

# THE BATTLE OF THE FALSE HEAVEN – PART ONE: MERIDON'S GATE

By Richard Paul

## NARRATOR (SPOKEN):

As the skies grew darker over the world which must not be named, King Viynon, the Torth-Viesh, led his followers over the desolate, dying land of his former home to the city of Meridon, wherein lay the gateway to Iskae, false heaven and lair of the false Angels who had betrayed countless worlds to the Feasting Void that seeks to consume the entirety of the multiverse. To have any hope of saving his people from a horrific end between the jaws of the Void, The Torth-Viesh and his people must crack the gate at Meridon, storm Iskae itself, seize the trans-dimensional portal through which the souls of the dead are cast to futures unknown, and through it journey to a world upon which a new kingdom may be founded. Neither the Angels of the Traitor-Queen Iskalaelen nor the soulless corpse-armies of the Void King shall suffer them to escape, and so the refugee army of King Viynon must fight one desperate battle after the next if they are to have the slightest chance of survival.

## NARRATOR (SUNG):

The city stood before the Dark King's army,  
The walls unmanned, the gate open wide.  
So perfect a sight to tempt the weary,  
*The end is before you, just come inside.*

The gifted eyes of His godly father  
Let Viynon spy the empty city streets.  
Let Him see the hungry, Void-ta'en monsters  
Cloaked from sight as they awaited their meat.

The Heart of War was never patient before,  
Now this exodus, on His nerves had worn,  
So simple to unleash a spell rage-born.  
So satisfying to let loose His scorn.

In a mound of earth He hid the gate to Iskae,  
With a storm of hate he blew Meridon away  
Till about their way naught but ruined wrecks were lain  
And the beasts who'd thwart them were pulverized and slain.

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## TORTH-VIESH:

Quickly, all of you, make for the gate,  
Clear the sod and be ready to fight.  
Thial-Kae, mutilated angels,  
Look within and remember the light,  
Conjure what you need to crack the lock,  
And then we'll see avenged your plight.

**NARRATOR:**

The servants and sorcerers of the Torth-Viesh worked diligently to clear the gate. It was the work of an hour and towards its end the faintest stirring of hope began to arise in the hearts of His people. Perhaps inevitably, this was when the Void struck, sending a fifteen-thousand strong army of soulless soldiers to contend against King Viynon and His much weaker force. At their head were the bones of the fallen Dragon Prince Vallacrar, once a heroic opponent of the Void, long ago, but now, like so many others, reduced to nothing more than its helpless thrall. Long had this foe contrived against Viynon and His people, and great was the hatred he had earned from them.

**VALLACRAR:**

I've seen such heroes as you a thousand times,  
Seen each of those thousand heroes die.  
Nothing can hinder the will of the Void,  
Your place 'midst its Captains you cannot avoid.

**TORTH-VIESH:**

Do you believe that because you failed,  
There's no one who has a chance to succeed?  
I'll pay no heed to your carcass-wails,  
But I'll shatter your skull most cheerfully.

**PRINCESS ETHRITAR OF GITH HAKAIN:**

With no passion you boast! With no teeth you growl!  
Think you a host of husks means our way is barred?!  
Fajiban's children have destroyed you foul  
Corpses by the trillions. It is not hard.

**CAPTAIN DKALADAR**

A thousand dead things chained by a tyrant  
Cannot match a hundred such as we are.  
Come face us and we shall be your mendicants,  
Granting you the true death from which you're barred.

**VALLACRAR:**

You can snub my sense till you die to it,  
You won't withstand us with naught but stalwart grit.  
Forward, one and all. Leave no one alive,  
As the Void ordains, nothing may survive.

**NARRATOR:**

Against the dead of a thousand planets,  
The Dark Demigod, His soldiers, His farmers,  
Gave all they had, no matter they were beset,  
What more can but do 'fore the Void's monsters?

The Torth-Viesh Himself faced the Dragon Lord,  
Millennia of fury in His sword arm.  
No less perilous, dead talons and jaws,  
Viynon was ever inches away from harm.

And yet in the end with a swing of His sword,  
He struck Vallacar's head from his neck bone.  
Lifeless fell skull and all to the earth-floor,  
There to lie silent, and still as stone.

A fine victory, and yet His army,  
Though they'd done much harm to the enemy  
Were growing weak, and more died each moment,  
To the grasp of the Void their souls were sent.

**QUEEN GIRITAR OF GITH HAKAIN:**

It worked, Fajiban and Lelvadi be praised,  
Now Lathnavir, my love, let us lend our aid.  
Pardon our intrusion, Torth-Viesh, but pray  
Heed us now for we have a better way.

**SIR LATHNAVIR OF THE THIAL KAE:**

As you say, my Queen, hope's hour is come  
And the soulless Void will see a deed done  
To shake its zeal, mar its appetite,  
And then in this battle let's take delight.

Lelvadi we call. Lelvadi we conjure,  
Judge to all who ask. We ask, we crave, we call!  
See us through this eye stone. See us, we implore!  
Judge us now, all Thial-Kae. Judge our fall.

**QUEEN GIRITAR:**

Judge us now, all Kaining folk, ere we fall.  
Amend the sentence or make it ever sure,  
Judge whether we have the right to endure.

**SIR LATHNAVIR:**

What are we? Traitors or betrayed? Judge us all.

**QUEEN GIRITAR:**

Judgement we call for. Let the verdict be yours.

**NARRATOR:**

The judgement of Lelvadi, God of Justice  
In a universe unknown to the Void,  
Saw much to be done ere His will was dismissed  
And His judgement saw the All-Feaster annoyed.

The Thial-Kae, mutilated by their Queen  
For standing in honour against her will,  
Were restored to the Angels they once had been,  
Meet vessels for the good hearts that were theirs still.

To King Viynon's army he mended wounds  
To the Kainings He whispered such tidings  
That would see despair destroyed, least as soon  
As the gate was cracked for their escaping.

For the thralls of the Void who yet endured,  
Their fate transcended all hope, to be sure;  
Lelvadi restored them all to life,  
And freed them from the yoke of the Void's strife.

But the will of the Void is never lightly thwarted,  
In the blink of an eye, new foes were sorted.  
An army greater than that Lelvadi stole,  
Formed of those whose worlds were eaten whole,  
With death and destruction now their only goal.

**TORTH-VIESH:**

To all those who live, my people or not,  
Our hope is restored, though the battle's not done.  
Thial-Kae, open the gate, ere we rot,  
Then up to Iskae, make haste everyone.

**NARRATOR (SPOKEN):**

Those released from the grasp of the Void had no time to savour the unprecedented relief and joy of those who for centuries could hope for nothing greater than unfeeling oblivion. A new battle was upon them, and all they had gained they might lose again in moments if they did not fight, and fight wisely. All rallied to the banner of the Torth-Viesh and, by word or deed, pledged themselves to His cause and awaited the coming of far greater foes than they had lately been.

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www.rmepaul.com  
rmepaul@googlemail.com