

Bird man

The Temple of Light

“Kernwy slit the chicken’s throat filling up gold tankards with blood for Diviciacus to drink.

This was all wrong Kernwy thought.

There was nothing in the rituals of The Temple of Light about this; this was akin to imported Earth Voodooism.

Yet still Diviciacus drank deeply and belched at the end.

“There is much profit from drinking warm blood of a sacrificial victim.”

Kernwy thought what profit was there in drinking chicken blood apart from Diviciacus had been told it restored vitality.

Why Kernwy looked at the dark priest standing very still behind his master and was reminded of the young boy they had drugged and drained of his blood last week.

They were just make believe vampires.

An the boy still lay on a cold marble slab behind that very screen in front of Kernwy for Diviciacus to examine his entrails for omens; the sick crazy blooming priest.

The only omen that was present was General Ce-Ra, death.

And Kernwy's guilt knew they deserved death for their murders.

Diviciacus was no longer fit to be High Priest of the Temple of Light which was meant to teach spirit flight and possession for those seeking the Creator, Dispater God.

Dispater, a figure head to unite all the religions of the empire to stop religious wars. But since mankind had traveled deep space it had become apparent that there was an intelligent force radiating through dark space, unseen and throbbing.



Illustration 42: Dispater was the Imperial god that was the emperor who never made a single star.

Dispater?

And the problem for mankind was how to tap into it?

The answer was spirit flight and possession.

Enlightenment, a feeling of oneness with the universe of being with god.

“This is our god,” “no ours,” “this is not god,” “our holy books say nothing of this?” And so the religious men argued as religion waned.

And then some bright emperor flicked through his computer history files after giving the machine the problem.

And Constantine was the answer, a Roman Emperor who had the same problem and who took on the new religion of the Christians as a unifying force.

So be it then, the empire needed a new imperial religion with a new name.

And chose the name Dispater and gave him the emperor a church The Temple of Light as his own.

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That had been three thousand years ago.

Diviciacus had strayed far.

And Kernwy had slit the boy's throat, wrists and ankles and Diviciacus put his mouth to the wounds drinking the hot blood.

"We are common murderers," Kernwy.

And dreamed of the day he would be High Shaman, the day of appointed cleaning and HE Kernwy would cleanse Dispater's church.

How he longed to drive a short sword into Diviciacus's soft guts.

Then allow Diviciacus to examine his own ebb of blood to foretell his short future.

DEATH.

Yet Dispater had been corrupted and entwined with the One God of all life so that when ordinary people thought of the Creator they saw Dispater.

The dividing line was slim.

This was imperial policy; Dispater brought unity to the empire and could be worshiped in many guises.

But some still saw the Creator as separate, as God and nothing else. They did not attend religious services, did not read holy books, just ordinary folk at heart carrying on daily ordinary lives.

Like Boudicca.

Spirit flight was no attraction. To her god made all things as the Creator through

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evolution. She didn't worship him in the Temple of Light but by being kind and caring; and used his name many times. She ate, she drank, and she had sex with men, enjoyed life. She knew who she was and was not a searcher of light; the light was already in her

There were billions like her.

And like her father Tzu Strath, the empire came first until the Peace marriage. It was her body and no one else's. The empire with its rotten top could go to hell.

It was the ordinary citizen who minded his own business she cared for. The families that would suffer under a Madrawt invasion. The kids, the father who worked split shifts for a miserable wage, the wife who cleaned nights, the real sufferers of failed economic policies.

And now she had met the Bird man."

V. Lukas, Religions of the
Empire.