merchant for the time being. They enjoy the free life of the moneyless state.

Everything is more equitable, giving and appreciating.

The King Christof is still away in his Hideaway retreat, but everyone is happy with that.

Indeed everyone is happy in Slavonia, strife and conflict have disappeared and leisure and pleasure maintained.

Roundup is sharpening his mental knives. He is confident he will bring down this Gilded Creator and his associates. Who are they. His surveillance shows old Georgian Merchant and the fairy Heldis Jones are two of the worst offenders. But Roundup has no doubt he'll be able to eliminate them easily enough.

Billy Gilded Creator is a man of great beauty of mind as well as body as well as face

but his face is his fortune

his eyes that glitter and penetrate

their slate blue irises at you

