

The Ending

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by

Campbell M Gold

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Malcus pulled his robe around his shoulders, and the chill in his bones was a foreboding even though the sun had pulled itself high in the summer sky. He wearily sat down at a rough hewn wooden table, and lifting an ancient quill, he carefully dipped it into a horn of ink that was dark as night. And with a gentle smile and a slightly trembling hand, he opened a great leather-bound book and carefully turning the pages of memories, he found the previous entry, and wrote for the last time...

"I fear we have little time remaining..." He paused, and thoughts unbidden seemed to empower the pen. "The journey... the great journey we started so long ago and so far away approaches its end. Yes, there have been triumphs, and yes we have confirmed our roots. And yes, we have explored and experienced the awareness of the lower and higher selves. Nevertheless, in our impatience of self-discovery we were arrogant and incautious, and forces that can no longer be controlled were unleashed. And now, these forces multiply and flow across the land with anger, ferocity, and an unyielding malice."

He looked up with faded blue eyes, and gazed out of the cave's mouth into a green, gold, and blue surrogate world.

"Oh how I have come to love your colours, World," he whispered. "Your spring and summer garments, diffused with greens, whites, and yellows, fill my heart with hope of a better cycle... And then reality comes again with your russets and gold of autumn... and the dreams of winter remind me that all cycles in the universe constantly turn and there is no road back."

Malcus felt very alone. Not just a feeling of separation from his people, but the loneliness of being all that remained..."Endings?" he asked, "yes... there must be endings... but we should ready ourselves for new beginnings as well. Yes... cycles of birth and of new beginnings."

His words faded into the gentle breeze that had wandered into the cave and had softly brushed his cheek, and his eyes looked distant and reflected upon things that had not yet come into being.

"New birth?" he murmured. "Yes... but is there time left?"

But no answer came, only the breeze quietly rustling out of the cave.

Returning from its reverie, the pen plunged with purpose into the horn, and with boldness it impressed its will upon the yielding paper that flexed beneath its strokes: "The genetics we authored within the indigenous has become an adaption of such strength, that we can no longer restrain them on their journey to conquer the stars."

The words were disconsolate and the pen paused questioningly.

"Yes..." Malcus said quietly, "the creation has discovered the seeds of the gods within itself. And now the 'bastard-son' pounds at the door of the palace to demand and take his rightful heritage..."

The pen resumed and simply declared: "In our, at times reckless and precipitate, desire to experience everything, the mingling of 'god' and 'man' has created a mutation of apocalyptic proportions..."

The indictment stopped the pen, and Malcus' gaze melted into the sky's azure haze. Shy beams of living light danced and hid amid the green fingers of the great oak that gently reposed against the cave.

"This is truly a world of blood..." he murmured sadly, "it's eaten... it's worshipped... and it flows in the veins of the philosophies, creeds, and faiths of humankind. And what of the Gods? What do we find? It's all blood... and they're worshipped and appeased through blood!"

Still in the sky, he drifted on, "Now, the indigenous have acquired the taste... the taste for blood; and they surge onward, a host of devotees in frenzied throng to be cleansed in blood..."

Macchus started back from his reverie, "Yes... their spears are quills with an appetite to write a new future in crimson hues... and subconsciously driven, they demand the cleansing of the past through the blood-sacrifice of their progenitors... Oh, how they hate us!"

The pen took a deep draught from the horn, and whispered further revelations into the paper's ear, "We're obsolete... and we're doomed. We came as exiles from the old world, and now we're exiles from this new one... As citizens of nowhere, we have but one course... die."

The pen lay down, and quietly panted on the desk.

"I didn't know it would be so hard to leave," whispered Malcus, "We've come to savour life more than we realise; and if only the children, that now will not be, could see what we have seen... We've travelled far, and we've drunk so deeply that it's hard to let go... to give up that which was sought for - and was found. However, what of the price now? Everything we are, and everything we have..."

The pen was restless, and interrupted, "If only 'Truth' were known... if only 'truth' could be revealed - our real identity - travellers from another world discovering our roots. Oh the sterility of that 'old' home! Yes... we had found our higher self, our spirit being; but we had lost the ability to feel, and to experience the physical reality of existence. We were sterile indeed.

"Then... oh yes... we left that sterile society of our nativity - but not so much 'left', as exiled... Sterility could not be contaminated by feeling; and so we left on our quest."

Malcus' eyes paled and reflected back along his journey's past.

"We started our journey as spirit forms," whispered his lips, "we were so evolved we'd lost touch with our feelings... with everything... And over the aeons here, we evolved again, and into beings with balance of Spirit and Physical. Yes! We finally reached out with our real hands, with our real fingers and a real heart, and we touched the face of God - Our face!"

The pen stirred and brought Malcus' eyes back to the present. It flowed with the visions and wrote: "We journeyed far and found a cradle of hope - this world. Yes, it was still in the crucible of violent evolution, and in time a semi-human race was engineered that battled a ruling reptile class for ascendancy, and it prevailed."

Pausing only to assuage its thirst in the horn, the pen continued breathlessly, "At last fruition, and the 'spark' was there - enough 'human' to become human. And with a stroke of our omnipotent spirit heritage, the reptilian class was overthrown and the dawn of man began to glow below the eastern horizon."

Strange words echoed into Malcus' mind: "And it came to pass, when men began to multiply on the face of the earth, and daughters were born unto them, that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose. There were giants in the earth in those days; and also after that when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men which were of old, men of renown*."

"Yes, that's what happened. We took of the Earth's primordial clay and formed a new man... a new man created in our own image, and after our own likeness. The accretion took millions of solar returns, and at last we joined our spirit with the clay turned flesh. "

"It was then that the first part of our quest was over - and we lifted our heads and hands of flesh to the stars and cried as one: 'We are man.' And we were..."

A distant smile came to Malcus' lips, and they moved: "We looked with awe upon our hands, and we felt with love and fear and we experienced a life and of a real existence. Yes, we willingly sealed our future with our physical bodies, and it was a glorious time of the rediscovery and the meaning of 'self'. And we thought it would last forever... It should have lasted forever... Where did it all go wrong?"

The pen scribed the indictment: "Amalgams do not last forever, and the seeds of corruption lying within the amalgam created cycles that harboured a future death. And thus was, by our genetic manipulation, we created an amalgam of the past and future. yes, both clay and spirit benefited from the inceptive evolutionary growth - we reconnected with our feelings, and our sterile emotionless spirit existence exploded and expanded with emotions, feelings, desires, and unbelievable sensations. The clay quitted the cave of subjection and emerged into the light of free will and expansion of existence - the tool maker had arrived)."

The pen paused, seemed to gather its thoughts, and continued, "In group consciousness, the clay made quantum leaps in language and the ability to communicate (both audio and visual). Further, they developed culture, social structure, religion, and advanced technology. This resulted in a race identity."

The pen stopped writing, and Malcus asked, "So, what was the problem?"

The pen answered, "We never told the clay or the majority of us, what we had actually done, and..."

"So, what happened?" interrupted Malcus.

Without hesitation, the pen answered: "Their God spoke to them, and 'revealed' they had been used 'most despicably'. And He told them that they were 'chosen' and the time was ripe when they must take back all that which is rightfully theirs. Their God is strong and He is a God who is ready to go before his 'chosen ones', and lead them to their promised land. Yes, He is ready to give the world back to those it rightfully belongs to."

"On the other hand," added Malcus quietly, "our God is old, weak, decrepit, and dying - Just like us... Ah! I see... the cycle completes!"

The light in the cave dimmed as a figure was silhouetted in the entrance. Malcus looked up and discerned a warrior of the new republic... a crusader of freedom... a man of faith... a man of blood. The warrior's body was strong, rippled, and glistened with exertion. The pungent odour of blood and sweat forced its way into the cave.

The warrior, brandishing a great spear, stepped forward with purpose. The spear's lips were moist with blood, and it hungered for more.

Malcus slowly put down the pen, and closed the great book. Sliding it from the table, he carefully placed the book in a metal lined wound in the rock floor by his feet. A flick of his hand caused the wound to heal; there was a satisfying click, and nothing but the rock floor existed by his foot.

Still sitting, Malcus looked up into the dark face of the approaching silhouette, and nodded a greeting, "Yes... do come in... I've been expecting you..."

*(Gen 6:1-2, 4 KJV)

End

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