A Short Story and a Handful of Tragedy

Seigfred Cabral

It was the hour that would usher in a new age, one that would not be kind to the old gods.

The key to that new age was also the key to survival, and they all urgently staked their claim.

...Until an unexpected arrival makes them realize the meaning of inevitability.
He had been up there for hours, blood dripping from his forehead, hands and feet... life dripping away from his body.

"Soon," he thought, "soon."

It had been foretold that the Son of Man would die to redeem the world. The hour to close that prophecy had arrived, but before the hour ended...
Each one of them, master of his own domain,
All of them, there, because of an opportunity
none of them could ever refuse.
XIPE TOTEC
ARTEC GOD
OF SACRIFICE
AND RENEWAL

He mocks us. As he wishes, so he wills.

He places us in the palm of his hand.

He rolls us about. Like pebbles, we roll,

We spin. We make him laugh. He mocks us.

I stand here now to declare
Ownership over
This divinity
Of a Man.

By the skins
Of the people
Sacrificed in my name...

I will peel his skin and
Wear it while his heart still beats.
I have watched valiant men embrace glory in death to attend my table in the great halls only to watch this man, the son of man, rob me of what is mine!

I will end this man’s suffering and I will take this pathetic act of humility down from that cross. I am Odin, god of my own realm and my own people.

ENOUGH, ODIN! All of us are here for the same reason as you. None of us will easily accept our fate. I too am tired. Even changing my name wasn’t enough.

“FOR THE SAKE OF MANKIND’S GREATER FUTURE.”

JUPITER THE ROMAN KING
A GOD OF CIVILIZATION

“I have witnessed my people build temples and great cities to honor my name, but because of the divine bastard and his son’s obsession for attention, my vast empire will be consumed at the crossroads by rot and filth. We are pawns, mighty Odin, all of us are tired. I have created absolute civilizations. It is my influence that gave my people the ambition for the advancement of their race. I am here to assert my right for the body of this man.”

THE BODY IS MINE!

ODIN
NORSE GOD OF THE BATTLEFIELD, A GOD OF WAR
Greater Future?

We came from arrogance! We are here because of Nimrod. We were there when they began to build the tower on Shinar. We were there, waiting to be born.

Bathala

The old mountain god of the Cordilleras, a god of nature, a god of order.

You are right about one thing, Proud Jupiter. We are pawns, nothing more.

Our purpose was to show them people worthy of their time.

"Man's greater future, war, temples, cities and civilizations... all these lead to corruption of power and greed."

I apologize for my reasons for being here, luminous one, but my people... my realm...

"My existence"
"By our sins, we shall fall. The dance of karma rules us all. Hearts will declare our fate. Our salvation lies within their faith."

Our "people's" salvation! Their salvation lies within their loyalty. The wisdom we shared with them is enough to last us a thousand lifetimes. But is it enough for them to stay?

We are what we are, brothers, the audacity of the human soul. It was not our fault that the people lusted for unity, a glorified empire of man.

It was not our doing when the select begged us into being. I assure you two that our country will even serve our pets to preserve itself.

"Now, silence! Can't you see that this, this almost miraculous exploit here, is a chance for us to lengthen and amplify our very existence?"
Although Brahma is lusting for this opportunity to expand our names, I am here only to watch, to witness this man close the prophecy.

Never!

We gods will decide our fate! We will decide this according to the severity of the damage that was done by his bastard of a father and the future damages that this latest undertaking will incur.

Like most of you, I changed my name to prolong my existence.

Still, I find myself merely clinging to what vestiges of power still remain.
Especially after your Roman pigs invaded my empire and seduced the last beacon of my kingdom!

Amidst the agitation and uproar, a faint cry could be heard...

"Father, why have you forsaken me?"

On the other side of the gathering, a pale horseman appeared.

Accompanying him was silence.
IT WASN'T LONG UNTIL SILENCE CONSUMED THE WHOLE PLACE.

THE CARDINAL CONCEPT OF MAN'S MORTALITY. WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

GREETINGS TO YOU, TOO, PROUD ZEUS, OR IS IT JUPITER?

BE CAREFUL, OLD GOD. I DO NOT FEAR YOU NOR ANY OF YOU. I AM NOT HERE TO CONCERN MYSELF WITH YOUR PRIDE.

THE ROMAN KING ASKED YOU A QUESTION, EN-D-SIVER!

I AM HERE TO END THIS CONGREGATION AND CLAIM THE SON.
"But you're just a wanderer!

WE HAVE OUR REALMS!

I have the sweet essence of impermanence.

I am here to enshroud him with the cold slumber of my hands.
I am here to fulfill a task, for it has been prophesied

That the son of man will die for three days.

"Now leave this place, be gods of the old world for you have already exhausted your purpose."
After Death had spoken to them, the sky began to tremble. The son of man knew, and with his last breath... 

It IS aCcomplished!