

54 EPIC MESS

Hours later, Adam finished his account of the past twelve thousand years and being flabbergasted the only thing Godriel could come up with was, “Why are you still living in a blasted tent? Build me a temple! Now, where’s Abel?”

Godriel needed to unload and maybe get a little sympathy. He turned to projected-Lilikee.

“Adam went through my clinical files! He thought he could go down there and create another baseline of red-haired giants. Of course he could not! But, what he did find was that he could not only mingle with a host body but take up residence!

“It makes perfect sense that he would be able to inhabit because their DNA is practically identical. But when Noah found out about it, well, then Noah convinced Adam that it was my plan from the beginning for them to inhabit vessels and control the planet!

“If that wasn’t bad enough, Adam wouldn’t stop going on about some ridiculous gold box! I’m exhausted from the account! He even gave it some highfalutin appellation—Arc of the..., Arc of the Covenant. Can you believe that?

“I am not happy about that box. It reminds me of the other Lilikee and her box!” Godriel relayed with repugnance in his tone to projected-Lilikee whom he was now using like a therapist. He lay on his soft leather sofa with his left forearm covering his eyes as therapist-Lilikee sat on a chair next to him. “What is it with these idiots and their boxes? It’s like an intellectual disability. The main takeaway, however, is the fact that they can inhabit these creatures and are ruling multitudes through them.

“This revelation is not without its benefits for me, but is certainly not my plan for them. I am to rule here. Me! I must again begin implementation of the master protocol and fully complete the baseline so I can take a vessel for myself. But I need to get all of my mutations back to my domain. How am I going to do that? I can’t pull them all out against their will and try to institute a mass change in their allegiance. That would no doubt create vehement dissension in the ranks with even greater mutinous consequences. No, for now I will seek out Abel.”

Godriel found Abel on a land-bridge connecting El Septent and Al Meridiem in the lush rain forest of a depressed basin. He inhabited the king of this region named Coyopa and had started a large settlement in the basin. Instead of yanking him out, Godriel visited Abel’s dream that night.

Abel saw his father and laid down face-flat on the ground with arms spread out and had a loving tone, “Father, I am your most faithful and obedient servant.”

Unlike Cain, Abel knows who his father is and what obedience is. “My beloved son Abel, I am pleased with what you are doing here and will guide you to even greater glory. I will bestow you all the knowledge needed to start the great work.” Godriel waved his hand and a gleaming city was visible with giant platforms having summit pyramids, temples, and causeways as far as the eye could see. “Abel, I set you to action.”

When Adam was finished with his temple, Godriel drifted down, taking mist with him and inhabited the structure and inspected every square inch. “It reeks of burnt animals but it is done well. Still, Adam, your insubordination necessitates punishment. You invaded my personal property. You deserted your post. You incited mutiny. You renamed my world! Leave the vessel, Adam.”

Adam knelt before Godriel, with Abel by his side. “I plead mercy for my vessel.”

“Uh huh, I am given to understand that after your departure, the vessel suffered a break with reality. Not my problem. What is my problem, Adam, is that mutations are all over my puny planet inhabiting vessels doing infernum knows what!

“Furthermore, Adam, I have come to know that Cain lied about the pyramids being

monuments in my honor. I found that Noah and Fortis have had a monopoly on Egypt for millennia and they erected the pyramids in honor of deities of their own invention. It matters not that you attempted to sway their belief system—” Godriel snapped his fingers several times.

“Akhenaten,” contributed Abel.

“Right, Akhenaten. Unfortunately, it seems that you were overly infatuated with that harlot queen—” Godriel snapped his fingers again.

“Nefertiti,” added Abel with a scorning tone.

“You have always been weak when it comes to females, Adam. She, too, eventually saw you as feeble and conspired to have you killed. In fact, if it weren’t for your philandering with subspecies, I would have a paradise of mutations living on my planet and I would be well on my way to gold insertion! So, you tried to cover your blunders.

“You thought I would be so easily appeased by the pyramids if I believed they were built to worship me. You thought I would forget all about your sins once I saw the grandeur of their spectacle.

“You thought wrong! What you have done is create an epic mess that I somehow have to clean up! You are not worthy to cast your eyes upon me. You may not speak until I allow you. You are confined to quarters until further notice. Guards, take him away!” Godriel looked over at Cain, who was still on the floor face-down.

“The whole situation is making me feel exhausted. Abel, we’re going back to the rain forest. I feel comfortable there. Lilikee, my dear drone, you and your drone team will maintain your duties until I return. Cain, when I return, if I find that you have moved from that position, I will obliterate you!”

Three hundred years later, Godriel arrived back in his office. Cain was still on the floor. He ignored Cain and went to see Adam.

“Adam, you have sinned egregiously against your father. How will you redeem yourself?” Godriel asked coolly.

On his knees and with eyes cast downward, Adam stretched out his arms and unfolded his hands to reveal a miniature version of the golden arc. A pathetic look washed over Godriel’s face as he sighed inwardly.

I spoiled him too much. He was only good for the stud service.

Not speaking a word, Godriel turned and left Adam in that position and went back to Abel in the rainforest.

“Abel, my true, loving son, go now to Adam’s temple and destroy it and that gold box utterly,” Godriel commanded and thought, *At least, I can get rid of that box!*

Once back in the rainforest, Abel often expressed concern over Cain. Abel still loved his twin brother.

“Father, I ask humbly if something can be done on Cain’s behalf. He served thee well and watched over thee lovingly whilst away for so many rotations. His indiscretion was compelled by Adam and was fractional on his part.”

Godriel acquiesced.

“Abel, Cain will be made a king in the region beloved of Adam.”

Abel rejoiced and worshiped his father with endless blood sacrifices.