

Eulalia:
Dark Daughter of Baphomet



One Story of Acausal Darkness

by

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Eulalia:

Dark Daughter of Baphomet

“ According to Dark Tradition, Baphomet is a sinister acausal entity, depicted as a beautiful, mature, women, naked from the waist up, who holds in Her hand the bloodied severed head of a young man.

She is the dark, violent, Goddess - the real Mistress of Earth - to whom human sacrifices were, and are, made... She - as one of The Dark Entities, as Vamperess of The Dark Gods - is also a shapeshifter who can presence in the causal dimensions and assume human form, and thus live among us here on Earth, and it was, traditionally, to Baphomet that Initiates and Adepts of our Dark Tradition dedicated their chosen, selected, victims when a human culling was undertaken and when wars and conflict were brought forth or seeded through sinister sorcery.

Associated with Baphomet are other dark, female acausal entities who have existed, hidden, on Earth for millennia, and who maintain their causal, ageless, and secret, existence by feeding off the acausal life-force of their male human victims whom they entrap, and test, using sexual enchantment. These other entities are *The Dark Daughters of Baphomet*, and they - like their Mistress, The Mother of Blood, Baphomet - are thus, in a quite literal sense, beautiful, cultured, alluring but predatory vampires...

According to this aural Dark Tradition, there are several types - several different species - of sinister acausal entities, with Baphomet, and Her shapeshifting Daughters, being of one type, and having a certain nature, a particular character, a certain consciousness, when presented in the causal and so when in-dwelling in human form. One other, more primal, more primitive, acausal species is known to us, and when beings of this particular species are presented on Earth, in human form or otherwise, they act, behave, live, quite differently from Baphomet and Her kin, for these more primal savage beings are as demons who causally live only to unthinkingly consume human lives so that, once satiated, they may be returned to the darkness of their acausal home... ”

Part 0: Cantaoras

There was a long moment of silence as the coven of nine women all gathered on the slight slope of that almost South facing hill among the mamelons of South Shropshire not far from where an ancient trackway marked the ancient border with the land of Wales.

Eulalia was there - resplendent in her crimson cloak, as befitted a Mistress of Earth. And Venora - she of the red-hair and the fullsome body which her thin long verdant-coloured covering did little to hide and which thin coverlet seemed to scintillate in the light of the not-quite-full Moon as she, as Priestess, moved counter-sunwise to greet each sorceress with a kiss: moist lips touching moist lips.

Then, they were ready, gathered together in an almost perfect ellipse as Eulalia began her vibrated invocation to their Dark Goddess, their Mistress and Mother, Baphomet: *Nythra kthunae Baphomet!*

She held in her outstretched hand a crystal, shaped as a tetrahedron, while her lover, Venora, gestured to the shadows for the two male Guardians to step forth.

Then, seven of the women, handsome of face and lithe of body, with their long dark hair neatly braided and tied, began to chant their haunting sinister chant, a chant so old it was as if the intervening one and half thousand years had never been; as if the *Chant Mozarabe* was still to be heard in sequestered choirs by nuns devoted to the new Nazarene faith - except there was on that South Shropshire hill no Latin words of worship to a some God; no Latin words of praise for some Saviour. Instead: only words of a lisping language long forgotten except by an hereditary few; strange words replete with desire by those few who, remembering, desired a return of those dark, sinister, acausal-entities who thousands of years ago had been presenced on Earth, bringing menace, blasphemy, joy, nightmares, madness, violence, and the much needed Chaos of human evolutionary change.

So they chanted while the tall, strong, Guardians brought forth the needed seed and gift, pinning the naked terrified young man down within the ellipse of now slowly circling cantaoras. There were no audible words to be said, declaimed, or shouted - for none were needed as Eulalia bent down to touch his forehead with the crystal, and she watched, smiling, as his life was quickly;y drained away to leave a corpse, only a corpse, paler and gaunter than it would have been even if all the blood and plasma within had been somehow drained away. Her crystal seemed to iridesce then, as if in rhythm to the chant, and she held it up, arms outstretched to where the Moon, in that very moment, occulted a star named on Earth, Dabih. She felt it, Them, then, within her - as her obedient Guardians effortlessly, efficiently, took the corpse away. Felt the centuries of longing that her own mother must have felt, centuries and centuries ago; felt the longing for The Dark Gods to be birthed again into joy-giving, joy-receiving, warm bloodfull human bodies.

And then She was there, dwelling among them, accepting the willing if only very temporary offering of Vanora's life and body. There: among the mortals and the half-mortal who had kept the faith; waiting, waiting, coven after coven, through the long centuries for the stars to be aligned as it was said they should be aligned; for the crystal to be fashioned as it was said it should be fashioned; for the chant to be as the chant should be, brought into-being by skilled, chosen, cantaoras. Thus was She, their Dark Goddess, an acausal-being, presenced in the causal, ready to be again a birthing-mother: bringer-into-being of a whole new race. For the time of human Chaos, darkness, death, culling, change, had arrived, again.

Thus did they - the women - greet her with a kiss, lips to moist lips, as thus did the Guardians step forth again from the shadows to kneel in obedience before her.

^^^

Eulalia had planned well. A selection of male victims were already waiting when she and Venora returned to their house, at the end of a track, off a narrow lane between hills in that rural borderland. Although, of course, the men - ranging in age from early to late twenties - did not consider

themselves victims, enticed as they had been by the wiles, the sorcery, the sexuality, of the ladies of Eulalia's coven.

So the three young men had waited, in one of the the plush, luxurious, sitting-rooms of that house. Waited, chatting amiably among themselves, as two elderly gentleman, neatly groomed and neatly dressed in somewhat unfashionable clothes, served them food and drink. Waited for the trysts they had been promised among the many bedrooms of that place, assuming as they did in their egoism and desire, many things. But it was not Venora herself nor even one of the young dark-haired lithe and nubile women that awaited them when they were led, by Venora, along a corridor and up some winding stairs to a darkened room: a darkness that seemed oppressive and heavy, if scented by some quixotic perfume.

Thus did they enter, replete with their desire, and thus did a warm strong hand grasp theirs to lead them down upon some soft and scented bed where they, still unseeing, had their clothes removed with ripping force to find themselves pinioned by strong arms and legs while a feminine softness moved over to touch to press down upon them to kiss them, building thus their male desire. But their ecstasy of joy, brought by a sexual joining, was soon over with their seed of life taken from them when a sudden drowsyness seemed to overcome them, then, as they lay, in exhaustion.

Other hands, not soft, grasped them then as they, helpless, were lifted to be taken along a skein of unlit passages to small windowless rooms below. And it was there, in those rooms - one for each - that they almost stupefied by some-thing, lay, in warmth on a not uncomfortable bed. Lay, waiting, while causal time passed - as causal time passes - in the world above them. Perhaps one of them might be needed, again - and if he was, he would be brought again to that darkened room scented with quixotic perfume. But not one of them would ever see the brightness of day, again.



So the days passed, in that house, as they passed. Occasionally, a new young man would egress from the causal world outside into its ever-growing strangeness: enticed there, from some near or far city or some town, by unspoken promises, perhaps a kiss, but always by a luscious lady, young or verging on middle-age: it made no difference to the men, for their very beings, enchanted, craved the fulfilment of that strong sexual desire which burgeoned forth from within them to seize them with that first sensual touch or kiss from such a sensuous lady in some Inn, or Club, or Bar. Once, a young man, arrogant, self-assured - his powerful sleek new sporty car outside - had taken it upon himself to press a lady for another kiss when she had sat beside him in some Bar. Gently then - or so it seemed - she held his hand to twist it powerfully back while he tried to not let pain show on his face. She left then, unsurprised when he followed, and they were outside in the street-lit darkness among the rows of cars when he lunged toward her. She was too swift - almost unhumanly swift - and he was left to try and stop himself falling to the ground before steadying himself and trying ungallantly to punch her in the face. She seized him then, to knock him unconscious with one swift blow, and it was in his own car that she drove him back toward the sanctuary of her home.

Her gift was pleasing, and he awoke to stark blinding darkness when something soft, scented, touched him, but it was not long before his life was gone to leave a corpse, only a corpse, paler and gaunter than it would have been even if all the blood and plasma within had been somehow sucked away.

Thus did the months pass until new life came forth there, in that nexion, bringing much joy, and much that was strange, while the great boiler fed warmth into that house as Autumn turned to Winter, often fructified as that boiler was by pale empty hulks, their main purpose having been fulfilled. And thus did that new life grow - growing as children grow, however strange the child - until the time for their departure came when they, the seeded, would be sent forth to seed: male, female, or somewhere in-between, it would make no difference; the same enchantment; the same violence bred; the same darkness, death and Chaos sown.

Once, in the months of their growing, three men came, in two cars, to call upon that house. There were rumours, it seemed, that disturbed them and their Detective-kind. They were served Afternoon Tea, in the heated Conservatory, while Eulalia, as befitted a Mistress of Earth, politely entertained them, as, in nearby room, four beautiful women in long black flowing dresses played a late Haydn String Quartet. So Eulalia smiled, as the men sat sipping their milkless First-flush Darjeeling tea, and they - enchanted - soon forgot their questions, their disturbance of both thought and mood. Thus did they take their leave, satisfied within themselves there was nothing amiss, and pleased to be invited to return, again. And thus did they, each alone, return, weeks later, to be treated as honoured guests: offered food, and drink, and a willing women to warm and share their bed. And thus did they leave, happy, replete, willing, cheerful, servants: useful, influential contacts, and sources of valuable information.

So the months passed, bringing the warmth and brightness of Spring to the land outside. And thus was there a new house, elsewhere, and far, with new burgeoning life within, and other woman, and guardians, to keep, nurture and protect it. And thus were there in that place new contacts invited, enticed. New fuel, of little value as fuel, to add to proper fuel for new boilers that kept such houses warm, in Winter, and provided the warmth of warm water for luscious women to bathe, and preen and wash. Thus were there new nexions, gradually opening, spreading, preening, sowing, feeding, growing.



There was a long moment of silence as Eulalia sat alone on the slight slope of that almost South facing hill among the mamelons of South Shropshire not far from where an ancient trackway marked the ancient border with the land of Wales. She felt both relieved and tired. Relieved that she had achieved what was necessary, but tired from the many decades of her wait. She had new sisters, and brothers, now - and her hopeless search, of years, to find others of her kind seemed just a distant no longer sadful memory. Thus did she smile, before rising to her feet to walk along the old footpath down to her house where her new guests would be waiting to be entertained.



Eulalia Part 1

Herewith, The Darkness

1

There was much that Eulalia wanted to do, with the Dark Entities she had brought forth to Earth, but - for the moment - she would settle for just enough mayhem, destruction, strife, killings and chaos to make the government, and the people - of the land where she and her sinister kind now dwelt - take notice and perchance alter their ways.

Whatever, it would be fun, enjoyable, a Satanic paeon - a necessary beginning, well-planned and well-schemed for, for almost ten causal Earth-years - and, as she stood up from sitting in the darkness on the somewhat damp Autumnal grass on the slight slope of the almost South facing hill among the mamelons of South Shropshire not far from where an ancient trackway marked the ancient border with the land of Wales, she in joy began chanting her sinister chant: *Agios o Baphomet!*

Venora - she of the red-hair and the fullsome body who had been a temporary host for one such Entity - was waiting for her in the large, ornate, Conservatory of their gravid reclusive house at the end of a track, off a narrow lane between hills in that isolated rural borderland, and they embraced and kissed affectionately, one scented lover to another, before entering the subtly-lit Drawing Room where the women of their sinister coven waited, as, upstairs, in secluded dark rooms, the shapeshifters - some but newly fledged - fed on what were once healthy men young in years.

There was no need for speeches, or exhortations, or ceremony, or even for spoken words, since all of that coven - reared in that house or covertly recruited elsewhere - knew almost all that Eulalia knew, and, like her, had pledged their very lives to presencing the sinister on Earth. So she went to each of them, after they had stood in greeting, to kiss them on their lips and to watch each one of them leave to walk solemnly, gravely, up the wide and winding stairs to their appointed rooms where they, in the

shielding darkness there, each became temporary hosts.

Thus did they - then not quite human, inside - leave their dwelling and their home in a small convoy of vehicles driven by men of middling years, specially chosen, well-tested. For they, reared in a nearby house or recruited covertly elsewhere, knew almost all that the women knew, and had, for one yearly alchemical season, just ended, been lovers of the particular young woman they had pledged to the death to defend.

The twilight of a clear October Dawn found all the vehicles dispersed, each to their chosen destination, and Venora sat in the comfortable back seat of that luxurious car feeling the darkness within her. It - she, they - was, were, yearning for the freedom that would come only with a complete metamorphosis, a complete in-dwelling, when the human-life, with all its memories and all its weakness, would be subsumed to shrivel to die as all causal life was so fated to die; subsumed: to leave only the outer and changeable physical shell, a dwelling then for another almost alien life. Or, if it - she, they - so desired, they might keep part of the human life alive, for a while, to use as a hypnotized vassal, perhaps for some specific deed or deeds.

But for now it - she, they - was, were as they were, leaving Venora to live alone as the Venora they in their own strange way cared for, protected, perhaps even loved, for she-the-human was then as a surrogate mother to them, carrying them, if only for a while, until they could, would, be fully-birthing into some expendable human being.

Venora's own destination was the metropolis of London, and her male driver - tall, strong, muscular - finding, after a search, a suitable place, parked the vehicle to walk with her along the teeming traffic and human filled streets under a warmless Sun the short distance to their target. It was a middling restaurant, by the standards she was accustomed to, and while they waited, they slowly consumed the overpriced and slowly served food. He - their offer - appeared as expected, and as her research indicated he should: a middling if ambitious politician of the governing Party, given to arrogance and subsumed with pride, and dressed, in conformity to the unwritten rules, in a greyish undistinguished if well-fitting and rather expensive suit. And all she had to do was to get near enough to touch him, naked flesh to naked flesh, for the five or so seconds required.

She played her part well, rising, as if to stumble accidentally into him, pressing the palm of her hand to the back of his neck as if to steady herself to then apologize and endearingly smile. He turned to look at her and she knew then her deed was done, even if she had not felt the rush as the Entity of timeless dark chaos exited from her to seed itself - herself - within that new host. For his eyes momentarily stared, as a madman at a full-moon, before he smiled to rise to be to most of the world around the same man in the same suit in the same place at that same causal time. So she made her excuses to leave to let the Dark Entity begin its work, and it was less than two hours later that this chosen offer returned to that exclusive club known as the Houses of Parliament. There, he chanced upon - although it was not causal chance, but some-thing else - a senior member of his Party whom he throttled to death with his hands while his once-indwelling Entity watched, playfully smiling, from her new human home, found moments earlier by his - her - guided touch. Thus was he, the killer, subdued after the deed to be hustled away only to die moments later as his heart suddenly stopped to leave only a corpse, paler and gaunter than it would have been even if all the blood and plasma within had been somehow sucked away.

There would be more mysteries, that day: some, like the state of the politician's body, kept hidden by politicians from "the public"; others, unable to be so kept secret. And two, in particular, bloody, deadly, terrifying, and public, as Eulalia and her coven had intended. A deadly, unexpected attack by a woman berserk, who stabbed five people to death on a street in some rainy dreary city before a Policeman felled and disarmed her: but he the human could only watch in silent wordless helpless horror as the woman he restrained died to leave him holding only a corpse, only a corpse, paler and gaunter than it would have been even if all the blood and plasma within had been somehow sucked away. Then there was a bomb, hidden in a van, which exploded without warning on a busy motorway flyover into London, leaving some injured, and much destruction in its wake, as there were over a dozen murders by people possessed who, haunting cities and towns, escaped to then live a twilight lingering existence as the Entities of another acausal species within them did as their primal nature intended, shapeshifting their form when they found some healthy young human to feed on.

But it was only prelude, a mere prelude, Eulalia knew, to the real beginning she in her mischief had planned.



He had been easy to entrap, and Eulalia watched as the young man - naked in the bed of one of her young ladies in one of those many large subtly-lit rooms of the high-ceilings - slept the sleep that often arises from sexual satiation. He, she had been informed, had been a good lover - surprisingly good, given his slim frame and his rather boyish looks - and she watched him for some moments until, as if sensing her watching, he awoke to fumble on the small antique table by his side of the bed for his spectacles.

"Hello!" he said, as if half-surprised to find her there and half-surprised to find the previous afternoon, evening and night had not been some dream.

"Are you ready to get to work, then?" she asked, bewitchingly smiling.

"What?"

"What we discussed, last evening and night, in detail, before a certain young lady invited you here to her room."

"Oh that," Ffion replied, remembering.

"Yes. That. But only after breakfast, naturally."

"Naturally."

"If you'll get dressed - or not," she said, somewhat mischievously, "I shall escort you to the Breakfast Room where Edrid will take your order."

"Order?"

"For your rather late breakfast. He is one of the people who helps out, around the house."

"A servant?" It was a natural deduction, he thought, given the room, the house, the extensive grounds.

"Not really, but that description will serve, for now."

Dressed in his University-ensemble of worse-for-wear jeans, black cotton T-shirt with slogan "404 Error: Slogan Not Found", and scruffy white "trainers", he was escorted by Eulalia down from the fourth floor room to where Edrid - neatly groomed and neatly dressed in somewhat old-fashioned clothes - waited, all alone in the mid-morning light of the many-windowed Breakfast Room where one place had been set on the long Oak dining table.

She smiled at him before saying: "I'll collect you when you're ready and show you the equipment we have prepared for you."

Thus did she leave her half-nervous, half-pleased, fledgling to attend to her many other tasks of that morning in that gravid and reclusive house of the extensive grounds. And when he was ready, she led him through a skein of corridors to a room suitably furnished for his needs.

"Wow!" was all he could say as he saw the row upon row of computer servers, and several large bright screens.

"There," - and Eulalia pointed to where a sleek comfortable chair sat before a wide desk containing a keyboard and the largest screen - "is the control centre. Everything is fully functional, and connected. But if there is anything we might just might have forgotten, which you need, just ask Edrid. Lunch, by the way, is at one o'clock, and Dinner will be at eight, after which you shall, of course, be escorted to the bedroom of a certain young lady, for another night of salacious entertainment."

"Yeah."

"You know what to do."

"You bet!"

"No doubts?"

"No. Not at all." And he meant it, and she knew he did, for she had chosen well, having had Ffion chosen months ago and under surveillance by her Guardians since then.

"Just depress that violet button on your desk and Edrid will attend you."

"Later!"

She smiled then, as Ffion set immediately to work at his task, given by her. He would, she felt, be a valuable and needed ally, living with them, his desires fulfilled. And if, for some reason, he failed and even thought of betraying them, she would surely know, and there were always the small now empty windowless rooms in the basements below where several young men had lingered, less than half-alive, until one of them was needed, by some un-dwelling Dark Entity, as food.

Ffion was pleased with his work, when Eulalia returned to him as the Sun began its descent and Twilight waited to visit her house with its shapeful shades of almost darkness.

"So," she said, playfully, understanding more than she revealed to him, "all I do is sit here, in front of the screen, and speak when connected?"

"Yep, that's it. They'll be able to see and hear you. All I have to do to connect is type in a few commands on the x-term and press Return."

"Splendid. Then do so."

"What? Now?"

"Indeed."

"OK." And he did as commanded by his sinister Mistress, who sat herself before the screen containing microphone and camera as Ffion's skill untraceably hacked them into a conference room of a London television newsroom where journalists of various ages and types were assembled, together with their Editor, to decide on what - and how - to report of the strange events of that day, and where, suddenly, several dormant computers began transmitting an image of a smiling Eulalia.

"Gentleman - and Ladies, of course - although I am unsure as to whether any of you merit such any such honorific. Your attention please. Please observe the photograph one of our operatives took of the corpse in your Houses of Parliament earlier today, details of which corpse your naughty politicians kept from you and your public.

"We do apologize for the rather poor quality of the image, and promise to do better, next time.

"So, now I do have your full attention, the code-word is *Herewith, The Dark*, which code-word you will receive when we decide to give some further demonstrations, as we did with that little explosion on one of your motorways. On receipt of said codeword, your authorities have two minutes to clear the designated area. A recording of this message will now be repeated three times, just in case you desire to record it! That is all, for the moment." And she smiled at them again, mischievously.

A day later, she gave another demonstration. The building had only just been cleared when an explosive device reduced it to a mass of twisted metal, broken masonry and shattered glass, in the centre of London's financial district. One more day, and one more building gutted by another device. And so, on that and other days, the dark mayhem continued, as people died, suddenly, unexpectedly, in cities and towns, or disappeared into the night, taken as food or as new dwellings for the dozens upon dozens of primal predators Eulalia and her sinister coven of sisters had released, and which predators now lurked, waiting for their chance to be as their nature, their nurture, commanded, controllable as they were only by Baphomet or one of Her many Daughters, some now having such fun with those frail humans currently infesting planet-Earth.

Another day, and the Media - as Eulalia had assumed - was replete with the expected and standard stories about "terror" and "terrorists". But soon, she knew, they - or at least the controlling powers

behind and in the government - would know or correctly deduce the truth, and then she of the sinister strategy would presence much more Darkness, for the progeny of her breeding programme were eager. and ready.



2

"Just before he died, somewhat unexpectedly, of a heart attack, Malin sent me copies of his case files, and, while I did not entirely discount their contents, I did not take them seriously either, particularly since the evidence that Malin alluded to seems to have been entirely destroyed in a fire at the laboratory where his colleagues conducted their investigations into these alleged aliens."

The speaker was a senior male Civil Servant, of the Cabinet Office's Intelligence and Security unit, and in the airless, windowless inner room of a government department in Whitehall, he sat at the head of small functional table, inwardly wishing someone else had been given this task. Of the two men and one women seated with him, there in that room, no one - at least outwardly - betrayed any surprise on hearing the word "alien", for they had all opened, and read, at his prior insistence, the few sheets of paper before them, headed *Joint Intelligence Committee*, and *Top Secret*, minutes of a meeting where the work of Malin's now dis-banded team had been briefly discussed.

"Now," he continued, "if you peruse the other document, you will see what little evidence we have relating to recent incidents. We have been given full authority and whatever resources we might require to investigate and report further on this matter, to which The Prime Minister, The Cabinet, and Joint Intelligence Committee, have assigned the highest priority."

For some minutes, a silence among those chosen and carefully selected few, as photographs of corpses - paler and gaunter than they would have been even if all the blood and plasma within had been somehow drained away - were studied, and Intelligence documents read.

"Now," the senior Civil Servant continued, pressing a button on the remote controller in his hand, "this a recording of a transmission received three days ago from the individual who, as our assessment indicates, is either behind some or many of the incidents, or somehow connected to them."

So they watched a smiling Eulalia, with the senior Civil Servant freezing the last frame so that her smiling face looked slightly down upon them from its brightness nearby.

"Any comments?" he asked.

"I assume," said the youngest of the men, casually dressed in contrast to the other somewhat older man, "you have no idea who she is?"

"Correct. We have not been able to trace the source of that transmission either, as a chain of proxy servers and zombie computers was used, some of which - after the transmission had been forwarded - had their hard drives automatically erased."

"Clever," the young man said, impressed - especially by Eulalia's beauty.

"Operatives. Houses of Parliament," the women - young, pretty of face and modestly dressed - said, "Are we then to presume security there, and similar places, has been compromised?"

"Certainly," the senior Civil Servant replied, "we are considering that possibility as a matter of priority."

"But," interjected the hitherto silent Patterson, who, as a serving soldier of fifteen years service, recently seconded to the Ministry of Defence, had been given operational control over the unit, and whose objections to the two civilians, specialists in their own areas, being at this briefing, had been over-ruled, "until we know exactly what it is we are dealing with, such a breach cannot really be sealed, surely."

"Correct," and the senior Civil Servant sighed. "Which is your remit. A small specialist unit has been assembled, to assist you and we have prepared a cover-story for them, although it is quite possible you may need to update them on a strictly need to know basis."

"And we are to consider all possibilities," the younger man asked, "however strange, weird or unlikely?"

"Yes. You will report directly to me at least twice-daily or immediately if you have anything significant to report."

"I would suggest," the woman said, "we begin with an examination of whatever corpses have so far been found."

The senior Civil Servant shrugged his shoulders. "Those conducting the detailed autopsies - as indicated in one of the documents you have - concluded they cannot explain how all the blood and all other bodily fluids have been removed and how the internal organs and indeed the flesh itself has degraded in the manner it has in the short time it occurred. No incisions; no puncture marks."

"Even so," she persisted, "it would be worth checking, again."

"Of course."

"Any pattern to the killings?" she asked.

"Of those related to the corpses we have so far found, none that can be determined. Analysis by place, age, gender, occupation, ethnicity and other categories all proved negative. Of those murders that may possibly be somehow related to the other events, there is again no pattern that can be determined."

"The explosives used. Traces?" Patterson asked.

"The forensic analysis," the senior Civil Servant replied, "has proved inconclusive. It is similar, apparently, to PE4 but is more powerful, but is not identical to any known type of C-4, and thus at the moment is classified as of unknown origin and manufacture, although it is possible it has been

manufactured here in the UK, given the content and proportions of the plasticizer used."

"No real clues, then. Quite an opponent," the younger man said, and smiled as he looked again at the bright image of the beautiful Eulalia who seemed to be somehow taunting them all.



It was a week - and over a dozen deaths and one more destructive explosion later - before the government team made any significant progress. Several corpses, drained in the usual way, had been found in a small enclosed residential Courtyard of new apartments by the river in the city of York, and sightings there of a large shambling figure had led the local Police, many of whom were armed, to cordon off the area.

It was past twilight and almost dark when Patterson and the two civilians of his unit arrived to spew forth from helicopters, replete with their heavily-armed escort of Special Forces troops, two of whom were carrying modified tazer guns.

"We want it - whatever it is - alive," Patterson said to them.

But, even as the troops deployed on that narrow tree-lined riverside road near Skeldergate, there was a shout as a large shambling figure ran toward them. It - he, she, they - leapt upon one trooper to drain him dry by only one touch and then another before one tazer and then another stunned and felled it. There was a cage, then, injections, a screen of heavily armed troopers and Police, and a short journey to where a waiting helicopter had landed, away from a gathering curious crowd. A few hours later, they had returned to their guarded secure sanctuary in the basements of a large London building, and it was there - in a specially prepared sealed laboratory - that they began their work, surrounded by their minions.

"Not what I expected," the young Cheddon said to Patterson, as he watched, behind a thick clear protecting screen, a now white-coated Beldan begin her clinical examinations.

"We'll soon know," Patterson replied.

"He just looks - well - human."

Several hours later, they had some of their answers, and the three were joined, in their conclave in a soundproofed room adjoining the laboratory, by their senior Civil Servant.

"Human, but with a slightly altered physiology..." Beldan said.

"So," interjected Patterson, "how was it able to kill in the manner we've seen?"

"How *is* it able to kill in that way and so quickly?" Beldan said, correcting his use of the past tense.

"Currently, unknown," Beldan unhelpfully replied.

Cheddon cast a somewhat nervous glance, through the bullet-proof glass, to where the captured

naked specimen lay, drugged and securely restrained by titanium bands anchoring its arms, legs, and neck, to the clinical operating table.

"But the good news," Beldan continued, "is that we have been able, from a fingerprint analysis, to identify the individual."

"Or who," Cheddon added, "the person was before something happened, to change it."

"Quite so," smiled Beldan. "The DNA analysis is on-going but will not, even given our resources, be complete for at least another forty-eight hours."

"Can it talk?" Patterson asked.

"There does not appear to be any physiological or anatomical reason why he cannot," Beldan said.

"Good. Then we'll wake it and question it."

"That may not be advisable," Beldan replied.

"Advisable or not, it is what I propose we do. You have the fingerprint analysis?"

"Yes," and she gave him the print-out which he immediately handed to the senior Civil Servant, saying, "Usual channels. Current address. To be searched ASAP. Known associates, family, anyone connected - traced, and interviewed."

"Indeed," the senior Civil Servant replied and left to attend to his urgent duties.



Patterson had it surrounded. Three Special Forces troopers, armed with stun guns, were positioned equidistantly in certain and definite closeness of range, as were nine other troopers armed with handguns and other firearms who had orders to kill if by some chance "the creature" - as Patterson called it - managed to escape the restraints and the stun guns failed to then immobilize it.

The heavy tranquillizers used to sedate it were wearing off, and Patterson stood nearby, a Sig Sauer pistol in his hand and ready.

"Can you hear us?" Beldan asked the awakening man.

"What's happened?" he said, showing signs of obvious distress at being restrained and surrounded by armed soldiers.

"Do you know who you are and why you are here?" Beldan asked, as she monitored his condition, displayed by several screens nearby.

"No." He seemed to think for a long while, then said, "The last thing I remember is going out, meeting someone, walking to the Pub." He looked around at his clinical surroundings. "Where is this? Am I in hospital?"

"Whom did you meet?" Patterson interjected.

"A young woman." He tried to smile, but the pain of his trauma showed in his face.

"Someone you knew?" Patterson continued.

"Not exactly, I'd only met her, causal like, the night before."

"Can you describe her?"

"Young. Very pretty. Green eyes. Long dark hair..."

Suddenly, Cheddon had an idea, and left, to return, only moments later, with a photograph. "Is that her?"

"Yep, that's her alright."

Cheddon, Patterson, and Beldan, all looked at one another, and it was Patterson who said, "Was she local? From York?"

"That's what she said. She had a place on Queen's Staith, the hotel."

"Wasn't that," Patterson asked Cheddon, "one of the locations you came up with as a possible source of one of the last transmitted warnings?"

"Yes."

"Take over," Patterson suddenly said to Beldan. "He's to remain here under guard, as now. Any developments, let me know." Then, to Cheddon, he said, "You're with me."

Thus did they with Patterson barking orders to uniformed minions leave and swiftly that guarded secure sanctuary in the basements of a London building to wait, not long, on its roof for a helicopter to take them back in the breaking Dawn to the city of York where, by the hour of their arrival, the whole mentioned building and surrounded area had been cordoned off. Even the usually busy Ouse bridge had been closed to traffic, with streets around deserted except for armed Police and soldiers.

"You don't really believe," Cheddon said to him as they positioned themselves on the cobbles between the Queen's Hotel and the river, surrounded by their Special Forces protection squad, "that she's still there, do you?"

"Probably not. But someone answering her description has been staying at the hotel for over a month, occupying three rooms on the same floor."

"I don't suppose you have a name?"

"Yes, Miss Eulalia..." and even as he said that name, the object of their search came out to calmly stand on a small balcony just above them and to their left and less than ten yards away, where she smiled and waved toward them.

"Hello, boys. Looking for me?" she said as well over a dozen guns were immediately aimed toward her.



3

"Isn't it customary", Eulalia said, as the two men below stood just staring up at her, "to give me some sort of warning? *Armed Police*, and all that kind of thing? And - *we have you surrounded, throw down your weapons and come out with your hands up?*"

"You are surrounded," a still rather surprised Patterson finally managed to say.

"As you can see, I have no weapons," she replied, bewitchingly smiling and holding out her hands.

Patterson was about to issue a command when three women, all dressed in black, young and dark of hair as their Mistress, came onto the only other balcony there, next to hers. They were carrying weapons, and, without warning, opened fire on the troopers, to leave - as a firefight began - Patterson and Cheddon just standing there, looking up, as if hypnotized, toward the beautiful, still smiling, Eulalia.

Soon, nine troopers lay dead, or dying, and - as the three women still stood on their balcony firing their weapons and apparently unharmed - it began to occur to the soldiers, the Police, and both Patterson and Cheddon, that there was something, or many things, not quite right about the situation. There was the fact of the glass behind the women which had been shattered and the fact of the walls all around and above and below them which showed severe damage from bullets, several of which bullets had rebounded, and were rebounding, from those walls. There was the fact of the weapons the women had, which although seeming to resemble conventional handguns of the semi-automatic pistol type, seemed not to require re-loading and be able to penetrate the body-armour of the forward troops as perhaps only an armour piercing rifle-fired bullet might, just might, sometimes do. There was the fact that not one bullet had struck or even been fired towards Eulalia; and the fact that the women did not seem to be targeting - to be deliberately avoiding - both Patterson and Cheddon.

As the strange reality of the situation began to seep into the consciousness of Patterson, he drew his own Sig Sauer pistol and aimed it at Eulalia even as the firing in front of him continued. She lifted her hand, then, and the firing - on both sides - immediately stopped as if in obedience to some unseen unheard command. But Patterson was a soldier, as both his father and grandfather had been, and while his trigger pull was purely instinctive, it has no effect whatever. There was no discharge; not even a movement of the hammer of his fully-functional gun, and Eulalia calmly smiled at him, and waved.

"Well, that was fun, wasn't it," she said to him. "*To part is such sweet sorrow*, as someone once said. And isn't the music of Johann Strauss, the younger, just adorable ? But, to business. This - " and she gestured to where soldiers lay dead, injured or dying - "is just another little demonstration of ours, of

how truly powerless you and your kind now are. Well, much as I would love to stay and chat - "

And then, she and her ladies were gone, immediately instantly gone, even as her last words echoed in ears; gone, to leave only a silence amid that particular silent part of that teeming living city; gone: to leave many unasked perhaps unanswerable questions unasked.

A brief, but not quite immediate, search failed to find them, as did the later more detailed, through, intense, ones fail to find them. Even the rooms Eulalia had rented were untouched, unused, and no one - from the enclosing cordon of Police and soldiers - had seen anyone leave. It was as if, impossibly, the women had never been there, and Patterson was still pacing the blood-soaked, bullet and cartridge riddled cobbles outside the hotel when he received a call from Beldan.

"He's dead," her strained voice said.

"When?"

"A few moments ago. He just died - no reason I could see."

"Did he say anything else after we left?"

"No. Only - "

"Yes?"

" - only the words *To part is such sweet sorrow*. He said them, smiled, and then just died. Is what he said of any significance?"

"Perhaps. You will do a full autopsy, I assume."

"Naturally. I should have some preliminary findings by the time you return."

"Excellent." The call over, he turned to Cheddon, who was walking beside him. "You heard?"

"Yes. Ambushed, then, by the beautiful... - what was her name?"

"Eulalia."

"- by the sorceress Eulalia."

Thus did they, both still perplexed and almost exhausted, walk together silently with what remained of their squad to where their helicopter waited to take them back to their guarded, but possibly no longer secure, sanctuary in the basements of some large London building, as, not that far away, and unobserved by them, Eulalia was watching, waiting and ready to unleash more dark terrors out into both their day and their night, for there was much that she wanted to do, with the Dark Entities she had brought forth to Earth, and with the progeny she and others had bred forth from them.



Eulalia Part 2

The Moon's Tidal Moving

Their lair, conveniently, was underneath some river, some harbour or some wide deep lake from whence they would, at night, sally forth as such primal Dark Entities sallied forth, among humans, to find food for themselves and new hosts for those Dark Daughters who watched over, cared, for them, and there seemed little to distinguish them from humans as they lurked in the dark shadowed places of cities and towns, waiting.

Perhaps they did appear, to the observant, as somewhat pale of skin, as if no sunlight had ever touched its whiteness, just as - certainly - they were tall, if slim, by human standards with hair long blonde and flowing, and noses fine, narrow, as if cut skilfully from the whitest of white marble. As for their eyes, their azure brightness only changed when, replete after their feeding, the colour became the lightest of light purple until, their digestion of human essence complete, it resumed its former sea-like hue. But it was their hands which, perhaps, gave the one and only direct clue - until, that is, those hands latched onto their human prey so easily easily disabled with a touch, only one touch, to be dragged then still living down through water to that damp foetid and communal lair. For their hands were thin, bony, with fingers long for their type, of all an equal size, and with thumbs as long as those fingers.

No one ever heard them behind or near them, as no one ever heard them speak, and it was this - combined with their ability to blend, shapeshiftlingly, to whatever was around - that made them, on Earth, such successful hunters of humans among the dark shadows of that urban night which humans in their arrogance assumed they owned.

Thus did the dried wasted now useless corpses come to line the tunnels and chambers of their lairs, and thus did some chambers there contain humans, captive, unseeing, but strangely sighing while the strands of the strange living tissue that bound them, encased them and held them tight to the ceilings, let them live, just a little if enough, until some Dark Daughter, visiting, would choose one as some new in-dwelling host for the life, the acausal life, she carried captured in a crystal. There would be rewards, then, for those hunters: a joyous celebration celebrated as such primal Dark Entities

celebrated, feasting on humans and copulating among themselves as they copulated among themselves until repletion calmed and slept them and kept them still until the Moon's tidal moving woke them.

Eulalia knew all this, and it pleased her, as she knew they were breeding as they bred, there in their lairs. Now, it was time for Ffion, her fledgling to fledge - to have his reward - and so she walked soundlessly, as one of Baphomet's Dark Daughters might, to where he that night, as others in her house, lay asleep in the arms of his lover.

A naked Idella smiled as Eulalia her beautiful youthful Mistress of Earth entered that large subtly-lit room of the high-ceiling to sit beside her on the bed while Ffion slept that sleep that often arises from sexual satiation. For Idella knew what Eulalia had planned, and the two women kissed the kiss of lovers until, awakened, Ffion fumbled on the small antique table by his side of the bed for his spectacles.

"Are you ready for your reward," Eulalia asked him while she caressed the breasts of her lover.

"Well, yeah," a rather surprised Ffion said, assuming many things.

"No, not that," Eulalia said, intruding upon his fantasy. "There is a gift, a precious gift, which we - which Idella - can given you, if you are willing and ready."

"It is the gift, " Idella said, as she touched his forehead, "of a greatly extended life. Of a thousand years, two thousand, maybe more."

"For you know now who we really are, don't you?" Eulalia directly asked him.

"Yes. Yes, I do," Ffion said, and began to tremble, just a little.

"Then, " Eulalia continued, "are you willingly and ready to so receive our gift?"

"Yes."

"You will need a new name, among us," Eulalia said.

"But I like my name," Ffion somewhat lamely protested.

"I know you do, now, and the reasons why," replied Eulalia who - to his surprise and pleasure - kissed him, as a lover might, directly and for some moments on his lips, to then touch her tongue to his. "There, you see," she said, smilingly turning toward Idella and uncovering Ffion's erection, "he is ready for you, again."

"He whose mothers-given name caused others, in youth, to mock - " Idella said, giving voice to unvoiced thoughts.

" - until inner resolve claimed him, " Eulalia continued as an echo.

"Was mich nicht umbringt, macht mich stärker," continued Idella, vocalising again what a still silent

Ffion then thought.

"Thus is he deemed ready," Eulalia said. Then, to Ffion, "And so, as the darkness of this night seeps away as red-fingered Dawn spreads her luteous light, shall you become as one of us, bound during your causal life here on Earth, to dream where we dwell and dwell where we have dreamt; to live long, healthy, strong, and to prosper as you will."

She kissed him again then - but as sister might kiss a brother - to leave him to the ministrations of that Earth-dwelling human-bodied Dark Daughter who voraciously leapt upon him as he lay, supine in her bed, to become for him in those moments of that forceful sexual joining everything he had ever dreamt or desired. He surrendered, then, willingly, as she - her acausal inner essence, her dark formless un-human being - seeped into his body, his blood, the organ that was his brain, re-ordering him as he in his ecstasy physically spasmed beneath her to leave his body relaxed as their grew then within that human body of his a changing, a slightly changed, physiology and a new small organ whose tendrils, only half of which were causal, grew slowly, imperceptibly, out from their almost imperceptible home beneath his cerebellum.



It was less than a week since Patterson and Cheddon had stood on that cobbled street in York to watch Eulalia's carefully choreographed drama unfold, but it seemed as if that day, those memories of it, belonged to some distant unsettling past that neither of them should desire to dwell upon. And yet their very human desire to not forget - as their knowing of the immediacy and importance of Earthly-causal Time - made them dwell, almost to the point of obsession, upon that day, especially as, at night, no sleep came to either of them, except in those fleeting if seemingly long times of those dreams, those strange dreams, never spoken about, where a naked Eulalia came unto them as they lay in their bed to kiss them to arouse them to suck their life, their very human essence, away, to leave them not only as a corpse paler and gaunter than they would have been even if all the blood and plasma within had been somehow drained away, but as a corpse that was somehow still mysteriously half-alive.

Thus did they - tired, almost exhausted - sit, with Beldan, in the airless, windowless inner room of a government department in Whitehall, waiting again for that senior Civil Servant who had been with them, every day, since those carefully choreographed events. And when he did arrive sporting his colourful silk tie-of-the-day and the regulation dark suit - it was pure force of strong will that roused Patterson from his almost stupor.

"We have one possibly significant line of enquiry," Patterson said to him, without preamble.

"Oh yes?"

"Yes. Cheddon here, as you know, has been liaising with GCHQ and has been analyzing some anomalies."

"Well, we could all do with some good news, especially after yesterday's explosion and our inability to find let alone track this Eulalia character. Or whatever she calls herself."

Inwardly, Patterson smiled, for the "your Unit" and "your inability..." of previous days, had become,

in the past two days, "our Unit", our team, and "our inability..."

"It appears," Cheddon said, "that some very unusual transmissions have been detected. Unusual because of the frequency used, because of their content, their power, and, maybe most interesting of all, because they're being beamed into a fixed point in Space, beyond Earth."

"And," Patterson added, "we're working here on the assumption that these transmissions may be connected to recent events."

"Why?" the senior Civil Servant asked.

"Basically," Cheddon replied, "because they're unexplained and at the moment inexplicable and because they do support our working assumption about those recent events."

"The extra-terrestrial entities idea," the senior Civil Servant said, somewhat stuffily.

"Aliens," interjected Beldan.

"Personally, I prefer to call them ETE's," Cheddon said.

"And so do I," added Patterson. "Given the nature of the events in York, it seems a reasonable working assumption."

"You have obtained a fix on the origin of these transmissions?" the senior Civil Servant asked.

"Not yet. But, " replied Cheddon, "I've narrowed it down to a smallish area by the Thames, here in London. We've used what tracking facilities are available - ground-based and satellite - and the messages don't appear to be directed at anything we can detect. Perhaps the Americans might help out, here?"

"Not possible, currently," the senior Civil Servant replied. "Orders from the PM. Keep this among ourselves. That sort of thing."

"Anyway," Patterson said, "even if those Septic Tanks agreed they wouldn't on past form share all their info."

The senior Civil Servant pretended not to hear the remark. "Your plan? Should you track down the source?"

"Surround. Contain. Detain."

"Unless," quipped the young Cheddon, "they get beamed-up to the mother-ship!"

Turning to Beldan, the senior Civil Servant asked, "Any progress on the corpse residue?"

"None," she replied. "Another unexplained anomaly. Why that individual - "

"Creature," interrupted Patterson.

"Quite why the corpse of that individual," Beldan continued, "just disintegrated into dust, less than an hour following death, is a medical mystery, for the moment. Nothing like it has been reported with any of the other corpses so far recovered."

"Perhaps," Cheddon unhelpfully suggested, "they don't like being restrained."

Everyone ignored him, again.

"No more reports, today?" Beldan asked the senior Civil Servant.

"No. That makes four days, this week, with no new corpses, found. Although - " he began, then paused.

"Yes?" Beldan enquired.

"Although there has been a quite substantial increase in the number of missing persons reported."

"Maybe, " said Cheddon, "they are being taken alive for some sinister alien purpose."

None of them saw Beldan briefly smile, for both Cheddon and Patterson were momentarily reclaimed by such a wistful remembering of their dream wherein a naked Eulalia came upon them as they lay in their bed to kiss them to arouse them to suck their life, their very human essence, away within her, while the senior Civil Servant stood to thoughtfully, professionally, consider what he would say in his morning meeting with his nation's worried Prime Minister.

Thus it was that the trio departed from that windowless room of the low ceiling to a waiting car which, escorted by armed guards, conveyed them back to their sanctuary in the basements of some large city building where they each returned to their tasks as red-fingered Dawn spread her luteous light over that city whose humans walked, slept, sat, lay, awoke, or travelled, unaware of what the coming night would bring.



With the setting of that Sun which had warmed the air and the people that cloudless Autumn day in the south of England, there arose a great stirring among the denizens of those foetid underwater lairs where had rested those hunters of humans.

Thus, attuned to the Dark Daughters who watched over, cared, for them, they sallied forth not alone as hitherto but in feral packs always keeping to the shadows which they enhanced or caused by disabling or destroying those lights which lit the streets and roads of those cities and towns and places especially chosen by Eulalia that night. And thus it was there in those chosen places as if some dark but purifying contagion had begun to spreadingly seep forth from riverside, harbour or lake as whole areas become subsumed by a silent shadow bringing such fear trembling and dread to humans and wherein humans stupefied into silence were garnished, plucked from their lives, and where - having served their purpose of food - they were discarded dead to leave only corpses, only dried corpses, paler and gaunter than they would have been even if all the blood and plasma within them had been

somehow sucked away.

Eulalia was there, high above one such shadowing darkness: watching from where a large Penthouse balcony gave both fine Thames river and city of London views. Venora - she of the red-hair and the fullsome body - was there, with Idella, and Ffion the newly-blooded whose hands and arms - whose still changing body - still ached from the effort his first three human-feedings had caused him. Thus did they, with others of their non-human and half-human kind, so gladly, gleefully, watch as that uneven patch of dark spread silently un-humanly forth from below them.

And when after long hours of terror it was over, the dark contagion slowly silently ebbed to flow back unobserved to be back under water where replete from their feeding a calmness came to calm, soothe, reward, protect and sleep them until those Dark Daughters might certainly would need them, again, to cleanse some other small places on Earth. Then only then - when sleep became them - in areas claimed, sanctioned, purified in presencing darkness, were sound and speech restored to humans who there remained alive: there where corpses lay scattered singly or had been haphazardly heaped into piles.

There was nothing no one - no human, no authority - could do, except collect the corpses, restore the lights, and try to ease if only in some small way the shock, the terror, and the awe. Soon, the Media - television, radio programmes, newspapers - would be awash and bleating with reports, as almost as soon the government of that land, and its minions, would be spinning yarns of its own: "According to a statement just issued by the Prime Minister, there is no need to panic as the government has the situation under control. At a special news conference, a spokesperson for the Ministry of Justice announced that seventeen people - suspected terrorists - had been arrested for their part in this nationwide terrorist outrage where a deadly virus, released in some thirteen cities and towns across England, is reported to have caused many thousands of fatalities..."

But slowly, creepingly slowly, stealthily, from one human being to another, another more terrifying story would be told, as Eulalia the Dark Sorceress had intended, as - not that many miles from her temporary luxurious riverside lair - a senior Civil Servant stood with his trio of new friends in that windowless room of the low ceiling.

"According to information we have just received from MI6," he said to Patterson, "there have now been a few reported cases of similar corpses found in the United States, and a few in other countries, such as Egypt."

"On the scale we've seen tonight?" Beldan asked.

"No, not at all. Thankfully not. Our information indicates around only two dozen or so, at most, in the United States."

"Everything is ready," Patterson said.

"You have the location?" the senior Civil Servant asked him.

"By the time we arrive the area will be secured. We have the authority to proceed?"

"Yes. But only on the understanding that it is a last resort. We want them alive."

"That may not be possible. Casualties will be kept to a minimum," Patterson lied. Ponti's - People Of No Tactical Importance - were expendable, and if he had to take out the whole Apartment building, he would.



It all went according to Patterson's careful, meticulous military plan, so that by the time he and his Unit - with the senior Civil Servant in tow - arrived, the new, fashionable, medium-rise, riverside Apartment building had been swiftly and stealthily surrounded. Overhead, but not too close, RAF fighter jets circled, missiles armed, target acquired, while - nearby - heavy re-enforcements waited as, in distant radar and satellite centres, operators intently listened and watched, ready for any transmission, received or sent, and primed to relay just one word were any such thing detected. One word, to Patterson who without hesitation would order his pre-emptive strike.

Thus did those Special Forces troops silently enter the building. But there were no women, armed or otherwise, who appeared, anywhere, to oppose them as those well-trained troops skilfully threaded their way upwards from floor to floor. Indeed, they encountered nothing suspicious or deadly at all and by the time Patterson and his trio had joined them they had secured all but the uppermost floor, a suite of rooms for just the one prestigious Apartment, furnished in the minimalist manner.

It was not bravado that led Patterson, Sig Sauer pistol in his hand, to be first through the stairwell door, as it was not any sense of the heroic that made him be the first to try, and to open, that Apartment door. Rather, it was a strange mixture of both a soldier's duty and a man's desire. But his inner dichotomy was never put to the test, for the place - the whole place - was silent, still, and empty. Only a vague, subtle if somewhat intoxicating exotic scent remained, and he was standing by the large glass doors that gave access to the balcony overlooking the river Thames - while troopers unnecessarily and loudly secured the other rooms - when he remembered where he had smelt, felt, that scent before. It was Eulalia, who naked came upon him in his nightful fitful dreams where he lay in his bed and she kissed him to arouse him to suck his life, his very human essence, away, to leave him not only as a corpse paler and gaunter than he would have been even if all the blood and plasma within had been somehow drained away, but as a corpse that was somehow still mysteriously and longingly half-alive. And he was standing there, immersed in his amalgam of feelings, when Eulalia's message began to play on the large modern television screen attached to one wall.

"Hello again you sexy boy! You are getting closer - but not quite close enough, just yet," and the beautiful Eulalia mockingly but enchantingly smiled. "As a helpful human colleague of ours once so perceptively wrote, and do excuse my few liberties with the text. My version is so much better, wouldn't you agree? Anyway, as you are standing comfortably then I will begin:

It is of fundamental importance - to your human evolution - that what is Dark, and Sinister, is made real in a practical way, over and over again. That is, that what is dangerous, awesome, numinous, tragic, deadly, terrible, terrifying and beyond the power of ordinary mortals, laws and especially governments to control is made manifest. In effect, humans need constantly reminding that such things still exist; they need constantly to be brought "face-to-face", and touched, with what is, or appears to

be, inexplicable, uncontrollable, powerful and "evil". They need reminding of their own mortality - of the unforeseen, inexplicable "powers of Fate", of the powerful forces of both "Nature" and of Darkness. If this means killing, wars, suffering, sacrifice, terror, disease. tragedy and disruption, then such things must be...

"Do you begin to comprehend, now, what this beginning of ours is partly about? I do so hope so. Your planet is also in need of a little - how shall I say? - house-cleaning. But enough of all this sober governmental-type guff. You've have long hard day, haven't you, sweetie? So relax. Enjoy. Have a party. I do so wish I could stay, and personally entertain you, but I'm sure you'll forgive me. Pressing matters to attend to. I know, how awfully boring. But I will make it up to you, promise. And it will be worth the wait, as I'm sure you are by now beginning to know. Anyway, sweetie, bye-bye for now!" And she blew him a kiss, and then waved at everyone before her image was replaced by scenes of woman remarkably similar to her making passionate love to man remarkably similar to him, accompanied by music: a waltz by Johann Strauss, The Younger.

Calmly, Patterson fired three rounds from his pistol at the screen, thereby destroying it. But he could not quite escape the feeling that Eulalia, from somewhere and somehow, was watching him, and benignly smiling.





Eulalia Part 3

The Lengthy-Briefness of Dark Acausal Dreams

She - Eulalia - had visited him again in those long sleepless hours of his dreams when he lay fitfully in his bed as those late cold October nights drifted causally toward another crescent-mooned Dawn.

The dream - redolent of the acausal - had been long as such dreams often were in the normal world of that causal time that measured out each human day, and which yet in its lengthy acausal duration only a few moments of Earthly time had passed. So it was that Patterson awoke from its strange lengthy-briefness to feel more exhausted than on his previous day on Earth. She had come forth out of darkness as she always did to softly, gently, and nakedly lay upon him as he lay in his sweating nakedness within that large room of his otherwise deserted London house. She had kissed him, as she always in the lengthy-briefness of such nightly dreams kissed him: deeply, tongue touching tongue, while he almost always against his will became aroused, needing no hand - hers, or his - to guide his straining almost painful erection into her clinging moist welcoming warmth that brought such pleasure that he had to, vainly, fight against it. She would move, then, slowly, upon him as his body surrendered and he eagerly embraced her: slowly moving until her, his, urgency of orgasm overcame him and they became passionately, rabidly, enmeshed until he, drained, was left, weak of relaxing body, to supinely lay as if drugged while his, and her effusive, bodily fluids slowly seeped forth from her vagina, and her kiss sucked his life, his very human essence, away, to leave him as a corpse paler and gaunter than it would have been even if all the blood and plasma within had been somehow drained away, but as a corpse that was somehow still mysteriously and yearningly, longingly, half-alive.

But that night she was, so very slightly, so very disturbingly, different in the first moment of that life-draining kiss when it was to him as if she had somehow changed to be, to become - ever so fleetingly - some-thing else, not quite human and certainly not the beautiful, delectable, sensuous, exotic, voluptuous young women who enticed and then so passionately in those dreams aroused him, and who increasingly in his wakeing hours unwelcomely occupied both his emotions and his thoughts.

Thus did he awake that cold almost frost-like morning to lay a long time in his empty sweat-damp bed as, outside, in a London street, people busied themselves with the beginning of their day, oblivious to the darkness which had seeped through dimensions and which they were and would be powerless before. Patterson's house had long ago been emptied of his wife and children, leaving him in its secluded large quietness to concentrate upon his cherished military career, and when - irregularly - they did return to visit he was never quite sure whether his pleasure at their company, their presence, outweighed his rather gruff annoyance. For it never long before he and his former wife began to quarrel.

Thus did he lay, that quiet morning, even more disturbed by Eulalia than normal, trying to - and failing - to recall that briefest of brief moments when she had changed to be, to become, some-thing, not quite human. So he lay, still, suffused again, as he often had become in the days of the last fastly passing week, with a memory, a feeling, of her enticing, enwrapping, soft feminine warmth, and he had to use all his strength of character, all the years of his military training and life, to will such memories and such feelings away, and for a moment, a long seemingly long-lasting moment, he was alternatively disgusted then pleased then yearning then disgusted with himself as a sudden intense sexual desire for her overcame him. Thus did he that cold morning in that cold room leap up from his bed to undertake a series of demanding physical exercises, and it was this - this hard routine of training - that brought him back to be the man he was, an experienced Army officer sworn to do his patriotic duty.

Yet he could not escape her presence, that day, for not only did she linger on - enticing, bewitching - in his thoughts and memories and feelings, she was also the subject of an hours long meeting as he, Cheddon, Beldan and their senior Civil Servant, gathered together again in that windowless room of the low ceiling in Whitehall.

They were discussing the events of only the week before when Eulalia's primal Dark Entities had sallied forth, among humans, bringing such terror and such a deadly carnage, when, quite suddenly, all that Patterson could feel, all that subsumed his thoughts, was a desire to be with her, again. He would reach out, and touch her: feel the warmth of her face; touch the softness of her breasts; smell again that haunting exotic perfume which so suffused her...

"Er, Patterson?" Cheddon was saying.

"What?" Patterson said, somewhat annoyed at being disturbed from his sexual reverie. Then, remembering - feeling again - who he was, he said: "Say again?"

"I was remarking," Cheddon continued as the screen behind him glowed with a paused image from filmed footage of a heap of corpses, "that the alien theory is now the most plausible one."

"If that's what you want to believe," Patterson replied, somewhat scathingly.

"What other possible explanation could there be?" Beldan asked.

"Trans-dimensional beings. From other dimensions." Patterson said without quite knowing why he said it.

"That," chided Beldan, "is an even more implausible that the supposition they are aliens from another

star-system."

"Not necessarily," responded Cheddon. "It is a possibility I've considered - "

"But discounted," said Beldan.

"Yes. At least for the moment. It's certainly a more plausible hypothesis than what some of the loonies who've contacted the government have come up with. Demons, indeed!" And he laughed, not loud, but somewhat quietly, as a rather shy, awkward, ageing University Professor might laugh at some absurd theory propounded by a new young student

"The important and pressing issues," the senior Civil Servant said, interrupting, and fiddling with his colourful silk tie-of-the-day, "are what can we do in a practical way to counter them, and what, if any, are their demands."

"Well," said Patterson, reverting to his role of Army officer, "our conventional weapons such as firearms do not seem effective against them, as was demonstrated in York. They seem to have the ability, by whatever means, to transport themselves somewhere else, so that we cannot, it seems, contain nor detain them. Twice, they have lured us a specific locality, then escaped, in my opinion just to demonstrate that they could escape, despite our best efforts, and to demonstrate that they are prepared for whatever tactics we might use."

"So, just what do we do? What can we do?" Cheddon asked.

"What I said," Patterson replied, looking at the senior Civil Servant "at the briefing with the PM last week."

"And for the benefit of the those two of us who were not there?" Beldan asked, with a slight undertone of annoyance at having been excluded from that meeting.

"We can do two things," Patterson replied. "First, we can ready and deploy other weapons, apart from conventional firearms, such as high-powered lasers, tazers, ultrasonics, or whatever else we have or can speedily develop. We might find one type of weapon which is effective. I have spent the last week building up a specialist team which has acquired some of the weapons that might be useful."

"And second?" Beldan asked.

"Secondly, we can wait. It is my considered opinion that what has occurred so far are only demonstrations. Demonstrations of what they can do. Nothing has happened for over a week. Why? Because, in my view and that of some of my senior colleagues in the Armed Forces, they are allowing us time to come to terms with the reality, which is of our current ineffectiveness in dealing with and with tracing them, and in seeing how much of the truth we - that is, the government - reveals to the public, which so far has not been very much and is of the standard *attacks by terrorists* Party political line."

"So you expect them to contact us, directly?" Beldan asked.

"Almost certainly," Patterson said. "And, if I am not mistaken, very soon indeed."

"Saying what?" Cheddon asked.

"Giving us their demands."

"Which will be what, exactly?" Beldan asked.

"Well," the senior Civil Servant said, smiling somewhat nervously, "we've had a team of analysts working on that for the past few days."

"And?" Beldan inquired.

"And - " Patterson interjected, "the upshot is we simply do not know, but in all probability it will be for some kind of power, or for resources, or possibly even for living-space."

"Lebensraum," Cheddon said. "Interesting!"

"So we just sit and wait, then?" Beldan said.

"It does seem so," the senior Civil Servant said.

"It is their move - *her* move - in this game that's being played," replied Patterson, and almost smiled.

"I'd hardly call it a game," Cheddon sighed, "So many deaths..."

"It is to them," Patterson calmly said.

So it was that they sat there, in that windowless room of the low ceiling, in silence for many moments, each enwrapped in and with their own feelings and thoughts, and so it was with only polite words between them that that meeting ended to leave Patterson, Beldan and Cheddon to be ferried in a vehicle, escorted by armed guards, back to their sanctuary in the basements of some large secret government city building where they each returned to their tasks as a warmless Sun rose above the streets and buildings of that city and into a cloudless sky.

Patterson was in the small room of inward corridor-looking windows which had become his office and communications centre when Eulalia appeared, to sit calmly on one end of his desk as he busied himself at another with reading, on the screen of one of his communications consoles, the technical specifications of some ultrasonic device. He knew she was there, but he pretended not to notice and so did not turn around.

"Some privacy, I think," and, as Eulalia - resplendent in a long flowing dress as if for some formal Ball - moved her left hand ever so slightly, the inward-window blinds came down, quietly, quickly, to close to leave them secluded in the bright artificial light of that room, and she smiled at him as he rose from his chair to stand before her.

"You have arrived here to present us with your demands," he said, as an honourable Army officer might to an unforgiving ruthless enemy.

"To offer you a position, an opportunity. Destiny," she softly replied, standing in front of him and touching his face with her hand.

He tried to raise his arm to push her hand away but it would not obey the command of his thought, and it seemed as if she was about to kiss him when she suddenly, and gracefully, stepped back.

"What you so desire can be yours, but only if you desire it freely," she said. "And it would be no night-time dream."

Her quixotic perfume seemed to envelope him, heightening the desire that then subsumed him with its lengthy-briefness, but he resisted sufficiently enough to be able to say, "Why?"

"Why must you freely desire or why the opportunity?" she teased.

"What opportunity?" and even as he said the words it was as if, somehow and in some strange un-human way, he had known her for years; as if she was his wife, come to visit unexpectedly but pleasingly at work; the wife so desired and dreamed of during those bachelor years of early Army life and even, to his hidden shame, through a decade of that one quarrelling now broken marriage when he, his career assured, rapidly earned promotion by virtue of talent, skill, and personal character.

He tried then to tell himself that she was not human - she was the enemy, his foe - but she came forward and touched his face again, gently, with her warm hand, and, enwrapped in impossible desire, he kissed her. She was warm, soft, yielding - human - pressing her breasts, her thighs, her public area, against him until he was ripping away her dress to reveal her nakedness and eagerly, almost stumblingly, removing his own lower garments. They were on the floor, then, rabidly enmeshed together for almost one half of one Earthly causal hour until his whole body spasmed in an intense orgasm of ecstasy to leave him drained, with relaxing sweaty body, to feel her strangely effusive bodily fluid, now mixed with his, slowly warmly seeping forth from her warm sensuous vagina.

He seemed to sleep, briefly, then, and when he awoke he so expected to find her gone, or it all a dream. He had fallen asleep at his console, perhaps. Or it was a dream within a dream and he would awake, in his bed in the secluded large quietness of his large London house, bereft now of children and of wife. But Eulalia was there, naked, in his arms, bubbled in acausal Time, as outside beyond his working office, human life, all Earthly-dwelling life, lived, frozen, until her own distant-close Mistress freed it from that stopped, paused, moment of that lengthy-briefness which marked the causal passing of that measuring meddling noisy Earth-dwelling species, Homo Hubris.

But Patterson did not know this, and lay with her allowing her body warmth to warm him. For he was still alive, warm, healthy and fit and strong of body, and she had not sucked the life from within him as in those nightmares of his nights. So he touched her, feeling every softness, every contour of her warm lascivious sensuous female human body.

Thus did she then explain to him - thought to thought without a need for human spoken words - as they lay, nestled, there together, touching, and thus did he feel and know until the Earthly-time for her momentary leaving arrived when he, she, together stood, to dress, and he thought he saw some sadness in her eyes. He understood, then, as she had hoped he would understand just as his intense passionate lustful desire for her was slowly, then, so slowly changing, transmuting, being transmuted

to be, become, something else as she knew - hoped - it would, despite a part of his human nature still distantly valiantly fighting against her. For he was her chosen, and it was for him now to be alone - bereft of her, his longing and his dreams - to make the choice he alone must freely make.

Outside, clouds fastly skudded by cold north-easterly winds came to cover the Sun to send down, quickly amid a growing dark, a brief but powerful storm of hail before two peels of thunder drowned out the noises that Homo Hubris and their machines made, there, in that ancient, and capital, English city whose river flowed as it flowed over where those hunters of humans rested, and waited, ready, in their lairs.



There was much that Rezare - she of the long greying hair and still lithesome body - wanted to do, as her group gathered around her in their protective drawn circle there on that low mound of muddied grass where a few almost forgotten almost overgrown ancient small standing stones rested, broken, or fallen, just before the covering of deciduous trees gave way to an ancient well. There was no Moon, as she desired - no warmth from a warm Summer's night - but the urgency of the matter had brought them together to be there at that hour as she, their Rounwytha, had urged. There was a darkness growing, seeping, into the land, the people, the very landscape that she loved - reaching out with its demon dreams and its succubitic love to entrap, ensnare, entice - and although she did not, as yet, know its source, she felt, knew, that her wyrdful-rouning must oppose it.

Thus did she and her group - six men, three woman, all far younger than she - wait in their white clean robes for the rouning to begin, and thus did she, as Rounwytha, lisp, in almost silence, old words of her craft while a slight wind brought coldness, and sound by leaves fallen, befeallen.

But the more she tried, the more tired she became, as if she - her very life, her essence - was being somehow strangely sucked away; as if the very trees themselves, around her, were reaching out to her venting slowly forth from branch and buried root a longing for her to leave them alone. She did not understand this - for were they not: her friends? Were they not the folk of the wood, the very wood itself, who once, many times, had spoken to her with wordless words on starry moonless moonlit nights while she listened and learnt and which each year her Mother-Earth so lovingly in Spring simbellicly renewed?

So she tried again, lisping forth again those ancient words. But the very earth beneath her, the living soil of Earth, then seemed to be seeping forth into her, colding her feet, her body, her head, as if seeking, asking, her to go, peacefully in peace. She did not understand this - for was this soil not her growthful friend which each year every year she nurtured forth in garden and gardens to grow ginningly the food that fed her and kept her fit, hearty, well? It was as if they - her friends of soil, wood, forest, and fieldful hill - sensed, knew, what she knew, and as if they welcomed that - were welcoming that: that so slow subtle un-human change which had so disturbed her both in daylight and in dreams.

Thus did she, sensitive, hyelding, try again to no avail, and thus did she, they - her covenful group, and at her bidding - leave, each in their own way by their own means, until she, by hillfull fields, was back alone in her cold small cottage only warm by that large wood-fire she lit and in front of which

she sat, worn armchair rested, while her seal-point Siamese cat kept her company and nothing came to disturb the silence and worried sanctity of her mood. She fell asleep there - as the fire dimmed and fell, and hunger failed to wake her - to dream she was back alone by that ancient sacred hidden well where roots seeped forth from trees nearby to grasp her and earth, soil-ly earth, worm-ridden, opened to encase her in her tomb.

It was the scent, the quixotic, suffusive scent which awoke her, and the warm soft hands of some unseen presumed female presence which warmed her as she sat, quite still but unfearful in that colding dark. There were lips kissing hers: warm, soft, gentle lips which touched her own of dryness, unknissed for more than fifteen years. A touch which warmly, slowly, gently, caressed her - touching face, neck, body, the naked thighs beneath her robe-covered dress. And then it all was gone, all gone, to leave her, colourful of cheek with her legs apart, parted as an almost yearning straining hope touched her while that warm strange touch had caressed her thighs to move within an inch of where a sudden longing wetness seeped out to wet her greying pubic hairs.

Thus did she, ashamed, gather up her strength to slowly say the words of some protective ancient incantation there in that cold small cottage where her seal-point Siamese cat kept her company and where nothing human came to disturb the silence and worried sanctity of her now wytanic mood.



Patterson and his small cabal of Cheddon and Beldan - awaiting the arrival of the senior Civil Servant - had been in one of Beldan's rather large and well-equipped brightly-lit laboratories in the well-guarded basements of that large city of London and government building, when he, perhaps, pre-emptively, had with vague-ish terms explained to them about Eulalia's visit where he said she had given her demands.

Thus they had listened, in silence, as he himself, still vaguely perfumed with Eulalia's scent - with each vague utterance of each vague often obscuring spoken word - formed, from each idea, each image, each future-deed precisely, wordlessly, livingly, almost lovingly impinged by her upon within his mind, his being, a bond with and to her, thus becoming more aware with each passing of each Earthly causal second of his choice, more assured of his choice, of the correctness of that now freely-chosen choice, bringing thus to him in those moments of his speaking a clear vision of Destiny and an intimation of how his life hitherto had fitted him for such a role as lived within him now, burgeoning, strongly growing with each silent felt remembrance of Eulalia's breath: of her scent, softness, warmth, touch, sharing - blissfully shared but one short causal Earthly hour before.

It was not that he forgot or had forgotten or even was about to negate the loyalty, the feelings, that bound him through oaths pastly-made to be a loyal liege and thus to do his duty to his land, his country, and the government that still idealistically at least derived its own presumptive authority from one such similar oath. Rather, he understood his new duty as but an extension of - the fulfilment of - such things, restoring what required to be restored and bringing-into-being that, only that, which only could be built by such a means as he through such a Destiny would bring. And it was only when the senior Civil Servant arrived to seat himself between Cheddon and Beldan that he exchanged his vague words of description for the reality he felt now so joyously so fittingly living within himself, for she - Eulalia - would be with him again, naked in his arms for all of the coming night, as the Sun

descended to bring a Wintry cold darkness over those lands of England that he, the long-serving patriotic professional soldier, loved.

"As I explained to Cheddon and Beldan here," Patterson began, standing, and looking directly at the senior Civil Servant, "she was, somehow and by some means, here just over an hour ago - "

"Beam me up, Scotty..." Cheddon quipped, with an appalling attempt at a Scottish accent.

Patterson ignored him. "The demands given are quite simple. In return for certain small concessions, and subject to certain conditions and assurances, the attacks will cease; the entities - not of them - that wrought all those deaths will be withdrawn, and we will be given certain technical assistance to develop new technologies which will be to the great advantage of Britain, to the government, to our people, and to our standing in the world." He paused, as a professional politician might pause for effect while delivering a speech. Then, quite calmly, he said: "I am to act as her - as their - liaison. As her - as their - representative."

Cheddon and the senior Civil Servant looked at each other, somewhat surprised, while Beldan only smiled.

"What exactly," the senior Civil Servant said, "are these concessions and conditions?"

"The main condition," Patterson confidently continued, "is that of absolute and binding secrecy. No one - outside of the few of us who already know - can know either the truth of what has occurred, or of her, of their, involvement with us, current and future.

"The concessions relate to us providing them a secure area where they can live, in secret, and in us allowing some of them - a few of them - to dwell among us, undetected, with a few of those few to be given certain positions, within the government and our Armed Forces. In return for which - as I said - they will provide us with technical assistance to develop new technologies which will be to our great advantage."

"Why?" Cheddon, inquired. "What do they really want?"

"A place to live - among us, in human form. To guide us; to help us develop what we need to develop, in terms of science and technology, so that we might spread out from this planet to be, to live, among the stars, and thus evolve as we have the potential to evolve. We, this country, our government, have been given this opportunity."

"I still don't get it," Cheddon said.

"It seems to me," Beldan replied, "that it is quite simple. They have a need, a desire, to dwell here, on Earth, and so are offering to come to an agreement, and arrangement, with us which is beneficial to both sides."

Patterson looked at her strangely, as if there was, in that moment, something he felt he knew about her, but the feeling of such a knowing soon passed, and, instead, he said, to Cheddon, "That indeed is the gist of the matter. They want to aid us in the development of Space - and other technologies - so

that they also can, with us, move back out toward the stars."

"I see," Beldan said, smiling at him. "So, it is logical to assume that these alien beings, or whatever we might call them, are somehow stuck here, for some reason as yet unknown to us, on this planet in our sector of this Galaxy, and require our assistance in order to resume their Space-faring ways."

This was not what Patterson knew - not what Eulalia had shown him - but it would be, it would have to be, for the present, the best cover-story to use among those who already knew of her, and of her companions, existence.

"Can they be trusted, though?" Cheddon asked, interrupting Patterson's reverie.

"Any agreement," Patterson answered, "is a matter of trust. In my considered opinion, yes, she - they - can be trusted."

"Maybe. Perhaps. Possibly. For the moment. Possibly not. And if we don't agree to their terms and conditions?" Cheddon asked.

"Then," Patterson said, "the attacks will resume; those entities will wreck more havoc and death; and other countries will be targeted."

"Not much of a choice, then," said Beldan.

"What," inquired the senior Civil Servant of Patterson, fiddling - as had become his habit - with his colourful silk tie, "in your professional opinion and that of your colleagues, are the possibilities of us succeeding now, or in the immediate future, in defeating this person and her forces?"

"As I explained to the PM recently, the consensus is - and I concur - that the possibility is remote. That it is, currently and in the immediate future, an unfeasible objective. We have neither the resources nor the means to achieve such an objective. Unless and until we can develop a means to track them, unless we can develop some weapon or weapons which are effective against them, our options, from a military point of view, are severely limited and currently ineffective. There is also a consensus that it would take some years for us to develop the capabilities we need to even be on a par with them."

"I see," the senior Civil Servant said.

"During which time, no doubt," Beldan added, "there would be hundreds of thousands of deaths, maybe millions, world-wide - and a great deal of devastation and destruction."

"What about the weapons you've been looking at recently?" asked Cheddon.

"They may or may not have some limited effect.

"Shouldn't we try them out?" Cheddon asked

"We - my tactical team and I - have been ready to do so if a situation arose where such weapons might be deployed. But - " and he paused, again. "My information is that such weapons as we currently possess will not be effective."

"What information?" Cheddon inquired.

"I was directly informed..."

"By Eulalia?" interrupted Cheddon, guessing.

"Yes."

"And you believed her?" Cheddon said, surprised.

"I have - had - no reason to doubt the veracity of her information. Indeed, she offered to give us a demonstration."

"I see," the senior Civil Servant said.

"We should put it to the test," Cheddon added.

"I accepted her offer and have already made the arrangements." He checked his wristwatch. "If you will follow me, we should be in position at exactly the right time."

So he led them out from that brightly-lit well-equipped laboratory through a skein of corridors, passing many an armed and uniformed guard, to the large underground car-park that served their needs and that of the other occupants of those well-guarded government basements of that large city of London building. In one corner of that dismal grey underground area a tactical squad of soldiers waited in a semi-circle, holding a variety of weapons, regular, strange, and improvised, and - as Patterson's quartet joined them - three women, all dressed in black, young and dark of hair with bright red lipstick upon their lips, suddenly materialized at the point which was the centre of that semi-circle of soldiers. The women were carrying guns which seemed to resemble standard Earth-manufactured semi-automatic pistols which they raised and pointed at the soldiers who also raised their own assortment of weapons but who did not fire. But the women simply smiled, and shot three soldiers dead.

Thus did the nine remaining soldiers fire or operate their weapons as the women stood, smiling and un-humanly still, making no attempt to shoot or even target their own hand-held guns. For five minutes they stood until Patterson gave orders for his men to cease their firing. No one spoke, or moved - except the three women, who unharmed came forward to kiss each still living speechless unmoving soldier on the cheek before those strange but attractive women turned, waved at Patterson, and were gone.

"I see your point," Cheddon said, unnecessarily, to him.



It was not long before his suspicious, his doubts, grew. Not even the senior Civil Servant would listen to him when he hinted certain things. Certainly, Beldan was distant, disengaging, unapproachful, and

so Cheddon carried on, in his own well-equipped, if dimly lit, laboratory in those well-guarded government basements of that large city of London building. Carried on, almost but not quite as normal. What could he say, do? So he busied himself with the new work that Patterson said was of vital and national import. Waiting, unsure; with only doubts, suspicious, unvoiced, unheard, almost always strange, unformed.

No longer the hunt for some enemy foe. No longer the sense, the knowing, the thrill, of being part of some elite, secret, well-armed, powerful, government team. Instead: he felt cheated, betrayed, perhaps even soiled. As if the deal they had made somehow besmirched, dishonoured, and shamed him. He did not understand why this was so, only that it felt so. Perhaps it was that he had betrayed the dead - the ones, the thousands, they had killed. Perhaps he had even betrayed himself. Perhaps it was fear of being taken, made-to-be like them. Or perhaps a feeling of being somehow their minion, their slave: as if he, humans, were powerless, weak, inferior, now before them. He did not know, and so he carried on: he, one of those chosen to closely guard their, and his governments, secret, doing - as the consummate talented professional he was - his newly given governmental duties outstandingly well, while secretly, furtively, working on some way to detect, defend against, them.

The day was bright, if cold, with a frost that the warmless middle November Sun did not nor would that day remove, and Rezare - she of the long greying hair, the lithesome body - sat in her old worn armchair by her warming large wood-fire reading from an antiquarian folio book, her seal-point Siamese cat asleep beside her in a wicker-basket. There was no sound, except the slight occasional wind-rapping of small bare Willow tendrils that hung down seepingly against her sitting room window from the overgrown tree in her Cottage garden, and she might have been at peace - happy, contented; contented, happy, warm - had not her dreams, her knowing, the very words of the book, disturbed her. For the words of that Diary, that Journal, flowingly, cursively, inscribed by hand, were of a Rounwytha before her who had through visions and dreams seen a certain uncertain dark future: sinister times where strange shapeshifting succubitic beings ventured forth to bring sadness, madness, terror, and awe; where They - though unnamed - use for their own ends human beings, establishing thus a Dark, sinister, Imperium upon Earth.

Thus did Rezare read what another of her kind had written, less than seventy years before:

"I, with the help of an old dear friend, have been able to find only scattered references, such as:

They require Earth as a Gate, a physical staging place, from whence they can go forth to dominate that life which exists among the stars, and because they desire again our human bodies - for, being formless as they are, eternal, they cannot feel as we feel; cannot love as we love; cannot feel the joy that we feel. For Aeons after Aeons they have lived formless and unfeeling and dreaming as such beings do. Once, long ago now, before we knew ourselves, before words came forth to be written, some of Them seeped to be among us, taking, as legend says, human shape human. Some stayed, most returned. Perhaps it was that the tales of

*those returning, tales of our life - of their time of physical form -
enchanted Them as they lived where They lived, formless, ageless,
waiting: waiting, but, for what? So They, some of Them, contrived Their
return - to guide us, legend says, to change us... Their wait was long,
perhaps too long, for the stars, the very cosmos had to be aligned aright,
with Theirs, for Them to come forth again from Their sleepless dwelling
to be among us, to be with us, once again. To have the feeling, the
corporeal being, They so craved.*

and also this one:

*Falcifer is the name They have chosen. Working in secret, even now
They are planning his coming. He is the Spawn of Chaos, the leader of
those Dark Gods...*

But in my dreams this Falcifer of theirs is a woman who has as her Vindex a man, a human, and by whom she bears a half-human child who, as her, needs the vital force, the living essence, of human beings to live, survive. I never see her face, clearly. But her smell is ever so indicative and strong, almost animal, feral like, in its intensity; but more than an odour; more than a perfume. Even now in the bright sun of this lovely hot July day I catch myself smelling this strange fragrance, unlike any flower I have ever known, unlike any perfume I have ever smelt, or blended, unlike the smell of any magical potion I have ever made.

She and her kind are beyond the words of the books of our kind; beyond the words of all our human books, magical; otherwise. Missing pages from our history, our past, for some of them have been here among us for millennia. Waiting. Some perhaps in dreams have glimpsed them or been touched by them, as I. Many have known them, over the centuries, and died because of it.....

Through her chosen one she schemes, plots, then rules, growing in Earthly influence, power. I do not know why, but sometimes I seem to see great factories; a new Empire; a country, a nation, triumphant, over others, only this time ruler of the skies, where machines rise to unearthly heights. War; deaths; suffering. So many, so terrible. More than those terrible years - that war - we lived through and vowed to never live through again... But the dreams have gone, not returned. Again I do not know why the dreams have stopped, or why they began. I am only glad, so very glad, they have stopped and not returned....."

Slowly, Rezare placed the book aside. She also did not know how or why her own so similar dreams had begun; but hers had not stopped, becoming with each night more vivid, intense, as if the land around - the living hillfull fields, the trees, the streams, copses, sheltering welcoming woods, the birds, animals, the very soil itself - had somehow in some way changed with, through, because of understanding. Gone now their welcoming of such un-earthly darkness; gone now their beckoning desire for her to leave peacefully and in peace. Instead: only a desire, an urgent desire, through

wordless words - through that very belonging with-them that she treasured, loved, felt, knew - for her to help them, she as daughter, perhaps, of their life-giving Earth-Mother. Perhaps it was then the trees, the streams, the birds, animals, those sheltering welcoming well-known woods, the very soil itself, who spoke to her by dreams, bringing such a seeing, such a knowing, such detail, as no Rounwytha before her had ever possessed, so that to her even the wind-rapping of those small bare Willow tendrils upon her draughtful window were as words, informing her of why and of what she must do.

There will be snow tonight, she knew, a journey to take her, alone, to a city where her visions and those voices said would be a young man, to help her.

"How did you find me?" Cheddon asked, as Rezare waited outside in that snowy darkful cold which had come to claim his city.

"It does not matter," she said. "What matters is what we can do to fight those alien shapeshifting beings and she who has so beshrewed he who leads that team you are still a part of."

Startled, surprised - intrigued - Cheddon let her into his warm bachelor fourth-floor modern Apartment whose large windows gave fine Thames river and city of London views. Then, outside, in the darkness, it was as if suddenly that city, that England, had drifted back into a far far quieter more distant ancient time: for, for just one lengthy-briefness of just three measured Earthly minutes, there was a silence, a stillness, a steeply plunging Outer-Space coldness, that made machines, people, stutter, to bring them briefly to a halt; to cut for one moment of Earthly lengthy-briefness that flow of electrical energy that brought forth light and brightness to human streets and homes.

Thus did Rezare - she of long greying hair, lithesome body, and sensitive, hyelding - involuntarily shiver, until Cheddon, with youthful momentary desperation of comfort, saught her hand to let her warming fingers, her comforting warm embrace, renew remind and unexpectedly arouse him as that strange seeping cold enclosing lengthy-briefness of un-human blackness passed their brief causal-world by.

