

An Audience with the Anti-God

by Anonymous

The witching hour drew near on All-Hallow's eve. In the autumn chill of a moonless night, in a land forsaken by God, all was silent but the crying of the wolf and the howling of the wind. Only a tiny handful of leaves remained on the trees, which could barely be seen adorning the branches if looked at from a distance. Within the depths of a swamp stood a building of stone, jutting defiantly from the murk, slightly overgrown and weathered from years of age. T'was a holy place, an old chapel built to Saint Reinhardt, a place where the beast-races which had overrun the once-hospitable country dared not to tread.

Within the building on that dark night, Victor Redthorne, Warlock of Vril, and his accomplice and Medium, Morgan Vain, had prepared the ritual of remote viewing, to make contact with beings beyond the black abyss of space and time, to speak directly with God himself. Blasphemy, put simply, but desperate times called for desperate measures. Indeed, these were the worst of days, for the prophecy inscribed long ago had begun to come true: "When the man-beast and the chimera and the loathsome parasite wander the land, when they feast upon human flesh and wade through the entrails of the innocents, when they turn the green fields red with the blood of children, shall God return to crush the monsters and bring peace to the land..."

However, the bloodshed after the invasion had continued unopposed for three long years, and the Warlock thought it unwise to sit back as their world bled to death.

"Are you certain this will work?" Morgan queried, her voice sounding exacerbated, "It would be a shame for this preparation to be for naught."

"I haven't any clue," answered Redthorne, "but what other choice have we got?"

"We could just stay here, and forget about the world. To hell with those fools, they're just two-legged cattle, all of them. They

don't deserve our help. Why take the risk?"

Victor turned to her, a look of stern determination on his face, "If you care so little, why come this far? Just help me, then you can go and get drunk on wine and forget all of this."

Morgan shrugged, "Very well, let's get this over with."

It is well known that, on the night of All-Hallow's eve, the spirit world is closest with the physical world, and perhaps, with enough luck, this could allow them to succeed at their mission, and bring an end to the carnage.

It was a risky endeavor, which could result in the Warlock's physical and spiritual death. Remote viewing is achieved by separating the spirit from the body while the body continues to live, and requires someone in the physical world to act as a beacon to guide the spirit back. Morgan would act as the Medium, and Redthorne would be the viewer.

By the light of fourteen black candles, Victor focused his Vril and, with one final glance at Morgan, entered a deep trance, his spirit detaching from it's home of flesh and blood. As he watched the earth sink down beneath him, he knew there was no turning back.

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Across the astral sea his spirit flew, at the speed of light and beyond. Around him the tides of madness and pure energy swirled and crashed, rays of Vril arced through his spirit-body, searing him to his core. His sight became smell, smell became hearing, hearing became touch, touch became taste, taste became sight, only for them all to reverse an instant later. A normal person would be driven mad by such shock, but the strength of determination can help one overcome what would seem impossible.

Suddenly everything was still and black, and in the darkness, Victor saw what looked like a humanoid moving toward him. Dressed in a White robe, a tall man stood in the abyss, meeting his gaze, albeit in a rather peculiar fashion. Where a human head should have been were three interlocking rings of

flesh, each with many eyes lining the outsides, and within the center was a flame, burning brightly. From the descriptions of ancient texts, the Warlock recognized it as a holy angel. He was awestruck at the sight of this aberration.

The angel spoke, "I know why you have come, Warlock. You seek an audience with God, to have him do your bidding. At one time, it would have been blasphemy to commit such an act, but now it is simply foolhardy." The supreme being paused, then continued, "However, I shall grant your request. Behold, look upon what little remains of your God!"

An opening appeared in the void, and through the spectral window was the gold and silver throne of God himself, but stained and tarnished such that it shined no more. Upon the seat was a withered carcass, its eyes sunken, its skin grey, its hair wispy and thin, its robes dusty and old. On its head, it wore a crown with seven rubies inlaid.

Victor's heart sank. This corpse, its appearance was exactly that of God's, according to the old texts! Could this really be the God who was going to save them?

"Would you like to see the God which took his place?" the angel asked.

Next to the vision of the old God, there opened another spectral window, and within it was a sight of pure horror. In a great lake of blood and entrails was a huge mountain of flesh, made of the mangled and twisted limbs and torsos of humans and animals. In the center was a gigantic head of a bull, but with a misshapen skull and eyes which were unevenly-set. From the lake of gore, the monstrosity plucked out human souls with its many limbs, and swallowed them whole while uttering otherworldly cries.

"This is your God now, Warlock! Perhaps not a God, but an Anti-God, the God of consumption, of gluttony, of rot, the only God to whom the people of the physical realm still pray to. To fill your stomach until it is bursting, to drink until you vomit, to prey upon the defenseless, to engage in perverse acts, and to corrupt the child, these are its commandments."

The Warlock found it nigh impossible to comprehend, "This useless, writhing mass of filth surely cannot be a God! This is a wretched, loathsome thing, the idol of an idiot!"

"It is indeed your God," the angel answered, "for this is what the people place their faith in, and in this realm, faith makes law. Your old God is dead."

Victor was stunned. Dumbstruck, he simply asked, "But...how?"

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Morgan had been concentrating for what seemed like centuries, determined not to allow her accomplice to become lost when returning to his body.

How much longer must I keep this up? She wondered to herself, growing exhausted from the strain that the spell was putting on her. At this rate, it will be morning by the time he comes back...

Just then, she felt herself being shaken, and Victor was there, conscious again, grasping her shoulders. He turned and poured himself a glass of wine from a bottle sitting nearby.

The Medium pried, "So? What happened? What of the prophecy? Did you even find anything out there?"

"God is not coming to save us," the Warlock answered, "Nobody is coming to save us."

He recounted to her what had happened; the vision of the old God, the Anti-God and his hellish dimension, and the grave message the angel gave him.

"There was a third vision he showed me," Victor continued, "He showed me what the world will look like if the beast-folk wipe us out; a barren wasteland, devoid of intelligence and completely feral, as if ran by mere animals. They wish to consume us wholly, and they care not for the outcome!"

"Of course," the Medium retorted, "Such is the way of wretched parasites like them, devouring all in their path until there is nothing left. Did you expect anything different?"

Victor continued, "There will be no trace of us, as if we were never here. There will be no one to mourn us, no graves to visit, no ruins to excavate..."

Redthorne felt a looming sense of dread, as well as the heavy weight of his own mortality bearing down on him. He wanted to drink the wine glass in one gulp, to try to drown his fear and sorrow, but he could not bring himself to do it. The final words of the angel kept echoing in his mind, "Men have only themselves to blame for their torment, they are their own jailors. The Anti-God was a creation of men, the men of the world who forsook their faith in their old God, and instead chose to worship their stomachs and their perversions. It is you humans who created this icon of gluttony, and it is your fault that he now preys upon your souls. So when you eat your fill and drink until you are intoxicated, rejoice! For your belching and wailing and gagging are like hymns to your lord! Remember, one day, he too shall sing you a song, as he feasts upon your soul!"

Morgan took the wine bottle from his hand, and instead of pouring a glass, drank straight from the bottle.

"Of course," she sighed, "So it was all just a waste of time. Bah! Damn this world, damn every fool who got us into this mess, and damn me for bothering to try and help..."

A faint smile crossed her lips, but her sad eyes betrayed it as a gesture made in bad-faith. She slumped down in a nearby chair, and took another drink from the bottle.

Outside the building, the last of the autumn leaves had blown away in the cold winds, and even the wolf remained silent, at the witching hour of that hallowed night.

To be continued?