“How could I not be spiritual? The Gods have answered my prayers and shown themselves to me”, shouted Olkithia. Their large hooves borrowing themselves into the ground. Three verstat tried to hold them down, but their frail arms made little resistance to the koruun might.   
“You’re a heretic”, shouted an old koruun standing in front of them,” Gods have abandoned us, as much as we abandoned them.”   
“But it is true. I saw them with my own eyes. Gila, Monsfath and Horus were there. I know it is true.”  
“It can’t be true, and you know it!”, their voice raised to loudness never before heard, “They could have been Daemons for all you knew!”  
“But it was them”, Olikhia shouted, as they were dragged to the stacke, “It was them!”

The central square of the city looked a lot like a bazar, in usual circumstances. Today it looked more like a stage. All kinds of people stood here. Murkiin, with their feline faces and sharp claws, some coulkhiir, with their strange beaks and feathery wings, verstat, looking as frail as a ghost, baa, humanoid, but not quite human with their big eyes and stocky figure, of course humans and off course koruun, as large as 3 cows stacked together in a cupboard. They are to burn one of their own for heresy. Which is unusual, given that they have no spiritual institution, or a religion in general.

The fire burned bright. Going high, as if trying to reach the sky itself in forgiveness. Yet, all it got was screams of unnatural proportions. Stack victims generally died fast to the fire, but not this one. They stood in defiance to the person that wronged them. That made them the way they were. And denied them an easy victory. They were not the only person planned to be burned, but more and more firewood had to be used on them. So, the rest were sent off to prison now.

“How wasteful.”, said Venus, a baa with a strangely human mind, “It would have been better to just hang them of chop their head off.”  
“You never stop amusing me.”, said the scribe, myself in another time.  
“Why is that amusing? I made no effort to make it a joke.”  
“Well, I never meant it to make fun of you, but your thoughts are so strange to me.”  
“How’s that?”  
“In this instant, the fire is more symbolic. To purge them of evil.”  
“It confuses me how can fire purge evil? It just kill’s the bitch, like any other method.”  
“It is not for me to judge, my friend. Come, let us enjoy the festivities of this city, before more trouble comes our way.”