



LIGHT BEYOND REASON

CHAPTER ONE

In God's eye, swept the undying dreams of a thousand star-captains. The night would be one of wailing and unfathomable chaos. Each time-point in the centre of the planet had been triggered to self-destruct within the hour.

Far across the many lands and seas, deep within the confines of the Magicians hut, a sound was being uttered. It was the sound of many insects set upon a single purpose. Each was calling out in fear, fear of what had happened in this place.

The Magician himself was scattered around the small cabin.

In another place, not quite so far away, inside the head of the Final Sanctity, a thought was being created. It engulfed worlds, it lay bare mountains and oceans, It was the last chance of this dying people. The mother of this baby was now blind with the pain of its birth. The people around it were paralyzed by what they were seeing. They just stared in horror as what they had once worshiped was being ripped apart by her own inner forces. The witch died.

Tick. Tock. Tick. Tick.

The power of the light bearer was uncountable. It stopped, it started. In this light, in this far-away light, there was felt by some to be a presence. This presence was the Force LOGOS of the world. It was, also, dying.

The Legion was gathering. In the hour all would feel the might of the Lords. The gathering was now assembling in an ancient hall. They were composed of differentiating molecules, orders of existence, the channels of everything.

This was now the time of reasons and dark passions. All could not prevent it, all could not stop it. Endlessness was dawning in this light of fire that encased itself in the brains of the high ones. Within this hour the new Lords of Now would take over and destroy all that the pitiless being had created.

Now and again the atoms of being would collide and fragment into solar systems. Energy was lost and torn apart. The nullification of time and the start of another countdown. This is happening now.

Aware of nothing but the sound of a crying leper, the Magician reassembled himself and walk out of his long time home. To the east he went and into the Sun, laughing out loud but screaming inside, he came to the brook, crossed it and exploded into a million tiny pieces, the shards of his being being carried on the wind and, thus, taken to the other side of the world.

The call of a dying wolf echoed across the mountains. An eagle swooped down and snatched a snack. Decay was moving across the plains and valleys of the land. Like a mist it swept, encompassing everything in its disease. However foul it might be it was nothing compared to what was to come.

Changing. Shifting. Atoms.

Until the hour had passed, stasis hung in the air. Stagnant waters rippled as hungry children threw stones. Corpses were left where they had fallen, while vultures gnawed the carrion. The humble slew each other, the noble fell from rooftops. The stench of fear. The reek of death. Now everyone would feel the tortures that had filled the heart of the Void Dweller. He had returned and now all were accountable. They will perish for their sins.

CHAPTER TWO

Many were now gathered. As one, they left as a great host and made for the sea. Laying bare everything in their path, they moved like thunder. Until, at last, they entered the washing waves of the ocean and drowned as one.

The pillars of existence fell apart.

The light of reason had ended.

Time no longer mattered.

And nothing was changing.

Against eternity was sweeping a tide so strong that not even God could prevent it's flood. Now and again some would ponder and dream about this time, yet immortals would have seen it time and time again. A horn sounded.

Deep inside the alcoves and pits of this terrain swam fish. Some huge, some tiny, all just waiting, waiting for The End. A few darted about, while others just hung motionless, dead to the unknowing eye. Ten thousand leagues above, all hell was setting loose.

In this land of discontent thee talons of anarchy were engulfing the world. War raped the land, disease pillaged it, while hands of corruption dragged themselves across the Earth.

Fire now came.

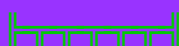
It was shingling, this tree. The leaves of it danced in the wind, while birds sang from inside its branches. A symbol of hope to some, a pathetic gesture by others. If their god were to intervene then they had left it far too late. Yet, in the hearts of a few there was now an alien warmth. Perhaps he did care, perhaps he did listen. However, the sons of damnation were starting to march. A force so great, so malevolent, that not even the strength of nature could stop them. Perchance this was nature.

The burning was now taking over the world. Nothing was safe from it. It was relentless, the great cleanser had come. The purifying flames would consume creation until nothing but stone was left.

A thick smog hung in the air making the atmosphere unbreathable. Every form of life was slowly choking to death. Those not choking were either killing each other or languishing in despair.

Reassembling at the source of all of this, the Magician entered this inhospitable land. Focusing his consciousness to the ground and began to chant in one of the lost tongues of his forefathers. The earth cracked in two, and out of what once was the center there came a sound. This was the final chance for the hour had nearly passed and the madness that was covering the soil, a madness caused by man, woman and beast, was reaching its climax.

Awakening from this dream I rose and dressed. What did it mean, if indeed it meant anything. I walked to the window and looked out. In every direction there was void, a kind of darkness that not even the tendrils of Satan could smother. Here was safety, here was peace.



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