



WHIRLFLUX

THE TEXTAMENT

“Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me; the new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with; it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting.”

Book of Isaiah, 1:13

“Lord Krishna said: you are mourning for those not worthy of sorrow; yet speaking like one knowledgeable. The learned neither lament for the dead or the living.”

The Bhagavad Gita, 2:11

“But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking.”

Gospel of Matthew, 6:7

“If you ask me if there exists another world [after death], if I thought that there exists another world, would I declare that to you? I don't think so. I don't think in that way. I don't think otherwise. I don't think not. I don't think not not.”

Samaññaphala Sutta

“...and are you undecided about certain other things, which you might think rather ridiculous, such as hair, mud, dirt, or anything else particularly vile and worthless?”

Plato, Parmenides, [130c]

“Thus it is plain, they must prefer iron to either silver or gold.”

Thomas More, Utopia, Book II

Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat gray-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair.”

John Keats, Hyperion, ll. 3-5



"The chief consolation for Nature's shortcomings in regard to Man is that not even God can do all things. For He cannot, even if He should so wish, commit suicide, which is the greatest advantage He has given man among all the great drawbacks of life."

Pliny the Elder





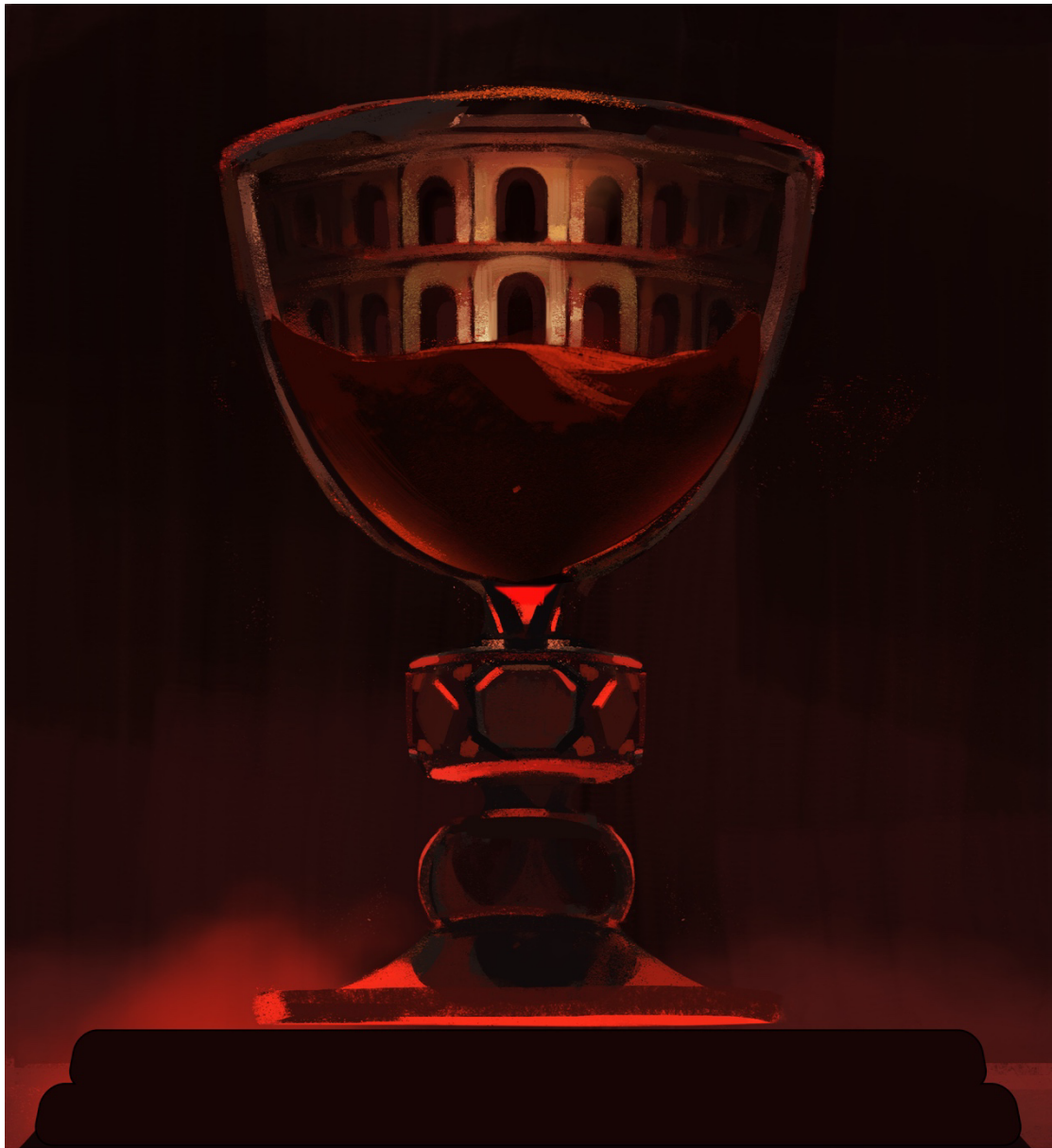
Gods need priests to feed them and prophets to speak on their behalf. Harmless idols have painted idiots murmuring in their name, raising the rotting meat and the fermented drink to their lips of stone. But a god of living malice must employ minions far more sinister and superior.

Such a minion of such a god was Abaddon, reaver of all things mortal. But the harvest served no purpose: the wheat and the chaff alike went into an infernal mill. His master was a demon of infinite device and caprice: Thearchon.



Mortals! Cattle raised not for their meat, but for their groans and tears! Whenever they grew proud and numerous, Abaddon culled them for sport. Thearchon watched the sacrifices from His silken throne, enjoying the spectacle. His heart throbbed like a clock eternal and numbers beyond measure perished with every beat.

Mortals made strange noises and motions in the throes of death, but Abaddon felt no compassion for them. Seraphs cannot weep for maggots. Such is the great chain of being, simple and unchanging and just.



Behold the winepress of Thearchon's wrath.

The sinners are cast into an amphitheatre of crystal. Here, clockwork titans crush them into pulp with hammers and sceptres. Red and golden ichor flows free, like juice from trodden grapes. Thearchon parts the curtain of clouds to enjoy the spectacle. His eyes are suns twain, blinding mortals who pray for grace.

Lack of zeal is their cardinal sin. The winepress is for mortals who worship Him with lukewarm love only. Thearchon is a jealous lord, who prefers honest hate to imperfect love.