“Father, I am apprehensive about this. How do you know that this is what The One meant? Surely, He must have meant something else. Something less dramatic than death.”

The older man raised an eyebrow and he hastily corrected himself. “Chairman, how can we be sure of the High Priest’s divination? I do not mean to be insolent, sir, I just wish to be certain before we proceed.”

“Insolent? You dare question the divine dreams of the High Priest? Chairman, he may be your son but he too must respect the ways of our order,” she declared. “It would be nothing short of an honor to die for The One and He will see my devotion and sacrifice to Him and reward me justly after the Coming.”

“Enough. It has already been decided, son. We will drink the blood of Him and we will ascend to the Beyond. We will begin with the High Priest and I, and then down to every child in compound who will receive a taste and pass onto the Beyond.”

The chairman sat down on his throne, the High Priest standing next to him with a vial of golden liquid. Uncorking it gently, he handed the small bottle to the Chairman and watched expectantly. The Chairman drank all of it and leaned back on his chair.