



Kristos

Everybody is a star. – Crowley

Abba the Syrian magician was schooled in the arcane arts both white and black. He had scoured the seven seas and the seven wonders of the seven worlds for all manner of hidden love and its keepers, clandestine and reclusive enclaves of ancient orders, isolated wisemen and dangerous mages spanning the terrestrial globe, some working for evil others good. Abba had ingratiated himself with all and sundry carefully concealing his sinister intentions to appropriate for himself their carefully guarded gnosis. His was the procedure of the cobra, to mystify via hypnotic gaze and magnetic influence, to lull into a false sense of security and from thence to sequester their talismans, parchments, and other sacred objects after he had assimilated their gnosis through participation in their rituals and rites. He would then either dispatch them with his poisoned needle whose sting was instant death or employ cruder methods such as strangulation or demonic invocation to serve them up as a sacrifice in exchange for an amplification of his personal power. Now he was situated after years of persecution and inner strife brought on by demonic possession in a state of relative – for him – peace and quiet in an equally peaceful and quiet town. It was his desire to pour over his trunk of ancient manuscripts here and possibly to formulate plans for the conquest of the town and its peasant folk who he thought may be easily led against their leadership who had grown decadent with vice through living a life of too-great leisure and not being hardened by battle or refined through the furnace of study and mental training. These as yet vague plans however were for later at the moment he had much studying to do.

Pondering upon an ancient Akkadian ritual one day he was reminded of the practice of rendering inanimate beings, such as stones, animate through endowing them with the energy of pure youths who had been unsullied by vices such as alcoholism, drug addiction, and carnality. This may, he contemplated, be useful in the construction of a small cadre of slaves who could be conscripted to do his bidding. However the creation of each construct required the pure energy of a child and to create a legion of such would certainly implicate himself as the cause of the children's disappearance. Hence he would not be able to make more than one as a means of financing his hire of a small mercenary contingent to stir up discord in the town and to serve as his protectors, furnishing them with the needed arms and armor and sheltering them in his farm outbuildings which were out of the eyes of those peasants and townsfolk he had not yet corrupted and rendered his de facto slaves through his hypnotic magnetic influence. To raise funds he would create one of these constructs and sell him to the local merchant with whom he had contact in his nefarious dealings for herbs and various drugs and who served as a liaison between him and the outside world.

Abba communicated with the merchant who lived on the periphery of the town by way of sign. He was accustomed to allow his cow to graze on the opposite side of his stone farmhouse but when he desired Stromboli the merchant to meet with him he would graze his cow in front being within the visual field of the latter who he had equipped with a spyglass for the purpose as the town was some way off. Once a child was caught by the merchant who usually carried out the ritual with Abba in exchange for some of the blood of the sacrifice; the construct could be made and forthwith sold into service to Stromboli who would then resell it to whichever of his contacts trafficked in such wares. Such was not the concern of the magician only the payment from the merchant.

Stromboli fawningly greeted the merchant after responding to the signal: 'I have just the thing', he cried beginning his sales pitch: 'a most rare herb from the wild steppes of the hinterland. Certain to augment the mental faculties and' – Abba silenced him with his piercing gaze and communicated to Stromboli what he sought. Stromboli was silent, his visage growing ashen not out of

moral sentiment for the sacrifice to be but out of fear lest Abba respond with hostility to the information he had to bestow upon his paymaster and indeed his de facto master himself. 'Out with it, what are you concealing from me?' Abba demanded. Stromboli informed him that he heard some of the townsfolk in their gossip and they spoke of Abba as a queer fellow and that perhaps he was to blame for the disappearance of the child they had last sacrificed. The townsfolk were becoming wary of Abba the merchant stated and he knew not how long their relationship could continue undisturbed. Abba waved his hand: 'It matters not - the townsfolk will soon be under my influence'. He then requested that the merchant procure for him another child and that this time it would fetch Stromboli a high price. Stromboli reluctantly agreed to the kidnapping after stammering a silenced protest and was off that the child must be procured before the moon reaches its full for it was needed to be sacrificed at that time for the purpose Abba had. This ancient Syrio-African practice of child sacrifice so prevalent in Canaan and Mesopotamia ensured that the energy of the child was incorporated within the villain who carried out the act through the imbibation of the blood which, the occult lore had it, was a gas and not a liquid that became liquid upon exposure to the atmosphere but within the body was in gaseous form. This contained the life force of the being and upon release this spirit energy was capable of being imbibed through vampiric and cannibalistic acts. As such it was the blackest of magic negating the life of another to enrich one's own life. Abba had been a habitué of this practice and as a result had grown very powerful at the expense of the innocent he dispatched with callous disregard for their suffering. This came not without a price however and that was the conflict of soul energy that became entangled with his material body deforming it anatomically as well as physiologically thereby introducing great strife within. He had become, indeed, powerful however this power began to tear apart the very fabric of his own soul manifesting itself in these conditions of disfigurement for 'as above so below; as within so without; spirit and matter are one' and what affects one affects the other. Heedless of these consequences and addicted to his sanguinary practice Abba insisted on continuing to feed himself this elixir vitiate through his vampiric violation of the sanctity of another's life.

A few days later under the time of the full moon Stromboli knocked at Abba's door with a prearranged series of knocks thereby signifying that it was he and not a peasant or the defense forces of the town who had previously sent spies to gather information on Abba who had cudgelled the milkmaid for her speaking to one out of naïve ignorance. He opened the door and allowed entry to Stromboli who had a burlap sack on the bed of straw where Abba's mastiffs slept and readied the circle for sacrifice in accordance with ancient semite cabalistic ritual, arranging the candles of child fat contained within leaden holders arranged on the six points of a six-pointed star on the stone floor, this symbol having been previously drawn by Abba with the charcoal of burnt bones from a past sacrifice incorporating the face of the demon he intended to invoke to enable the transfusion of blood into a wooden marionette he had purchased from the town woodcarver ostensibly for a young nephew he knew who Abba claimed enjoyed to play with marionettes who were of a similar size as himself to create imaginary friends that were a reflection of his own developing mind. The leering face of the demon also reflected Abba's own countenance as he recalled the little black lie he had told the woodcarver whose suspicions of Abba were allayed once mention of an innocent child related to Abba was made. This false association technique always worked on the peasants the magician thought with a smirk of disdain – they would be blinded by the sight of anything that had the childlike appearance of innocence as they operated in the lower 'chakras' – an ancient Indian term for the occult metaphysical energy centres of the physical body – meaning that they had an animal or beast mind and were incapable of his cold rationality and god-like perception that differentiated him from the mere beasts that called themselves men.

He had thus obtained the marionette with problems but had first instructed the carver to create an orifice in its mouth which would enable the storage of liquids – the woodcarver paused a moment, a glimmer of suspicion returning to his features but he then was put at ease for the idea that the puppet

was to be used by Abba himself and this for a hidden flask of alcoholic beverage entered into his mind. In truth Abba through mind transference via the aether, had implanted this thought in his mind as a means of allaying the suspicion of the woodcarver who would no doubt have spread rumours regarding the existence of Abba's alleged nephew. This then would cast further suspicion upon Abba which could at present not be tolerated and hence Abba had implanted this idea in the crafty woodcarver's mind, one rooted in the coarsest of drives and fleshly pursuits. The carver happily bored a hole into the puppet with his tools but according to the magician it was inadequate. He then instructed the woodcarver to bore a larger hole within the pelvic region of the puppet and to use a cork to seal both ends. The woodcarver complied further convinced that Abba required this marionette as a flask for drink or perhaps even a sexual device for his own twisted purposes. The strangeness of Abba was now given an explanation and the puppet was tendered to Abba. This ruse of the magician enabled his strangeness to repel rather than attract attention as rumours would necessarily be spread and the townsfolk would cease to think of him as a child abductor and murderer and more along the lines of a sexual pervert and inebriate. This bought him more time for his purposes until he could cultivate a better reputation with his useful tools the 'dull-witted peasants' as he thought of them.

The struggling sack was opened by Stromboli and the gag removed from the young boy's mouth. An elixir of herbs was thrust into his mouth and the boy's struggles ceased being put into a stupor by the brew which caused enervation through its narcotic, sedative effect. Stromboli lashed the boy to the pentagram binding hands and feet with straps that were looped through iron handles embedded into the stone floor. Abba then began to chant an ancient invocatory cadence comprised of a mixture of arcane language of monosyllables: 'ba-ra-ra-ta-ka-ta-na-ma', his voice enunciating every syllable with vibratory rhythm: 'ka-ta-la-na-ma!' 'Ka-ta-ma!' his voice rose with the cadence being repeated seven times as he swayed widdershins around the pentagram sprinkling incense from a burner on the body of the youth who stared transfixed at the ceiling. Stromboli beat a gong at each point Abba reached circling seven times and repeating the cadence. 'Oh Kristos holy spirit of ancient days thee I invoke!'; and so repeating this cadence the aether above the bay began to coalesce into an opaque formation resembling the face of a god form, face leering and emitting a shrill ringing noise that altered in volume as if the demon were communicating to Abba. The boy's face took on a hint of fear in spite of his nearly comatose state. The apparition descended as Abba continued to repetitively chant 'ba-ra-ra-ta-ka-ta-na-ma'. Soon the mage was upon the boy but stayed, hovering over his form as if somehow repelled or unable to descend upon his victim.

Abba then collected the marionette from the rough-hewn table nearby and placed it adjacent to the boy. He also took a basin from the table and placed it between the boy and the puppet-'ba-ra-ra-ta-ka-ta-na-ma!'. He picked up his sacrifice knife while the demon hovered seemingly eager for the hot liquor which would soon pour from the jugular of the innocent child. Stromboli tightened the straps holding the boy who as if now finally coming to an awareness of his plight began to struggle wildly at the thought of extinguishing his life and forfeiting it to the demon. A fate worse than death dawned in his drugged mind but too late as the merchant held fast the child while Abba skewered a gash in his throat with the knife. As if unchained the demon plunged into the sanguinary basin which filled rapidly with the life's blood of the child. It shook as the demon imbibed the vital elixir into its person. Abba abruptly, as the struggles of the boy ceased and a sufficient quantity of blood was extracted, began to pour the blood into the marionette which enraged the demon who was interrupted in its feast. It followed the blood into the puppet which then shook as if with life. The remaining cork was placed in the mouth hole once the puppet's container was filled and the shaking ceased. The wooden doll began to change in appearance, its features softening and taking on the glow of human flesh, the ruddy colour of youth. Stromboli, never having borne witness to such an occurrence, in spite of his experience with prior sacrifices of Abba's gaped in wonder at the vitality the once dead being exuded. 'He lives,' he

ejaculated. Abba impatient with the boorish lack of self-control shoved the merchant aside saying 'you will pay me a pretty penny for this construct merchant'. The latter though thinking little else then for money was only too willing to sell this freakish construct as quickly as possible and to be discharged his obligation towards the magician.

The marionette moved about the floor and spoke to the two seeking to know who he was and why he was here; who they were and a torrent of similar questions. Abba ignored him and spoke to the merchant about buyers who stated he was in contact with some calling himself 'The Mason' who wore a splendid suit of scarlet with gold buttons and wore an eight-pointed star of gold on his coat as well as white gloves and spoke in an uppity and condescending tone. Abba claimed he cared not who the buyer was so long as the price was right to which Stromboli assured him he would not be disappointed as this man, however precious he was in his manners was independently wealthy and required no haggling over prices but was always forthcoming with the sum Stromboli demanded. The merchant then took the strangely vital wooden boy half- dead half-alive with him in the sack to which the marionette gave only feeble protest until Stromboli instructed him to cease to speak on part of being thrown to the wolves or burnt as kindling. The puppets wriggling continued as Stromboli hefted it over his shoulders and carried it back to his place. Abba the magician shut the door on Stromboli after instructing him to return with the sack of gold he exchanged the puppet for.

'The Mason' gazed into the crystal palatire as he contemplated the events unfolding in the lodge of which he had been a member since infancy and to which he was bound through rituals too unspeakable to describe and which had conferred upon him a certain dark power that was shared in common by those who had changed him from a weaker and still-developing neophyte into a monstrous hue-man possessed by dark entities which vied for supremacy within him and partaking of the genius of the lodge which was the demonic entity which exerted its influence over him and yet through which he derived many of his supernatural faculties of clairvoyance and clairaudience, able to discern the thoughts and inclinations of others through a hyper-aware consciousness amplified through being plugged into a dynamo battery as it were of which he was a part as a cell within the larger power source. He desired in this seeking through his crystal gazing, the discovery of a suitable candidate to play the most lucrative role of child actor in his Hollywood productions in which he and his partner, Mr. Cahn, were seeking to fill the role of their former child star, Ricky McDougall who had met with the unfortunate fateful accident of ending up as the main course in a cannibal feast that both he and Mr. Cahn had made the concluding scene in their latest blockbuster film 'Ricky Goes to Timbuktu' where the African scene had portrayed the boiling of a cannibal victim and subsequent cannibalization of this victim in a fictional scene that was rendered real much to the chagrin of Ricky who had been bound hand and foot with his acquiescence to be then plunged into the boiling water which had been omitted deliberately from his copy of the script to inveigle him into allowing himself to be trussed up like a fatling pig in a pig roast. At this thought the sinister coachman sneered maliciously and rubbed his swollen belly at the thought of how he and Mr. Cahn had celebrated the ritual feast dressed in blackface so as to preserve the realism of the film for the audience. Of course with the current stodgy censors on the film board of Hollywood, most of whom were Catholics, most of the death scene of the sacrifice had to be omitted and sold on the black market for a much higher price. The Mason's thoughts were interrupted by an apparition in the crystal, an almost artificially handsome boy who had the perfect features of a mannequin – almost as if he were a mannequin himself only endowed with animate properties. He was gazing into a hearth and showed no visible emotion on his almost wooden features. This was the new child star to play the leading role in a remake version of the classic story 'Woodenhead', about a young boy who was brought to life from mere pieces of wood carved by a blustery old man fond of the wine bottle, old Gilletto, an Italian in the classic sense who had had recourse to carving pieces of wood he collected with his jackknife while he lived the life of a vagrant. The 'Woodenhead'

was an old family favorite teaching the youth of society the lesson that ‘though life hands you lemons, lemonade can still be had’ even for a gin-soaked skid-row bum like Gilletto. The Mason put aside his crystal and observed the play of shadows upon the wall cast there by the perambulations of his fellow masons who through this process had created an energy vortex that through the law of attraction brought in sympathetic information from the aether to discover the next child star of Satanic Hollywood. Mr. Cahn suddenly stopped, knowing that the mason had discovered his newest star and cast off his black robe revealing a pasty-hued skin and almond-shaped eyes with black pupils and a shock of receding black hair over a hook nose so characteristic of his people. ‘I presume you have selected,’ he addressed the coachman now turning towards the latter the other masons themselves casting aside their robes and flowing out of the rooms towards the place of their next ritual activity to prepare the atmosphere and arrange the ceremonial implements – to which the addressed replied in the affirmative and added ‘the perfect Woodenhead’.

Stromboli cast a bundle of garments towards Woodenhead, the mannequin Abba had created, and which he alternately called the former or ‘Goyboy’ given his characteristically hostile attitude towards all those not of his biological type. The woodenhead, who in spite of the cork in his mouth, which had grown over this plug thereby resembling a normal mouth though incapable of projecting sound, had a strange way of transmitting sound through his nostrils and rather than imparting a nasal quality to his voice gave it a more mellifluous quality. This fact disagreed with the merchant who was easily riled into a state of aggression given his biological predisposition to low impulse control and higher testosterone. The puppet, Goyboy, began to speak and was immediately put to silence by the crack of a backhand across his face from Stromboli who told him to don the apparel as the buyer was soon to come and to take him away from the cabin which was the merchant’s.

A knock at the door of the cabin alerted the merchant to the mason’s presence followed a predetermined series of knocks with varying degrees of force transmitting a correspondent tone. Stromboli flung open the door and the mason entered with a supercilious sneer on his face, striding into the room and casting a glance about for the marionette. ‘You needn’t inform me of your designs merchant,’ the mason said, ‘I have seen the puppet in a vision through my palatire and now have come to claim him as my own’. ‘But surely you will pay a reasonable price as always’, inquired the merchant with a slight demand to his tone attempting already in his implicit negotiations to up the ante for this magical item. ‘No more!’ shouted the mason, ‘I tire of this dirty shopkeepers game of barter!’ and with that he projected a lightning bolt from his hand a concentration and discharge of his bio-energy at the merchant who flew into paroxysms of spasmodic violence as if being ripped asunder, fat belly bouncing and jiggling as the electrical voltage fried his flesh, a high-pitched scream broke from his lips and he fell to the ground continuing to shake as his vital energies ebbed away from his lifeless corpse. An acrid smoke wafted from his cadaver with whatever soul he had retained from his vampiric rituals of imbibing the life force from others. The mason had lit upon the wooden boy who was now a fleshly living-dead structure animate and yet inanimate possessed of a vitality latent and potential only yet able to appear as the reality and in a perfect form for his future role as a Hollywood star. The mason stared into the unblinking and apparently emotionless gaze of Goyboy, who the mason called simply ‘puppet’ and fell into a trance under the magnetic influence of the mason’s will. The mason then threw him over his shoulder and into the darkened limousine which was driven by himself as even his initiates could not be trusted with such a lucrative task as they may attempt to abduct Puppet for themselves for ransom money.

The limousine ride for Puppet – for this is the only name he has yet been identified as by his new master – was a smooth one without any event other than his cognition of the difference between his previous short life inside of the farmhouse of Abba and in the cabin of Stromboli as well as the brief glance of the countryside town as he was hurled into the back of the limousine by the mason, whose

name he knew not but was impressed by his violent energy that seemed to radiate from his body and generate a chaotic sensation. Those brief experiences enabled Puppet to develop his latent faculty of reason and to thereby grow, to understand the power differential which expressed itself through the form of the mason, the merchant, and Abba whose name he was unacquainted with but who had given him life. The mason was powerful indeed far more so than the merchant but not much more than the haggard mage who had brought him life.

Though what life it was he failed to understand as he still knew himself not being only an undeveloped being. The skyline of the City of Angels, 'Hollywood', arose over the hills and Puppet became further aware of the contrast of his environment, between little and big, sophisticated complexity and rude simplicity both yet elegant in their nature yet representing great contrasts to one another.

The limousine suddenly squealed to a stop outside of a palatial suite belonging to Mr. Cahn, the mason's partner in the 'picture business' as he was fond of calling it and had been speaking via a communication system in his limousine during the course of their journey.

The mason spoke into space: 'I have arrived with the puppet Mr. Cahn; send out an escort to prepare the puppet'. Shortly thereafter Puppet observed a coterie of Negroes dressed in butler uniforms walking briskly towards the limousine. They carried leg irons and handcuffs which after open their opening of the door they affixed to the half-marionette half-boy's wrists and ankles affixing another chain to both of these which was several feet in length. This larger chain with a handle attached the mason grabbed and motioned to the Negroes to step aside which they smartly did. 'Mr. Cahn the puppet has been shackled you may meet us in the foyer'. The large plush Persian rug greeted them as the finely molded door was opened by one of the Negroes who rushed ahead with amazing speed to cater to the mason's rapid gait.

Mr. Cahn descended his brass-banistered staircase across the Persian rug which molded itself to the mahogany stairs spiraling upwards towards a vaulted ceiling. The film producer was at first taken aback by Puppet never having seen such a strangely artificial yet natural creature, even his golem he had created were mere clay and iron relative to the seamless purity of Puppet. These golem he had used in many of his power moves against competitors who had found themselves in the bottom of the ocean or tumbling from his brass balcony overlooking his swimming pool, leaden weights attached to their limbs. 'He'll be good for the part', Cahn stated flatly. 'Take him into the lower levels and keep him on ice'. Straight away the two Negroes took the chain the mason had dropped upon the ground and they pulled Puppet down the spiraling staircase into the stone dungeon Cahn had designed to serve as a holding pen for those of his associates who refused to comply with his often one-sided contractual terms which favoured them but no one else. Puppet heard the wailing of cries emanating from the cells which paralleled the stone passageway lit by sputtering candles set in iron embrasures. The iron bars of one cell were being beaten on with a tin cup by one of the prisoners who cried out 'I want out! Cahn! Give me Cahn!' before the Negro escorting Puppet took a stun gun out of his waistcoat and discharged it into the face of the prisoner who fell to the floor trembling and weeping. The few other prisoners some of them with ill-kept beards and hollow, sunken cheeks and eyes, returned to the inner recesses of the stone cell cowering from the burly butlers who cast no glances to either right or left suddenly stopping abruptly before a vacant cell at the end of the hall. Into this they brought Puppet shackling his chain apparatus to an iron ring in the corner of the cell with a heavy padlock with many tumblers and wards.

The Negroes returned by the way they came and Puppet was left in isolation just as he had been in the sack of the merchant. He appreciated the silence as it opened up a path into a heightened state of awareness and contemplation. He entered into a meditative state watching the flickering shadows from

his prison bars on the floor. Suddenly he heard a noise but it was not a noise transmitted through any vibrations within his environment but rather a noise from another dimension that was only audible to himself. 'Kristos – that is who you are' it stated and was for some time silent. The puppet communicated through his nasal apparatus in response: 'Who are you?' The answer: 'Kristos' I am inside of you and this is who you are. Once you were a boy...or rather I was a boy – once I was a god – and am still a god. I am both boy and god and I am you. You are the nexus of both mortal and immortal, you have your feet in both worlds, material and immaterial. Your destiny,' the spirit - for it must have been a spirit if it were not visible Puppet reasoned – 'Is to become who you are. But find you must understand yourself and to do so you must understand others. I will counsel you from now on to serve as your conscience, your genius who influences your actions. I will not interfere with your development through verbal advisements but I will be a voiceless guide who steers you towards godhood. Some day you will be a Real Live Boy.' Puppet – who we will now simply refer to as Kristos, for that was who he was – sat in contemplative silence for some time before understanding his plight and that such conditions as he had seen in the dungeon he had been imprisoned in were terrible indeed and that the pain of those trapped within had been long suffering. He felt their pain sympathetically though understanding that though different he was yet similar to them in having the faculties of affection, being susceptible to the like sensation and pursuing and forbearing from the like paths of good and evil. Such men as Mr. Cahn and the mason not to mention the merchant and Abba also appeared different in that they did not have that, were unaffected by the pain others suffered and were in fact the agent of its infliction further emphasizing their lack of all moral scruples. Though unable to articulate his thoughts Kristos nevertheless understood these matters with his heightened intuition and recognized them as species wholly alien to himself, a threat and danger to his life and that of others such as the young boy he had in part been and the prisoner who had been ruthlessly electrocuted by the Negro's stun gun. In the case of the latter he noticed no sign of emotion or regard for the prisoner as he had been shocked to the point of incapacitation and extreme pain. He felt the necessity compelled by an ever sharpening faculty of reason to judge that Negroes were of this nature – incapable of feeling and remorse, a cruel and barbarous group of animal-like creatures who willingly subordinated themselves to a greater and more violent power such as in the person of the mason and Mr. Cahn.

Interrupting these reflections of Kristos came again the Negroes who were placing more Persian rugs along the stone floor and spraying perfume around preparing the way for Mr. Cahn and the mason. The duo's footsteps approached while the Negroes stood at attention along the side of the other cell. The pair presented themselves in front of Kristos' cell which was opened by one of the burly Negroes. Mr. Cahn and the Mason stepped into the cell carrying a doctor's bag and a video camera which was manned by the mason. Mr. Cahn uttered 'lights' – at which point a recessed light near the ceiling of Kristos' cell was illumined; 'camera' – the mason turned the camcorder's light so that it shone green signifying it was on – and 'action!' Two Negroes entered the cell and brought a table in also another chain which was affixed to a ring in the ceiling and which could be used to pull Kristos once attached to his chain apparatus which would strain his muscles and

ligaments. His harness was rigged up to the chain which was then grasped by the white-gloved hands of the mason who then yanked a fearsome wrench on the chain and extended Kristos so that his legs were extended to the point of dislocation. he screamed an unintelligible cry of arcane words: 'ge-bo-ra-la-ka-ma' and writhed against the chain. The mason relaxed his grip on the chain taken by surprise at the utterance of the puppet who until that time had not spoken.

Mr. Cahn was the more sober of the two and wrenched from his bag a sacrifice knife long and pointed and full of holes from which to let the blood of his charge. He jabbed at Kristos who had once more been pulled taut by the mason which puncture emitted a spurt of blood. Again Kristos writhed 'ge-bo-ra-la-ka-ma' as the inner spirit within him raged against the violation of the sanctity of his flesh vehicle

which grew more ruddy and sinewy as Kristos writhed against the chain. ‘Hold him!’ screamed Mr. Cahn as the mason struggled to maintain his hold motioning with his head for the Negroes to grab a hold of the remaining length and to lend their strength to his – however the rock into which the iron ring had been embedded began to crumble around the pressure being exerted by Kristos as he continued to writhe with outrage over the prick while Mr. Cahn stood by like a cornered rat seeking to dart in and finish the job thereby defeating his own plans for making the puppet into a Hollywood star and thereby deriving profit for himself and his partner. ‘Ge-bo-ra-la-ka-ma!’ shrieked the puppet whose real name was Kristos. Soon a discharge of electricity emanated from his body and encapsulated his jailors and their serfs causing them to shake with uncontrollable frenzy as it entered into them. Soon they lay dead and the chains that had bound Kristos were broken, himself freed of their limitation. He walked from the cell not forgetting the jailor’s keys for he desired to free the prisoners from their cells as he had freed himself from his. Two of the cells were still occupied but the third contained only the decomposing body of an unknown who had apparently disagreed to acquiesce to Mr. Cahn’s contractual terms. One of the two he had freed ran up the staircase with a shriek bespeaking his lack of sanity and was not seen by Kristos again. The remaining prisoner greeted Kristos with a cordiality that seemed out of place in the dungeon environs. ‘Thank you, good sir, for freeing me from this wretched abode. I am Mr. Roncesvale and I was a Hollywood producer but only of the variety that has now grown rare, a moral one.’ With this he took Kristos’ hand in his shaking it and said: ‘you are a strange creature whoever you may be, pray tell me your name.’ ‘Kristos’, the puppet said. Truly you must be endowed with some miraculous power Kristos for you have dispatched in one blow the foremost producer of moral depravity and his affiliate in one blow and with minimal loss to yourself.’ So saying he gestured towards the mark where Mr. Cahn had pierced him in the side with his sacrifice knife. Observing this gesture of Mr. Roncesvale Kristos noticed the wound beginning to close and the blood to dry up. ‘How did you do that?’ Kristos asked to which his acquaintance responded: ‘It was you who did it when you recognized that I was your friend. Your occult anatomy healed you internally and ‘as within so within’ we say’. ‘-We? Who are we?’ asked Kristos. ‘We spiritually enlightened. We know when we are with friends and enemies and who is which.’ The two made their way at the recommendation of Mr. Roncesvale away from the dungeon and upstairs to the now vacant palatial suite of the deceased Hollywood producer Mr. Cahn. ‘Yet I think,’ Mr. Roncesvale stated, ‘that you have unfinished business – is that not so?’ Kristos was slow to respond but stated he had had a father once, one who was the height of evil and who lived near a small town amidst peasants on a farm outside of its borders. He stated it was so very far away, whither he knew not but that he must pay for the sins of his father as this sire was carrying out evil deeds that must be rectified though it cost him his own life. Mr. Roncesvale pondered a

moment but then as if with a dawning realization: ‘Your father, he was a magician, a sorcerer is that not so?’ Kristos affirmed the fact. ‘Yes he must be Abba! - The sorcerer who usurped my kingdom who has now enslaved my noble peasants under the lash of his dark minions who he has imported into my poor kingdom. It appears as if our paths are star-crossed and we share a common destiny. I had been forced to become a Hollywood producer in hopes of amassing enough public approval to rally an army against his treachery but Mr. Cahn stood in my way – until you came to liberate me. Now we must liberate my – no our – kingdom for I will if you consent, grant you lands in the kingdom should our victory prevail. Kristos agreed to participate in the venture acknowledging the truth of Mr. Roncesvale’s words that their paths were mutually shared and that Abba must be vanquished else he may seek to develop an empire of most horrible tyranny.

Mr. Roncesvale and Kristos sped into the valley of Hollywood from the palatial suite of the deceased Mr. Cahn which continued to burn along the horizon through their having set fire to it to wipe away all traces of their presence especially that of Mr. Roncesvale who had been forced at gunpoint by Mr. Cahn

and his Negro minions to sign a declaration of guilt that he had been the mastermind of Mr. Cahn's takeover of Hollywood studios through mafia-style tactics and that Mr. Roncesvale had kidnapped the niece of Mr. Cahn with the threat of execution if the latter had gone to the police for a confession or to inform on his alleged captor. This declaration was hidden somewhere on the premises and its whereabouts were known to a few of Mr. Cahn's affiliates who if anything happened to Mr. Cahn or if he were disobeyed by Mr. Roncesvale would make public the declaration thereby absolving Mr. Cahn of any liability for his takeover bids and high pressure tactics. In committing arson to the suite he effectively wiped away any potential trail leading to his arrest and the liquidation of his assets which would be forfeited to the state. Now he was at liberty to sell off his studios to obtain the necessary military hardware to combat Abba his usurper and thereby to reclaim his throne. Kristos was to have personal vengeance against Abbas as the latter had destroyed the lives of others as a means of making him come to life and this not out of altruistic regard for Kristos as a surrogate child but rather out of crude material gain through creating an effectual slave to be sold to the highest bidder. This alone would have been the gravest immorality had it not been compounded by the use of the proceeds being allocated towards the funding of a mercenary terrorist army whose sole purpose was the wresting of Mr. Roncesvale's kingdom – which was incidentally called 'Paradis' – so that Abba could become supreme tyrant and dictator of 'Paradis' conferring upon it the name 'infernal' which he had subsequent upon the usurpation of Mr. Roncesvale who had hardly escaped with his skin transformed it into a technological monstrosity which put the peasants into bondage through tax slavery and tithing to the universal church which he erected around himself, a cadre of priests who immersed themselves in the blackest arts using the peasantry as guinea pigs routinely sacrificing them in open rituals in the public square to demons invoked and propitiated through Abba's blood sacrifice. The peasant's once free life was reduced to abject serfdom each day but one of the week, each being a day of incessant drudgery throughout the daylight hours and into the night so that the sum total of a peasant's lived experience consisted simply of physical drudgery allotted only enough nutriment to sustain the endless cycle until exhausted they were to be led to execution on trumped up charges as a heretic who had violated the sanctity of the demons which perpetually encircled the towers of Abba's keep, spires of blackest iron projecting towards the darkling sky.

The duo found ample buyers for the Hollywood studios which they sold exclusively to ethical buyers who would produce only elevating and morally uplifting content so that the scales on the eyes of the at-present blind populace would fall away and the beacon of truth would shine upon them.

Having gathered enough proceeds from the sale they set about enticing willing followers to participate in the coming war with Abba the sorcerer. This done they wound their way as a caravan to the outskirts of Paradis armed with munitions and firearms for the peasants. John Strong, a local stuntman from 'Universe Studios' which had been named by Mr. Cahn evincing his aspirations to supremacy which had fortunately been defeated by Kristos, was an expert in munitions and improvised explosive devices and would serve a valuable role in the coming conflict. It was he who volunteered to free the peasants using his skills of physical prowess and to sever the cable that was projecting electromagnetic fields from towers strewn around Paradis which had the effect of placing the populace under mind control through alteration of brain wave activity that could be modified by these devices to create sensations of fear, panic, anxiety, depression, hopelessness, etc. thereby creating a false association between the mood state of the victim and whatever sensory appearance (visual, auditory, etc.) could be paired with this state rendering the mind control subject to deviant from their healthier instincts and go against their innate tendencies and instincts in their behavior, rendering them subordinate to the whims and caprice of authority.

John Strong knew that the cable was heavily guarded by the beast-men Abba had brought into Paradis and that heavy armaments were necessary to dispatch their number. He selected two Heckler and Koch MP-5's and extra capacity magazines as well as a chest rig with grenades. He donned a black wetsuit and ran off in the direction of the cable. Once out the peasants would be aware of their surroundings enough to be reachable to the return of their king and welcome his second coming. Abba though usually clairvoyant lay dormant in his tower by the looks of it as far as Kristos, who had heightened sensibility, could perceive through his inner sight. Now was thus the time to move on Paradis.

The beast guards were armed with Kalashnikov AK-47's using ancient combloc ammo which wound around their chest and was fed into the gun. John Strong back-flipped over the gate, which was not so high as to prevent this manoeuvre. He landed behind the lethargic guard who was staring into an electronic entertainment device observing the latest sporting event.

Suddenly his head snapped right and he gazed away from the device all happening too rapidly to elicit a surprised reaction as John Strong broke his neck.

Strong moved with catlike agility along the tops of the myriad guardhouses scattered in a perimeter around the central tower and its power cable which ran underground to a hydro- electric dam buried deep under the former Paradis, now 'Infernal' the place surrounding villages spoke of in hushed whispers as 'The Accursed Land' and trembled over what seemed to be their inevitable fate that of crushing servitude and the expropriation of all their earthly goods to be sold at auction to Abba's co-conspirators black magician mages who hid behind the hidden hand of earthly political machinations driven by some dark force that goaded them on towards a project of unending chaos. Strong was wearing a tinfoil hat under his wetsuit which buffered the electromagnetic fields which may have thwarted him from his task through inculcating in his mind different thoughts and emotions which, in such close proximity to the tower may have driven him mad. The guards who patrolled widdershins around the tower wore specialized helmets that transmitted into their brain certain voltage of electricity which kept them in a state of hyper-alertness. In spite of this Strong remained as yet unseen. Nearby the central tower he espied a toolshed which may contain what he needed, means of severing or at least destroying the cable through it was encased in a specialized material, an alloy of super hard metal and ceramic which could apparently withstand most coarse implements. Investigating the toolshed which was locked only with an easily pickable pin and tumbler combination lock that he used his lock picks and specially hones skills to enter. He observed mainly garden tools and bags of cement along with smaller bits and pieces of electrical wire and various electronics arranged in trays along the bench which bordered the shed's interior. Just as he was scouring the shed for suitable materials a Negro guard entered with a yawn. John quickly hid himself behind the door and blended seamlessly into the darker interior in his wetsuit. The Negro uncorked a bottle and fell to, leering with greed as he quaffed the liquor which gave off a pungent and malodourous scent reminiscent of rotten fruit and chemicals. Strong acted quickly and impaled the Negro in the back of the neck while the latter, still oblivious to his fate though now dying continued to make the motions of drinking while he wiped at what his dimming consciousness understood to be liquor dripping from his mouth but which was actually the vital liquor of most sanguinary quality. Strong lowered the brute to the floor and took up the laser pistol which was affixed to the brute's belt. He knew this would be adequate to penetrate the concrete encasement and sever the cable that kept the populous under mind control. he decided a distraction was needed and, gathering the bottle of liquor as well as some fertilizer and electronics quickly assembled an explosive device that would detonate in the shed once he had repositioned himself atop the roof overlooking the main cable housing.

His radio-controlled detonator was as small as a TV remote and was slipped into his pocket. He quickly exited the shed and ascended the roof springing off adroitly onto other roofs leapfrogging back towards

his destination. He flipped the activation switch which exploded the shed causing all the guards to go rushing in the direction of the explosion. He extracted his laser pistol and blasted three quick blasts on high power in rapid succession which demolished the housing and concealed cable beneath. Testing the results he removed his tinfoil hat and detected no signs of artificial interference with his ordinary mentation. Mission accomplished. He radioed to Mr. Roncesvale and Kristos to move in with the armaments as he hurled primed grenades in a 360 degree radius to exacerbate the chaos and distraction thereby drawing the guards away from their posts towards the source of the noise and enabling the duo with their assistants and weapons cache to go to their wet work on the beast guards. The sounds of laser pistols rattled and echoed through the night as searchlights danced wildly around seeking purchase. Cries rang out and occasional laser blasts were heard.

Kristos had decided that a meeting with Abba was necessary and that he alone could take down his nemesis who was also his father. He wound his way up the craggy pass which diverged from the entrance delegating the task of the peasant rebellion's leadership to its rightful hero Mr. Roncesvale and girded himself for battle with the enemy who had been the sole cause of the harm which had befallen both himself and the denizens of Paradis. He vowed he would avenge the wrongs which his father had imposed upon the populace through Abba's destruction – it was the only way to kill a kingdom – to kill a king especially one as malevolent as Abba whose accumulation of evil lore manifested itself outwardly in the tyranny he oversaw in his dark tower and the empire he sought to create for the overlordship of the world. Winding his way up he was beset by many pitfalls and a circling horde of vulture-like creatures with hooked bills and wild bloodshot eyes which constantly darted at him as he neared the summit but which were beaten off through his surrounding himself with a protective aura that allowed no evil to enter within it. As he neared the summit however this translucent orb began to wane in its strength as the power of Abba's malevolence increased in proximity to his tower. He approached the gates and was set upon by two burly beast guards who brandished metal beams with hooks protruding from their ends, their faces dark as pitch revealing a grimace of yellow fangs. They circled and intermittently swept their hooked beams with great rapidity which Kristos darted away from.

One of the pair had his hook embed itself in a rock it was swung with such intensity and, attempting to extricate it from the fissured crevice it had snagged on was not quick enough to pull out his black dagger from its hauberk before Kristos sent a ball of electrical energy from out of his hand at the creature who immediately vibrated with the intensity of the voltage as acid wisps of smoke wafted from its scorched flesh. The remainder had his black metal dagger out and dove for Kristos even as another ball of electrical lightning met its heavy body and discharged itself over its course causing a writhing paroxysm of muscular tremor with the same smoke emitting from its reeking flesh. Kristos ran for the gate as the portcullis fell to bar his entry but managed to dash beneath its knife-like ends which embedded themselves in grooves with a crash. He had gained entry into the tower of Abba and now had only to find the mage before he achieved the victory over Mr. Roncesvale and the peasantry. Climbing yet further into the recesses of the tower Kristos ascended a spiralling staircase leading into the interior of the castle where his heightened intuition detected the malevolent dark energies of the sorcerer whose power had seemed to increase relative to what Kristos recalled from his last meeting when his dawning consciousness was still in its infancy.

Turning a corner he stopped dead before a heavy door of black metal and knew Abba must be behind. Surprisingly it was open and he could see through the crack upon peeping behind the door. He witnessed Abba perambulating around a pentagram with those same candles of human fat as when Kristos in his dawning consciousness was brought into creation by his progenitor.

Now this same was again invoking some dark entity as he stopped facing a large window cut into the tower and cried: 'Mal-kal-zebo-nama!' which he repeated with increasing volubility seven times, his

hands and arms raised making a 'V' shape with feet together toes pointed outwards. 'I call upon thee oh Nama, spirit of ancient chaos, to enter into the pentagram – enter in so that I may grow mighty with power! I offer to thee O' Nama, this young child!' So saying he brought out from behind a metal chair a bruised and battered youth who was riddled with wounds over his body, his face pale and ghostly and only able to stand it seemed to Kristos through being under the magnetic influence of Abba. 'Oh Nama, chaos of ancient days, I beseech thee – harken unto me Abba of the steppes now mighty ruler of Paradis – enter into the pentagram that I may obtain great power!' So saying he flung the child, who was chained by his ankle to an iron ring in the floor, into the midst of the pentagram who then crumpled lifelessly upon the stones as Abba had apparently removed his magnetic influence which was holding the abused and mutilated child erect. Abba rushed to the pentagram as a dark force manifested itself over the child which though seemingly impossible grew more ashen and its bloody wounds ceased to show a rubicund nature as the dark being imbibed its vital elixir.

Abba positioned himself over the child and extracted his sacrifice knife, that same which he had used to murder the boy whose spirit had become part of Kristos and whose other spirit, purified of vampiric evil, was the demon that Abba had first invoked to create from a marionette a Real Live Boy who was Kristos.

Just as Abba was finishing his cadence of 'Nama, Ka-ta-zebo-ra-ta-nama' in monotone, Kristos jumped into the room from behind the door, recalling that his own earlier fate had occurred in just such circumstances and that he must save this boy to save himself. He concentrated and hurled a ball of electric lightning at Abba who immediately went into spasms of uncontrollable strain still holding his sacrifice aloft. The dark shape that was Nama ceased its waiting to partake of the boy's vital elixir to an even greater extent and turned against Abba whose sizzling flesh and ululating scream was exacerbated through Nama entering into him and absorbing his soul from within. Transfixed Abba stared through dead eyes as Nama vampirized his life force. 'Nnnnooo!' he cried in anguished helplessness and he saw his life ebbing before his gaze. He stared as Kristos entered the room yet further and traced a chalk mark closing the pentagram. The demon Nama raged inside the pentagram while Abba lifeless fell to the ground with the now dead boy who was too late to be saved. The trio exploded or rather imploded it seemed leaving nothing but a smudge mark.

Just then Mr. Roncesvale and John Strong entered at the head of a group of peasants singing a victory song to the march of a side drum. They opened wide the door and stared at Kristos as he turned to meet their gaze: 'We have attained eternity,' he said, 'good will always prevail over evil and the path of destiny tread by evil is that of extinction.'