

Pandemonium

It is a bitter rain that falls into the puny square of a puny village on the bitter outskirts of a puny outer territory of the great big New World Order. It is the year 2. It is cold but the rain has not yet turned to snow and from the nature of the trees, and the huts, and the ground, and the hills we can tell that this village is somewhere in northern Europe. Well, they don't call it Europe anymore. The square is beset on all sides by Churches, except the northern face, which borders the mayor's house. To clarify, there are three separate Churches—and the mayor's house. He is a very old man. Before the Beginning he had been a farmer, the hardest-working one on the continent—and the poorest too, of course. The Regime had deemed him a Seeded Immunity and so he was put in line to be mayor of this town. Presently we see at the mayor's house a third floor window explode from the inside and we see his skinny old body come flying out and we see it land in the mud goddammit. At the window a group of scoundrel men and scoundrel women with crazy warlord eyes are screaming into the rain, beating their chests and their thighs and waving fists there and about. The mayor's term is now over. He was appointed after his predecessor, the Sacrifa Primera, got his head bashed in by his 15 year old daughter. As the Scoundrels start to bury the mayor with his bedroom furniture, a flash of light rips across the pitterpatter muddy rain and cuts the screaming for a moment. The Scoundrels freeze, clutching the sofa that was about to become the mayor's tombstone. It would have worked rather well I think. The rumble follows. A bomb has gone off across the square, at the Church of Red. Then another. The southern tower collapses, crunching through the rotten wood rafters, smashing the flimsy buttresses and the church that began this night Red like Paint is now the color of Fire. A sea of bodies all wearing red begins to pour out of the large oak doors of the Church. The stumbling crowd spills toward the center of the square. The Scoundrels at their perch stop to watch, for what happens next will be important tomorrow. You see, the attack on the Church of Red was most certainly orchestrated by the Church of Blue to the left, or the Church of White to the right, but there is only manpower to retaliate on one. And if they choose wrong, well, then goddammit. Two men dressed in blue and white have appeared at the balconies of their respective parapets and begin to shout in the funny singsong wails that tend to plague human religions traditions. The wailing and moaning are accusations of the other, to be heard the swarm of Reds. The Scoundrels are back at their war cries. The bitter rain is still at it. Pitter patter and the crackle of the Fire at the House of Red.