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Apocalypse

What follows is a vision of the future shown to me in an hour of contemplation of the history of our violent race. Before me stood the ancient ruins of a long abandoned temple. From here, where i set, on a hill high above, I look at the fallen columns of a long dead society. The wind blows gently across the overgrown stones and the sun glows brightly at high noon.

Quietly, from behind a voice, asks, "What do you see?"

When I turn to answer, "The fallen remnants of a long dead peoples" the voice commands me not to turn and look upon it.

"Do not look upon me, only trust that I am here, Fear not I have something I wish to show you." The voice said

From behind I could feel it's warmth and see it's glow flow past me. I was not afraid, it's presence soothed me more than I have ever known.

"Close your eyes." It said

I immediately did as it desired.

When the voice commanded "Opened your eyes" laid out before me I saw the old temple ruins completely restored and teeming with life. The temple had six upright columns and statue of an ancient Greek god inside.

"What do you see?" The voice asked

"The temple restored, with people."

"Look again."

This time I looked closer. The people walking about, talking, buying and selling, protesting, shouting, and fighting only superficially looked like people. Sure, they had arms and legs, heads and bodies, hair, skin and teeth; but they were not quite right. Some of the heads were too big, some hands had claws, and some with mouths with pointed teeth, and some with two faces! "What is this?" I asked

"Watch." The voice answered

In the street, in front of the now new and upright columns stood a group of men, with stone faces, and muscles to match, they took turns swiping at each other to bring blood through their amour skin. When a passer-by moved too close they took swipes at them. They would draw there magnificent weapons and strike the pillars, chunks of stone fell from the temple supports. They kept striking until the pillar, the object of their aggression finally fell. The group was crushed beneath it.

"What does that mean?" I asked the voice

"All will be revealed, at the right times, now watch."

When the first pillar fell, the broken bodies of the warriors were attacked and dismembered by a small group of huge creature, with rolling waves of fat and long sharp teeth, They tore into the flesh and stole the gleaming weapons. Together they gathered around a second pillar, jostling and bumping each other for space, but remaining in a tight group. The huge bodies hitting and bouncing off the pillar, with every impact the pillar weakened and cracked, until the pillar could no longer take

the abuse and finally fell, crushing their large bodies.

Out from their fold of fat, clothed in the finest of fabric, burst forth coins of gold and silver, and other documents of their wealth. All around the courtyard the poor snatched up handfuls of wealth and fled into the countryside.

A group of beings came running to the fallen beasts. They wore bright white flowing garments, and had jewels for eyes. They were tall, taller than anyone else, but were bones covered with wrinkled flesh, bony skeletons for hands, and had perfect white teeth in sunken skulls. They hovered for a few moments over the fallen, and then quickly knelt to help,

In urgency and haste, they speared their white robes with the dead's bright red blood. As they worked, some of the fallen bodies began to move, to breath, and to stand. The blood soaked saviors began to resurrect the fallen mounds. To both their joy, they all began dancing around the columns. Then slowly one by one the hulks began to grab their chest and fall.

At first the resurrectors showed only mild concern, and very little for the smaller ones. When the larger ones began to fall the resurrectors began to panic. Finally, the largest of them all began to show distress. The resurrectors gathered around him, screaming at and to each other. In it's final death agony the greatest of them all fell against a third pillar, and brought it down on resurrected and resurrectors alike.

Around a third column a group of short creatures with over sized heads stood looking at the broken bodies. Perplexed at what could have caused the pillars to fall, they pulled out

a great number of instruments to record and study, to measure and weigh, to hypothesize, and conjecture. They produced tools to drill into the pillar, to chip away at it, to dissolve to material. What could have made it fall? That asked themselves. They continued to drill and cut and slice and poke and pry, until, to their astonishment, the fourth pillar fell on them, scattering their instruments, which, with or without their users continued to record and measure and hypothesis and conjecture.

"I don't get it" I said to the voice

The voice said nothing more but "Watch and learn."

After this a group of children walked by, being lead by a teacher. This teacher carried a book of questions, with letters for each answers. "What is that, what is this, why is that, why is this, explain, discuss, answer, answer, answer!" It kept saying. But none of the children could answer. "It is the judgment of God" one of the children said. "Wrong" announced the teacher. "You are a stupid child, no one believes that kind of garbage anymore." The teacher said. The other children gathered around the teacher for the correct answer while the other child ran away crying.

"One of those pillars should fall on that teacher." I said to the voice

"It will." said the Voice And the pillar did indeed fall on the teacher and the remaining children alike.

Among the mangled bodies and broken stone, a rush of frenzied activity began. A group of workmen began to build a platform and decorate it with brightly colored crate paper.