

Oneghus

Darkness

**SOUND
SILENCE OF A TOMB**

Wong, Icon, Cullen, Estor and Fluke were apprehensive. Had followed Oneghus into the mist. Inside, immediately they had to fight ectoplasm, demons, hideous creatures, until all sucked into a black void.

Here tumbled, floated, rolled, and drifted until the void settled. They could hear wailing and teeth gnashing.

“Welcome to hell,” Wong but no one heard.

“Only my fat keeps me warm,” Cullen.

“I feel sick,” Estor.

“Doomed to the end of time,” Icon thinking of women.

Then Fluke gestured for them too look. It was difficult to keep one’s line of vision on focus, but eventually all managed to see Oneghus on Light led by two black robed beings.

Gray wings protruded from these creatures and each carried a trident.

“They are heading towards that red glow,” Wong forgetting none could hear.

They all knew it would take till the end of time at this tumbling rate to reach Light, in this void of emptiness where Love and Light are very faint.

Then Icon strapped each of their belts to another so they each pulled another along.

“But how are those dark angels managing?” Estor thought.

And the thought was heard by his friends.

So they stumbled across the answer: solid pads of crinkling ectoplasm, so black that they merged into the void.

“I hope these things take my weight,” Cullen and was heard but not by the ear.

Wong could see the angels communicate and it was obvious they were the subject.

“How do they do it?” He asked.

Now weaponry floated past and quietly Slayer’s army rushed by on the far right, heading for that red glow.

“So fast?” Wong and Icon.

“It is telepathic,” Estor having a guess for he had heard Wong in his *mind* and was near the truth.

“They were in the void the darkness from whence spirit folk must pass as beacons of light to reach the material planes of Earth and Hesse. A world of the mind, the mind of what?” A whisper.

And so Oneghus and his captors seemed able to flash by as Slayer’s army.

“We must veer right too,” Icon pulling the belts.

“Stay on the pads,” Wong alarmed Icon’s rashness would pull them all off.

Then a handful of demons on the right rushed by carrying Joshua.

And more demons and more and more and more and more and more.

“What gives with this place?” Wong.

“This is the Outer Darkness, hell,” Fluke who being an Innocent knew his scriptures.

“More like the North Pole,” Icon shivering.

“Well then we must hurry to that red glow for that must mean heat,” Wong.

“Yes and how lonely it is the traffic has stopped,” Estor quipped.

And Fluke shivered from the cold and from what he imagined what fires made that heat.

SOUND

**It was in fact about to become very noisy
For spirits communicate with each other**

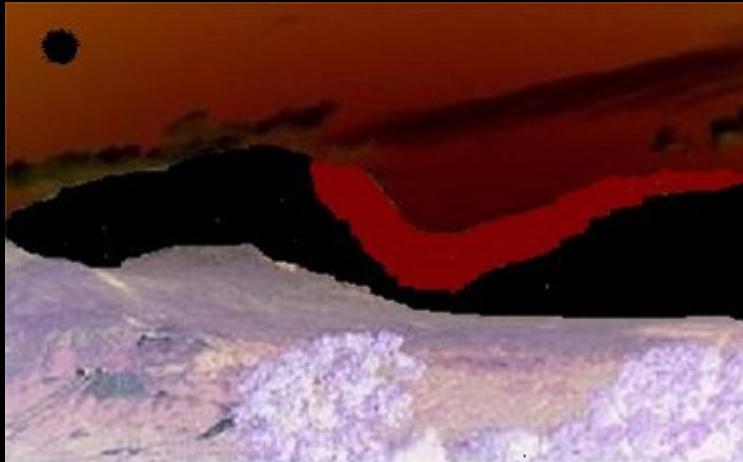
And have heaps to talk about
Like what you do when you
Think you are alone?

Yes the demons were out in
force



And it was not for the heroes?

Even in darkness LIGHT or darkness would not exist



A land of ice and darkness

