



## **Ante-Nicene Abyss: 21<sup>st</sup> Century Edition**

*“But my God, they’re in a torrent of fire!” Paul cried out, ready to throw down the field glasses. “How could you?” He looked intently into the tall man’s face.*

A **jeweled chariot** drew humanity to remote sections of the heavens, silently gliding near the vicinity of a black hole’s singularity. Passing vast stores of water in the firmaments, it crossed the starry threshold of ringed systems, and navigated towards new levels of civilization. A purpose of the venture was to make known the truth concerning diverse “maltreatments” allegedly committed in stations of *ABYSSOS*, that dimension of space where offshoots of life had withdrawn in strangely overlooked colonies from long ago.

The possibility of torture was the only thing on Paul’s mind before drifting into a deep sleep trance of floating imagery. Were the disturbing visions real or illusions of subconscious fantasies? Back home, Paul was once accused of making bold statements that his critics interpreted as endorsements of the “cruel conditions” reported in *ABYSSOS*. Now he was going to see what the situation there was really like, with his own eyes.

A noiseless pressure rang in his ears and grew louder and louder until Paul’s eyelids faintly blinked and suddenly opened. Was he awake or in the strangest dream? He felt a stir of dizziness, a hunger, and dryness in his mouth, as if he had been sound asleep for more than an entire day. In fact, many years had passed from the day Paul first left his regular physical dimensions. He slowly lifted himself out of his dried out cot and stepped onto the tarmac platform of *ABYSSOS*.

At the other end of the passageway waited a tall, dark clad figure near a fog of steam. The man in charge, whose forehead was outlined with a protective visor, appeared slightly sad

to Paul, but not menacing. The tall man immediately took Paul to the south of the colony complex, on a railed water supply sealed with seven hydrogen seals, and pointed afar to a line of spotty caverns and serrated craters. He handed his field glasses to Paul.

Paul focused the glasses carefully and suddenly lurched forward, not trusting what he saw. It was nightmarish, like a bad hallucination or painting by Hieronymus Bosch. Darkness, grief, and groaning; Paul saw a bubbling river, and a great crowd of men and women in it. Some were up to the knees, others up to the navel, and many even up to the crown of the head. "Who are these?" Paul quickly asked.

"Unprincipled sex offenders," the tall man replied without looking up.

"But this is not acceptable," Paul protested, his face aghast with alarm. At the southwest of the river he saw another canal, where there flowed a stream of fire, and in it was a multitude of many people. "And who - are they?" Paul gradually asked with the instinct of distrust.

The tall man touched a clock face on the railing in front of him and read from an overhead projection above the passageway window. "Thieves, robbers, burglars," he calmly replied.

"But my God, they're in a torrent of fire!" Paul cried out, ready to throw down the field glasses. "How could you?" He looked intently into the tall man's face.

The stranger shook his head. "I couldn't," he softly sighed and folded his arms.

"What are you talking about?" Paul shouted and stepped back.

"Please sit down," the man in charge firmly insisted. "I have something to say that is going to stun you." Paul rested motionless at the edge of the railing while the tall man bent down and raised his visor.

"Are you Uriel?" Paul asked, rendering a memory in his mind's eye.

"I am," the man replied. "But you must also understand that those people were actually here before we found this place."

"They were already here?" a baffled Paul demanded.

"Look! Over there," Uriel stopped him in mid-sentence. In a distant fiery chasm, a naked young man suddenly dashed up a narrow ravine trail and kicked down some large rocks to form a makeshift barricade. Behind him followed two members of the colony patrol. "It will take them a few more minutes to clear the path," Uriel acquainted Paul with the problem. The nude male swiftly climbed up a precipice and gripped what looked like a protruding twig. Paul lifted the field glasses to his eyes and was at once sickened. The sprout in the cliff was really a coat hanger twisted firmly around a shrub. Without

hesitation, the unclothed man reached into his mouth, dragged hard on his tongue, and punctured it on the gritty wire tip. In a moment of grisliness, the naked man dropped both arms to his sides and let his twitching body swing from his pierced tongue.

“I don’t understand this,” Paul muttered an incoherent exhalation and slowly slumped down.

“They do it to themselves. Self-inflictors, with psychopathic personality disorders,” Uriel’s loud and discernible voice spoke out. “We never harm anyone. Our mission is to search and rescue. Even if they don’t ask for our assistance we immediately send out salvage teams. But most of them resist our help and even threaten to attack us. Nevertheless, we make every possible rescue effort to save what can be saved.”

From the dreary skyline above, the turning shadows of helicopter rotors scurried along the murky topography as the young man’s rescue operation was being carried out. The colony patrol workers were not in fact guards. They were sexual assault nurse examiners (SANEs). But their salvage work would be grueling today. For in the foul trenches directly behind him, five other persons had done closely the same thing and were also desperately hanging from their pierced tongues.

“Self-inflicted injuries?” Paul stood up. He staggered for a moment but caught his balance. “This is a war with only one side,” he said. “If they do this to themselves.”

“They do,” Uriel replied. “We search those positions daily for hazardous objects. But it’s an uphill struggle. Common to this particular group of self-mutilators is kidnapping, rape and murder. They inflict teeth marks on their victims. Some of these individuals have even filed their teeth. But the most bizarre thing is that they always claim to be satisfied by mutilating themselves. For them, this type of conduct is an attention seeking behavior, or a ritual that brings them relief.”

A loud boom of an engine backfiring came from an outlying region of the low area between hills, where a crowd of stripped women leisurely appeared out of a large wheeled vehicle. With the carefree manner of a summer beach party, they all suddenly jumped headlong into a ditch full of slush and soft-bodied invertebrates. Dark clots mingled with flames in the boiling pothole. Here was yet another group of self-inflictors. “Slayers of their own children,” Uriel explained. Rescue workers recovered the poached bodies with poles and canvas stretchers.

“Where do these unpleasant people come from?” Paul asked, bewildered by such extreme pathological behavior, more shocking than he had ever imagined.

“There are extensive populations here, and over there,” Uriel answered, while pointing in the direction of a map with local zones projected over the passageway window. “We also share settlements in uncharted regions.”

“What do you think brings them to this desolate place?” Paul humbly probed in order to gain some insight into the causes of the rebellious personality disorders.

“What brings them to *ABYSSOS*,” Uriel whispered with a raised brow. “Well, we believe it is gravity, the singularity of the black hole over there, almost parallel to the plane of our horizon,” he continued. A lasting twilight accrued in the background like a colorless disk of vapor. “Right now we are near the event horizon or incidental edge of a massive black hole. The antiseptic radiance that you feel in the air but can’t see with your eyes is a result of Hawking radiation, a field of jumbled information. We have found that a great deal of biological entropy naturally settles in this ghostlike zone, along with these confused, unfortunate people.”

“Biological entropy?” Paul curiously asked.

“Yes,” Uriel replied. “It’s a measure of disorder in life-based systems. You could say this station is God’s final container of cosmic waste. It collects the most bizarre bulk of space junk, pre-biotic grime, and transmuted strains of genetic material. But it’s not so much the place or locality that concerns us here. More exactly, we’re looking into states of being, the conditions of archetypal circumstances and their geometrical situations. For they appear to be fractals of self-similarity, found in different gravitating systems. That’s why *ABYSSOS* and black hole dissipation are so eerie. Look down here for a moment, just beneath us.”

Paul leaned into the railing and gazed at a dusky bonfire. In a hollow brimstone gap below him, he saw the foreboding silhouette of a male torso with a droll cap, suspended from gory flesh hooks and oily cables above a steel door. Strewn around him were various animal hides and bones. The hideous torso was convulsing and without a lower limb. Yet the quivering man gestured with two fingers to affirm he was having a satisfied experience. A frustrated bird struggled to free a hatchling with its wing, caught in the man’s smiling clenched teeth. In the erratic mayhem below, other men who were hooded and half naked cursed virgins and slashed themselves with pitched blades and corroded forks. Scores more flayed their backs into a bloody pulp. In a gross parody of trust, large nails were driven into the hands and feet of others before their companions hoisted them up in the torrid sludge. Paul uneasily observed the lone sagging torso above the steel door. An eagle cried, careworn to break free. It brought to mind *The Great Masturbator* by Salvador Dali.

“He amputated one of his legs early this morning,” Uriel unhappily spoke. “And now he threatens to cut off the other if we approach him. The obsession to lose limbs is called body integrity identity disorder, or BIID. We think he did it to prove he has inner strength, or something he apparently failed to distinguish in normal life. Do you see his shells, those smooth white objects laid out behind him? They’re fragments of his victim’s skulls. Now look at the colored blankets to his side. They’re pelts and skins from animals he perverted himself with. As you can plainly see, he unmistakably decorates this area with his individual designs. It’s as if we all carry a unique signature, and we somehow create our own universe with it.”

Material found in foreground of black hole (Sagittarius A) at the center of our galaxy.



Paul fought off the urge to break down.

“Terrorists and serial killers favor to spend time at these quarters,” Uriel continued. “But far worse is the bunker of genocide in the immeasurable well shaft below them. Beneath that tarnished steel door is a stench and sight almost too terrible for humans. There, kings, ministers, and officers selfishly contend with the atom’s strongest force, tearing at the very structure of space-time, and reworking chaste nature into other realities. In that wretched inferno, one sits forever, whose blinking of an eye brought death to thousands.”

“Forever? Is there nothing we can do for these miserable people?” Paul wept.

“Most kill themselves here.” Uriel replied. “They take their own lives. But that really doesn’t make much of a difference in this place. Because every few aeons, the same genetic sequences randomly reoccur. As gravity drives the attraction of falling bodies, the same faces always show up here again, like polygons in motion. They get to be themselves forever.”

“A thousand years are like one day, near a black hole singularity,” Paul reflected, awestruck by a vague sinking feeling. “One day of an eternal loop.”

“According to chance scattering,” Uriel agreed. “This dimension is a closed string around the logical limits of being. And it includes us. We also get to be ourselves forever here.”

Paul considered the possibility of his atoms continually returning to this barren station every few aeons. A rushed emotion of *déjà vu* made him shudder. “Not if I can help it,” he said.

“Can you?” Uriel pretended to be surprised, although he already knew the details of Paul’s mission. Uriel had authored the original framework for it. But for the moment he was pleased to confer a universal courtesy.

“My moral obligation is to terminate activities here and evacuate this outpost if the presence of Nexorus can be confirmed.” Paul respectfully declared.

“Are you jesting?” Uriel said. “Biological entropy *is* Nexorus. It’s the most common characteristic of all the inmates we’ve ever examined here. We ascribe it to the bacteria of hemorrhage and blood-borne parasites. The primary hosts, infected by periodic blood drinking and an affinity with death, have a long tail, or worm, of cuticle scales connected to a primitive head of horns and suction cups in their entrails. Some of the inmates demonstrate a compulsive urge for the ingestion of blood, fat and dung, which they say is a habit that brings them relief.”

“Men with tails, serpents,” Paul frowned and signaled with his hand. “I’ve heard as much as necessary.” He produced a series of documents for Uriel to review. Paul had sufficient testimony that a prehistoric contagion, a mutant platyhelminth to be exact, was partly responsible for the corruption of DNA and the ruin of previous civilizations. To oblige its bizarre cosmic life cycle, Nexorus periodically gravitated to the black hole realm of *ABYSSOS*. “Biological entropy,” Paul said and closed his notebook. “We’re going home now.”

After a silence of about half an hour, there sounded a flagship’s low trump on skyline loudspeakers with a voice like thunder and a spiritual cry: “Remove your gates, and be lifted up, you everlasting doors.” Those that were shut up in the hard prison of *ABYSSOS* and bound in the chains of their repressed pasts began to recognize each other. They witnessed the victory of a godly dream in unfathomable darkness. Fear and fatality had no more control over them. A jeweled chariot ascended away from the deserted station of anxious tales and worried fables, with the welcome delivery of liberated hostages. Suddenly, a blaze of light brighter than the sun imploded like a sapphire into the crossroads behind them. *ABYSSOS* was no more. “He’s broken the gates of brass and smitten the bars of iron,” roared the on-air voice of thunder. “To save what can be saved.”

Paul closed his eyes and wondered about his calling. Was he awake or in the strangest dream? Would *ABYSSOS* reappear again somewhere, all of a sudden, in another part of creation? Perhaps, he thought, for many admit the judgment of *satanás* is God’s eternal leisure. Since there’s no greater excellence than the elimination of sin, the forced extinction of Nexorus is a never-ending triumph. It runs through eternal time, everlasting world without end. Was this the key of the harrowing of hell; why the worm dies not, why the fire is not quenched?

At once, a tightly packed black hole dissolved and dissipated in the gap of Paul’s sleep. It evaporated into curls of plasma and radiant particles of pure light. The Penrose theorem firmly proved itself again. An uncanny collision took place as anomalous entropy retreated and collapsed into its own peculiar gravity. It distorted nearby space beyond its event horizon and provided enough force to slingshot the chariot’s occupants back to their native dimensions. Perhaps it was too slight a gain in total energy, according to academic textbooks, or, as Paul’s skeptics once said, the mere ripple of a quantum. But its repercussions would change civilization forever. Uriel was returning to the earth.



**Uri-El is the Archangel of Salvation.** Legend says it is *Uriel* who stands at the gate of the Lost Eden, with a fiery sword. He was the dark angel (Genesis 32) or man in black who wrestled with Jacob at Peniel ("face of God"). Jacob asked him, "Do tell me your name, please." He answered, "Why should you want to know my name?" Uriel then gave Jacob his new name, *Israel*. Uriel is noted in the 2nd century BC *Book of Enoch* (chapter xxi), as the Archangel who helps during natural disasters and is called for to avert such events, or to heal and recover in their aftermath. He is the great instructor who teaches us that art and study are for experiencing the joy of liberation that comes as wisdom is gained. Among his symbols are the scroll and the book (with seven seals). The name Uri-el probably predates the ancient Mesopotamian city of Ur (*ouranos* is the sky or light of heaven). Uriel was the legendary Sumerian *Lord (El) of Ur*, or the Archangel who conveyed the faith of monotheism to Abram and gave him his new name, *Abraham*. According to an *Apocalypse of Peter* once ranked next in popularity to the canonical *Apocalypse of St. John*, it is the Archangel Uriel who will resurrect the dead when appealed so by the Christ: "And soul and spirit shall the great Uriel give them at the commandment of God; for him hath God set over the rising again of the dead at the day of judgment."

*For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first. - 1 Thessalonians 4:16*

**In rabbinical angelology**, Uriel is one of the Archangels sent by God to answer the questions of Esdras (*II Esdras iv*). He is mentioned in *I Enoch* and *IV Ezra*, where he "watches over thunder and terror." In the *Midrash 1*, Uriel is said to be one of the four guardians of God's throne. Stemming from medieval Jewish mystical traditions, Uriel has also become the Angel of Sunday (*Jewish Encyclopedia*), Angel of Poetry, and one of the Holy Sephiroth. In Milton's *Paradise Lost* Book III, Uriel is in charge of the Orb of the Sun. The name Uriel means God is my Light; or God is Light; or Radiation of God; or God is the radiating principle of Light; or **Fire of God**. Uriel is the Archangel of September. According to the *Midrash*, he waited 11 months before establishing the formations of the Jewish people in the shape of the celestial circle. He also holds the key to the Bottomless Pit during the End Times.

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