

How I became the High Priest of Prickly Bog

On the **9th April 1997**, I— an unrenowned musician, namely one Mario Vickram Sen— being seated tranquilly in my kitchen, was enjoying a nice cup of Darjeeling tea, when a voice from the beyond materialized before my senses and spoke thus:

"You shall be the first High Priest of Prickly Bog."

Although initially somewhat startled, I was not completely surprised by this intrusion, as I had heard that disembodied voice before. It was the voice of an author named Hiram Blunt, which I had last heard, about a decade previously— on a dismal night in October, 1987 to be precise. Although it (the voice) had been quite *embodied* at the time, as Mr. Blunt had been visiting me at my humble lodgings on Sullivan Street, in the Soho district of Manhattan that evening. And we two had, perhaps, shared in the consumption of a very similar beverage to the one of which I was presently partaking. It had been, if I recall correctly... my birthday.

"Where the hell is Prickly Bog?" I now answered, seemingly unperturbed by the fact that I was communicating with a spirit — you see, I was fully aware that Mr. Blunt had died that very night in 1987, subsequent, almost immediately, to our very first meeting in fact, "And what the hell," I continued, "is a High Priest these days?"

I asked him these obvious questions even though in some dim recess of my fading memory I knew the answers already. I knew what it all meant, because that night (not long after he had vacated the residence which I inhabited) I had had a vision. It was a very complete vision, actually, of the life... and death, of Mr. Hiram Blunt.

And so you see I actually knew all there was to know about Hiram Blunt. I knew, in fact, everything that he had ever known. I knew, for example, that on the **9th of April 1987**, exactly ten years before this date, that Mr. Blunt had purchased a charming antique box, from a purveyor of just such collectible items, located in a small town named Hope, New Jersey. And that when he had arrived home with his latest acquisition, he had discovered within, a set of twelve copper plates inscribed with the most mysterious of hieroglyphs. These engravings had turned out— after many months of examination and research— to be the sacred mythology of some unknown ancient and possibly future culture. I knew also that Prickly Bog was a town that existed in an imaginary future which Mr. Blunt had concocted out of the dreams and disillusion of his own life and was based upon the writings of these newly discovered texts. It was the capital of a country called Bongovia, whose philosophical imagination was dominated by a **Great God** named **Bongo**, which name had been discovered by Mr. Hiram Blunt written upon the very copper plates whereof I now speak.

The High Priest, of course was the custodian of that trust, that religion... Bongovism, or — to regale it with its official appellation —

The Intergalactic Temple of the Great God Bongo

These things I knew, unequivocally, at that moment (although whether I had known them before remains a mystery to me).

And another thing that I knew, quite clearly, at that moment, was the story of **How the Great God Bongo Created the World**. I may well have known it before, but I only became truly aware that I knew it, as of that date.

And so the **9th April 1997** shall be regarded forevermore as the date of the inception of the Great God Bongo into our universal consciousness, and destined to take the place of all other holy days within our mythology. And accordingly, as of that date, even though Prickly Bog does not yet actually exist, shall I evermore be known as the very first **High Priest of Prickly Bog**.

I swear these facts to be as literally true as many beliefs widely held,

Mario Vickram Sen

Acting High Priest of Prickly Bog