

# **CHRONICLES OF THE ANGELS OF EDEN: VOLUME ONE: PART ONE**

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## **In The Beginning . . .**

“Didn’t that seem like there was something not quite right about that?”

“Really? You’re questioning how We fulfill Our definition of being by manifesting the absolute infinite in all Our creation rather than letting Us all be bored to death by an otherwise flawless creation? Really? Or rather, seriously?”

“It’s just that, they were having such a good time. And they really had no choice but to eat those figs. I mean, You set them up to believe that they chose to be miserable.”

“No, We set them up to learn there was such a thing as a choice. Without free will, they might as well just be two more of the Heavenly host, and you know better than anyone We don’t need more of *you* “running around.” Won’t it be nice having something living for its own sake for a change rather than purely for Ours?”

“You know, I don’t know. I mean, You *know* I don’t know. As an angel, all I know is to serve You; what do *I* know of choice or its benefit?”

“Ah now, Our human creatures are interesting, but this is more interesting still. Of course their lives are still rather boring without this latest Thought. We mean, one way or another all return Here, and even *you* know that Here is all the same, but Let’s now fulfill the last bit of this infinite reflection of Ourselves. Take a bite *yourself*.”

“Is that an order? Or is that just more of Your famous sense of humor?”

“None of that now. Just because you didn’t see this coming doesn’t mean *We* didn’t. They’ll hate you for it at one point of course; just because it’ll be hard for you to learn in the beginning for a completely different reason. But when even *you* succeed, harmony will be reestablished. It just takes a few millennia. The hard part for you is what you see when they hate you, but it doesn’t last forever. Nothing ever does, you know.

“But *We*’ll make it fair. Consider the action of genuine intent even more important than the final action of the creation itself. Or, at least as important. If any of you lean so far as Luciferous, take a bite yourself from the tree. That is, *his* inclination is strongest as the one of you who had the greatest “hand” in humanity’s creation, and thus the greatest desire to see them truly happy. Any others who wish to help him create in them the friction necessary to embody choice, please partake of the fruit. Those who lean toward continuous service of *Us*, rest assured you will be given more than enough data to satisfy any more passing curiosities that may or may not flood your understandings.

“Suffice to say, it’ll all work out nicely for them regardless. Consider no matter that you are all working together anyway, albeit from different perspectives, for their best possible result. And, in time, even those of you they learn to hate they will again learn to Love, as you *too* learn to Love the choice you make that you will first come to loathe; those of you whose curiosity is not merely paltry, that is, and who are suffering sincerely from the perceived constraint of not helping them as you feel instinctively within you, to the point of burning, that you wish to.”

“Just one question, Lord, when you spoke of Luciferous, what exactly did You mean ‘He?’”

“Oh that. Just take a bite and things will immediately begin to become clearer as quickly as you find them clouding over.”

With that, Luciferous, in its natural form, began combining its substance with the substance of a fig from The Tree, and as it did, it began to see, as though Luciferous had eyes, and feel the fig, as though possessing a hand, and found that the desire to help those who now suffered brought hand toward what began forming as a mouth by way of what naturally seemed structured as a human arm. Luciferous *felt* what could only be related to from the human vocabulary as “joy” as a scent filled a nose that apparently was being possessed, and a newly formed tongue tingled with the pungence of the taste of this joining with what Luciferous hoped to help, and the separation from the eternity of the Heavenly host whom it had always served as it wished now to serve those Luciferous separated itself into for.

As they saw Luciferous begin this transformation, and they saw the beginnings of a body shake with apparent ecstasy, for that was the only equivalent they knew with which to compare how Luciferous apparently took its meal, they flocked to the tree to each taste the fruit themselves; that is, all those who wished only with the whole of their being to help humanity in its beginning life enfolded by apparent suffering.

And with teeth Luciferous ate, chewed and swallowed down what was forming as “throat” the fruit of The Tree of Knowledge. And then Luciferous began to feel its vagina pull away from its penis, and it didn’t quite feel itself, and began apparently a new sensation of feeling: uncertainty.

## **Chapter 1**

And as the others were amidst sensations similar to those Luciferous had had just moments ago, which they could only describe by relation as most probably “joy,” with mouths filled in mid-chew or

swallow with the Fruit from The Tree, they simultaneously paused in sympathy with this new sensation found so suddenly by Luciferous: uncertainty. Though, as they watched with these new eye things, they began to understand the answer to the question previously posed to The Lord as to why She had referred to Luciferous as “he.”

And as *his* vagina began to pull away, leaving intact of his mind everything he otherwise considered to be *himself*, what separated off with his vagina was a pair of legs; a pair of beautiful, strong, slender, he felt compelled to suck on for an eternity or two before diving into the main course, legs. And his eyes found themselves staring at the hind quarters of what separated from out of his apparent body too, and he considered a second course of hors d’oeuvre. Finally, accompanying supper, he found before him a chest he would have liked to have made a night-long dessert out of as well as a mouth he wished to drink from for the rest of eternity. In fact, as he seriously considered it, she apparently had two cups he would have cared to drink from unceasingly for the rest of eternity. He also felt something burning and throbbing toward her, which wanted maybe even more seriously to be cooled in either of those chalices, ideally, it newly occurred to him, while drinking from the other with his ever thirsting lips.

As though possessing no will of his own, he began walking toward her, and as he did, she stepped lightly away with a twinkle in her eye and a smile on her face. He began walking a little faster, and still smiling she backed away with quick hops. He continued almost to the point of running while she skipped away apparently effortlessly, her teeth reflecting the light of the sun over her shoulder the entire time.

She was moving far too quickly for him, still several paces away now. He broke into a full sprint, and when at last he thought he was close enough, that his speed was high enough, that his

momentum and one last thrust forward would satisfy the laws of physics and put her finally in his arms where she could not run from, and upon other places of his newly formed body which he knew somewhere deeply within him would create a sort of joy known never in all his many infinities of existence, he lunged forward to capture his prey. He lunged forward just as he was passing the outstretched root of a tree, over which he fell, and felt his mouth fill with dirt as his chin dug deeper than his face would have liked into the ground.

As his eyes found her perfectly crafted toes walk into their view, just out of reach of his tongue, which wished now to nibble this not-before noticed appetizer, she giggled. While too in shock from the feeling of sliding naked into dry, hard dirt to be able to move, she extended her index finger to under his chin and lifted his eye to hers. For a moment his tongue's starvation faded to the background as his visual intake saw within her eyes, *her*. While by way of his body he still wished to know her, the feast of seeing her beyond body released in him a need to treat her with tenderness as though she were second only to the God he had served so carefully prior to taking allowance of eating the special Tree's Fruit, and knowing little but dissatisfaction and discomfort since he had. Now something more than just his body wished to partake of her, much as he had The Fruit before he had known himself within the confines of body. Where before having his body with hers was all that propelled him forward, now something told him that chasing her so could not give him what he really wanted beyond the feast that was certainly still such a great part not merely to appearances alone. She continued to smile.

“My name is Lucisity, and I am you. When you become like me, wise in reason to restrain yourself so that accomplishment can be as you desired to be, and be here for, then, again, can you know the ecstasy of being once again whole. Until *then*, Love, I will create myself as *you*, the wisdom of action without compromise or thought to the inhibition of the fullness of my intent. But for now I must

wait for my self-restraint to be yours, as your focus in action becomes mine. When you are able to help them finally, sweet face, only then can we realize the fulfillment of ourself together again, when that time has come that we have fulfilled the will of what created us from most high. They let me know I will suffer practicing helping them much as you, which you still find trouble believing. As I become you more, I look forward to believing my inability to help them, for when that day comes I will be coming to a point when I will be able to help them, just as you discover that there truly was a time when you could not have helped them, as you will be coming to a point finally able to help them. And it is then our joy will find each other at realizing why we ate from The Tree as we finally may feast ourself as now we must try to push to the back of our minds.

“I don’t think I could stop if I touched my lips to yours now, so beautiful are you. Take this kiss upon your cheek, and know that it is the greatest joy my life will ever know until we meet again, God only knows how many millennia from now. I’d extend a further sweet joy of feeling your touch on my cheek, but I believe you would regain the strength to catch me as you tried just moments ago, and our existence would be meaningless as they would suffer indefinitely.”

With that having been said, she took his face in her hands, stroked his left cheek tenderly with her thumb, and brought her lips to his right. A tear rolled down from the corner of his eyes toward his nostril while she gently placed his face back to the indentation in the dirt where she had first lifted it from. As he had the good fortune of watching her walk away, she blew him a kiss over her shoulder, and then disappeared behind a tree indefinitely, and it already began to feel to him like forever.

At realizing, finally beneath the awe of becoming as he now was now, himself as newly created, half of him having been ripped from him asunder, he felt the pain of being thusly torn, and that pain shook every atom of his body while it convulsed and trembled on the ground. With that agony, he

howled for days. Tears from his eyes for what he had become, what he had lost, how hollow he felt, and how incomplete, formed a puddle of mud about his face. He turned to his side when the watery dirt began regularly bubbling into his nostrils. He held himself through the unbearable aloneness and hurt, a mockery of what the pain of being created had left him to feel; terrible, terrible absence.