

The 100th anniversary of the 1917 revolution

An experiment began that was unparalleled in the whole two-thousand year history of Christianity since the era of Christian persecution in the first three centuries of the Roman Empire. Under state rule, the Orthodox faith was being erased directly from the memory of the nation and the hearts of the people by means that were intentional and as equally inhuman and brutal as those in the darkest medieval times. The goal – to forget God throughout the whole territory of the USSR. The sad fact remains that the Orthodox faith, due to its character as a peaceful religion untouched by the violence of the crusades or medieval inquisitions, became the ideological enemy of the communists. Thus, the moment Lenin seized power in position of supreme leader of the newly formed state, this man of mirror-reflection malformed karma displayed the true nature of his contorted, negative charisma. Like the far side of the moon, inside him appeared a new and horrific significance of the originally religious concept of charisma – a blessing from God, but in inverse form. The full evolution of his talent – which lied in personifying the living synthesis of militant philosopher, leader of global revolution, and mass murderer in one – was prevented by a somewhat undignified and unplanned death as the consequence of the protracted tertiary stage of syphilis. To this day, it remains a mystery how this master of schemes and five-year plans could have been so mistaken in himself and in his assessment of developments in revolutionary tendencies in his own country, where, thanks to his absence, he missed out on all things imaginable. It was as if, upon completing his life's goal, Lenin's temporary talent in defying eternity through materialism was extinguished as well. It should not go without mention that the tar-stuffed (or, in more sophisticated terms, asphalt-stuffed) artifact of his remains in the mausoleum has successfully defied the snares of time, displayed proudly as a national cult monument of a country with good taste in displaying carcasses. However, before he and his predictably pre-determined asphalt-reeking aura departed, half-stricken with debility and syphilitic bone-rot, he managed to inspire the blind masses to follow his personal concept of salvation and single truth. Like the stench from a chimney when the air-pressure is low, a devoted procession of uneducated servants still drags behind him, just as it did later with Stalin or Hitler. They were servants followers willing to export as a commodity the cult of the revolution further throughout the whole world. But, we are still in Russia, the year is 1918, and Lenin, in relatively full force and with clear, albeit limited awareness (NOW TRY TO UNDERSTAND: IN A WAKING STATE, HE VOLUNTARILY GAVE UP HALF OF HIS OWN SELF AS AN ATHEIST), ignited the flames of hatred with his temporarily allotted charisma as the wind had spread the bubonic plague in previous centuries, until the heaving wave of violence began to break literally in all directions without respect to the borders of states or continents.

JUST TO EXPLAIN IN ADVANCE – I TRULY WANTED TO USE HIS EARTHLY REMAINS FOR OTHER, HIGHER GOALS ON MY JOURNEY TO ANNIHILATE YOU PEOPLE AND WHOLE HUMAN RACE. BUT UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF MY PRESENCE, THE UNGRATEFUL BASTARD BEGAN TO DECOMPOSE WHILE HE WAS STILL ALIVE. HOW SHOULD I SAY IT? HE SIMPLY ROTTED. THE FACT THAT HIS BRAIN HAD CEASED TO WORK LONG BEFORE WAS OF NO MATTER TO ME; ON THE CONTRARY, I WAS BORED TO DEATH BY HI SPASMS OF WRITING. THINK ABOUT IT – 45 VOLUMES? NOW THAT'S DEFINITELY PERVERSE. WITHOUT THE ABILITY TO MOVE, HOWEVER, HE WAS TRULY USELESS TO ME. SO I CUT HIM ADRIFT, TO FLOAT TOWARD HIS SUPPOSED ETERNITY THAT, FOR A SHORT TIME, HE PROUDLY THOUGHT HE WAS LIVING IN. HOWEVER, ONE SINGLE FLEETING GLANCE INTO A FUTURE WITHOUT THAT CHRIST OF YOURS WAS ENOUGH TO KEEP HIM FROM EVER

FORMULATING ANOTHER SENSIBLE WORD, OR EVEN A PEEP, FOR THAT MATTER. STRICKEN BY THIS KNOWLEDGE, HE WAS LEFT TO DROOL AND HOWL. WITHOUT THE COURAGE TO ATTRIBUTE HIS PAST DEEDS TO HIS TRUE CHRISTIAN NAME, IN HIS HOUR OF DEATH HE BEGAN TO ARDENTLY REGRET ALL THAT HE HAD EVER DONE. I ADMIT - HE DID RECEIVE AN ANSWER IN A SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT FORM THAN HE WAS EXPECTING OR NAIVELY IMAGINING. BUT WE'RE JUST REITERATING THE SAME THING OVER AND OVER. HOW DO YOU PEOPLE WANT TO UNDERSTAND ETERNITY WHEN YOU CAN'T EVEN DEFY SOMETHING AS SILLY AS SYPHILIS, AND ANATHEMA IS WAITING JUST OUTSIDE THE DOOR? MIGHT I BE MISSING THE GIFT TO EXPLAIN THE MATTER PROPERLY, WHICH WOULD ALL TAKE UP TOO MUCH OF MY TIME? OR IS IT DUE TO MY LACK OF EMPATHY? I STILL CAN'T FIGURE OUT THAT OLD LENIN WAS MORE TERRIFIED BY THE FACT THAT ANOTHER BUFFOON NAMED "HA-HA!-NO-TZRI" (*disdainfully with an emphasis on the error*) MIGHT REPUDIATE HIM, WHILE I MYSELF DIDN'T SEEM TO SCARE HIM SUFFICIENTLY. THAT WAS A TRUE DISAPPOINTMENT TO ME, AND SO I HURDLED ON. BUT, LET US RETURN TO THE TIME WHEN THAT IMBECILE WAS STILL PROPERLY SERVING ME AND I FULL-HANDEDLY RELISHED IN THE LOYALTY OF HIS DEVOTED MASSES...

Russia, the year 1918, events after the October Revolution. The genocide of the country's own and Ukrainian population is running at full bore, exactly according to the morbid scenario of the architect of the Revolution for Better Tomorrows. As a consequence of the application of these aforementioned Marxist-Leninist theories, terror and violence reigned in such monstrous form that it was later the inspiration for its fascist equivalent. Civil war engulfed the whole country and a deep trench was cut, dividing society between the Russian and the Soviet. The obedient masses, instigated by the atheists' fanatical hatred of religion, began to implement their version of a better world. In reaction to the slaughter of believers and members of the clergy, Moscow Patriarch of the Orthodox Church Tikhon excommunicated and sentenced to the punishment of anathema all those who had taken part in the atrocities and crimes committed. As if in a premonition of what was to come, the patriarch sensed that the goings on in the beginning of this newly-forming state came not from the human world. Love and humility is, however, a slow weapon against bayonets. When human powers have ceased to function, God himself will decide in the matter. Through his actions, which surpassed the boundaries of life, this man of strong moral principle and ideological integrity expressed the civil and human courage to defy time and stand up to the Devil himself, deciding to face rather certain death at home than to continue his life in exile. For this courage, he first paid with his freedom, and subsequently with a slow death by poisoning in prison after the silent instruction was given from the highest echelons of the newly formed society, claiming it was unnecessary to create more martyrs. A considerable time later, decades after his death, the patriarch was given acknowledgment in the form of canonization – first abroad, then at home – for his far-sighted acts in life of immeasurable humility and heroism. Thanks to his keen perception of the world, his actions led to an expansion of dialogue with the Catholic Church and a part of the Orthodox clergy concerning the removal of the deep-rooted dogma that the Antichrist would come from the West. The desire to tell Western countries how to transform their society based on a supreme truth, in contrast to their mistaken principles, was surprisingly and brutally silenced by dark forces from the country's own ranks.

For now, however, we are still in the period of the beginning of a Soviet Union led by Lenin, who in his decree on dividing church and state, accompanied by the Soviet-wide closure of churches, fulfilled the criteria of both terms authorizing the punishment of anathema – heresy

and schism, each of which alone is a sufficient reason for the church to make such an interdiction. In the desperate attempt to preserve Christ's teachings on the territory of former Russia, the dark forces unleashed by the revolution forced the creation of secret underground catacomb churches, while the official monasteries and churches were pillaged and systematically destroyed throughout the country. A wave of emigration of clergymen, intelligentsia, and nobility brought a cruel truth to light – it was altogether common for refugees to give up their citizenship and membership to this former country, now the Soviet Union, after crossing its borders.

It was as if the Devil himself was moving the land of Russia while the fiery masses, obedient to his caprices, murdered and massacred in the name of the new order. Kiev Patriarch Vladimir was executed by a horde of Bolsheviks on January 25, 1918 after being carted off to an unknown destination. The reason: He refused to acknowledge the revolution. Before he was executed, he was subject to cruel beatings and torture. He expired with a prayer on his lips in which he begged the Lord for mercy over his executioners and called on God to forgive them. In the Don Region, in February 1918, Red Army officers murdered literally every priest they happened upon. Eighty-year-old priest Amvrosi was murdered on site with rifle stocks before he was able to say a single word. In the same region, a priest Dmitriy was dragged naked to a cemetery. When, on his knees before certain death, he attempted to cross himself with his right arm, it was hacked off at the shoulder with a sabre. The remainder of his body was found chopped to pieces. In the Monastery of the Holy Savior, officers of the Red Army scalped a 75-year old abbot while still alive before cutting off his head. In the Kherson Region in south Ukraine, in close proximity to the Crimean Peninsula, a local Orthodox priest was crucified. Hermogenes, Bishop of Tobolsk, was brutally murdered together with other detainees in June of 1919 by drowning. Hermogenes had held religious processions to celebrate the day the tsar passed through Tobolsk on his way to Yekaterinburg, and took the liberty of blessing the imperial family. A week after the parades, however, he was detained. The Soviets promised his release under the condition that they be paid ransom in the sum of 10,000 rubles, and later 100,000. When the sum of money was finally collected and delivered, they arrested the delegation and later executed them by drowning. Hermogenes was dragged to a weir and thrown into the water with rocks tied around his head. In the Kiev Region, priest Abram Zoltanovich was a thorn in the eye of the chekists due to his popularity. They executed him together with one of his sons, and went to a hospital for his wife and other son. Today, a small memorial stands on the spot, marking the site of a former makeshift field hospital. The rooms of this building housed a maternity ward for complicated cases. They killed his wife first. Because they had no way of authenticating the identity of the newly born priest's son after this rash killing, the soldiers had all the new-born children murdered. An order is an order. A total of five infants were ground into such a pulp that it was difficult to determine the number of dead bodies. There were even rumors that the soldiers had suggested boiling them in a kettle and eating them. The flesh was divided from the bone and the remainder of the bones crushed. It was painful to look for a purpose in the tangle of dead infant bodies, set up like deboned chickens from the slaughterhouse.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Anti-religious_campaign_during_the_Russian_Civil_War Do not look for logic in a country where hunger and poverty have forced people to commit desperate acts. The greasy hook from the butchery as the only ingredient for stew comes back like the punch line of an old joke, together with a faded photo of the old times of prosperity, passed from mouth to mouth through memories of an old mother and her babushka. The wave of red terror swept uncontrollably through the country like an evil January storm and ruthlessly swept up everything in its path. Strengths poured from a cracked and skewed world and vanished in vain, lost in the immense distances of space and time. Love and light escaped from it, as if through a hole in an old pot, and were replaced with a chillingly dark current

formed by material of an unknown nature. Welcome to the country where tomorrow means yesterday. Inside the Kiev hospital, an argument broke out among the chekists, followed by gunfire. When the havoc subsided and the last and only living chekist, also shot, hobbled off, the surprised villagers miraculously found an unharmed child at the site of the massacre. The infant was completely covered in black grease but otherwise alive and healthy. The bodies of the hospital staff were strewn about, intertwined with those of the chekists. The astonishment at the findings and the brutality of the attack suppressed all questions. “Divine will” said the astounded villagers. They washed the boy off, wiped him dry, and hid him away. Because he had no name and no one knew which of the five newborns it could have been (although there were now actually six) they declared him Kiril Alexandrovich Opruzov, son of a green-grocer and descendent of the Moskals from neighboring Russia. The whole idea came from the mind of Vasil, a local drunk and vagrant who had recently joined the side of the Red Army the week before. In the blink of an eye, the thought came to him, and he immediately put it into action – that, though, is often how things work in Russia. Thus, Kiril received a human name and a father to boot. No one thought it strange that the mangled and crushed remains of five children were left on the site but no record of a sixth newborn existed in any of the medical reports.

Again, I shall elaborate – the term green-grocer for my newly-become father was due more to village sarcasm than his actual status in society, in which he was known primarily for his immoderate sexual appetite, which, aside from Roza, who was foolish and dementia-ridden from birth, left no unguarded sheep without notice. Using his outward and simulated innocence, he would successfully lure them with a carrot or other vegetable that was always sticking out of his obscene pockets for these very purposes. To Dostoyevsky’s posthumous displeasure, the erudite portion of the population aptly named him Smerdyakov. And so I grew up, half-forgotten to the world, in the environment of this home, with a man whose nickname Smerdyakov had certain logical grounds. Through his complicated and indecipherable way of thinking, his poor, literally sick understanding of human morality corresponded exactly to the materialized image of his literary counterpart. That *durak* actually believed he was my father. And as my father, he was the most wretched, cowardly, and inconsiderate person that could ever have been born into this world. It is surprising that such people are born or appear in Russia in such copious numbers, though the territory of my childhood can be more exactly described with the word Ukraine. He constantly forced me to undergo various penances. At night, he tormented me with cold and hunger. In my childhood, I perpetually went unclothed and barefoot, covered only by a shirt. In the freezing winter, half-collapsing from cold and lack of nourishment – from no food at all, to be exact – I sat on a makeshift homemade altar, staring with drowsiness and a growing hatred for the One who hung nailed to the cross, looking down upon me from his crucified loftiness like the extended eye and hand of my own father. He, my father, indulged at regular intervals in long-lasting prayer in which he wished out loud for nothing else but my own death. The banality of this request made no sense to me. Rooted in his convictions, however, my father ceased to give me food and, after some time, even water, as if he were testing how much more I could endure before I finally expired. He himself had no explanation for the fact that I lingered on, alive and well, despite the fact that he had withheld food and water from me for more than one human year.

I must admit that his complete lack of understanding often evoked regular feelings of remorse and forgiveness in me, accompanied by surges of a clear beam of light that engulfed me like the current of a river and relieved me of feelings of fatigue, thirst, and hunger. But, I always quickly awakened again to my state of listlessness and disinterest, as – honestly – the salvation of others was never my calling. In time, I came to understand the meaning of all those words my father introduced to me, perhaps for the purpose of redeeming his own sins

and his desired forgiveness, which – how else – related exclusively to his person. After all, what is there to forgive of a small, defenseless child? So, out of boredom, I repeated all the prayers and holy words, which I knew without personal astonishment or the ability to read. Despite having never read any of them, I knew exactly what would be on the following page before I turned it. To cut the tedium, I began to garble the words together until, in my soul, I reached enlightenment. This manifested itself in the fact that I began to cite the bible backwards from memory, from right to left, starting from the end, until I mumbled those deftly woven litanies out of spite for their authors against their originally fixed word order, distorting the original meaning of the word. When in some clear moment of epiphany my father noticed this, he immediately ran off swearing and crossing himself to the shed to fetch a huge hammer with which to butcher me mercilessly like a fattened slaughterhouse pig as I, only a child, had dared expressed myself in such a way as to dismay him. However, I didn't wait for the hammer to fall. From my hiding place behind the door, I hit him in the eye with a bent poker from the stove with such serendipity that he didn't even manage to lift the hammer, no less strike with it. Then, with surprising speed, I hacked out his other eye, leaving him blind. Unarmed by his own pain, he jumped in the direction he heard me moving in. Naturally, I was expecting this, and I nimbly jumped aside while my father came down with his bare hands on the red-hot stovetop. Paralyzed from the pain in his burnt palms, he made no attempt to weaken his fall. He simply jerked his palms away instinctively, completely losing his support and falling onto the stove like a sack that had come to life, and collapsed on the floor in a deranged howl. Before I departed, it seemed to me like a good idea to do him with a pot of boiling water that had been prepared for his evening bath. With all my might, I leaned my weight on the pot and pushed. I slowly shifted it, filled to the brim with its boiling contents, from the top of the stove until it tipped and slid off the edge of the stovetop. A good half of its bubbling volume splashed directly onto his head and into the opened jaws of his blinded face, which was dirtied with his own blood and the remains of his eyes.

Then, into his gluttonous trap, which was the last un-burned and healthy organ of his face that was left, I poured the griddle-hot water, letting him gulp down a bellyfull before he even realized what I had spilled into him. The first onset indubitably came as a shock to him. He was evidently comforting himself with the illusion that going blind and burning both one's hands and face in such a short time had certainly been enough. His reaction was not as pronounced, as his mouth and throat were useless as a result of being scalded. He slowly began to suffocate while little clouds of hot steam escaped his body. The sounds he was now making were less audible and wholly different from his original voice. His body shook through a whole spectrum of uncoordinated movements that together had no meaning. I lied down and tried to copy them by kicking my legs about, making sure there was no hidden meaning in these movements, until I grew tired of the entertainment. There was no sense to it. From a technical standpoint it was a purely physical matter. And, as if in a miracle, his subconscious also ceased to function. Flushed almost purple, his eye sockets agape, he ceased to resemble his former self. He tiredly babbled and whimpered something that I no longer tried to decipher, so the essence of his final words remained a secret to me. For a moment, I was shaken by a familiar feeling that you people call empathy toward another human being. This feeling, however, disappeared as quickly as it came, and I was myself once more. It is difficult to explain how it happened, but I saw myself succumb to motives that can only be described as not my own. I clearly saw my body behaving in a way that was in complete contradiction to my natural perception of the world around me. It was as if I was split in two – one part ceased to belong to me and was submitting to the will of someone else. Had I perhaps been hiding a doppelganger inside myself? Steeped in this suspicion of my own self, I decided to gather my things and disappear, as just before I had obeyed this familiar voice and set fire to the clothes in the wardrobe. Father's whimpers could still be heard amongst the growing

flames, which swallowed my alleged family home and my father with it; he whose eyes I had removed so skillfully that, encouraged by my aim, I told myself I would surely never go astray in the world. I felt I had a purpose higher than adroitly clawing out the eyes of my alleged father. Strengthened by success and charged with the self-confidence that I only belong to myself, I felt no need to set out in search of my purported brother, who was recently and uncontrollably born to dumb Roza, labeled my biological mother by the village jokers, and I forever abandoned that place. I left behind only the relief that was radiated to the fullest by all the sheep in the village. Accompanied by their happy bleating, through which they expressed their thanks from afar, I began to lose sight of the village in the bitter winter. Conditioned to walking through snow since birth, the distance that I had to crawl on all fours as a newborn through the snow, rain, and mud before I met the people in the makeshift military hospital on the edge of Kiev served as fine preparation. I did, however, take one finding away from my first encounter with people: I learned to grow in order to adapt my body to correspond with my age. In short, I began to grow to become an adult as soon as possible. Outfitted with the name Kiril, I took off on a pilgrimage the country that had been the home of my adolescence and later enriched the world with a new expression – Golodomor (Голодомор). <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Holodomor> With eyes opened, I went to soak up the chaos that had been unleashed; to relish in what I had sewn, alone and in my own way.

It is not easy to unravel the gauze of past acts retrospectively, based on knowledge of what happened later, walking through life and looking into the dead past for the causes of events that are yet to happen. Is this perhaps the way to comprehend this whole strange story and start with the end?

The first confirmed mentions of Kiril and his obscure adventures are dated roughly to 1930, when an event took place in Soviet Russia that was only another absurd continuation in the endless succession of killing. The decades of terror and devastation of imperial state infrastructure; the slaughter of the intelligentsia; witch hunts for church dignitaries, land owners and the founders of industry – all this threw the country into complete chaos, causing that which had worked poorly before to cease to work at all. The violent implementation of the communist experiment had fatal consequences. The genocide of non-Russian peoples in the gulags, founded by Lenin, promptly fulfilled its function of population regulator under Stalin. The conquests of the industrial revolution were used for the very first time with the innovation of mass-murdering the civilian population. The invention of the common train, in essence non-conflictive and primarily determined for transport, brilliantly managed to displace whole nations throughout the country. The destination: Siberian gulag correctional-work camps. The invention of barbed wire, which significantly influenced the development of cattle breeding in the American West at the end of the 19th century, gained dismal renown in the East as the enclosure for these concentration work camps. With this wire, the Soviet Union effectively, ideologically, and economically managed to divide itself from the outside world for nearly seventy years. In addition to work camps, this unmistakable building block of the future iron curtain also became a sad inspiration for fascism, which was just beginning to emerge. Through its economic and political isolation, from its very foundation the Soviet Union's disruption of the spontaneous global economic exchange was so strong that it impacted several following generations with its poverty and deprivation. The first began simply to die of hunger, as they did not know how to sow wheat in a countryside administered by military communism, only for the chaos to culminate subsequently in a series of famines throughout the country used by Stalin as staged and tactical ethnic cleansings. It was as if he had inherited deceased Lenin's taste for messages and reports on the number of *kulaks* that had starved to death. Stalin did not hesitate to improve this wholly inhuman characteristic by using scientific methods – he closed off a given region with impenetrable borders, limited the population's movement, and confiscated reserves of wheat. It was then only a matter of time.

Statistics preserved from the time show that the export of Ukrainian wheat reached astronomic peaks, culminating in the period of famine in Ukraine. Those who were still humbly hoping for a remedy to the situation were given an arrogant reply by the new decision of the politburo: An order to intentionally demolish the Cathedral of Christ the Saviour in Moscow in order to exploit the originally holy site for the construction of the monumental Palace of the Soviets. The pride of the new order knew no bounds. The first explosions shook the walls of the cathedral on the night of December 5, 1931 as a direct result of a secret decision of the government. Over the course of the several horrific days that followed, the light of faith that had blazed in the cathedral through the efforts and humility of its believers seemed to have disappeared, forever extinguished. Thus fell this symbol of faith. It was formerly the largest Orthodox cathedral in Russia, the central holy site of the Russian Orthodox Church, and also for a short time the site of the Tsar's crowning. This sacred site for all Russia ceased to exist. Barbarism of such character is historically unmatched in the world, and was all pompously documented using cameras and the most modern technology available. The new order had once again sent a message of clear meaning to the world.

The rumble of the first massive explosion could still be heard, and the dust and sand lifted into the clouds by an explosion of dynamite was still settling. Gigantic chunks of stone columns, walls, and supports were falling to the ground, which had been set in motion by the massive power of the explosion. With a hollow thundering that shook the frozen earth, blocks of marble and stone began to fall to the earth when a small and moving point appeared from the epicenter of the explosion. At the very borderline of visibility, grown from a mix of vapor, smoke, dust, earth, and fire, it struggled its way out. Someone – a boy most likely, judging by its figure – was weaving his way through the explosion-creviced debris and wreckage that was several times higher than a grown individual. On this momentous day the area surrounding Moscow's Christ the Saviour Cathedral, which had been closed off air-tight by the Red Army, had been put under the direct command of officer Dimitri Mikhailov Kvochkin. The boy, blackened from smoke and soot, walked in silence directly toward the commander. Through the silent astonishment of the others, he walked up to him dauntlessly and requested a bottle of vodka. Surprisingly, an amused smile lit up on the officer's face. "Here you go," he handed him the bottle. "What are you doing here, little one? What's your name?" In his amazement, the officer couldn't come up with anything better. The dirty, blackened, burned clothes walked up to the offered bottle of vodka. A bare, still boyish hand appeared from under a blanket and coat, dispelling any suspicion that the request may not have been meant in earnest. The boy took hold of the half-full bottle of vodka and, to the surprise of the rest, drank it to the bottom in long draughts. "WHAT AM I DOING HERE?" answered the unknown boy and looked directly at the ruins of the cathedral.



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YFlx55OANg8>

I AM DESTROYING FROM WITHIN WHILE YOU'RE TRYING TIMIDLY TO DESTROY FROM AFAR," he said dryly. "ARE YOU AFRAID TO GO IN THERE?" He cast his gaze on the smoking wreckage of the cathedral to make it clear exactly what he was talking about. "YOU'LL MEET HIM IN THERE. THERE, WHERE THE ELEMENTS INTERFUSE. AND MY NAME IS KIRIL. KIRIL ALEXANDROVICH OPRUZOV." He shot his bare hand swiftly back under the blanket and coat to his chest. He pulled out a crucifix, taken from the smoking debris of the cathedral, and smashed it across the frozen ground. Several of the men instinctively jumped for their weapons. The boy, however, had only pulled out a cross, and so the men stayed put with weapons drawn, not yet firing. As if once again sounding in the air were the words of anathema of the long-deceased Patriarch Tikhon, who thirteen years prior had sent his anathema from this site to the betrayers of Christ. Thus, in the dust and smoke disappeared another reminder of the site of his act – the site where, after declaring anathema, the now mostly murdered bishops had risen up from their seats and pounded their scepters – croziers – while the resounding choir over and over repeated the terrible words expressing the anger of a church brought to its knees.

A-na-the-ma ... A-na-the-ma radiated from the depths of the wreckage, now as a quiet echo without words. A-na-the-ma, flowed in a hissing voice from a mouth black as soot, until the blackness devoured the surrounding world, disappearing in it suddenly as if evaporating through a trap door, while his ash-gray and changing face of countless visages alternated with the shape of a snake. Closed in a circle, he stared first with his snake-like eyes, then with the asphalt-black eyes of an inhuman face, directly into the eyes of the second man, who wore a chilling smile on a face that was the color of worn copper. Both stood opposite the other in the same circle-shaped arena like two adversaries prepared to fight. Silently, they walked in the circle, measuring one another up like two roosters, but the one did not see the other nor knew of him.

"THERE WASN'T ENOUGH WATER THERE," the boy pointed an empty hand toward the epicenter of the explosion while the others' attention was focused on him; they saw and heard nothing of what had just taken place on the boundary of worlds. "YOU USED TOO LITTLE WATER, AMATEURS," Kiril repeated with disdain in a sleeplike manner and took the last sip from the now-empty bottle, finishing off the last drops of vodka. His frenzied eyes were cast into the smoke, as if ignoring the others, and mumbled on: "LOOK UNDER THE EARTH AND DESTROY THOSE IN THE CATACOMBS THAT RESIST. I HEAR THEIR

VOICES; I SEE THEIR FACES HIDDEN UNDER THE SURFACE. THEY'RE SURVIVING LIKE MOLES WITH THEIR HEADS HOLED UP IN THE GROUND. PUT IN THE RIGHT PORTIONS OF WATER, EARTH, AIR AND FIRE, AND I WILL DESTROY THE ARMIES OF ARMAGEDDON ALONG WITH THEIR GOD!" he muttered in a low voice that was not one of a child. He tread over the broken crucifix that lay on the ground and waved the emptied bottle of vodka, rocking about to an unknown rhythm while the remains of the cathedral smoldered just within sight, rumbling with fire and smoke like the gates to the jaws of the inferno itself.

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Example of first chapter of Trilogy Zaggabirozzi, first book: Land of Antichrist, published on Czech language in 2016

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