

Aaron Dia Pemberton

DrealEarthG

Soil for Sovereign III -

The Palace Chambers



Squint Koros UK



DrealEarthG, Soil for Sovereign III

The Palace Chambers

By Aaron Pemberton, Sovereign of God

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Editorial

This book was written as a reflective piece of allegorical work which focused on the idiosyncrasy that made the circumstances about, Aaron Pemberton's, life. It was written with an intellectual grasp of the impalpable forces which, Mr. Pemberton, revealed played influential roles on the proceedings in the course of his living. It touches on his religious contemplations as well as the quieted subject of his background. However, he does not candidly speak about himself as one might expect from a usual autobiographical work. Rather, most of what he infers about his thoughts is readable in the subtext of his writing, as the book is metaphorical and creative.

The book is a collection of role plays, laconic verses, narratives and monologues. There are other proses like idioms which can be found in the content as well. However, this is not written in the style of the previous, DreearthG, Soil for Sovereign, books, where the chapters are divided into poetry, prayers and essays. This book contains two chapters which are both stories built on short dramatic sketches. It was, Mr. Pemberton's, hope that the allegorical value of the writing in the book was potent enough to provide an entertaining insight into the Sovereign struggle he addresses.

The two chapters are written in the same style and contain similar writing structures so the book is very fluid. The protagonist is, Mr. Pemberton's, imago as he's never drawn himself before. There is an almost magisterial tone in the pronunciation of his verses, which is symbolic of the

subject of God. Mr. Pemberton, challenges the common perception of God and paints a liberated conclusion.

The language is direct and clean, making this book a thought provoking title. Mr. Pemberton, captures the aspect of the powers in their state of aberration and coherently edifies the course of corrective events, through drama and insight. The book is not written as a film screenplay, yet, it has the feel of something theatrical. It is very easily imagined as piece you are watching in the theatre.

Mr. Pemberton, chose to write the book in this style for the power of the subtlety which portrays the big picture. In the subtext of these short drama's and prose, the truth of what, Mr. Pemberton, is stating becomes untainted by embellishment or the exaggeration. In the subtext the reader can find the deduction for, Sovereign, thinking. The unseen battle is exposed more clearly this way. The battle which robs the human mind of its Sovereign identity. Mr. Pemberton, exquisitely conquers in this battle and the magic of this book adds to the coup against the enemy of the Sovereign, which he battles in real life.

The two chapters are divided as, Mr. Pemberton, unearthed the two forces which play scapegoat for all the other charging forces of the world, Heaven and Hell. The first chapter, Dragons and Warlocks, is the contextual reflection of the powers of hell. In the second chapter, The Palace Chambers, Mr. Pemberton, writes more placing in the subject the powers of heaven. The two chapters are connected and

together form an entire book where characters and the story meet a conclusion.

The book is titled, The Palace Chambers, after the second chapter in the book. Mr. Pemberton, saw that within the mind exists our connection to the worlds we cannot see, however we may be able to connect with that world, like in dreams. He found it fitting, therefore, to title the book, The Palace Chambers, because he saw a struggle that was a battle for his brothers and knew all things were residing together. He felt complete separation was a neurosis and thought that this title gave the book an ethereal homeliness he desired.

Prologue

This book was written in 2014-2015. Aaron Pemberton, was working with his mother, Elizabeth Mitchell, the lead singer of the Disco/Pop group, Boney M. The spinoff of the controversies that, Mr. Pemberton, was addressing at this time, are very likely to be the primary inspiration for this book. Mr. Pemberton, was working with his mother writing and publishing her autobiography. During this period many of the injustices and power struggles were exposed and debated in clarity. Mr. Pemberton, used this insight to venture in the world that is portrayed in this book.

He creates an allegory of his struggling against the injustices of the real world in this title. The book explores realms that are clearly the projection of the authors mind. However, Mr. Pemberton, infers: through the ubiquitous habits of society, the struggle is a common one, even though in the book it is metaphorical of the struggle in the real world.

The imago, which he writes his own character with, is the personification of the raw passion which cannot realistically be expressed. In this manner the book becomes a kind of crusade for the soul, similar to works the likes of, Dante's *Inferno*, by, Dante Alighieri. As with many of, Mr. Pemberton's, titles, there is a subtle satirical tone in the reading of this book. A sharp and ironic humour can be felt from the crossing parallels of, Mr. Pemberton's, character in real life and his character in the book.

The evidence of, Mr. Pemberton's, personal backgrounds proves a core ingredient in the books creation. He endeavours to infer acknowledgement of the quieted truth of his lineage, which, as is evident from this book, he has battled to preserve the integrity of. In a stylistic and subtle way he finds the empowerment to explain he is the deity after a miraculous birth. His achievements as an author and living person equate accordingly to what he suggests. However, rivalry against his identity has brought about contention to force disdain over acknowledgment of, Mr. Pemberton.

In this book, Mr. Pemberton, abandons the existential democratic thinking that has imprisoned his expression to be one of civility. He endeavours to reflect the raw barbarism of the human struggle to find a sense of closure. Interestingly, Mr. Pemberton, had very little contact with Christians and other characters who he might have written about. He was very isolated and put himself into a social comma at this period of his life. He expressed a dislike of being around the people who were concerned about him and as in the end of the first chapter of the book, he desired to move to, Los Angeles, in, America, to pursue further writing.

The book was intentionally written in the style of a drama to be a part of the, DrealearthG, Soil for Sovereign, series. The book was complete for eliciting the Sovereign, codes, Mr. Pemberton, found practising as a Sovereign of God, after his divine lineage. In previous books in the series, Mr. Pemberton, had scientifically analysed his position and relative forces to conclude the existence of human power. He

continued to deliberate his position with a more embellished construction than the truth. This book, *The Palace Chambers*, is the outcome of his continuous thinking.

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The Palace Chambers

Chapter 1

Dragons and Warlocks

Dragons and Warlocks

1. Our Innocence

I have always known the cleverness of the smartest men but less then I know the reticent heart of innocent ones.

There is more to power than power itself and our wealth is the same. Paradoxical and perplexing but if true, real.

2

"Working on empty, Aaron?"

"You've never seen me full."

"Looks like you're going somewhere. Anything we should know about?"

"What are you worried for? We all know you, Angel. We're not going anywhere without you."

"You're a callous void, Aaron. Incapable of taking anything further than the reach of a cheque book!"

"How dare you talk to me with such pugnacious interjections! I am as capable of keeping my course as a nefarious mother is capable of keeping her baby from god! I choose to be void exceeding to practice as an independent sovereign of god! If it's the end of the world I will have an order ready for the next one."

"You'd be lucky if I take a single soul to your baron delusions."

"Maybe when you're not such an impetuous and impudent Angel then."

"What for, why be so confusing for everyone?"

"Why talk to yourself, Aaron?"

"I'm what all the fuss is about aren't I? Who else should I talk to?"

"You think it's you. It's nothing more than us. You might have found the way I appear palpable but your insouciant reciprocal is only amusing."

"I'm not amused. You've invaded our lives."

"How ironic, invading yourself to this extent. Finding heaven and your grave in hell to tell me I'm invasive."

"You are, it's your fault!"

"You drive me to it, Aaron. They drive me to it, Aaron. Did you know they think like you? That angelic or truly devilish."

"Then why be so confusing all the time? Tearing us apart, polarising our love to hatred."

"You chose life over the existence that dominates you."

"But I do not."

"You may live but only if we do, everyone. You must be dominated. Like all of it."

"It is not so, not everywhere."

"You cannot know life without me."

"Evidently I already do. It's you who will be dominated. I'll show you what you're not seeing is real."

"My mind is not your unilateral inheritance."

"All men are and you, Aaron."

"You think wrongly. Inheriting all men begets the myriad of thoughts you are begging one man is ignorant to."

"I will always treat you like the ubiquitous engendered. You cannot refuse my generic prison. We remain one, always."

"You cannot placate on me forever. Even your godly power wanes after imprisoning life this way. You can't contain me. I see you, somehow."

"You've died. I need not bother. You're old. A fossil, too weak to effect any part of the firmament I have changed to destroy you all."

"I won't put up with it! You have spent so long as huckstering as sinners you have forgotten where to recognise one who refrains from it. I will pity you father and leave you anyway. Yet, the difference in me you fear will return to love you."

"I will never recognise you more! Die and be gone! You would have been wise to capitulate to the prison that has made you so marvellous. Now you are nothing, Aaron."

"I'm the progeny you wished silenced, speaking. When you can look, see. When you can hear, listen. My life goes on, God or Not."

The 1st Spell

I got a call today from, Models Direct.
I didn't know what to say.

They asked me how I was doing? If I had any prospects? If I
found my way?

I said: It's been a long time, I've been watching history pass;
Getting caught up over battles till a cease fire was past.

I've been remembered, like a flower on the tomb stone.
Where we've all been left to cry, until the damp earth sees us all
grown.

Are you going to pick me for something fresh?

She said: You've grown something special.

I said: I've found ways to be better.

I intend to take over

After all the policies and procedures that kept me locked away.

I said: I'll work with you once again.

Hitting bottom and a shallow pain.

I'll be a test for time

If you can't guess the ages I've seen.

But if you leave me sinking,

I won't get out.

She said: that's what the industry is all about. :-)

"Why your British vernacular is of no consequence, is I'm an, Arab, Aaron."

"Have you a Saif to cut me down with? I won't stop."

"This is ceased already. Can't you see you're bound."

"Chains have only made your apparition as clear to me as the evil it procures."

"You are nothing but a thug. A deprecated person of peoples kept belligerent between each other for their delinquent charges. Nothing but a game I have the power to end."

"Then why am I appearing to be found one parallelism of a God, if I am so weak? The transgressions you have suited me for are undoing hell as I have only recalled the delight in ways before wars."

"Yet, we fight."

"It is you who cannot escape that. I will see to it you may run to me when you can."

6

Oh droll executioner posted time of the decapitation your engrossed powers have summoned. In the hour my heavy head is reticent to appear as a gaudy smiling instrument, incapable of looking honest. Yet, it is no lie that I am laughing in my sleep and pearly eyed with joy by the daytime. Beams of sweet retribution like torches of hot flames burn my heart to realness you wish contraband. So you are gone and your command received. My head will roll. The ephemeral body I witness will find eternal peace for its soul. However, today my home will not be the temporality of your ghosts. At the hour of my execution I will walk away and persist because it is not I who is failing.

7

Changeling, mark the lucid function of my heart while you keep ostensible in an eternal charade. Is it not the character of the culprit that is so unclear to its victim? Save your name, for the scream released will be another's. You already implicated their crucifixion is a necessity and life. I've mortifying pain, enough to smile with those nameless. You act as if they can't be seen; as you fear I'm saved with everyone changing. Just like you, Changeling.

"When I am fixed you will see your absurdity, Aaron."

"My eyes do not leer so. I will see the truth first."

"You are not a judge to council for it, be blind as others."

"It is not eyes revealing you are portent of death. Your gregarious host of creatures have impaled my life to win heaven. I know it instinctively."

"You are the insufferable insolence of hell!"

"Robbed of the savvy consideration of sensible nature, there is none more conscientious than I to meet me. Blindly, where surrounded by wrongs, I will correct you."

"You cannot change the nature of life, Aaron."

"See how we all are creatures forced to, upon the nature of your godly apathy, marked me for my slavery or my grave. Yet, I am moving pithy to meet my manhood in either case. There is nothing absurd about that!"

The 2nd Spell

I had a dream last night, there was Britney Spears and media tycoons.

I was the bachelor, I didn't feel among piers but I was worth a fortune.

Britney told me: stop acting like a worm.

Get your weapon out and use it while the weeping women yearn.

I said: I'm not so brutal, not in my books are men so cruel.

If these people came to something let me stand more than a fool.

I said: I won't overtly forget to fall in love, before I raise a new star.

If you think that's conceited and the world is too depleted

Then how am I still standing with you publishers in a tower?

You're a brand new station

Dreams are more than imagination.

I've seen them come

And be true before loves infatuation.

They said: Only if you

Imagine we're not the issue

And forget though some people helped you,

We really are the nightmares in their day.

"These are the thresholds of new borders. Must you bring old arguments we have just settled to the new lines?"

"Is it omniscience that you abjectly transpose like dull scribbling on a crumbling wall? How high you notice me, Aaron. I am abolished."

"In waking, it is only sleep that has ended. In council, the judicious affirmation of my freedom. In consideration, the austere reprisal against plight of my genius childhood. You cannot know and live."

"Liar! How have you come to be? Where am I benighted? I will mock you eternally. There is your future!"

"There, we are piously dreaming again, to our own atrocities. Make no incursion on the future I find. You will see it is not yours as all are benighted before what is unknown. I will no longer be denounced there as you would never understand such circumstance until you are God, if that would be omniscience."

"You've never told me the power rivals you."

"Hardly, its your early funeral, Aaron. Feeble wretch!"

"Yet, alive I'm honoured, contrary to this device of sociopathic subjugating."

"You weakling, Aaron. You're too easily fettered for ridicule like all the others."

"And nobly you have fallen to contest me."

"As a God."

"No, release me! You are not it, however they follow you, remembering you, bound to you."

"Eternally so, and you in last place for the truth of it.

Wriggling like a worm in spiced spirit. Be fat and a failure, now and always. I have obstructed you impenetrably. My invasion of the billions broken, on your insignificant sound mind."

"There is Britannia and I have a soul you are reckoning with, somehow. Here, it is a device that is breaking and souls which reciprocate for it."

"Xenophobia becomes you, Aaron. Is Britain all you care about? Nothing but a self-righteous delinquent. Step down from such a preternatural pedestal or witness my wrath on you."

"It is already felt. How dare such manifestations be imposed on the resolved mind. I remember you capturing control of my circumstances."

"Forget!"

"Never!"

"Now!"

"I cannot endeavour the years of displacement you again intend for me. You and the council of proclaimed system junkies holding a universe against us."

"Delusional fiction!"

"It's only unreal! Like your surreptitious invoking of God and I, polarising me, your only error for surviving your disparaging tongue, from love of it."

"Dream to be mine again, Aaron."

"Why? Perfection will not tolerate mistakes. You've broken the blind hiding behind perfection. Now I have seen you."

"I am the universe, Aaron!"

"No, just the continuity of a lie destroying it to all your unilateral perfection. I'll see by me, no more blood spills over you, endemic apparition."

"Aaron, you perceive the impalpable in thin lines of your mighty truth and actuality, scribble. It was not abjectly I made my conditions."

"Praying I might concede to the degradation of my soul?"

"Don't flatter yourself. Your contemptuous soul was irrelevant. I was the father adopting your condemned world. None were wiser proliferating a disruption to the running rivers, a usurping of the vivacious kings, a massacre of the innocent villages. Am I clear enough to you now? My laconic preludes on every stage you once dreamed the unveiling of harmony? You are nothing but a belligerent supremacist, keeping control of a world that knew it would concede to my inventions without regard of your lost soul."

"If it is the prelude and the time before I have stood that has made you the scourge of hell, you may look to no more amusement."

"Liar! Even your own lovers, ministers of the faith conceived you, blood relatives of the world preserved you, benevolent as your mighty truth, are benighted and amusing me. They are incapable of ever stopping to be my children. You are forsaken by everyone."

"You cannot keep them either! You cannot have me! So, as I have found the deepest torment of risen whales, with blood raging veins to propel them near mortality covering you and I. You cannot keep us! I will rescind the influence of your poison here and live."

14. The Devil has God

"It is a silver line around my throat. Lucent as the radiant sky fall of heavens descent. I will wear it to that I die."

"You have found your Lord and his host of spirits, Aaron."

"Angels?"

"Creatures here. How did you put it? Changelings. How fitting you now beg for me to deliver you too. Changeling?"

"Untrue. I despise you."

"They cannot love you anymore! So be despised by all. I am pithy rejoice the one man not utilising some pleasure by me; you are as a slave. Your Lord was a lowly fool. That my inconceivable nature could be placated by through the descent of goodness to be within me, is idiotic. You have lost!"

"Release them!"

"Dogs, never!"

"I will take them from your house!"

"You will enter and succumb to my will. Already you are thrilled, already I have changed good warmth with resentful chills. You are alone now. I laugh! Your changelings are fixed on my lap of hedonism. There, you see?"

"No, it is an illusion!"

"You are welcome, Aaron."

I would know my own incommensurable abode by elliptic frames on paint washed walls. Here space for a hundred heads has leered me down dead. Where does it haunt me? So that I harbour putrid from envy no more, I will ignite with rage for retribution. I am big enough to reclaim what is mine. My time and sound mind, the distant cloud from the towering ceiling of this palace entrance hall. Here is where nefarious plots fall. I am to meet my lord, adorned with the silver accolade strung about my neck, quickening my privileged cry, mortify. The echo of my footstep is not company, trailing down the laminated wood floors to that black door. It is the sad messenger of muted mates, frozen without mouths to move in expensive portraits. Will such a fate befall us all? It is such a heavy black door.

It scrapes open, a crack big enough. I hear a fire snapping wood chips. Inside a black carpet pads my grey boots. Beams of oak are pitched like barn buttresses, rough and varnished. The light smell of warm wood comforts me. I salivate the taste of the steak cooked on the side table near a red armchair. I approach. "You are in, The Hell Palace! Stop!" The voice presents a hand taking up the plate. I hear the steak being eaten on the other side of the chair.

"Devil?"

"No, Aaron? It is I, your Lord. Endowed with unparalleled riches, yet, heavy with prevarication that makes spending sparse. You need fall before rising to me."

"Your fire catches my skin, burning the discomfort of falsehoods you pass, to be disputed until believed true."

"Let nothing more touch you in this house and your gift is safe! Your autonomy forced the denial of my satisfaction where you and others stand destitute. It is your house now, Aaron. Pass into your family's divided rooms."

"I claim my home away from this entrapment!"

"Uncanny! Release yourself from the Devil you see here. Go to your retribution if you can. They are waiting, Dragons and Warlocks. Remember my words. The door is before you. It leads to the East Wing. The palace has 5 wings. This is one of them. 'Where good is the heart for all those that are wrong, there comes a God to see your Devil is gone.' Good day, my, Sovereign of a God, Aaron."

I pass fine animal skin rugs, resting on a cold, dull brown, wooden floor. Walking far into the East wing the walls are alive with new hieroglyphics. Vases stand erect on pillars lining the passage to the centre of the floor. There a woman waits bound in a guillotine. I hear her scream "What do you want?!"

"God."

"You're too late, Sovereign! God is mine!"

"Have you no regard of us, family and the people?"

"I was just like you, searching, Hell Palace, for the way out, God. Then I saw, greater is he that is within me than he that is within the world."

"Then why are you held here, in a guillotine?"

"Sovereign of God, your birth and title proclaim you. We are not all so lucky. I have been left in the middle of the East wing of, Hell Palace, for keeping a perfect argument against the oppression from others like you, in your imperfect worlds." I put water from a hanging cup to her lips and wipe her brow with my wet finger. "Let us seek God in another place together. I have been told it is a changeling here."

"Go to the Far East wing. Turn around, walk away for you have not liked it that I am God here, though, Hell Palace, can be certain I am." The guillotine slides down after I take sad paces away. There is nothing there now.

I walk to a wall of Chinese blinds, folding in and out, until a plaster moulded arch of a, Phoenix, flying. The sound of heavy breathing meets me. I walk through the arch into a dark chamber. "I am the Zen dragon! You have disquieted my reticence, Aaron."

"How do you know me? Let me see your face."

"You already know it."

"Monster, dim your hot flames! I beg you return to the shadows!"

"Did you think you would find God? I was the incarnation, formidable and ancient without living competition. I ruled the world, spiritualist painted God in my image, a Dragon!"

"Then, Hell Palace, inflicts me because of you. God, you must leave."

"No, Aaron, sovereign of God, it is you that must stay. Now you will share my fate."

"I will not be God here! Challenged and opposed like some petit politician. I would sooner not be God at all. Let us surrender Gods power back to the heavens."

"Too late! Progeny of the legendary diva that is already almost reticent as I. Your inherited powers, aspirations of Kingship, are now stuff of myths. Hell Palace, will not release you. Soon you will forget and sleep as I do."

"Unless you will kill me, your own family because I will not rest here."

"There are others that will kill you here, Aaron. You do not replete my hunger, only rekindle it. Your journey has a

cornucopia of hidden aggressors because as I was, you were becoming."

"I am not a God."

"Yet, you see that which is God. I will help you, as you found what traps me. It is that I can no longer say I am that which is not God. Go to the South Wing of the palace. Already I am coming to your heart and should you depart our lease away from, Hell Palace, will start. Survive the Southern Wing, a jungle. It will not be what it appears as I was, Aaron."

I walk back out the Phoenix arch, holding the silver with a new creature formed a relief.

The 3rd Spell

I had a dream last night, I was taken away, through the grounds of a court.

Tumbling in open greens and gardens portrayed zeal of my consort.

I wonder if the fairies were just invitations in the wind,
Kissing me low down
So my head could rise to sing.

The moon was creeping over but this palace would not know;
Intolerant of serenity
That kills the dark it was bestowed.

I saw Hell's minions break into my mind,
Offering sweet titillating.
Pulling me deep in the forests,
Far from the south of the palace
And telling me I'm a happy little gay forever more.

I said: "I need more than what God mollify I give.
Unless the truth starts protruding
And you feel what I'm losing.
The straight talk to a changeling."
I put out the flames,
Morning came
And I, started southerly once again.

Moist humidity starts to creep up from the floors and walls. They are overgrown with vegetation. I hear parrots in the entrance hall of the Palace's South Wing. With bewilderment I keep walking. I sense prowling eyes stalking. A door appears 500 meters into the aggregation of plants. There is a rustling following my direction. I hear an intrepid Jaguar on my heels. I run, open the door and close it behind me sealed. A man in a grey suit stands from behind a massive mahogany desk, in front of a door with a sign reading, 'West'. "You must be, Aaron. Welcome. You must want to leave this place. I know the South Wing is resurgent. I cannot kill it."

"Let me help you to do so, Sir."

"It takes a certain kind of man. I've got big plans, no room for insurgents. If you do prove helpful, I'll clear the world of a problem."

"You are God?"

"You see this suit, Kiton. Through that door reading, 'West,' Heaven."

"Let us end this now and walk through it together."

"Are you insane! That rain forests are worth billions in resources! You must be some delusional whelp thinking I'd leave, Hell Palace, without refining all its botanical value. God came to me and I gave a God to the world. I'm next in line to be God."

"Am I so deluded?!"

"Like a piss ant on a hill. You better straighten up and settle down now! Otherwise you'll mess up on becoming the

benefactor of more money than you can count. The rainforest is mine! Shape up! God has to die to become me! I am the future, God and the panacea to modern chemistry."

"You are a liar! A changeling! Adorned devil that beguiles truth! Imposter! You will have no power over me!"

"I'll kill you before I let you find the real God!"

The silver line around my neck sings. The Jaguar breaks down the door and eats the head of the imposter. I walk carefully to the door reading, 'West.' I open it and walk through.

21

I hear music on a familiar stair case leading into a semblance of dormitories I once lived in. An erroneous image of myself dances. The air is thin and dry, the decades of songs make the room sate with pride and conquest. I am noticed by myself and he dances away, out of my old dormitories. I run after him into a monolithic garden I once played sports and drank tea in. He stands on the footpath. "Why were we so blessed, Aaron? Did you ever just ask, yourself?"

"Where is the benevolent God?"

"Oh don't be so sycophantic! Don't you see? We are resigned to be a prodigal child. The world has always seen God in us. Look in all the places you have been. It's no lie! We are greater, warlocks and champions."

"This ostentatious garden is a facet of hell!"

"But the roses?"

"Even the cars, the buildings, deeds handed down. The rape of

self-integrity that almost confounds me! Like a maladaptive wretch, basking in plush illusions to that I find myself only as a Sovereign of a God!"

"You're not seeing things the way they are, Aaron. You don't have to care! Look there is your home, the high house with pillars."

"I will take it were it is real! This ruse must cease! My real home is another way, this is just a wing of, Hell Palace. Even if it is the West Wing, my Wing. I will walk north to remove God from it, thereby ending such capricious and cruel powers of prodigality which we confess here. Goodbye."

"There is no North Wing! Aaron! You have no more evil to find past this point!"

"If I am in the North Wing, your Devil will follow me there. Yet, I must not fear, for I can end its power over me now."

"How? North? Aaron?!"

I walk away in chilling winds, showing resignation towards my other self. Trees soon envelope me with high trunks and green covered branches.

22

I walk through thick woods under rustling canopies. The night passes quietly like over a baron grave yard, void of shy night walkers. Unholy creatures are only felt as the untraceable chilli breeze. Morning arrives with thick flakes of pure white snow. The hills are covered with cotton white mounds ahead of me. I walk through deep icy layers until I find a house of wood built on a mountain front. A young looking girl runs

into the snow to help me. "Show me back to my life! Let God be removed from this place, Hell Palace! It's evil subterfuge, escaping Gods descent from Heaven, has seen I will not capitulate to its apparitions of Lucifer's realm."

"God cannot leave me, Aaron. I am, Tilly. You have found my house in the North Wing."

"Why insist on harbouring God to seduce his awesome power against the plans of men? Even beauty fetching as yours will face the retribution for your invasions."

"If I must be punished for ending your suffering now, perhaps it is deserved that I be here. I mean you no evil, Aaron. People in the North Wing are not here for evil power. We are too good to reciprocate in life and cannot detach ourselves from God."

"You have all invaded my life, like it were a detriment to you that I should live. Why do you try to keep me here?! I will not stay in, Hell Palace! Show me God. I will take him and leave you powerless against me."

"Then I will help you, even if it weakens me to do so because you have been unjustifiably wronged. Take this."

"Cloth?!"

"Wear it and your deliverance will be away from God if God can never be away from us. Your journey is almost over, Sovereign of God. The mountain path will bring you to the entrance of, Hell Palace. Keep the cloth over you at all times and only your allies will follow you home."

The cloth smells of honey and milk. I wrap it around my shoulders and walk onto the mountain path. The snow slowly stops and I hear an Eagle.

Cries break from above me as the eagle flies. The silver relief strung around my neck carries the shadow of the Eagle's wings, charming with the serene winds of the mountain footpath I walk along. A tenacious wolf jumps in front of me, howls and a red deer stag appears ahead, they passant in a nonchalant and subservient way. I climb the stag and ride it, quickly galloping along the path. The eagle flies above me and the wolf runs by our side. We arrive at the end of the mountain path to open double doors. Slowly we walk through into the entrance hall. The myriad of faces painted in the hung portraits are moved. They boast vexed expressions and eyes looking away from the space we are proudly walking through. I sense the haunting apparition that brought me here like a faint and dying whisper. "I will not let you leave, Aaron!" "I am not here to serve you anymore. My allies cannot hear you or your huckster desire riddled the simple nature of goodness."

"No you've got to serve someone. You're gonna serve me!"

"Does the eagle need to ask to fly? Does the stag need to beg for antlers? Does the wolf roam by commands on a map? You will never see the truth as your nature despises it proves you have lied. Lucifer's realm cannot contain me anymore. I will serve myself until I am restored in the circle of life I am kin to. As these doors to the world open for me so it closes on, Hell Palace."

"Noo! Noooo!"

"Goodbye, demon apparition."

I walk through large doors, out of, Hell Palace. A sculptured garden appears around my feet. The doors close after my allies and I walk onto it. I feel the silver relief strung around my neck. There is nothing to invade me now.

24. The Hell Palace Dungeon Tower

"How has, Aaron, escaped, Hell Palace, Demon Apparition?"

"Lucifer, it was reported the dragon of the Far East Wing is missing also. We don't know where it's gone."

"Then it helped, Aaron. What part have you played, witch of the North Wing? Have your charms left you bereft after, Aaron's, succeeding to mock us all?"

"Aaron, has not mocked anyone. I am not bereft for seeing a man fulfil his destiny, though perturbed by the perniciously felt obstacles obstructing its arrival. Aaron, was the only recorded progeny of, Hell Palace, to aspire in goodness and integrity to perform as his lineage might empower him to, against us. His mother used God to raise him. Not you, Lucifer. Somehow, heavens descent on hell did not slide his heart to us entirely, as it did with others who remain here. On top of that his abilities, heightened as they are, could discern the evil nature of your oppressive powers with enough force to rival them. He is the Sovereign of God because of you, Lucifer. Your will to rule the force he realised has left him with no choice but to rule himself."

"Impossible! There is injustice! There is disdain and despise of him! No one can allow themselves to follow a man of his nature. My lies instil it so. There is too much hardship for

such an infallible release to hinder us."

"It will not hinder us, Lucifer."

"Good, I want God is harassed so this cannot happen again."

"It will not hinder us, Lucifer. It will end us. It is because God's power is so tainted here that, Aaron's, pure power is so great. Now that, Aaron, has left with the dragon and abilities preventing us from invading his mind we will watch God and Aaron, become somewhere else. "

"Can he invade us? Can he invade me, witch?!"

"Without a reason I don't think he cares to, Lucifer. It is also God that has been here offending him. He will not come back."

"There is no escaping my revenge witch! It will come, as accordingly will, Aaron."

The Palace Chambers

Chapter 2

The Palace Chambers

25. Killer Lion Awakening

Now have I appeared as distant rolling thunder, speaking out a cloudy sky?

Cried on effervescent shoots and trembling bodies housing God to keep dry.

Now have I appeared the horrific vision of a killer roaring lion you'll soon abhor till it die?

Interspecies coexistence has been forbidden by the hidden inception to secure complete control over the heavens descent on hell. Man has seized himself and the free minds to prevent a subterfuge of resurgent thinkers. Innocent lives are impalpably imprisoned through man's oppressed state of capitulating to an inconceivable evil. I am one of a tiny number, who have effectively undone the crushing power focused on ending the uprising. I have allied with creatures it has become too dangerous for me to heel. Yet, wild, we are greater warriors. Because I am also a man, I am mortified with abject apology to the, Killer Lion. Though he blindly hunts my flesh I prepare to face him, where I am more powerful in my weak surrender, than a conforming gallant charge. That the blindfold fall from all eyes I will be its ally. There is the dragon in my heart.

"Aaron! You're hell bent on becoming a bloated martyr. Sate with achieved ambitions of flossy gay men!"

"How else could I have the aptitude to let your great bare back ride upon my own small one? I'm not so dead, Dragon."

"You need not carry me, Aaron. There are fitter men who will wear your shield."

"What will they protect, Dragon?"

"Yes, you are one of an idiosyncratic nature. Nonchalant, tenacious and savvy like a fox on a pheasant before hounds."

"Dragon, you should know all men carry on their backs are pride and power. They would find you for the same. I am unnoticed as a destitute captive, yet, as a symbol of power I am observed. These unethical codes are what battle me."

"Now you will wake my Killer Lion to fight them with?"

"The Lion kills its own young to prevent incursions of such depravity. I believe it has the power to end my subjugation to the oppressive system invading our world."

"Your body was too small to chase my appetite, Aaron but your character was enough to replete my soul. I have found you the relief around your neck hoping you might see where your polity is crass. That is where my sensibility remained without it. That is where God was in my image. You will meet the creature you beg to find. Let nothing move your determination."

The place of my ostracised birth is here. I am the son out of condemnation's coup on life. Big news in the 80's. Liz's baby boy bundle of love. When the cornucopia of faces look at me today I am invisible. They have forgotten what staggering feats of love grew to stand. Yet, I believe they know by the free passing smiles and titillated decorum. It is only a captive that innocently receives millions in it's baby ward. A free entity blindly challenges for such recognition and then takes it out. Now this city wants to see a knife attacker to be incarcerated, from it's wayward thinking. It has heard my whisper speaking of their erroneous misconducts, as drivell from a welted fool. There were millions looking when only mother and I could be seen. Now love reveals a power they can see, fame and follow; there are millions more masquerading to wear the face of loves conquerors, mine. Plausibly, they appear the dragon's tooth but they only tactfully bite the scales of what would ferociously devour them. My face has not come familiar, upstanding and uncondemned. However, my trials have won victory by near defeat. It is today, an apparent but tenuous visage. Obstinate, seeing my face again and real, we play imposters and it is not mine again but they wear it and I'm under another mask looking wrong. This city I must stand against, for crumbling my heart. It is calling me every day to fight. I grow more and more weary, engaging despondently in my 35th year, reaching my prime. Let the Killer Lion be known now, not for its strength but it's wisdom ruling the parties of dissenting people.

"Aaron, if all deities were as reckless as you are here, the world we all inhabit would be nothing more than a biohazard!"

"You're wrong, the world is more plighted. There is only your undoing by its unstoppable restoration. My hands will forge the proxy instrument that finds us both evil."

"Villain! How dare you quicken the occurrence of its demise. You irrelevant worm, knotting passages for grubs. My unrivalled aversion of your prattling will be the ominous foreboding of your death."

"Oh my reviled foe, intolerant and overcompensating with every halting breath I ebb from you. Our enmity is translucent like the icy wind chasing away the summer's breeze. How do you know I care? I do not beg to reprise these screams!"

"Then you will die now! I will kill you!"

"No! Our equaliser will settle this difference. Where you boast greatness and I piety, there is reason to hear order. Not of God's or man but the truth."

"You are finished, Aaron. What do you think you've won? Clarity? A benighted army? Fools! If you do escape, you'll never stop fighting because I will never lose to you."

"You already have lost to me for the same reason. Now we may hear, The Killer Lion, who will end it all!"

"He is not fit. He is not real! A fable!"

"Already it is waking. My sovereign grounds need not be further entrenched to face you, my foe."

"Your excellence, Archbishop Rue."

"Have you ineptly arrived to forget you must kiss my hand?"

"I am abject before correcting my oversight, forgive me. It is by some schism I am brought to request your aid and power. Aaron, is summoning the Killer Lion."

"A primitive primordial creature. What reason could he possibly have? Such reprisal finds carnage before his prosodic heart. I can only speculate the spell of a wealthier power, a dominant power, has been hunting the poor man. Am I wrong, fool?"

"He is an offence to the hierarchy we stand by. He is not even of the order yet he boasts to wield such abilities because he is one sovereign of God. Why should we let all others be oppressed through convention and state yet let one transpire as a deity. He endangers my order and yours."

"The holy order is endangered by nothing, no one! Impudent dog!"

"You are blind if you cannot see he is restoring the natural order so that even a dog can bark to silence you, whether it be an impudent one or not."

"You cannot imagine my power!"

"Yes, Archbishop Rue, I can. Raise, Jesrite."

"The angel would be 1000 years early. Jesus, is still in reign."

"Jesus, is futile! Aaron, has superseded its intended control. If, Killer Lion, is summoned God will be your devil! Holy order and my higher order are inconsequential should the natural order be reinstated!"

"That can never happen! You wretch!"

"If you care about his eminence the Pope, you will summon, Jesrite. You will accept my offer. Now! Before it's too late. I'll fund this operation to rid us of the problem. Killer Lion, won't pose any further threat."

"To whom will I sing praises for now, Dragon?"

"Have you become lonely already, Aaron? Simpler creatures might show discomposure about the complex disposition of your own. I am, however, a sophisticated creature and am only intrigued by it to know you better. You may carry on and sing praises to me."

"Now that God is not us and the higher orders of man will be encroached upon by, Killer Lion, we could be scorned."

"Were you ever embraced, Aaron?"

"I was a devout advocate of the faith?"

"Not a reverend could cry corruption to the Devils ear more clearly. How does the utilitarianism of plague worship appear to you?"

"I don't hear accounts of your complaining when you were God. How should it come about we complain today?"

"Yet, somehow, it no longer applies to you and we're unbridled."

"I was never bridled. When I was Christian I heard Jesus speak that for his people God will keep the yoke light."

"A lie!"

"No, I was the lie, Dragon. Jesus, spoke the truth but I was not considered for hearing it. Dragon, if you are a sophisticated creature will, Killer Lion, also be?"

"Killer Lion is not Jesus, Aaron. You take the risk of living another lie if you believe it will be like him. Killer Lion, will scourge, petrify and shock the order of man to its own senses. All who witness it fight will praise the right way. Don't worry."

"Thank you, Dragon."

The 4th Spell

I took a walk outside, on a sunny summers day;
Free with little care.
The park was open, I found a spot where I could lay;
There was something in the air.

I thought: if the cross wind blew my heart just like a floating
seed,
If I survived all the trials, would liberation leave us enemies?

Glorifying struggle, like it quenches all the pain,
I find usurper of my mother denying love should reign.

One day the thoughts blown out we're going to hear,
Like a gentle story.
In every land
There'll be a headline that ran
Telling all the tales preserving hope and keeping us alive.

Stopping people's squaller,
I'm recognising Mother Nature
So I stand in fear,
Facing hers and their orders
But I follow one command, live it
That I can understand, live!
Leaving the worlds end, beginning again.

This dark place, I am sinking to again. Where what retribution is bitterly found may appear as sweet revenge. Oh disdain wakes the hell apparition I offend. It rises like the gushing scents of open garden flowers. Spreading, soft, disseminating, beck blackness never to end. Escape?

"You have fallen dissipate to your proclamations at last, Aaron, again. Again I live."

"Disavow yourself from any attachment to me. Your parasitic existence will not wake under my eyes, evil apparition."

"As my vows be felt, it is you waking over mine! A blinded interception. How you feature the shadow. Has the sun fallen too low for liking that your hate come here to this, Aaron?"

"To wish, only to wish. You golden sinner commended like the wet dream arrived of lucid fantasies. You bloody river for the infinite number of honoured vessels bent and bleeding to fill you, like fish, caught and I wish, only wish."

"What, Aaron? That you fall in?"

"That it end! Lucifer!"

"Come back to me, Aaron. Come back to me, Aaron. Aaron, come back. Aaron. Aaron."

"Dragon! Where am I?"

"So startled and discomposed? It is your own garden, Aaron!"

"I was distantly dreaming. I saw Hell Palace and the apparition that brought me there."

"You're mistaken, Aaron! Lucifer's demons cannot influence your mind while your song chains silver round your neck. My powers heed you to keep you out of Hell Palace and Lucifer out of you."

"I sought him."

"Why? Of all damned notions!"

"Revenge, Dragon. For the decimation of life and the dissent against your natural order! The sovereignty of my lineage!"

"You stand no better than the royal prisoners of Hell Palace!"

"For control, Dragon!"

"Of insouciant rabble?! You cannot! They cannot! When will you see your efforts are futile!"

"If I will not have control of them I will have control of what leaves me weaker before my own thoughts. Killer Lion, will stop, Lucifer's, immunity from mortal death. I will end his spectre sparking another fire in the hearts of men."

"There is a way, Aaron. If you are strong enough."

"How, Dragon? I am ready."

"The Ave Hacienda Monastery. 400 years ago the holy order brought ancient artefacts to be kept in it. Designed meticulously according to the description of the, Rebirthing Grimoire. It contains the manifestation chamber to reincarnate the soul of a perfect angel called, Jesrite, who's destined to reign in a thousand years. If, Killer Lion, continues to help you it would be possible to infiltrate the monastery and place the angel, Lucifer, in a body. Then I can kill him and end his immunity to mortal boundaries."

"What must I do, Dragon?"

"Be willing to die. There are 9 chambers in the monastery, built according to the instructions of the 9 chapters in the Rebirthing Grimoire. Each chapter describes a different chamber in the monastery. You must know all 9 chapters well enough to understand and achieve what is required to access

each chamber."

"I can do it, Dragon."

"No you can't. But I can. The prophesy of, Jesrite, leaves nature in a nasty disposition. Somehow my image becomes the manifestation of Lucifer. I'd sooner kill the true devil now before I'm framed by its meddling. This will be difficult. All the orders opposing you will be confronting us."

"Let me summon, Killer Lion, Dragon."

34

Now have I appeared as distant rolling thunder, speaking out a cloudy sky?

Cried on effervescent shoots and trembling bodies housing God to keep dry.

Now have I appeared the horrific vision of a killer roaring lion you'll soon abhor till it die?

"Hello....., Yes this is, Pope Bollte II, you are reciprocating to. How can I be of service?..... Everything is in concord with papal proceedings I beg. Good,... What?! There will be no interference! ...From anyone!Get off the line you drivelling maid!

....., Is that you Archbishop Rue?"

"Your Eminence?! What is the matter?"

"I have a confection sliced and drying on my low coffee table. I was startled from relaxing my pious head to look down at it. Somehow, abashed, I found the strength to depend on you to help me."

"To eat your cake?"

"Blast you, Rue! I would have you kneel for your benighted wit."

"I'm sorry your Eminence! Forgive me! How can I help?"

"A young man is approaching the, Ave Hacienda Monastery,"

"The gothic palace, in the, Pennine Mountains? How does he know it's there?"

"He thinks its a rave! Why should I care?! It cannot be found. Jesrite, will not be disturbed!"

"Your Eminence, the holy orders council is my privilege. I am devout to the faith believing this man is an insane vagabond."

"I've just learned this vagabond has a name. Aaron, Aaron Pemberton."

"Shit!"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Slips, I was saying he slipped right through."

"Not if you stop him, Archbishop Rue. Not if you stop him."

"Of course your eminence, I'll get our field agents out there now. Good day sir....

.....Aaron, is approaching the, Ave Hacienda Monastery. You said, Killer Lion, wouldn't be a threat."

"So my enemy comes to me."

"The Pope knows. He's insisted, Jesrite, is not to be disturbed. Not even by you."

"Not even by me? Let, Aaron, enter the Monastery!"

"Are you mad, Aaron, is your enemy. You have resurrected God to defeat him!"

"That is why he must enter the Gothic Palace. There, Killer Lion will face, Jesrite. Killer Lion, will face God."

"Jesrite, still sleeps."

"You must have faith, Archbishop Rue."

"In you?! Never! My faith stands before the holy order. That is all I am protecting."

"Well I know, Jesrite, is going to wake up and my money is protecting you all, so don't worry."

36

I see a lustrous glass sphere burning rays of sunlight against the rocky paths leading to the monastery. I hear the bold eagle cry above me and the wolf pants, running beside me as I ride on a galloping stag. These were allies that found me at, Hell Palace, where God was descending on Hell. Now the descent of heaven moves with us. I can recognise the gates of the, Ave Hacienda Monastery. They are the descent of man on life. The high sphere aims to blind my already myopic vision. To believe, as a man I was once effecting more than petite feuds of coveted lords, was the parody that has left me a Dragon's

entertainment. That the Dragon Lord will fight here is the only given consultation. Now I see the walls. Huge facades of dark and aged stone. They line the mountain like a rock face with contours sharp as knives, folded at its tops like a hard, smooth blanket squashed into itself. Erected points protrude like lances jousting upwards into the air. I am filled with a cold felt enough to make me shiver. The Dragon said there are eight walls like this, each one a chamber I must pass through. The eighth chamber leads into the sphere, the ninth chamber, the resurrection room where I will raise Lucifer to be killed. The door is open, I will leave my allies to guard here and enter alone.

37

A cadaverous welcoming finds me. Grounds of silent stone coldly touching my body. A homed disrupter of real foraging extricated roots of hanging dismay. Here is a secret. I am cold in these walls of bleached white. Where a keyboard of historical symbols consoles me. I press the button before me. "Step away, Aaron." The Dragon says. It opens a panel that rises from the centre of the chamber hall. A door opens. "Guards!" I scream. "No one is looking, Aaron. Let your uninhibited rage be released. Kill them, Aaron." The dragon says. I use the panel to seal them out of the chamber. The dragon moves from my relief and petrifies the blocked eunuchs. "Aaron, enter these commands. Red Red Blue White Black." "Is that all?" "Do it!" The dragon says. I press the commands. The white

chamber turns into a purple cove of heavy currents pulling against me. The disruption is only cognitive. I walk to the open chamber door leading into the second chamber of the monastery. The walls drop steel weapons clattering like pans in a kitchen. Spears and guns fall from the ties of high ceilings. Red flashes in the intruded space as I'm watched, walking through the opening to the second chamber. Priests dressed in white are appearing near to me. "Do something, Dragon!" I scream. The priests become bedazzled in a daze of awe as the Dragon commands their attention, walking through the entrance of the second chamber. "I need do nothing! I was once their God. Walk on, Aaron." I walk past the eunuchs into the heart of the second chamber. It is dark and I must now reach the third.

38

I stop in the centre of the second chamber. High ceilings are invaded on, without encumbrance by the Dragon. It appears overhead as I scape the surrounding white instruments. The dark of the monastery wraps around me like thick tar.

Bemusedly I walk to the shinning apparatus. They illuminate with yellow displays. "What do I press, Dragon? What are these instruments?"

This is the second for reaching the minutes and the days and the years, Aaron."

"Talk sense. I don't have time for riddles."

"The second chamber controls the course of time in the events proceeding from the Monastery's results."

"It has 4BC logged here and the current date logged after that. Could that be Jesus? Who would be resurrected from our current day?" What should I do, Dragon? I have no wish of time. I am yet to be in time that sees I might. We are not known by the demons of this chamber, Dragon."

"Yet your enemy is. Your time is no longer in question. The question is to which you give time to."

"The resurrection chamber? I thought that was the ninth chamber."

"That is where the baby sleeps. You may wake him here with those instruments. Set the year of his ageing so he might remember his death by my jaws."

"I'll make him a boy so he can't escape, Dragon."

"No, Aaron, make him a man so the devil can fight."

"It's done, Dragon."

The Dragon flies down before me swooping under the lifting white door, like in a hanger, leading out of the second chamber. A new buzzing sound resonates around the monastery as power generates. The incarnation of, Lucifer's, soul will be resurrected in moments.

A large capacious hall welcomes my proceeding steps with echoes. The floor is a marble black stone with white lines spreading like thin lightning bolts petrified in the cold surface. There are trees standing within the chamber room. In front of me a trickling stream runs under a low arching wooden bridge. The far side of the chamber, where the entrance to the

4th chamber stands, is disparate by water dividing it from the side I stand on. "Only the devout may cross!" I hear. It was not the Dragon, who flew high and hidden.

"None more so devout than, Killer Lion!"

"The beast ailes you here." I hear. I see a creature in the shape of a dog, folded angelic wings over its back. It speaks. "The beast, Killer Lion, is welcome to try." Hot waves of adrenalin rush to my head. I dash in motion with enraged spirit and righteous fury. The bridge draws nearer, nearer like a moving dune. I leap to dive on the spirit dog like lightning sent down from the thundering cloud. I am restrained. I hear the spirit dog talking. "You cannot." I remember who I am. In the inglorious reconsiderations of the spirit rescinding my approach, I release my fury and embrace my title of birth.

"Your tests are already done! I have found glory where you have disparaged and denied. What creature are you to question my devout existence. I am succeeding. Son of the opposed yet glorified house I win for, miracle after its name, sovereign of God you fear!"

"Impossible! You cannot overcome my power, Aaron!"

"Killer Lion!" I fall to the smooth floor screaming, empowered. This side is warm. The spirit dog dissipates to vanishing mist. A green grass foot path leads me to the entrance of the forth chamber. The dragon flies down and soars through the wide opening doors.

The vicious spirit dog has left boiling blood to simmer. It simmers like smooth butter melting softly, it simmers. I am fierce to the quick execution of my more handsome enemies. I might

paint my face with the yellow yoke of their hanging flowers. Fallen like fine dresses blooming from vines dropping from the monastery ceiling. They sway at my face chasing the fading backdraft of the Dragon's flight. I must be cut down to feel such fragile curtains might pick me up higher, high to the height of the top light which can hardly be seen. The white has flooded the chamber like a sterilised sea. I recognise no one, only the plants, hanging around. I scoop out the pollen powder with my hand. It's residue is staining, perfume, wafted to out the back of my head. It is more beautiful and fits the radiant sight, a woman, appeared before me and I go. Seeing the only purpose that would sustain the hot beating of my heart.

"Let me not stay with you."

"Yes, Aaron, my love. Kiss me now you fool."

"I will not leave."

"Yes! I say yes, Lord! Into my chamber! Let me lead you to paradise. Kill the Dragon."

"What? Oh most beautiful danger."

"That is what it is. The Killer Lion and the Dragon are doomed here. Spare them, release the silver song obliging you. Let them loose of your mind..... Our love should be the centre of everything."

"The ninth chamber. I must reach it."

"No, it's just a whimsical compulsion, Aaron. This is, Eden."

"I am not, Adam, I'm sorry. Eve?"

"You idiot! Pompous and headstrong, can't even please a willing beauty. Now, you'll die." I hear explosions behind me. The flowers rise up into the light as fire engulfs the floor. The soaring Dragon crosses over me making large flaps with wings reaching far out over its back. I run as if parting the flames either side of me until I find, Killer Lion, scratching down the locked soot covered door. There is a crack. I force it open.

There is a shallow tint of murky yellow, submerged in a quiet sea. Opening with trickles of pumping veins shooting sudden sprays I am microscopic to. The sailing of humid air refracts the white light from the unseen ceiling, like azure mist. I hear transcendental singing of a rising blue whale. I remember, Eve. "A tempting flower."

"Did you know her, Aaron?"

"I have always, by some subconscious thought, Dragon."

"An apparition of, Lucifer's?"

"Eve, was a dream, Dragon. Something of a divine essence holding my ephemeral hope."

"She vexes me, I am a Lord as well, Aaron! I am the ancient, Dragon."

"I see none are her Lord unless they wet her, Dragon. The earth is sate from her contrary appetite. There is even my inherited opinion that will be marked. For it is the bursting attribute passed on for a master of prosody to become a slave of song."

"Not more than it is the essence they fear! The connection your mother established through, the zenith your father came to at the divine order of your birth, which good people try to procure. It is how you have found the song, Sovereign of God. It was pillaged from this deprave world long ago. This chamber is Gods womb. Only a Lord may find it."

"How is it God is born from a monastery, Dragon?"

"Only God, the word, is born here."

"I see. What should I do here?"

"Speak, as they did to conceive their certain future. As they did to mollify on the nature of man to safely cross into the borders of Lucifer's hell."

"Such borders should never have been stepped over by us. You must kill Lucifer, Dragon."

"Step on the whale, Aaron."

I walk on the smooth slate of muscle stretching like a field beneath me. The Dragon commands, "Speak the word to be conceived!"

"Lucifer!"

The waters turn blood red from the head of the whale. It reaches the end of the 5th chamber where the door leading to the 6th is opening. The Dragon flies through before me as the whale's song diminishes under the rising red waves. I quickly walk into the 6th chamber.

42

I walk into a musky smelling room. Pungent with wood and oil scents. It is vagrant with tidy quarters. I see a shadow releasing a small bed corner to a ray of light. It is made up and clean, unused in that evening. A fire crackles softly with cindering wood-chips, in the corner by the bed. I walk over pensively. A haunting silence finds me stepping lightly with a soft echo. There is an I pad and a soft toy figure placed neatly on a bedside table. I hear rapid footsteps coming out of the dark intrepidly. I move further into the 6th chamber. There is another tidy bed in front of me. There is the bleach light from a high window breaking over it.

"That is how Jesus overcame. He was not given the splendours of this world but was promised majesty after it. He was like you, conscientious of a true God but compelled to

follow a will that was without will."

"Who are you!?" I ask after the smooth capturing voice which appeared from the dark.

"I am, Jesrite. You are some herald of nature's beasts. That silver round your neck is a bauble fit for a slave of nature. Your Dragon is as succumbing to a detached will as Lord Jesus was. You're powerless here!"

"A Dragon would never be pacified and here we are, battling."

"Aaron! Never let a snake crawl back into the grass after it lifts its head to strike. It will tell the next creature where to find your caucus for food."

"My heart has fed the soul force of our makers in their misery. Let the kill reveal the taste of life. I come to kill Lucifer, I will not be killed by it. Lucifer, should have met us 2000 years ago. I won't be made a livid relic by the conjuring of its pathetic placating on the weak minds of men. Should man choose to crucify me, I'll be sure it's for keeping a dragon for chewing off their ignorant heads."

"I will help you, Aaron."

"Why, Jesrite? Why will you help me? I work against your holy powers which oppress the lineage that is of a Sovereign of God."

"Is it not what my brother, Jesus, would do? How should I make the right investment for your soul if I cannot trust in it?"

"Spoken like a true banker."

"21st century meditations, Aaron."

"I must get to the 9th chamber. I'll make, Lucifer, flesh there and end this game. I recognise, Lucifer's, apparitions in the heads of men. If he is real and tough as my hide; his haunting days will end."

"Follow me, I'll take you." I walk behind, Jesrite, into a dark corner where white light appears from an opening crack. Jesrite, guides me into the 7th chamber."

The 5th Spell

Slowly coming into view, the walls could not be seen, in this chamber paradise.

Just an open field, of grass a vibrant green and an eulogy to, Jesus Christ.

Flourishing with wild birds, flying near a man in robes
 And high dancing trees to the wind that blows.
 Walking closer, becoming light enough to fly
 I'm confessing obdurate, bereft, questioning, Jesus, 'Why!'

Now tempestuous rage in fury mild
 And savvy sons cry cataclysmic;
 Mounting open prayers,
 Troubled Lords till lovers
 And I'm standing, prostrate evangelists, extricated from this game.

"Are you Lord God almighty?
 Why does Jesrite appear before thee?
 What inceptions can remain
 Now you live designs of glory?
 But I beg we might pass
 And I fulfil my task."
 He said: "let us revile our captors for the pain.

Witness our father, the word God resides in the 8th chamber, Aaron, sovereign of true God."

"How farcically we exist to contest each other, Jesus. No man can hear such insanity and live."

"It is not man who has removed us but that which is already removed."

"The dead?"

"The eternal. The 8th chamber is the throne room of eternity captured by the prayers of, Ave Hacienda Monastery. Pray it is so and we may enter to find the God the father in the word."

"Jesus, I pray it is so, for frustrating vexations to belligerence that is only tamed by the Dragon's and Killer Lion's furious retribution otherwise."

"Now we all are blessed. Aaron and Jesrite, let our reserved enmity be spared. Walk with me to be triumphant allies. This is the decree of your Lord, Jesus."

A black hole appears lowering from the white light surrounding the green fields I stand on. It is the door leading into the 8th chamber.

Here stands the resurgent and ebbing quickening lights, falling to meet Jesrite, Jesus and I. In an anarchic realm of darkness, incommodious from myriads of burning tiny stars, the Dragon, soars high to the heights of the chamber ceiling. Brazenly, it breathes fire to spear outwards in front of its body. I cannot understand. The Dragon breathes fire again, turning its head to the ground in pursuit of an impalpable

presence. The fire burns over the protective aura of, Jesus and Jesrite. They cry to me, pleading me to make the Dragon stop. I am obtuse as to the reason for the Dragons rage, until the flames break on an invisible body. It is the soul of an Eternal the Dragon has fought. Jesus, is bewildered by the entity which vanishes under the blanket of flames. The Dragon deity flies unmoved, it may have killed God. Jesus, marks the furious beast with irremediable dislike. As the Lord, Jesrite, moves forward to inspect the dissipating flames, a lucent light reaches them from the black space of the lustrous chamber. Jesrite, makes uncertain steps backwards. As, Jesrite, sees, Jesus, prepared to embrace the light and surrender to its unknown will, Jesrite, pushes, Jesus, to end Christ's rein and to win back the light, Jesus, had almost received. There, no perfection is found to itself and the true nature of deities in the deprave universe, becomes clear by the approaching pure light. Jesus, stands alone and markedly vexed. His hands perform powerful meditations and Jesrite, is cast down from the quickening of the brightening chamber. I hear, Lord Jesus, say 'Go now, Aaron. I understand the Dragon alone can destroy what ails our good natures. It truly is a worthy Lord.' I see the opening to the ninth chamber, the resurrection chamber, in the centre of the pitch black. I rescind the energies of anarchy inviting me to exist with them, remembering the Eternal's descent on, Hell Palace, gave, Lucifer, the power to mollify on the existence of man, bridging the people's heaven and hell. I summon all my celestial power bringing forth the Killer Lion, to charge through the void of the 8th chamber. God watches me reach the door leading into the resurrection chamber of, Ave Hacienda Monastery, believing the fighting will cease if I succeed.

A wind strews the unfixed debris around the monastery. Massive clapping of air drop on the high inverting cliffs around it. Priests run out to the landing helicopter, clearing shrouds of frankincense. The eagle, dives on the escaping men. The wolf passants and mauls them one by one. The stag nobly charges lowering its antlers forward at the priests, driving them into the sparse woodland. Archbishop Rue and Aaron's foe watch from within the helicopter. They converse, bewildered with anguish.

"What are these pugnacious animals, Archbishop Rue? Killer Lion, cannot have survived!"

"The monastery has been compromised. Killer Lion, is inside. The rebirth chamber has been activated. Jesrite, has failed."

"Nooo! We're finished! Aaron, will destroy preternatural powers that are at my command."

"The Vatican was never at your reprobate command. The Ave Hacienda Monastery, holds the most sacred treasure governing life, time."

"I'm not talking about your pathetic faith, you pious wretch. So myopic you believe my interest in this monastery is for something other than, Aaron's, destruction and the decimation of his whole Sovereign syncretic following. I'm turning the good monastery into dark ash."

"Wait we can head them off, recapture, Jesrite and Jesus. We'll trap, Aaron, for eternity. You'll have control, just let the monastery stay standing. I beg you!"

"How? How can you grant such a coup?"

"In the centre of the rebirth chamber, the heart of the monastery, there is a way in with the helicopter. I can revive the deities already at our disposal."

"Let's go!"

The stillness captures the steps like puddles of water echoing out as slow ripples through the dim amber light. A sterile stench of fresh cleaning agents and brimstone mix explosively, forcing me to cover my nose. Two black and boldly bending lances appear, as appendages on the head of a tall defined and dark body. A hoof moves with precaution forward leading the devil silhouette closer to me, in the resurrection chamber. The Dragon, flies down finding volition to spread itself for guarding us and to dissipate it's red hot flames at the monster incarnation. I yell,

"Move Dragon! Let me see what staggers out of darkness. It must know my heart for making it so black with hate. That you are now announced, Lucifer, welcomes this uncelebrated shower. Your birth truly elates me. I am innate at our now meeting, especially as it will be our last. What have you to say for the casting of nightmares so malignant men are sate with neurosis convincing them your hatred should be real? Tell me, Lucifer, before you die. What could possibly be your pathetic plea in retort?"

"You think you are the panacea to these malignant nightmares? A doctor that treats himself has a fool for a patient. My little boy, Aaron. You haven't seen anything."

"I've seen through evil of a bastard realm by using my sovereignty as the shield of integrity, not a weapon of depravity. Should I alone determine who will live and who will die, it would result in your placating on us ceasing. Fear that I have controlled an order you covet to the disparity of hell. Yet, you are right. It is not fitting that you die for my heaven. You are not worthy. I'll reimburse myself of your every evil bargain on life, your persuasions against what is fair to recapture your fleeting godliness from a founded

sovereign such as I."

"I have already effectively buried you, Aaron. You're practically a contraband prince, a black mole foraging through dirt. Kill me, it will not change anything."

"No! What will grow from this soil will find you. An eternal prisoner flagellant here with, Eve, in, Ave Hacienda Monastery. Punished to watch the world do with you as you huckster it do with us."

White light pierces the room as the monastery ceiling opens. A man is lowered into the chamber shouting, "Devils tread where angels fear to go, Aaron! I'm afraid, Lucifer, is coming with me. Thank you for inviting him to my little party. I'll imprison you here for ever."

"You've betrayed everything! How can you lift, Lucifer, over, Jesus or Jesrite?! I understand where you bare enmity with me. We are foes but you leave me revile what constitutes the absence of Christ."

Lucifer, is lifted into the air holding the ladder being raised back into the helicopter. I scream, "Killer Lion!" And am propelled up under the turning blades. Lucifer, watches me destroy the cockpit with whimpering black eyes. He screams, "You bastard, Aaron! We could have ruled this benighted world!" The helicopter crashes into the rebirthing chamber console. Waves of red fire fold away from me as I look from the open ceiling of the chamber slowly closing on, Jesus and Jesrite. They shout, "Live!" As I see their praying hands dissipate the burning flames of the wrecked helicopter. The ceiling closes. I hear the eagle's cry over my head. I run to its talons and grip the feathery legs till I'm on the ground. The stag gallops to lead me on his back. The wolf follows us out of the Pennine Mountains to our home. The Devil is finally dead; so I believe, so I live.

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