

JUSTICE
By Rhet H Holt

Justice

Chapter 1

Loki

The Angel Phocus was first of angels, not in rank, status or prestige, literally. Phocus was the first thing ever made. ‘At first there was nothing but darkness’ was miswritten, at first, there was no-one but darkness. Darkness implies something negative today, what with the angel of darkness and night bringing out all of the weirdos. Phocus was literally that, focus, the clarification of vision in order to see completely. Phocus, split directly from God that was, was intently persistent on balance and justice. Demanding, if that is at all possible in a plain without language, that his opposite should exist. Either knowing this already, because of being split, or just in order to pacify Phocus; God said let there be light.

Lucifer shone brilliantly upon God and Phocus, illuminating the beings to one and other. Phocus appeared pensive yet exhilarated, his rich brown hair, light skin and unique features were unmistakably youthful. Only his eyes that betrayed the millennia of time that had past since his birth. The deep penetrating brown disks, showing a depth beyond time.

Lucifer came to him to evaluate his mate. God stood them together and inhaled them as one, then as two. Lucifer did not look at all like Phocus, his face was beautiful, his hair black and his eyes were a youthful blue. Baby eyes, full of wonder, void of memory. Physically these two men were comparable, but carriage and temperament separated them distinctly.

Justice was drawn to observation and isolation to enjoy experiences, Lucifer was more intent on involvement and experience to learn. As God created each of the angels Phocus would wait and

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watch the events unfold, learn how the new being would change existence, observing how, as each being was created, God changed.

Phocus watched from the shadows as God inspired, Michael and Gabrelle, Patience and Virtue, Love and Hate. Phocus enjoyed immensely that each of Gods creations was quickly joined by an opposite, feeling that his father was hearing his own mind, each time he created a new being, knowing exactly how to oppose it. Since Lucifer, none but Michael and Gabrelle were even aware Phocus existed. Phocus observed that time seemed to lag ever more as each new being surged into creation. He recalled the seamless flight of decades when it was only God and himself. A time he could revisit at will, whenever he wanted a moment to think.

At one particularly disorganise moment, he felt God halt, none of the new creatures felt it, but Phocus could feel his own momentum cease. God looked upon all of his children and watched, the same way he had once looked upon Lucifer and Phocus. It was at this moment God reached out to Phocus to join him. Phocus entered the vivid once more, he watched as all of the angels were startled by his appearance. Phocus tried to sense the intention of his father, but could not. He moved towards the others but felt himself detained, he returned his attention to the lord and waited. The throng of new creatures all seemed to quicken and agitate with his presence, Phocus was unsettled by their scrutiny, but accepted the moment and his presentation. As he stood before them, a sensation of transparency came across him, he was immediately exhausted. He turned his attention back too the lord, he watched as the lord observed all of his new creatures together through his body. The feeling disappeared as quickly as it had come.

A strange sensation began to emanate from the lords face, it seemed to communicate thought, but not directly. All could feel this

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sensation, all understood the meaning. Phocus was requested to rejoin the form of the lord, Phocus felt a morose sensation from the crowd. He watched them confused by the misunderstanding. He did not venture to explain. He simply took up his place within the lord and disappeared from existence.

Once more Phocus felt sense crackle into existence. He was again separate from God, and although no time had passed for a new creature to be made, he saw at the back of the throng a single form, very different to all others in the pack. He was Fair, he was beautiful, his eyes were crystalline and he was adorned with armaments. No other being was aware of him, Phocus looked upon him and around for his other, his opposite, but there was none, and as he turned his attention back to the lord, he knew none would ever come. He understood that this being was created without Phocus. Yet as he began to examine himself once more, he could not isolate himself as he once had. As he tried to diminish into the shadows, they were no longer peaceful, others were there, others would interrogate him. Occasionally Lucifer would draw them away, but Phocus' anonymity was now past. The only way he could now experience isolation, was to travel back, but now even in history, the unopposed being from the future would occupy him.

Eventually. Phocus moved to find this being. Occasionally other beings would accost him, and crowds would swamp him, and at first he allowed the interruptions. Yet as his anticipation rose and time wore on he became intolerant of interruption. He found that his will was formidable, groups, even large crowds were no match for his will. He could either not be seen, even by Lucifer, or he could simply sweep them aside. With this his journey accelerated.

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The whole crowd was finally swept aside, and he found himself in front of the armoured being. He made himself appear, and the experience seemed to resonate throughout the plain. Many angels turned in response, most seemed surprised to see this beautiful creature. Many were alarmed that he was occupying the attention of Phocus, the rest simply returned to their trivia.

Phocus attempted to connect with this being, but experienced a yelp from the face of him. The sound was similar to that of the sound God had made before he had rejoined Phocus to him. Phocus turned his attention to his face and inspired a similar resonation from him. The being cowered, covering the sides of his head. Phocus decided that this was not working, and pulled the being into an embrace. Phocus turned his attention to the past, when he was alone without attention, they appeared there in the shadows together.

The armoured being became extremely alert, he looked around and could see in the distance, merely four angels in existence. He felt the gaze of the lord for a moment and then turned back to Phocus. A resonation built within him and he said “this is *was* isn’t it.”

Phocus looked at him, clearly understanding, resonating a response “Yes.” The armoured being cowered with his hands to the sides of his head. Phocus noticed the gleam of his white wings, he had seen many of these on other angels but never cared about them enough to wish to add them to himself. These wings, however, looked wonderful; they seemed such an intricate part of this beautiful creature, he longed to understand them. The creature then began to resonate his thoughts once more.

“What is your purpose?”

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Phocus looked upon him, and then with as much restraint as he could fathom, he returned. “I am focus.”

The armoured being looked upon him happily. “I am Loki” the being returned.

“What is Loki?” Phocus returned.

“To brake things, to stop them being.” Loki returned with an incredulous look.

“Why are *you*, not opposed?” Phocus enquired.

Loki stared incredulously, “I cannot be.”

Phocus could not understand this concept. “Why not?”

“So things change.” Loki replied.

Phocus stood for a moment.

Loki waited patiently “Why do you ask this, you underlay everything?”

Phocus remained in thought.

Loki continued. “We all know that Phocus comes first, and is in the shadow of all.”

Phocus returns his attention. “Please, I am not special, all reverie must go to God.”

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Loki is confused, “Order indicates place.”

Phocus returns “Order is nothing. We all have what is intended, and it can be taken away.”

Loki looks around confused, he stares at the blank shoulders of Phocus.

Phocus enquires “Why do you insist to speak?”

Loki replies “Mentalising is rude, and offends deception.”

Phocus thinks quietly upon the creation of truth and deception. *Who is deception to be offended by thought.* He turns back to Loki, “Offend deception then, for he does not yet exist.”

Loki returns a thought, “ok, but please lower your intensity. My mind does not hold your fortitude, think gently.”

Phocus returns in kind, “You learn quickly.” Loki closes his eyes in pain.

Loki re-opens his eyes to remeet Phocus’. He returns the thought “It, is less complicated in this time. Please gentle.”

Phocus concentrates, and with the least intensity he can manage without passing out he thinks, “would you like to go further back?”

Loki looks to Phocus “How far back do you go?”

Phocus thinks “to just one”

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Loki returns, “none comes before Lucifer”

Phocus informs him in normal speech “At first there was none but darkness.”

Loki stares at him.

Phocus “Who was your instructor?”

Loki answers “Michael and Gabrielle.”

Phocus smiles, “I come before them too.”

Loki challenges, “show me.”

Phocus embraces Loki, Phocus feels the jittering wings beneath his arms.

They enter the darkness.

The glow from Loki’s wings gives off enough light to illuminate Phocus and God. Suddenly the thunderous thoughts of God fill Loki’s mind, the pain is tremendous and he is forced to diminish. Phocus places his hands over Lokis ears. But the thought of God was missed. Phocus mind speaks to Loki; a soothing balm has been poured into his mind. Then Phocus states, “you will have to remain within my shelter, gentle does not yet exist, you will eventually get used to this, but what he said was, ‘I knew this one would capture you one day’, God was talking to me, referring to you.”

Gods words sound once more, the feeling of Phocus’ hands upon his ears seem to transform the thunder into a pleasing, sensual music. “

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Dear Loki, I created your beauty to surrender all. I alone believe such success.”

Loki silently enjoys the moment.

God then addresses Phocus, Loki still hears. “Do you remember our argument upon his creation?”

Phocus returns, “Merly as dream, yet more so each moment.”

God returns “That is interesting. I meant for you to know him best, so you would become his teacher. Yet you know him least and will build your equal.”

Phocus replies, “I did not give much anything of me when you asked.”

God answers, “Yet you do so now?”

Phocus replies, “I cannot resist.”

God considers this. “All along I thought Lucifer, your opposite, should be your attraction. But your need for justice is your strongest bond. No wonder it is Loki you love.”

There is a long silence, eventually God speaks again. “Loki, if you please, light is not welcome here.” Phocus begins to will the darkness to engulf Loki’s wings, the feeling of tar coats the light. God speaks “Let him do it please.” Phocus stops his thoughts. Loki’s wings return to full light.

Loki speaks but the sound is lost. Loki then thinks to them “I do not control light, my wings glow from reflection.”

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Phocus returns to him “we control everything about ourselves”

“How” Loki asks.

Phocus answers, “Give up your connection to light, use your eyes for other things.”

Loki’s wings diminish until there is complete darkness. Suddenly they flicker back into light. God speaks, “do not fear isolation, enjoy the experience, learn more about what you are.”

Loki is filled with the feeling of candy, his wings flicker out, and he is left in the naked scrutiny of his lord and his Phocus. He is surprised at the thought of Phocus being his, and as he tries to look for him, he realises the stupidity in his attempt. Turning his attention to his will he reaches for Phocus, who appears in shining darkness. His face seems different, bright and emotional, with the absence of light, his hair is a long flowing lions main, disappearing into a pair of long featured wings down to his feet. His wings seem somehow unreal, they exist with the consistency of water, and unlike his own do not betray his heart. This is how Phocus was intended to be seen. His eyes, soulful, intense powerful, and his devotion and faith seemed to bellow out of his every pore. Loki was surprised at how close he flew with the lord, almost as one. The lords appearance was still the same, even within the cloak of darkness, his ease and prowess seemed to illuminate without change. Loki took his mind away from the pair, and moved into formation with them, he placed himself within Phocus as Phocus was within the Lord. As he did he let his mind ask Phocus to embrace him, but even before the thought had surfaced, Phocus’ arms had surrounded him beneath his wings. Loki felt the connection intensify; he felt knowledge spill through his mind about learnings during his

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first hundred years, he felt the warm flood of knowledge begin from Phocus as it filled him and entered his consciousness. Slowly the new thoughts came into view and he began to understand many things with different angles. An idea of the water wings appeared within him and he willed the knowledge of form into his wings, he felt them begin to evaporate into air. Phocus, after the briefest hope from Loki drew them together closer, making the connection intensify; the warm flood becoming an engulfing bath. He felt himself moving between his own ideas and others; the thoughts he was beginning to understand as Phocus' were constant and flowing, willing themselves forward with momentum and force. As he occasionally moved back to his own, which he now saw as fragile and disjointed, he began to see that he had not yet begun to explore the depth of the paths that were opening them to him. It was that moment that his body collapsed and failed, he was gone, his body like his wings became liquid. He was part of Phocus. He could see himself beneath Phocus, and he could see himself within Phocus. His mind began to reel at the depth and power of Phocus' reality. Phocus' senses seemed to expand indefinitely, he could see and experience God as never before. He could see that beneath this plane, God was slowly building another; composed of the limits imposed by each of his angels. This, although intriguing, was of no real interest to Loki, he could see the memories of the plane developing in Phocus' future mind, and did not understand why others did not know of it. The plane now was just a dense rocky mess, and the one of the future was lush, full of form and colour, seeming to be just awaiting a final spark of life to set it all into progress. Even so, Loki ignored this, his juvenile will ablaze, he sort something his heart could sense within Phocus. It was a massive bubble, bigger than anything he had yet seen, and as he approached, it seemed to grow beyond all reckoning. He arrived before its surface and placed his hand upon it. A feeling of intense pleasure flooded his senses. It filled his body from his head to his toes, then burst beyond

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him; pulsing throughout his universe. Completely overwhelmed, he pursued more, and placing his other hand upon the orb, a second pulse emanated, overflowing him once again. He attempted to push within the bubble, the pleasure almost incapacitating. His first hand pushed inside, followed by the next, he felt his body falter with joy. A rumble. The clap of a clamp trapped Loki once more in his own body, being held tightly to Phocus' chest.

The thunderous sound of Gods thought contained within his mind eliminating all traces of pleasure. However, this time it was strangely bearable, even without Phocus' protection. "You best take Loki home, he should be present for now. Bring him back though, his cavalierity is inspiring." Phocus nods and turns Loki around to face him.

Phocus smiles, embarrassed, Loki looks at him in the darkness.

Phocus is transformed into light, Loki shields his eyes. He cautiously opens his eyes, he is still facing Phocus. Phocus is no longer expressive, his lit expression seems almost unfeeling, his wings are gone, his beautiful hair is reduced to a lifeless quaff. The plane of the future is unchanged, they have returned at the exact moment they left. Loki is now strangely aware of the presence of each individual angel, he can feel their thoughts, and concentrating hard enough he can see through their eyes. Phocus' hand running along his right wing startles him back to look at focus.

Phocus whispers mentally, "You can turn off your eyes whenever you want, you know."

Loki stares deeply into Phocus' eyes, he sees the man from the darkness again. The beautiful emotional angel. Darkness engulfs Loki's view of the plane. Loki observes the plane. Many of the angels appear old and worn out, he looks over to Gabrielle and Michael, in

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darkness they appear quite beautiful almost feminine. He looks over to Lucifer, he appears as normal, try as he might Loki could not will Lucifer into darkness. Sensing the incursion, Lucifer glances over towards him. The feeling of being completely engulfed in tar is upon Loki once more. Loki returns his eyes up to Phocus. Phocus is glaring at Lucifer, Loki feels Phocus include him on the conversation.

“Trying to impress your will against mine Phocus?” The unmistakable croon of Lucifer.

“You have never been able to stop, or sense me before, why would I let you now?” Taunted Phocus.

Lucifer replies angrily “Then tell me who it was.”

Phocus retorts. “No!”

Loki senses Lucifer direct all of his will towards Phocus. Phocus sends Loki the image of a water pistol squirting at a massive dam.

Phocus then looks directly at Lucifer. With the utmost ease Loki watches as Phocus crushes Lucifer like a petulant child.

Loki hears Phocus in his mind. “Turn and see for yourself”.

Loki turns to watch all light fade from the realm, the entire plane is plunged into darkness. All of the other angels are silent and blinded, Loki reaches past them all with his mind and looks at Lucifer. Lucifer is swamped with rage. His short hair now a long black mane, his wings extending to the ground. Yet unlike Phocus’, his seem to refract the light like a crystal, still containing substance. Loki continues to look at him, his angry face seeming to be made of marble

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instead of flesh. Loki heard the thought “that’s enough”, and as quickly as it had come, the darkness went. Lucifer was back to normal, completely in control of his emotions looking quite serene. Loki could see through his eyes a seething rage that seemed to despise the momentary reminder of his limitations. Chatter had arisen around the plane, everyone keenly discussing the moment of darkness. Loki still feeling covered in tar turned round to Phocus. Loki thought the question “Why does he hate?”

Phocus returned, “He doesn’t. He just doesn’t like to be reminded.”

Loki eventually questions. “What?”

“That everybody is special. He just happens to be older.” Phocus answers.

Loki retorts, “Is that why you are protecting me?”

Phocus looks surprised, “You are very quick. I am hiding you from him. But not to protect you, I just don’t want him to know where you have been.”

Loki replies, “Why not?”.

Phocus answers “Because, he hasn’t been. He thinks I hold secrets that make me better. He wants them.”

Loki returns “He wont learn anything from me.”

Phocus smiles, “I trust you, I will never trust Lucifer. *He* can make you tell.” Loki tries to interrupt but Phocus continues, “In ways you wouldn’t imagine, but try to remember: although you are very special

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to me, and I am willing to share my past with you. To God, you are no more special, and no less special than anyone else. To him we are one and the same, slightly different. Some people like and enjoy the idea that others are more special to God, and that explains their greater power. Trust me when I say, you always feel special around God, so does everyone, and so they should. You have to have faith that regardless of who you are, God can see good in anywhere.”

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Chapter 2 Uprising

Lucifer smiles at Phocus. Phocus thinks back to him “Just be good”. Phocus smiles and leaves. Phocus pushed through the plane slowly willing his way towards somewhere unoccupied. The angels all crowd him, their feathery wings getting in the way, their insipient greetings, Loki smiles at many. Eventually, Phocus becomes aware of this, he taps Loki on the shoulder.

Phocus thinks “You are aware they still can’t see you?”

Loki returns “Yes, I know. But the feeling gets through.”

Phocus smiles, “What’s the point?”

Loki replies “The old do tend to loose touch.”

“I am extremely happy.” Answers Phocus.

“Why not show it then?” Loki responds quickly.

The young beautiful face of Phocus cracks slightly. Many angels respond instantly to the change, some begin to hum, others openly sing.

Loki thinks “This world shows you anything you give to it. You hide every joy you hold inside darkness.”

Phocus retorts “Why didn’t I know this?”

Loki responds “You never tried.”

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The air of frustration lifted from Phocus immediately, the plane responded as well. The fields opened up in joyous harmony, angels were enjoying the mood, he noticed growth and scent and warmth. The new sensations flooded Phocus' body, each moment he felt better, each moment a new level of sensation appears. Phocus took a moment and stretched out his will, the happiness covered in darkness, yet it ensued, angels were laughing, singing still happy. Then he let go of all of it. Loki to was released from the cloak.

Loki thought up to Phocus, "What was that?"

Phocus answered, "I just made it difficult for anyone to see who I uncovered."

Loki understood "just in case."

Phocus nodded.

"What do you think is going to happen?" Loki questioned.

"You are correct about one thing, this plane is more diverse then it appears in light. The glum cannot see the happy."

"What does that have to do with me?" Loki questioned.

"Yes, when I am happy I see the happy. But, in my element I can see all. As I would also guess Lucifer can."

"But you can hide me." Loki retorted.

Phocus smiled widely at Loki, "Yes, I can, with a veil of impenetrable darkness."

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“Then I’m fine.” Loki ventured.

Phocus grinned hiding concern, “As long as I am able. Lucifer is planning something. He is gathering supporters.”

“What can he do, God can stop it.”

Phocus smiled again, “Of course he can. But, will he. God wants us all too have everything we want, he gives us perfect freedom.”

“What if someone wants something that is impossible?” Loki questions.

“What if Lucifer wants to be the first?” Answers Phocus.

Loki searches around and finally responds, “Could he uncreate you?”

“I don’t know, but he looks very longingly towards that instrument on your belt.” Phocus gestures to Loki’s sword.

Loki looks at it, “This? I have no idea what it is. It doesn’t have a point.”

Phocus smiles, “Neither does Lucifer. I think it has a lot to do with that other place.”

Loki stares, “The rocky place?”

Phocus smiles, “You remember?”

Loki smiles “Yes.”

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Phocus closes his eyes briefly and opens them smiling brilliantly, “It is finished, shall we go for a look?”

Loki turns to confront Phocus, his eyes ablaze “We can go there?”

Phocus smiles, “Yes, although it is quite different there, be prepared.”

Loki nods, excited by the prospect of seeing this new place.

Phocus looks questioningly, then opens his arms “come on then.”

Loki jumps over to Phocus. He holds onto Phocus tightly, the plane has already been engulfed in darkness. He briefly looks around the plane, he is suddenly aware that there are many more angels where they were then he could see. He looks to Phocus then back again. Over half of the angels were shining brilliantly with radiant faces and perfect features. The rest were morose and solemn, their features fading, their skin aged. There was a clap in Loki’s ears, he watched the plane turn to vapour and then felt the curious sensation of pressure under his feet. He surveyed the land, he was standing on the precipice within Phocus’ arms. He looked to Phocus’ face and smile questioningly. Phocus let Loki go. Loki wondered around for a moment taking in the sights, sounds and smells of this marvellous place. Then he stepped over the cliff. Phocus watched him speed away into the distance for a second then heard a loud thud.

Phocus closed his eyes briefly. He reopened them looking at Loki lying sideways on the ground. Loki grinned. Phocus began to laugh. Loki slowly figured out how to stand up and began to dust himself off. Phocus continued to laugh. Loki looked quite shaken, his hair was messy, his wings were ruffled and he was covered in dirt.

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Phocus began to laugh hysterically. Loki looked around for anyone else, there was no-one, no-one existed here yet. Phocus eventually regained his composure, Loki was staring at him bashfully.

“What was that?” Loki questioned.

Phocus snorted slightly, then replied “Did it hurt? It looks like it hurt.”

Loki rubbed his side “Yes”. Phocus chuckled briefly.

“Come here.” Phocus held out his arm. Loki walked over into them and cried. He stood crying in Phocus’ arms, the sun set and rose once more, there he remained for a full day. When Loki finally looked up Phocus was smiling. Loki looked away embarrassed. Phocus closed his eyes and when he reopened them, Loki was clean and back to normal, although, he still looked embarrassed.

Loki rubbed his eyes, and finally spoke “What is this place?”

“It is earth”, the unmistakable thunder of Gods voice echoed throughout the land.

Phocus looked up as if a distant friend spoke “I was just about to say that.”

God began to speak, then thought better, he thought to the two angels “it is to be the domain of the human”. Loki cringed slightly in pain, but this time his knees did not falter.

Phocus finally spoke out “The next step.”

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God looked directly into Phocus' eye, which was a rare occurrence of late "How did you find this place?"

Phocus retorted "I have know of it forever."

God looked very pleased at Phocus "I do not think there has been anything I have done since you were made that you have not had a finger in. Except of course you." The last part he directed at Loki. "Tell me when you became aware of this."

Loki spoke up "Before Lucifer, my lord, in the time when it was but Phocus and yourself."

God smile "Cavalier as ever, but I was talking to Phocus while looking at you." Loki blushed deeply. Phocus smiled in memory.

"I have know of it since I can remember." Phocus replied, eyes closed focusing keenly on his memory.

God smiled again, "perhaps this isn't the best view". Loki flinched suddenly as the vistas changed instantly. They were all now on a large rock in the middle of a large island land mass. "This would have to be one of my favourite views. There is just something about red ground and blue sky that makes me happy."

After a long pause Loki ventured a question "Why did I fall off that ledge?"

God, broken from his reverie replied "You forgot you had wings." God gestured to his back, and then pointed to a flock of birds approaching in the distance. "I am quite impressed that you have been aware of this for such a long time, my boy." Said God, still looking at

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Loki. “Considering I only began it five days ago, it seems to me you have been glimpsing my thoughts. I have been thinking of this place for a long time now.”

Phocus bowed deeply, Loki stared at him in surprise, “My lord, it was never my intention, had I know I had violated your thinking I would have ceased immediately.” God smiled still looking at Loki.

“Not a problem, for you to do it you must have been having the same idea, there is no other way. But in doing so you have given me a wonderful gift.” God replied still captivated by Loki.

“My lord?” Phocus ventured.

“It had never occurred to me, that a surprise could be so welcome.” Replied God cryptically. He still stared at Loki, his eye wondering slowly along his form.

“Surprise?” questioned Phocus.

“Come Phocus, I have not seen you so off balance since the hour after your birth. Him, here, it is breathtaking. Look at him yourself.” Quizzed God. Phocus feeling rather ridiculous turned to look at Loki. The beauty of the sight caught Phocus off guard and a note of song escaped him without warning. Loki cringed and blocked his ears at the intensity of the noise. God smiled happily, still staring. “Of course, sing if you like.” Phocus blushed again. Loki stood confused and embarrassed by the attention. “You my boy, might just be the most beautiful of my creations.” Suggested God. Loki smiled brilliantly at the praise, but at that time remembered Phocus’ words, ‘You are just as special as all others’. Loki continued to smile, content that even so, he was more special to Phocus, which made him smile more. God then

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stated “Now I am truly in awe, nothing is so beautiful as when it is happy. Thank you, you have just made my day.” Loki looked at Phocus, who was beaming at the vision, obviously fighting the urge to sing. Loki looked behind himself, simply to check whether there was something behind him that was drawing their attention. “I don’t know how I managed to squeeze modesty into him as well though.”

Phocus finally spoke out, but it was with such force and power that all the birds in the trees took flight. “You weren’t going to.”

God returned in thought, “That’s right! I wondered if you would let me sneak the credit for that one.”

Phocus thought back, “It was the only thing I added.”

“You never did like arrogance did you? Yet, I must agree, this genuine modesty, gives him more power than I would have guessed. Do you think it will last?” God finally turned his attention from Loki to Phocus. As God turned his head, Loki saw his eyes widen as he took in Phocus.

Phocus’ wings were solid and in full view. His long brown hair was crowning his head like a halo mane. His rich, deep, ancient eyes were intent on Loki. The light finally reflected the face of Phocus as it was in darkness.

“Phocus?” God queried.

Phocus responded in thought without moving, “I have no doubt.” God sat staring at Phocus as he had stared at Loki. The sun eventually set behind Loki and the starry sky emerged. Phocus finally drew his attention from Loki and looked to God.

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God smiled at him “It is good to finally see you.” Phocus blushed, mentally he chastised himself, he should be able to control his form by now. As if snatching the thought from his head, “Heaven forbid you ever learn to hide embarrassment.”

Phocus smiled quietly in the darkness. The stars filling the sky, made both the lord and Loki appear as if they were all in the darkness once again. Loki spoke up, “I said, you old boys tend to loose touch.”.

God replied, “Some old boys! Do not group us all in your generalising. Besides, I think we just proved the young boy is still alive and kicking.” Loki blushed again, and looked to Phocus for a cue. “Would the two of you allow me a favour?”

“Of course” responded Phocus eager. Phocus and God then turned there attention to Loki.

“Yes,” Stumbled Loki.

“Cavalier, he is absolutely cavalier.” Mused God, “Would you allow me another passing of light, with the two of you side by side.”

“Of course” Replied Phocus.

“Sure” replied Loki. God shook his head and the remnant of ‘cavalier’ was left on the breeze.

“You may look at each other of course. Perhaps we could arrange in a triangle of sorts.” God nodded. They arranged themselves into a triad and stood watching one and other. The sun rose and lit the two angels with golden light, God sat in triumph. Phocus and Loki watched each

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other as the shadows were quelled by the light from overhead until the last pink slither of sunset left their faces. After sunset, God took a deep breath and stood. “Why is it that fun passes so quickly?” Loki and Phocus are startled and look at him. “It is a rare occasion when even I have a chance to simply revel in my own brilliance.” Loki and Phocus blush at the reference. “Now I must get on with my work.”

Phocus ventures “What is left to be done?”.

God replies, “As the vistas is complete, the land full, and the creatures refined. I must now define the human.”

“How long will that take?” Loki questions.

God shakes his head, “Cavalier, absolutely Cavalier this one. I do not know exactly: possibly one million lights, possibly just twelve.” God looks at both of them, “My sixth sense is telling me that there is something, you should be a part of, happening elsewhere. You best go.”

Loki looks to Phocus “It is Lucifer isn’t it?”.

God shakes his head “Cavalier Phocus!”

Phocus bows “Thank you my lord, I will visit this past often.”

God nods “As will I.” God turns to Loki, looking first through the stars. “Watch Phocus, learn, do nothing without him. If you get anywhere near that bubble again, dive into it. Never waista a moment when confronted with happiness.”

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Phocus extends his arms to Loki “Let us go.” Loki moves into the embrace with Phocus. God smiles and watches them leave. Phocus closes his eyes, he opens again to see the angels all together looking towards Lucifer raised at the centre of the group.

Phocus turns to Loki and connects their eyes. Phocus’ thoughts fill Loki’s mind. Loki sees images of battle and torture, he senses the scent of ash, he hears the cries of pain and suffouring. “I want you to make me a promise” Phocus’ eyes looking directly into the depths of Loki’s. “What you saw is about to happen. I need to know what you believe?”

Loki looks back scared, but a sparkle at the depths of Phocus’ eyes, returns his strength in an instant. “I believe...” Loki turns away.

Phocus’ voice enters Loki’s mind, it sounds the softest sensation within his mind he has yet known “Say what comes to you.”.

Loki turns back to Phocus, his mind releases the three words “I love you.” Phocus smiles at him.

“Promise me you will not move until I come back to you, until I stand here with you again, you will do nothing, say nothing, send thoughts to no-one.” Phocus’ voice yearning for Loki’s response.

“I promise.” Loki returned instantly. Phocus smiled happily. Loki thought it was odd that Phocus could be happy after what he just showed him.

Phocus looked into his eyes once more, “Use my skills, vanish your sword, vanish your wings. Do not listen to anyone. I need you to do

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this, and I cannot order you, nor would I want to make you. Please hold your promise to me.”

Loki returns “of course”.

Phocus then kisses Loki’s mouth, and felt them say, ‘I love you’. With that Phocus walks into the crowd. Loki watches as angels attentions were drawn to Phocus. Lucifer quickly notices the waning attention of the mass and instantly sorts out the culprit. Lucifers eyes find Phocus and trace him through the throng. Angles stare at Phocus, he now had most of the attention and Loki suddenly realised why. Phocus’ wings were proudly white behind him, his long brown mane and face still as they were in the sun. Even Lucifer allows a moment of startle as Phocus move within view.

Loki remembered Phocus’ words, and looked down to his sword. He shut his eyes and willed his memory of his vapour wings into the armament, as he opened his eye, he no longer sees his weapon. He then turns his attention to his wings, he shut his eyes, and wills the memory to enter his wings. He turns to look for them a moment later, they too are gone.

Phocus had now made it to the bottom of the raised platform. He made no attempt to climb it. Resonance then billowed out of his mouth and he spoke “Michael, Gabrielle my friends.” The crowd cowered at the sound, most dropped to the floor. Loki felt the resonance hit him, but did not experience discomfort. The song when he was at the rock had a force many times greater then those words. Lucifer, Michael and Gabrielle did not show any visible signs of pain. Lucifer began to speak, but Phocus cut him off, “ By standing above your people, you are allying yourself with a movement to impose order.” The crowd still holding their hands to their ears looked up startled, but they stand.

Justice

Lucifer began to speak, but was again cut off, “Lucifer, your order is irrelevant, if any were to truly embrace your notion of order, should not they be aware that you are merely second in your own system. The one who could possibly boast first among us, is down below you, and knows full well that there is and never will be any favouritism in God’s kingdom.”

Lucifer speaks, the crowd lowers their hands. “Perhaps you misunderstand our intention, this is a meeting to discuss the location of the lord to date. As you must be aware, he has been absent for over five days now.”

Phocus began to laugh heartily. The joyous sound reverberated throughout the plane, and the crowd seemed happier for it. Phocus eventually spoke “Then what are you doing up, so, high?”

Lucifer bit his lip and choked back his immense rage. Loki could see it very clearly, he was, however, watching with his eyes closed. “We simply thought it prudent to give all a good view.”

Phocus began to laugh again. Lucifer boiled internally and his eye twitched ever so slightly. The battle for attention was infuriating. Phocus spoke again “Even God knows that is not nessasary, we angels have wings you see. Come back down to our level Lucifer, we all understand it a simple *over sight*.” The crowd laughed happily, Loki chuckled at the comment he himself was victim to mere hours before.

Gabrielle and Michael both shut their eyes and the platform sank away into nothing. Lucifer now faced Phocus front on. Loki could see that within, his form was on fire. He wanted to warn Phocus, but the words of God and his own promise, glued him to the spot.

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Phocus bowed to Lucifer, and extended a hand. Lucifer accepted the hand, enjoying the moment. Loki wanted to scream, but he would never allow himself to break his promise. “You look different Phocus. Can’t say I ever noticed *your* wings before.”

“Lucifer, once again you forget your limits.” Phocus changed into thought. Loki watched Lucifer’s rage intensify to its height. ‘What are you doing Phocus, Loki thought to himself ‘why make him worse?’”

Lucifer cringed and ticked. “Yes, *very* interesting, why is it that *you* get to hold all of these *secrets*.”

Phocus smiled, happy to be playing such a simple game, “Secrets, I have no secrets, should anybody ask me anything I will surely answer with the truth. You have never shown a care about my wings, why now?”

Lucifer holds his temper with not more than a fine hair. “Well then, *Perhaps*, you’D, *like To Tell* us all where God is now?” Lucifer nearly spat the first few words at Phocus in his attempt to control his rage.

Phocus replied “certainly, he is on earth.”

Lucifer breaks in rage “LIAR!”. He struggles to recon control himself. “THERE is no such place.” Loki fights his desire inside to speak out. Then he realised, he was fighting with something inside himself, as Phocus was fighting with Lucifer. He allowed the thoughts within him to bubble forth until he could see them clearly. Loki was ready to follow Phocus, just as many of the crowd were ready to follow Lucifer.

Justice

Loki studied the thought for a moment; complete peace then fell upon him. Phocus had told him in no uncertain terms that he was not special. That neither of them was more or less in Gods eyes. Loki realised that Phocus was not there trying to gather followers, he was trying to remind the angels; they could follow no one but God. Loki began to understand the fury within Lucifer and the calmness of Phocus.

Phocus' voice brought Loki back to the present, he was not facing Lucifer, but looking around the crowd. "If I choose to tell lies, I am perfectly entitled, anyone here can chose to lie if they wish." Phocus smiled and waved to no one in particular, Lucifer glared intently into the crowd. "However, I am not lying now. He is on earth."

"How do you know this and we don't?" Lucifer spat.

"I was just there," Phocus jested.

"Why don't we know how to find this place?"

"I just, remember how."

"Tell me how!" Lucifer realised his mistake as he made it. Gabrielle and Michael were both suddenly alarmed. They looked at each other and then into the crowd.

"There you go then don't you. I thought you wanted the information for everyone. I think I will keep it too myself then wont I." Taunted Phocus.

Every bit of rage within Lucifer spilled out in two words, "SEIZE HIM!". The entire plane became engulfed in darkness. A darkness as

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thick as tar, which seemed to slow everyone to the point of stopping. Lucifers form was now wreathed in lightless flames, many stood watching in horror, many took the commands as orders and turned towards Phocus. Loki stood still watching with interest. Gabrielle and Michael turned towards Lucifer. Phocus stood still. Thicker and thicker the darkness became, until it was impossible to move.

Phocus moved as if it were any other day. He walked among his attackers watching eyes and finally he walked over to Lucifer. He then stated one word, with a resonance and finality none had ever imagined “GOD!”

The darkness held everyone still, everyone was frozen into action, like a giant tapestry. God appeared from within the crowd, he was looking at faces, frozen in hate. Angels that were retreating and the rest that were waiting happily. When he finally reached the centre of the rabble, he spoke “How did I know you four would be in the middle of this?”. Lucifer’s form frozen in rage, only his eye betrayed his fear. Phocus, however, looked quite relaxed. Michael and Gabrielle were frozen in alarm, their eyes, however, betrayed a deep torturous shame. “Shall we talk as statues, or can we risk locomotion” God directed at Phocus.

Phocus smiled, the darkness vanished. Many Angels stood unsure, many were looking to Lucifer for orders, the rest were backing away from God. None spoke.

God finally broke the silence, “Well, if there is nothing to be said, I will be getting along.”

“Where have you been?” Lucifer questioned.

Justice

“Orders to *me*?” God silenced.

“Phocus knows” Lucifer ventured.

“Perhaps you should ask him.” God retorted.

“He lies” Spat Lucifer.

“He does not,” God silenced, “His answer was the truth.”

“Why does he have secrets?” Lucifer followed.

“Lucifer, envy as well? Pride, greed and wrath. Phocus uses his head, he knows things because he is not constantly caught up in petty bickering.” God frowned to Lucifer. God looked to Phocus as he left, he thought “Do not bait him, I have a busy day.”

“Allow them down, perhaps?” Phocus though. God looked around and then back to Phocus. God Nodded.

“None come near my garden today.” God added.

Alone at last

Chapter 3 Alone at last.

God mingled for a few moments. Greeting as many people as came near him. After a few moments he simply disappeared, although no one seemed to notice it. The tension in the air was course. Phocus looked around, he noticed angels waiting. Phocus sighed and began to speak. “Think downwards. You will find it. Stay away from the Lord’s garden. I am not making that request for me.” Slowly Angels began to close their eyes and vanish. Angels began to disappear by thousands, one of the last to leave was Lucifer. Lucifer glared at Phocus with complete distain, then vanished.

Michael and Gabrielle waited behind, Phocus turned to him. Michael began “We did not intend to support any sort of rally. We were asked too join Lucifer to sound our own opinions. The result was what you saw, in no part do we seek to impose order.” Gabrielle nodded in a half bow towards Phocus.

Phocus thought for a moment, “Why are you telling me this?”

Gabrielle “Lucifer intends to fight.”

“Fight who?” Phocus questioned.

Gabrielle replied “God”.

“Then I doubt it will be a long fight.” Phocus stated.

Gabrielle looked to Michael, Michael speaks “We cannot fight as you do, Lucifer exceeds us. We may have to fight.”

Justice

Phocus laughs, “It is that thought exactly that froze Lucifer, and the rest of you. You give me power over you because you believe I have it.”

Gabrielle looks to Michael again, Gabrielle speaks, “This is only going to get worse.”

Phocus looks back at Loki then turns to Michael and Gabrielle, “Maybe then, you two should do something about it. Lucifer cannot hurt or make you stop. Perhaps you should teach your youngles that no Angel can be forced to do anything, not even by God. Free will is given to everyone.” Phocus turns away, Michael and Gabrielle close their eyes and vanish. Phocus looks over to Loki, alone in the distance. Phocus closes his eyes, and opens them next to Loki. “Did you hear all of that?”

Loki looks confused, “like I was standing next to you.”

Phocus smiles “Good.” Phocus stands and looks into Loki’s eyes. “Thank you for keeping that promise.” Phocus smiles “You have fulfilled it. Maybe we should go somewhere to talk.”

Loki smiles, “Where? We are the only ones left out of existence.”

Phocus grins “ I suppose it would be irrelevant to try to find a secluded space. Light or dark?”

Loki thinks, “Dark”, the thought barely formed inside his head and the plane became completely dark. It felt as if they were back alone flying with just God. This dark was not at all like the dark from before, this dark was free and limitless, there was no trace of the imposing tar Loki had felt before. “How do you do that?” Loki questioned.

Alone at last

Phocus smiles, “exactly as you hide your wings or sword.” Loki feels Phocus’ thought entering his mind.

“Could you use that *freeze* to stop angels coming back?” Loki thinks.

Phocus thinks for a minute, “Yes” Phocus answers. “But that would be forcing my will onto others.” Phocus finishes.

“So why did you do it before?” Loki ventured.

Phocus looked at him, “Do you think I was forcing you to be still?”

Loki shook his head, “I felt nothing”.

Phocus nodded quietly, “All I did was refuse to be ‘seized’, what you saw was what you choose to. All I could see was Angels holding themselves in ridiculous positions. I did of course vanquish the light.”

“So as long as they were trying to affect you, and you didn’t want them too. They were frozen?” Loki questioned.

“What I said to Michael and Gabrielle was the truth. Nothing can affect free will, as long as you don’t let it.” Phocus continued.

Loki blushed slightly, “ Can I touch you?”. Phocus chuckled, and held out his arms. Loki Dropped into the embrace.

“Cavalier is *dead on* for you.” Phocus laughed. Loki remained as he was, they began to move as they had when they were flying with God. But this time face to face. “Make yourself vanish.” Phocus thought into Loki’s mind.

Justice

Loki's form became vaporous, as did Phocus'. The two vapours merged making the two occupy the same space. The surge of memory increased into a bath once again, then further, making him feel deeply immersed in an ocean. Loki wondered whether Phocus was going through the same feeling. His wonders died away as he slowly realised; once again he was Phocus as much as he was Loki. He found himself in times distantly past, and memories recently finished. He saw Lucifer standing in front of him, as well as watching Phocus standing before Lucifer. He ignored all of this, the bubble now was the only objective. He travelled through many moments, many senses, until he finally caught sight of it. He did not seem to be able to arrive at the threshold fast enough. He surged with all of the power he could muster, until he was floating next to the bubbles wall. He reached out his hand, then the words Loki had been told came to him, 'If you get anywhere near that bubble again, dive into it'. With all of the strength he could muster he dove into the bubble. The surge was overwhelming. All of his senses seemed to sing at the same time. He no longer new of form and function, shape had been lost, he was now everything. Warmth grew out from his centre, pleasure replaced his thought, his memory and his form. He knew all of the moments from Phocus, and all of the moments from Loki. There was nothing but happiness. He could go anywhere, be anything, know everything. Time disappeared.

They woke upon a beach, the water was lapping over their bodies; cooling them occasionally from the soothing heat of the sun. Loki looked upon the face of Phocus, he could not shake the feeling that he was looking at himself. Phocus opened his eyes, he saw Loki looking at him, he too could not overcome the sensation of watching himself.

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They remained there without moving for three days and nights until Phocus stood from the water. Phocus was naked, his wings were gone, his hair was wet and a penis was hanging between his legs. Loki watched as Phocus moved, his movement was controlled and deliberate. He had the energy of a coiled snake, and the intensity of a prowling lion. Phocus was in control of this environment; he walked over and rested over a large grass mound before a tree. Loki watched, the sight could not have been more beautiful. Loki, feeling trapped within his own skin, stood finally. Water dripped down his body, his hair clung to his form. He felt the weight of his penis hanging between his legs. His eyes were glued to Phocus as he approached.

Phocus watched him without blinking. Loki moved with a curious ambition, his feet were experiencing every grain of sand as it made contact. His senses were attuned to all elements within his attention, all of which were intent on Phocus. Loki stood at Phocus' feet, staring into the depths of the dark brown eyes before him. Without losing eye contact, Loki crunched down and placed his hands on the top of Phocus' feet. Over several passes of light, Loki moved his hands up along Phocus' legs. Over his knees, his thighs, his hips, his stomach, his chest, his neck, his face and then down his arms until they were lying upon one and other. The sun set again many times before either decided to move.

Quietly Phocus moved his head to the left until Loki's lips fell onto his own. Together they began to open their mouths. Their tongues venturing beyond the breach and into the other. Phocus enfolded Loki within his arms and tried to draw their bodies to merge. The physical would not move, their bodies pressed together and their lips would mingle. Their forms were now solid. They continued to kiss.

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The sky would occasionally change from light to dark, rain to clear. Until it eventually became cold, the sky was dark and the ocean fierce. Loki felt a tickling dot upon his back and he turned to look. A flake of snow had landed on him, he felt it break and trickle down his skin. Together they looked up; the sky was white, and more flakes began to fall. They watched for a moment and then sat up. Loki finally spoke, “we cannot stay here any longer.” Phocus looked out into the ocean.

“We should go back.” Phocus agreed. Together they stood and started to walk. The beach was long and winding, there were rocks and shells and creatures. They reached a point where there was no more beach, no more sand and no more sky. It rose above them like a giant dome. Loki kissed Phocus one last time. Together they walked through the bubble.

Loki’s vaporous form separated from Phocus’. They slowly reformed their bodies and became angels once more. Phocus ran his hand down Loki’s wing as Loki did the same to him. “I missed these” said Phocus.

“I know” Loki replied. “Maybe we should just enjoy them now.” Loki finished raising his wings.

“I am.” Phocus added.

“Shall we go down to earth?” Loki queried.

“Why bother? You just spent over a century on one beach.” Announced the unmistakable thunder of God.

“You saw?” questioned Loki.

Alone at last

“I have this habit of being everywhere.” God returned.

“Something was happening there, the weather changed?” Loki ventured.

God thought for a moment, “yes, the weather has changed on earth. Lucifer, has managed to impose some changes.”

Phocus voiced “I expected as much.”

“As the two of you have been occupied for nearly a millennia, there are things that you now should know.” God explained.

“Lucifer has succeeded in convincing near half of the angels to start a war, and instead of fighting it here, he has waged it on earth, were he can actually cause damage.” Loki guesses.

“Still cavalier, but obviously benefiting greatly from your presence Phocus.” God joked.

“I take no credit, he is deserving of praise for his brilliance.” Phocus added.

“He has it.” God nodded, “I now have a task for you Loki.” Loki stood up straight. “There are two towns near the central sea. You will take your weapon and you will remove them, bring the people home. They are subject to pain beyond measure at the hands of Lucifer, he has over stepped the bounds.”

“Humans here?” Phocus questioned.

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“Yes, here.” God confirmed. “Lucifer has been banished from this plane, he and those who fight or those who waited to follow a victor, will never enter this plane without repents.”

“How will Loki return?” Phocus asked

“As he always would, as you have taught him.” God answered.

“Where are the others?”

“They remain on Earth, they fight to undo the damage as it forms.”

“What are we to do?”

“You will remain here, make sure Loki has a fixed point to return too.”

“That means the other’s can not get back” Loki questioned.

“Very clever Loki.” God smiled “I intend to travel down as a human, so they, eventually, can follow my path back.” God then walked away and vanished within the darkness.

Michael and Gabriel burst into view, both were garbed with shining armour. “You are back.” Michael stated.

“How did you manage to cross back?” Loki questioned.

“We never went to earth. Gabrielle and I began to leave, but came back instead.”

“We returned and it was dark. You two were nowhere to be seen. So we spent the time sharing memories.” Gabrielle added.

Alone at last

“Without anyone here, a moment seemed to blur and before we knew it a century had past.” Michael continued.

“We sort out the Lord. Once we had an idea of what had happened, we requested to provide assistance.”

“So we have been for nearly a millennia.” Michael finished.

Gabrielle thought for a moment, “Where have you been?” he asked.

“Joined” Loki and Phocus answered in unison. “We thought we had been left alone.” Loki continued. Gabrielle and Michael spoke in thought for a moment then turned to Phocus.

“Have you been suited to fight?” Michael enquired.

“No, I have been asked to remain. Loki has been given a task.” Phocus answered.

“What is your task?” Michael almost begged the answer from Loki.

“To remove two of Lucifer’s cities and bring the people here.” Loki explained.

Michael smiled and bumped Gabrielle. “Finally we take the offensive” Michael announced.

Loki unsheathed his sword. The entire plane was plunged into sunshine. Phocus shielded his eyes and Loki looked away. The plane was brilliant, a kingdom of golden light. All of the perfect elements from earth were around, much of the realm was still spacious and

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unfilled, but the human universe was a part of it now, as it had never been before. Stars sparkles and distant galaxies spun. Trees and flowers would grow and disappear instantly. The entire realm seemed to respond to the moods of the four angels.

“What has happened?” Phocus asked in alarm.

Michael responded quickly “Before the Humans were attacked the first time, God salvaged his sacred garden. As well as each of his pieces.”

“Since this plane responds to us, so do these things.” Phocus finished.

“Evidently, but until now we had not noticed any of it.” Gabrielle added.

“No light” Michael added.

Loki remained focused in one direction. Phocus followed his gaze and in the distance saw the red rock surrounded by blue sky. When he looked back Loki was smiling at him.

“I am going.” Loki announced after a deep breath. Phocus looked slightly uneasy, but managed to suppress it before Loki looked back. Some of the surroundings had already responded to the feeling, “Don’t worry” Loki told him in thought. “I know you too well to be fooled. I understand him now. I will be cautious. I know my free will.”

Phocus thought back to him, “I know. Do not surrender your sword, ever. Even to me.” Loki looked at him quizzically. “Call for me!” Phocus added finally.

Alone at last

“I will” Loki assured him. He then nodded to Gabrielle and Michael, shut his eyes, and vanished.

The plane surrounding them remained lit, but much of it seemed to droop with Loki gone. The panic within Phocus’ eyes was enough to startle Michael and Gabrielle. It is Gabrielle who finally speaks, “Should Lucifer ever discover this, he will use him against you.”

Phocus takes a large breath and looks Gabrielle in the eye, “ I know. I have given him every thought I have. He knows what I know, and yet, Lucifer is very persuasive. I have nothing to doubt in myself, Loki does not.”

Michael responds, “What do you think he would try?”

Phocus studies them for a moment and then shrugs, “Nothing, as long as Loki has that sword.”

Michael looks to Gabrielle and then to Phocus, “Why? What does a Human weapon mean to an Angel?”

Phocus thinks quietly, “It was a weapon given to Loki by God. If it can remove Humans, I would say it can do the same thing to us.”

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Chapter 4 Task Complete

Phocus nodded to Michael and Gabrielle and took his leave. He wanted to be alone for a while, his mind was reeling with possible traps Lucifer had prepared. Phocus began to realise that they had been absent for the creation of an entire species. Lucifer had finally provoked God into retaliation, and near all of angel kind was trapped on Earth. Phocus could not help but remember life on their beach. Could that be it for them? Joined together for eternity alone. Phocus reached the red desert where he and Loki had been with God, over 1000 years past. He sat down under the blue sky and imagined watching Loki trying not to blush. His youthful exuberance betrayed by his over active wings. He remembered the Loki's sadness when he had fallen from the precipice, the tears falling down his dusty face. He began to recall the words of God when he was questioned about Loki's creation. The conversation was still trapped within his memory, why could he not remember his helping hand in creating Loki? He probed his own mind, attempting fervently to recover the memory. Slices of the experience began to surface. The first was an argument over the nature of balance. Phocus was explaining that each element must have an opposite or else it could not exist. God seemed to be paying attention, but continued unswayed. Phocus' mind then jumped to watching as God was sculpting Loki's wings. He had never before seen God take such time, and pay such attention to detail with each part of an angel. The next memory jumped out, as vivid as life, God plucked a feather from his own wings and began brushing it over the entire form. Phocus was transfixed by this behaviour. He had never seen a single being laboured over such. He watched as the feather traced over each and every surface. Before long Phocus felt words escaped him as if they belonged to someone else, "Why?"

Task complete

God turned, distracted from his task, “Because, a gift, for my friend, will be perfect.” God turned back to Loki’s lifeless form, “He will be beautiful, smart, strong and happy.” God then looked at the feather in his hand, it grew into a sword and he fastened it to Loki’s side. “But above all else, he will be dangerous. He will be the only creature in existence with the power to unmake.” God stood back for a moment. “He will be the most beautiful creature alive, and his power absolute. Forgiveness has no equal.”

“What will prevent him from destroying us all?” Phocus questioned.

“No one will know until he is ready, not even you!” God pointed his finger towards Phocus. Phocus felt sensation of having a hand enter his memories, and when it left, he awoke in front of the angels. Phocus looked upon the angels as he always had, but there at the back of the throng he saw a site that stopped his heart. A new angel had just appeared, he was perfect, and no one else had even looked back.

Phocus awoke to a very welcome sight. Loki was standing above him, flanked by the red desert and blue sky. His brow was moist, his hair was wet and he wore a most wicked grin. “Done.”

Phocus glanced around and saw a number of wingless forms vaporising throughout the plane. “That was fast.”

“I had to get back to you.” Loki returned.

“Did you have any problems?” Phocus was suddenly concerned.

“The cities were deserted, the only people were already dead.” Loki answered.

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“How did you get them back here?”

“Once the cities were destroyed, I thought of you, and here we were.”
Loki finished.

Loki leant down to Phocus, bringing their lips together. They remained like that for a while until Phocus pulled away. “I have something you need to see.” Phocus said.

Loki looked at Phocus seriously, “So do I.” He said.

“What was it like?” Phocus questioned with a raise of his eyebrows.

“Really?” Loki asked excited, Phocus nodded. “Well, different, to when we were there. Apparently, in their days, we were last there millions of years ago...” Loki embellished. Phocus grinned, Loki quickly vanished his wings and rolled himself over so he was lying on Phocus’ chest. “This Human species is definitely a hard one. Most of them have absolutely no idea of where they came from, do not believe in God whatsoever, and are under the impression that we are all super humans, of sorts” Loki was gesturing grandly. “Now there are two sub-species of humans, males, who look like us, and females, who are a little odd. They look somewhat like us, but they are equipped to sustain others of their species. As far as I heard, one of them caused a bit of trouble in Gods garden quite a while ago and got them all sent out.” Loki looked back to Phocus to check his interest, Phocus urged him to continue. “Well, apparently, these females were made out of parts from the male. But I doubt God would really need to mutilate his newest creation to make something else.” Phocus nodded pensively. “Anyway, they, all humans, have taken to the habit of covering themselves with corpses and decaying plants. Nudity, seems to be really shunned. Me, thought, I didn’t care, I wandered around as is.

Task complete

The wings got as much attention as the nudity did; when I wasn't with all of the dead ones."

"Any Angels?" Phocus asked.

"Only a few, but they weren't the angels I remember. All but two of them had their wings hewn off. They all seemed a little shocked at my lack of covering. Most of them had conjured up armour or covers of some kind. Somewhat like Michael and Gabrielle." Loki added as he looked up and stole a kiss. "I won't be going anywhere near a dead animal or plant, unless God asks me too." Phocus smiles.

"He won't" Phocus reassured.

"Oh, and I saw Lucifer." Phocus tensed, Loki looked back. "He couldn't see me, God told me to vanish before I went through his... front gates" Phocus intently watching Loki, Loki smoothed his hand along Phocus' side. "He has been working on changing into animals: snakes, sheep, fish. He must have had an accident, or has elected to swapped legs with a goat. He *is* looking a little worse for wear." Loki shrugged and rolled over slightly, quite content to playing with the edge of Phocus' left wing.

Phocus yelped suddenly. He looked down at the spot causing the pain to see one of his feathers in Loki's hands. Loki began to run the feather along the front of Phocus' body, "Why is this on your mind?" Loki asked looking from the feather to Phocus' eyes.

Phocus placed his hand on Loki's and stopped him. Phocus slowly took the feather out of Loki's hand, "That is not what I am thinking of." Phocus, with a speed that managed to surprise Loki, toppled Loki onto his back, reversing their locations. "This is." Phocus began to run

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the feather along Loki's torso and face. Loki's body would shift and raise wherever the feather would touch. He looked up to Phocus, his eyes pleading, his mouth unable to speak, his mind trapped by chaos. Phocus smiled and continued drawing Loki for days upon days.

Finally, Phocus had traced across every molecule of Loki, even making his wings appear to include them. He withdrew the feather away from Loki's skin, allowing time for Loki's to collect his mind. "I have to show you something." Phocus thought.

"How did you do that?" Loki exhaled.

"I remembered." Phocus answered. Loki looked into him, and then pulled Phocus close.

"Come here. Show me." Loki whispered. They embraced for a moment, then together vanished. Phocus saw signs of death on wide streets within Loki's mind. He saw the demented form of Lucifer, and the sad sorry forms of his followers. Phocus surged forth with his own thoughts, pulling up his recently discovered memory. They followed through the first few fragments, and watched closely as God traced Loki just as Phocus had. Loki's mind was blank for most of the time, just as he had been for Phocus. Toward the point where Phocus felt the need to speak, Loki took his hand. Phocus again spoke the words "Why?". But now their origin made sense, they seemed to emanate from within Loki.

They proceeded to the point of God entering Phocus' mind. Then while still clutching Phocus' hand, Loki spoke "What is the point of all of this? Why include Phocus if you intended to have him forget?"

Task complete

God had returned to tracing Loki's form this time with one of Phocus' feathers. He appeared to have not heard Loki, then he spoke, "Lucifer was meant to be opposite to Phocus. Obviously, darkness opposes light. Not quite so. Phocus was never darkness, it took me some time to realise it; Phocus has no eyes. He does not even fathom light, he was only concerned with balance. I should have realised sooner. Phocus is justice."

Loki turns to Phocus, Phocus standing as lifeless as the Loki God is working on. "What has happened to him?" Loki questions.

God places Phocus feather into dead Loki's wings. God turns to Loki and plucks a feather from him. God uses Loki's feather to trace Phocus' form, he smooths his face and his wings as Loki stands in silence. Eventually, God finishes. God takes a deep breath, "You did not know that yourself and Phocus, were born on the same day did you?" God stands both statues next to one and other and looks at them as he did in the desert.

"We can't have been, Phocus has memories from the beginning." Loki fought.

"Still just as cavalier as ever. Time has no order, the reason you see sequence, is because you choose to remember it." God inhales one large breath, "I can not remember if I ate garlic recently." God exhales into Phocus and Loki, the statuesque forms fill with colour and begin to twitch and move.

"Then what am I?" Loki requested.

The two forms disappeared from sight, Loki and God were left alone. "A gift."

Justice

“For who?” Loki continued.

“My oldest friend.” God repeated.

“Who is?” Loki demanded.

“Extremely Cavalier.” God finished. God silenced Loki, “You should go back to Phocus now.”

“Why?” Loki asks, God silences him again.

“Phocus should know... You should know something else as well.” God studies Loki for a moment. Gesturing towards Loki’s sword, he continues “The reason I gave you that: when I asked Phocus about dying he said ‘If I did cease to be, He is the only thing I would wish to see again.’” God shrugged. Loki awoke lying on top of Phocus once again. Loki stood and looked at Phocus lying upon the ground. His hair a perfect mane haloing his face, his wings wide extending many feet to his left and right, his naked body relaxed and warm, his piercing eyes locked steadfast upon Loki.

“If I cease to be, you are the only thing I will wish to see again.” Loki announced.

Phocus looked at him sidelong, “Where did that come from?” Phocus quizzed.

Loki smiled and made his wings reappear. “I got it from you.” Loki shrugged, his long wings extending from his neck to his feet. Phocus smiled up to him and waited. Loki stood watching for a moment. Unable to stay still he walked back to Phocus and lay on top of him once again, his wings covering them completely. Underneath their

Task complete

winged cover, Loki held the sides of Phocus' face and pressed their lips together. After a moment Phocus retorted, placing his hands around the small of Loki's back and encasing them both in his own wings.

Justice

Chapter 5 More new arrivals

Loki had just finished telling Phocus everything he had seen and was told. Since hearing it all, phocus had not moved. Together they remained enfolded within their wings. Loki was content to wait for Phocus to speak, He lay on top of him, counting breaths and heartbeats. Phocus finally spoke up, “I do not understand.”

“At least you are trying.” Loki responded.

“I am not. I just cannot understand.” Phocus returned.

“I do not think there is anything to understand. Maybe what you are not grasping is that there does not have to be balance.” Loki proposes, Phocus appears puzzled. “ There just is no opposite to some things.”

“Like what?” Phocus questions.

Loki was prepared for the question, “life”.

“Death” Phocus answers.

“No, death is the opposite to birth.” Loki responds.

“Dead then” Phocus alters.

“Opposite to alive.” Loki corrects.

Phocus looks at Loki for a moment, “What are you a gift for?”

“Who said I was your gift?” Loki answers.

More new arrivals

“I do.” Phocus finished. Loki smiled and enjoyed the moment.

“I would give me to you.” Loki said thoughtfully. Phocus started laughing at Loki.

“If you were not for me, someone somewhere must be overjoyed that you exist.” Phocus said while running his hands through Loki’s hair. “I love you.” Phocus added while pushing Loki’s hair behind his ears. Loki smiled and laid his head on Phocus’ shoulder. He squeezed his arms tighter, closed his wings around them firmly and drifted off to sleep. Phocus had not seen a creature sleep before, he felt Loki’s mind churning with ideas and thoughts. Occasionally, Loki’s body would twitch or hold tighter. Phocus lay there content, one hand rested on Loki’s head, the other on his back, Loki’s breath warming his neck. Phocus could feel his concept of time losing hold, it did not matter any longer. Phocus did not even seem to notice as Loki shifted slightly, or when his mouth opened and he began drawling onto Phocus’s chest.

Phocus was shaken back into sense by something tugging at his wing. He lifted his wings from around them and saw the frame of a small human. It took a moment for his eyes to adjust, but as they did, he was surprised to see a human female standing naked in front of them. Phocus mind spoke as gently as his mind would allow, “Just one second” the little girl seemed a little panicked by the origin of the voice, but obviously not hurt. Phocus returned his attention to Loki. Phocus ran his hand down Loki’s face, “Loki” Loki blinked back to life.

He was a little groggy and still half asleep, but managed “What is it?”. Loki became aware of the small puddle in the middle of Phocus’

Justice

chest, he wiped it off with his hand and then the rest onto his wing.
“Sorry.”

“Not that, we have a young visitor.” Phocus said. Loki turned his head to peak through the middle of his wings.

He turned back to Phocus, “What does she want?” Loki asked still tired.

“We better ask her that.” Phocus jested.

Loki shook his head a little, “do I look ok?” Phocus chuckled a little, Loki’s hair was matted on one side and his face was all red where he had been lying. Phocus closed his eyes, when he reopened them Loki was neat and beautiful.

Loki vanished his wings and rolled off Phocus, “wha’ can we do ya for?” Loki spoke in a strange manner Phocus had never heard before.

The little girl was slightly shaken by the disappearing wings, but managed to say in the same accent as Loki, “They’re lookin’ for ya ma lord.”

Phocus spoke, “Who ‘s?” Phocus was stunned at his own accent, Loki grinned at him.

The little girl spoke again “Tha Michael n’ tha Gabrielle. They sen’ us ‘ll out.”

Loki nodded, “We’r comin’, run alon’ bac’, we be ther’ soon.” The little girl obeyed and ran away into the distance of the desert. Loki

More new arrivals

looked at Phocus, “How long have I been asleep?” Loki spoke in his normal voice again.

Phocus shrugged, “No idea.”

“I have not seen her before, she was not brought here by me.” Loki quizzed.

Phocus stood, closed his eyes and when he opened them he was neat, “lets go”.

Loki looked at him from the ground “Would you teach me how to do that?”.

Phocus put out his hand, “Remind me next time we join.” Loki took the assistance and was pulled upright. As they both took the first step away, Loki’s wings appeared, making Phocus laugh. “You really love vanishing yourself.” Phocus joked.

Loki kept walking, “Only because you taught it to me.” Phocus and Loki arrived at the edge of the desert, which seemed just to drop off into null starry space. “What do we do here?”

Phocus smiled, “your wings can be useful for things besides vanishing.” They flew together towards the central space, Loki often sneaking glances of Phocus as he flew.

Phocus and Loki flew over a small crowd of people and landed in unison behind Michael.

Michael turned at the thump, his face was alarmed and he was quite anxious.

Justice

Loki took the que and began “What...”

Michael cut him off, “God is being tortured on earth.”

Phocus not believing a word of it spoke, “What?”

Michael continued, “He is down there as a human male, the other humans have caught him and nailed him up to a giant wooden stake.”

Loki chuckled a little, “You are kidding?”

Michael looked at him incredulously, “No! We have been trying to find you for weeks, he was fine for the first while. Then they decided to do away with him the other day. But he wont let us come near him, neither of us can get down there at all.”

Loki looked to Phocus alarmed, Phocus seemed nonchalant about the whole thing. “What should we do?”

Phocus looked at them both as if they had proposed something ridiculous, “He is God.”

Loki stared at him as if he was insane. “And humans are torturing him.”

Phocus could not understand the concern, “He is God, he made the nail and the stake, he is perfectly fine.”

Loki seemed to consider it plausible, if not, strangely logical. Michael looked incredulous, “They are trying to kill him.”

More new arrivals

Phocus remembered the conversation he had with God, “Oh yes. He said something about this last time we spoke, something about opening a gateway for faithfuls.”

Michael’s jaw dropped, “So you are not going to do anything?”

Phocus looked to Loki, “He told me not to leave, do you want to go?”

Loki looked back and shrugged, “He would ask if he wanted anything.”

Michael looked away defeated. Gabrielle appeared next to them “Here you are...”

Michael cut him off, “Do not even bother, they think it is fine.”

Gabrielle’s jaw dropped, “What, last report is that one human just stabbed him with a spear.”

Phocus nodded, “It is God, he knows what he is doing. Tell me, why do you think he is not allowing you to intervene?”

Gabrielle sat down on the floor, “So you propose we do nothing.”

“He has made you do nothing.” Loki added.

Phocus thought for a moment, “I can go down to look if you want.”

“God said to stay here, I’ll go” Loki protested.

“Last thing they need is a winged man with a sword down there too.” Phocus corrected.

Justice

“Why not send a human then?” Loki ventured.

“Tried that, gave Michael a headache for an hour.” Gabrielle said.

“Well then, back to normal then.” Phocus shrugged.

“What?” Michael and Gabrielle gasped in synchrony.

“Look, the only weapon that could possibly hurt any of us is tied to his belt, forget about it.” Phocus finished gesturing to Loki’s sword.

There was an awkward silence within the group until Loki finally spoke up, “Where have all of these humans come from.”

Michael shakes his head, “No idea, a couple of new ones pop up every few days.”

“Any angels make it back yet?” Phocus requests.

“No, they are all still underside.” Gabrielle answers.

“Not for much longer.” The booming triumphant voice of God broke over the crowd. The Humans all cowered and huddled together. God walked through a few people then stopped at the little girl, the same girl that found Loki and Phocus, “You are a magnificent creature, your assistance made all of this possible.” God spoke in a soothing, almost human voice.

Michael and Gabrielle bowed, “My lord” they repeated in unison.

More new arrivals

When Loki noticed them on the floor beside him, he checked with Phocus, who showed no sign of movement, and so stood tall beside him. “Gossip proceeds you.” Phocus spoke when the lord arrived.

“As it does you. Well, not you of course Phocus, none of the humans know you exist, but your beautiful devil here and the two guardians. Stand up!” God gestures to Loki then to Michael and Gabrielle.

“Thankfully.” Phocus added.

“Devil?” Loki questioned.

“You my friend, should be spoken of.” God said to Phocus. “I cannot imagine how I managed a faith like yours after the lack of it I have seeded on earth, angelic and humanist. Stead fast even for nails and stakes, even as you felt the pain.” God gestured to small blemishes on Phocus’ arms. Loki looked down at Phocus’ arms furious.

“You knew?” Michael shot to Phocus’.

“No. I asked to share it.” Phocus returned.

“At least it was someone to talk too. Even three days on earth in the sun nailed to a stake becomes quite dull. Then another three in a cave.” God added. Gods resonance had changed, his heart was exposed and his face was fuelled with expression. “It is amazing how time as a human can force appreciation for even the most simple things.”

“You are not going to make us all start wood work?” Phocus whined.

“I have told you before about entering my mind.” God snapped.

Justice

“I have never yet. You told me yourself.” Phocus retorted.

“Really?” God enquired incredulously.

“And your disappointment with the flavour of chicken.” Phocus added.

“I can not remember that.” God asked himself.

“Memory loss sucks does it not.” Loki murmured.

“Absolutely Cavalier! Even by human standards.” God shook his head.

“Honest though.” Phocus entered.

“Another rarity on earth, but lying is no sin.” God directed the point fervently at Loki. “A couple of things from earth, a man ‘Peter’ has begun a story that we have gates at our entrance. Thus, once he arrives, Saint Peter will man these gates for everyone who buys into the story.” God nods satisfied. Loki chuckles, “I ran into Lucifer in a desert at one stage, he has asked to see you Phocus.”

“That is interesting. Cannot say I will oblige.” Phocus added.

“I would like you too, your choice is to go there or he come here.” God told Phocus.

Loki went to speak, Phocus’ voice entered his mind, “Let me.” Phocus spoke to God, “He is only interested in comparing his new skills with mine. I do not see a point.”

More new arrivals

“That is true, but a small defeat would upset his order.” God reminded Phocus.

“Shall I turn him into a complete goat?” Phocus asked.

“Your information is better than mine, how do you know about his accident?” God prodded.

Phocus nudged his head at Loki, “It did not really surprise me.”

“I’d try the reverse, use compassion, fix a mistake he can not.” God suggested.

Phocus grinned, “Diabolical. I think humanity has affected you.”

“Kill them with kindness. Learned that from humans.” God smiled.

“Shall I go now then?” Phocus requested.

“Yes, Lucifer has all but forgotten our time. He will think he has been waiting a long time.” God pondered. “Loki, I suggest you remain here. Phocus will need a path back.” God added as he walked away into the crowd.

Loki looked to Phocus, “Let me come.” Phocus looked into Loki’s begging eyes.

“You can if you want to.” Phocus granted.

“That was too easy.” Loki said.

Justice

“But I do not want you to.” Phocus added. Loki looked at him curiously, then a deep hurt crossed behind his eyes. Phocus spoke into Loki’s mind, “Don’t be hurt. You can come if you want to, but, I would not forgive myself if you were stuck there.” Loki brightened at the thought.

“I will stay here.” Loki thought back. Phocus was still distracted by the amount of hurt he had caused Loki. Phocus had to think of something to say that would tell him just how much he understood Loki’s hurt.

Phocus pulled out a feather from his wing and handed it to Loki, “I do not ever want us to be separate either.” Loki took the feather, unsure what to do with it. He then remembered how God had converted Phocus’ feather into a sword. He shut his eyes for a moment and thought on the feather. Loki opened his eyes to a small golden ring, which he proceeded to try on every finger until he found one that fit. Phocus smiled, shut his eyes and vanished.

Earth A.D.

Chapter 6
Earth A.D.

Phocus arrived in a cavern of dirt, there were not any people around, but the walls were lit consistently with fired cauldrons. He walked a distance, and began to wonder why anyone would chose to exist here when there were such beautiful places on the earth. The cavern ended in a large open space that looked like a war ground. Angels lay in pieces around the floor, many were alive, some walked checking the remains like vultures, none had their wings completely intact, all were considerably deformed. The vultures wings were stained with dirt and ash, there once proud faces were worn and gaunt.

Angels started to look up at him, some in hope, others in fear. The vultures looked on him with greed, they eyed his strong able frame, most starred at his beautiful hair and long wings. He stepped over one angel that he was sure had passed, the angel spoke up, “Phocus, you’re alive? He said you were dead.” Phocus looked down at the young angel, it was Truhst. Phocus suddenly felt a wave of sadness cross him. He leant down to the young man, his legs had been taken with force, it appear that his stomach simply ended at his torso.

“What happened to you?” Phocus gasped.

“He took my legs, to fix his own.” Truhst cried, “when they did not stay alive, he left us here.”

Phocus looked in disbelief, confounded by the stupidity of this situation. Phocus closed his eyes, when he reopened them Truhst had his legs, and his body was full and feed. “Get up.”

Justice

Trust looked down to his feet, “Thank you.” Truhst cried, “I do not deserve them back, others here at least fought him”.

“That is not who you are. Lets get them too then.” Phocus extended his hand to Truhst, who cautiously looked at it.

“Do you ask for something?” Truhst begged.

“What would I ask for?” Phocus laughed.

“Why did you come?” Truhst questioned.

“I was asked to see Lucifer.” Phocus answered.

“By God?” Truhst begged.

“Of course.” Phocus returned.

“How can that be? We watched him die.” Truhst bowed.

Phocus broke into a loud laugh, which echoed throughout the chamber. The vultures stared towards him. Phocus then swooped down and pulled Truhst up too standing. The vultures starred in alarm, then scurried off together, no doubt to inform their master. Once trust was standing by himself, Phocus spoke, “Do you honestly believe *God* could be killed by things he himself made.”

“He lives?” Truhst yelled.

Phocus shook his head in disbelief, Phocus raised his voice to a thunderous roar. “Awake!” The sound echoed throughout the chamber and caverns. The angels in pieces awoke all at once. Phocus looked

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around and closed his eyes. He opened them to see the floor covered in all of the Angels he had remembered, yet only a few were coupled with their opposites. They all began to move and stand, the room filled will chatter. Phocus spoke again, “You have all been here for far to long, return home.”

“We can not.” Truhst replied, “We have tried.”

Phocus sighed, “Think of Saint Peter and gates, I’m sure you’ll find it.” Angels began to disappear, soon enough none were left.

“May I accompany you?” Truhst’s voice sounded from behind Phocus. Phocus thought for a moment, “dowt is trapped there still.”

“As you wish” Phocus replied, “He may not be able to return.”

“He does not support any of this. He tried to keep me away.” Truhst concluded. Phocus nodded and continued down the path he had seen the vultures vanish to. Phocus walked stedily for a many hours; Truhst finally broke the silence, “What of the war?”

“War?” Phocus asked.

“The fight against Lucifer.” Truhst added.

“The only fight against Lucifer, is in Lucifers head.” Phocus added.

“We fought him!” Truhst argued.

“Why?” Phocus requested.

“To stop him hurting people.” Truhst answers.

Justice

“That seems clever, fight him to stop him hurting people.” Phocus nodded.

“Why did you not assist?” Truhst requested.

“It is not my place to impose my free will upon Lucifer, he chose his life as you did, if God wanted him stopped, God would have stopped him.” Phocus offered.

“He was killing thousands, for fun.” Truhst stopped walking and watched Phocus.

“Humans die, that is what they do.” Phocus said backwards still walking.

Truhst ran to catch up, “So why are you here now? Why help us?”

“God sent me to speak to Lucifer” Phocus stated, still walking.

“Did he tell you to help all of us?” Truhst demanded.

“No, I cannot believe I had too. Why did you give up your legs and body parts anyway?”

Truhst was stumped by that, it took him another second to formulate his response, “We had no choice.”

“You have free will, no one can do anything to you unless you let them.” Phocus informed Truhst. Phocus could not understand why this was such a hard concept to grasp, free will, faith in God. It made perfect sense to him. It always had.

Earth A.D.

They entered a large cavern lit by raging fires and wall lamps. Phocus could see an altar at the far end, he guessed Lucifer would be there. He looked down the steps in front of him and saw many of the vultures at the bottom, all fixed eyes upon Lucifer. Phocus had had enough of walking, so took flight above the throng, Truhst followed.

Phocus landed on the bottom step of the altar, Truhst landed a moment later. The pack behind him was appalled by his presence. "Come down please." Phocus spoke up to the altar.

Lucifer appeared at the top step, "I takes twelve years for you to respond to me?"

"I have seen you now, I am not against leaving, Come Down Please!" Phocus spoke in a booming voice. Phocus watched Lucifer think, He then noticed that he was having trouble moving his legs to descend the stairs. Phocus shut his eyes, when they reopened Lucifer had his normal legs, he still, however, was quite filthy. The vultures around him all quietened, most took a step backward, many took a few.

In plain view Lucifer donned a look of extreme hatred, but he did proceed down the steps. "Decided to leave the dust?" Lucifer jested.

"I did not see any point in removing it, you would get filthy again, living down here." Phocus answered truthfully.

"I thought you were dead." Lucifer posited.

"Hoped is probably more accurate." Phocus responded.

Justice

“You are perceptive. Then you stole my two cities, and I concluded you must be lurking around somewhere.” Explained Lucifer.

“That was not me.” Phocus added.

“Who then, Little Loki perhaps?” Lucifer dangled.

“Might be, I did teach him everything I know.” Phocus returned with a vague shrug.

“Perhaps I should ask to speak with him then.” Lucifer threw out.

“Yes, you do that.” Phocus turned to leave.

“Come back here!.” Lucifer growled. “Or watch me take your little friend here apart.”

“Your orders are ridiculous! I recommend a different tact.” Phocus continued to walk.

Lucifer appeared in front of Phocus, “Still high and mighty! Don’t be too confident, I’ve learned more here then you can imagine.”

“All that and you were still half goat.” Phocus kept walking, Lucifer threw a flame out at him, Phocus continued walking the flame repelled around his body.

Lucifer appeared in the middle of the path now, all of his vultures behind him. One of them grabbed Truhst. Truhst jerked and fought, “Oh yes. Truhst wishes to know where dowt is.”

“Dowt is dead.” Lucifer announced.

Earth A.D.

“Tell me please, or I will take the knowledge” informed Phocus.
“Try it!” Goaded Lucifer.

Phocus heard a scream come from Truhst, the group of vultures were trying to force Truhts into a fire. Phocus looked at the fires and to his horror found pleading eyes looking out at him. Phocus looked at Lucifer in disgust. Phocus concentrated; the fires began to go out. Lucifer saw this, green flames milled around him, his face contorted in pure hate. Lucifer lunged towards Phocus like a vicious animal, his army in hot pursuit. A thunderous thump sounded as Lucifer impacted an invisible wall surrounding Phocus. The collision caused Lucifer to be violently thrown backwards, into his petrified minions. The fires continued to dowse until they had completely ceased. The bodies inside were horrifically burned. A field seemed to appear around Truhst throwing his captors away. Truhst ran towards the fire, but was still held back by the heat. Darkness fell within the cavern. Phocus closed his eyes for a moment, then reopened them to the still dark room. Phocus could see Lucifer stand in pain.

Phocus continued to walk out. Lucifer erupted in light. “Please move.” Phocus requested.

Phocus was now surrounded by several dozen angels, now perfectly healthy, Truhst and Dowt standing directly behind him.

“No!” Lucifer returned, his army quietly trepidatious.

“Fine.” Phocus turned his back on Lucifer and addressed the others, “Truhst, would you please follow my directions home for earlier” Phocus addressed Truhst and Dowt. Truhst nodded.

Justice

“Follow me” Truhst announced. Truhst closed his eyes and vanished, followed instantly by the rest of the pack.

Phocus turned back to Lucifer, who was fuming with rage. “Anything else you need done while I am here?”

“You will regret this.” Lucifer cursed.

“I do not fear you. You are a puppet trying to fight a non-existent battle. That you can never win!” Phocus walked up to him. “And *you* are scared to death of me.” Phocus added. Lucifer stared at him, Phocus sensed the beginning of a tear from Lucifer. “If you need light, why not burn your pathetic little followers.” Phocus shut his eyes and thought of Loki. When he reopened them his eyes beheld the vision, always so much better than the thought.

Loki smiled brilliantly and grabbed Phocus the moment he appeared. “You’re back!”

“Calm down Loki. I can not have been gone ten minutes.” Phocus smiled.

Loki pointed over to a large golden arch that seemed to appear out of nowhere. At the base of it thousands of angels began to flood onto the plane. “They’ve been coming back like that since about a minute after you left.”

Michael, who was standing unseen behind Phocus, chimed in “He has been panicking awfully since the first angel appeared at the gates and it was not you.”

Phocus smiled and snorted at the thought.

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Loki looked him in the eyes, Loki's thought entered Phocus' mind, "Shall we leave?" Phocus nodded quietly. Loki hugged him around the neck and blinked his eyes.

Phocus and Loki stood at the entrance to their beach. Phocus smiled and looked around, in the distance he could make out the large arch, and what appeared to be winged ants walking through it. As Loki pulled him forward, the image faded away. Loki cleared his throat loudly and held out his hand. Phocus did not notice the hand, he just quizzically studied Loki's face. Loki cleared his throat again and gestured blatantly to his hand. Phocus looked down, in Loki's hand was a ring identical to the ring on Loki's finger. Phocus started laughing and took the ring, he waved a hand across it to make it slightly bigger, then he put it onto the same finger as Loki's was on. Loki smiled victoriously.

"Let's go for a swim." Phocus smiled. Phocus vanished his wings and sprinted into the water. Loki vanished his own wings, vanished completely appearing half a metre in front of Phocus. Phocus had no time to stop, he barrelled into Loki shoulder first. Loki huffed at the impacted and fell backwards into the water, Phocus following on top. Phocus stood up and shook his head, Loki was lying in the water still stunned. Phocus smiled and fell back onto him.

Justice

Chapter 7 Revenge.

Loki listened as Phocus retold the story of the caves and everything he saw. Loki was revolted when Phocus told him about the bodies within the fire, but it was not long before he was up and ready to chat. “Would you teach me how you do that, please.” Loki requested.

“It is exactly how you make yourself vanish.” Phocus began. “You make a memory of who or what it is you wish to change, and you move it into what you see.” Phocus stated.

“That is all?” Loki demanded.

“It is more difficult then it sounds.” Phocus laughed.

“Let me try.” Loki jumped up.

“On what?” Phocus asked

“You!!” Loki answered.

“Alright” Phocus sighed. “Try to make my hair wet again.” Loki closed his eyes and thought of Phocus with wet hair. For all his trying he could not move the memory at all. Loki opened his eyes defeated.

“It is not as easy as it sounds.” Loki stated.

Phocus chuckled, “What were you trying to move your memory into?”

“Into you.” Loki revealed.

Revenge

Phocus smiled, “You cannot move a memory into me. Unless we are joined. You have to move your memory into the me you can see.”

“My eyes are closed, I cannot see you.” Loki stated.

“Since when do you need your eyes open to see?” Phocus returned. Loki smiled, “Try something a little easier, try to make my wings vanish.”

Loki closed his eyes, adjusting his mind to see Phocus. He then pictured Phocus with his wings vanished. He watched as the memory and Phocus began to merge, once the image was upon Phocus and it was all he could see he opened his eyes. Phocus’ wings were gone for a moment, then they blurred back into view.

“That was very good.” Phocus congratulated.

“But they are still there.” Loki pointed at his back.

“That is because I did not tell you how to make it permanent.” Phocus explained.

“Just tell me then” Loki whinged as he pushed Phocus backwards.

“Ok, ok. Once you have the memory set, you have to forget what you saw at first.” Phocus explained.

“How am I meant to do that?” Loki demanded.

“I said it wasn’t easy.” Phocus explained.

Justice

Loki attempted and failed several times until he eventually said, “How do you forget something you are expecting to see?”

“Do not expect to see it.” Phocus answered.

“That is easy for you to say.” Loki whinged.

“Come here” Phocus extended his arms. Loki sulked his way over to Phocus, and let himself be hugged. “Join with me.” Phocus whispered. “I can show you the caverns, and you can understand how I do it.”

Loki nodded and vanished. Phocus closed his eyes, he was not looking forward to going through this memory again.

Phocus felt Loki nestle happily inside his mind, he could feel his thoughts and exuberance rushing through him. Together this time; they were back inside the cavern. Loki watched and experienced the entire episode with Phocus, Phocus allowed the memory to take shape. By the time Phocus was attacked by Lucifer, Phocus got the sensation that Loki was holding very firmly inside himself. Loki was scared.

Loki felt wonderful inside Phocus, he paid particular attention to what it felt like to forget the horrible images created by Lucifer. Loki could not believe the confidence and control Phocus had over himself while inside the monstrous cavern. By the time Lucifer was at the point of attacking, Loki was wrapped so tight into a ball and he had shut off completely from the memory.

Loki felt a surge of power come from Phocus, unlike anything he had ever considered. It was enough to electrify his entire form, the word ‘No’ echoed from every orifice of Phocus’ body. He watched as Lucifer impacted the energy and was thrown away like a rag doll. What came next was equally as impressive. Loki watched and

Revenge

experienced the feeling of dowsing the fires, he felt the hundreds of souls cry out in relief. Then it happened, Loki was Phocus, he felt as his enormous intellect drew upon every angel he had seen over his life, and it moved them back into the forms from their birth. The pain in the room was gone, Loki understood perfectly how he could refer to Lucifer as a puppet. He felt the cleverness of the entire situation fall upon him when he remembered Gods words, ‘ use compassion, kill them with kindness.’ God had planned the whole thing, and Phocus had been the key.

Loki felt a surge of faith rush through his body, both from himself and from Phocus. Phocus’ memory continued until Loki saw himself yell “Your back!”. He was surprised at the depth of happiness that had been created within Phocus by those words.

Loki soon drifted out of Phocus and made his body reappear. “That was possibly the most frightening moment and the most amazing moment I have ever seen!”

Phocus reappeared lying on the grass, “I know, I was watching you watch.” Phocus smiled.

“Lucifer does not stand a chance against you! Why not make him behave?” Loki suggested.

“I felt you get that wrong.” Phocus frowned, “The only power I exercised was free will. I refused to be attacked, and I helped the others break free. Nothing more!”

“But that surge...” Loki began.

Justice

“Came directly from God.” Phocus finished. “I said no.” Phocus added.

“But you put out the fire, fixed all of those people.” Loki added.

“No. They let me help them. They only escaped because they wanted to. I just reminded them they had power.” Phocus urged.

“You fixed them all up though.” Loki put forward.

“Yes. Ok, I helped them look pretty again.” Phocus smiled, “That I did do, with my memories from God. God did all of it.” Phocus stood up, “So how about you try to do the same to me.”

“Alright”, Loki stood back, he took all of Phocus in and shut his eyes. Loki imagined Phocus with long wet hair, he felt out of Phocus’ form and put the image on top. He opened his eyes and looked for a wet Phocus.

Phocus stood in front of Loki, he felt a small drop down his back, his hair began to feel damp and dripping. Loki opened his eyes and smiled so broad that Phocus thought his face might disappear.

“Well done!” Phocus beamed.

Loki spent the next month converting things. He even found that with enough concentration, he could turn rain into snow. Phocus watched eagerly as Loki wore each triumph higher than the last. Loki even started to experiment with using his imagination instead of his memory. Phocus was lying on the sand one morning and began to feel itchy. Phocus looked down at his skin and saw that his body was growing patches of fur, without considering the source, he

Revenge

commanded the thought no, throughout his form. Behind him he heard a large crack, and turned to witness Loki hurtling backwards into a rock wall. Loki hit the wall with a thump and collapsed to the ground in a heap.

Phocus, instantly guilty, hurtled over where Loki had landed. Loki was quite a sorry sight, he peaked at Phocus out of one eye, and was obviously very sore.

“Are you alright?” Phocus sort. Loki groaned a little bit, the clung around Phocus’ waist crying. Phocus was surprised, Loki did not cry for longer then a few minutes, before long he was whipping his ears looking up at Phocus.

“Why did you do that?” Loki spoke tentatively, his head was obviously sore.

“It was an accident, I am sorry you are hurt.” Phocus returned.

“What was that?” Loki enquired.

“Free will.”

“That is what you did to Lucifer?”

“Yes.”

“Can I make that happen?”

“Of course, anything can. Say no. If something is being done to you that you do not want, say no.” Phocus explained.

Justice

Loki remained small within Phocus' arms for some time. Phocus could sense that the extreme jolt would not leave Loki quickly. Phocus moved around to lying down and pulled Loki onto him. He pulled them both into their cocoon, and together they drifted off to sleep.

Eventually, the two of them woke up and decided they would move off the sand. Phocus withdrew his wings from around them and Loki stood. Loki turned and saw the sun setting on the ocean, "Come for a swim." He stated. Loki extended his hand to Phocus, who took it and was pulled up. Phocus came to standing within Loki's embrace, Loki's eyes were shut. Instantly they were neck deep standing in the water. Loki, trying to hide that he had been surprised by the coldness of the water, he turned away and ducked under a wave. Phocus was not fooled, Loki's face had flinched in cold pain the moment they had arrived. Phocus chuckled to himself and put his head under the water.

Loki resurfaced happily and shook his sopping hair off of his ear. He looked to Phocus for a second, then retrained his eyes, looking at the shore beyond him. "Who is that?" Loki pointed at a lone figure sitting on the beach.

Phocus turned around to look, he shook his head, "Not a clue." Phocus walked towards the shore, Loki straggling behind him. Phocus was almost waist deep in the water when he realised who was sitting on the beach. Loki swam up behind him and grabbed him around the waist.

"Wait for me" Loki said staring up at him. Loki stood up beside him, "Why is God here?"

Revenge

“That is what I am going to find out.” Phocus said looking to him. They walked together up to where God was sitting. Loki smiled broadly at him, Phocus smiled and nodded his greeting.

“Take a seat boys.” God smiled. Phocus sat down on the sand, Loki waited. God looked to Loki, he was waiting for Phocus to settle. Once Phocus was comfortable, Loki vanished his wings and sat between his legs, leaning back onto his chest. God smiled at Loki’s comfort. “You have certainly created a stunning place for yourselves.” God furthered, “Might do with some red around though.” Loki shut his eyes; the cliff behind God changed into the red rock from the desert. Phocus grinned and stifled a laugh.

Loki and Phocus waited for God to continue. “It is pleasant to see so many Angels home again. Some of the memories I have seen are certainly disturbing.” God shook his head.

“Disturbing would be one word for it.” Loki looked a little sick.

God looked at Loki’s eye for a minute then continued, “No one has been able to tell me why Lucifer asked for you yet. Do you have any suggestions?”

“He wanted to test his new abilities.” Phocus stated.

“Surely not.” God requested.

“I think he wanted me in one of his bonfires.” Phocus shrugged.

“That would be an appealing lure.” God returned, Loki balked at him, “From his perspective.” He added. “Since then he has been busy. He

Justice

seems intent on leading people astray and taking them down with him.”

“No doubt for more fuel.” Phocus loathed.

“That also.” God imparted, “There is something else. He is determined that I have no insight into his domain, all I have been witness to is the resultant damage.” God frowned.

“Stop him then, go to him and take away his wings.” Loki sat up and demanded.

“Cavalier! Verging on belligerent.” God warned him. Phocus put his arms around Loki’s chest and drew him back. God continued, “For the past six hundred years he has been luring powerful humans to start wars between themselves on a massive scale. He continues to desire a single overwhelming dictator, one weened on his teachings.” God explained, “As yet no one force has proven capable... This current human, however, is a distinct concern. Lucifer has his followers on the surface assisting, and the human leader is... psychotic.” God shook his head. “Michael and Gabrielle are on earth at the moment assisting with strategy, but Lucifer has been establishing his position with each war. He is working on a large scale plan, which has something to do with Loki.”

Phocus sits up to attention, “Why would it have anything to do with Loki?”

“This, Hitler, is convinced that there is such a thing as an Aryan human.” God snorted. Phocus began to speak, God continued, “Humans that look identical to Loki, eventually, I believe he will attempt to destroy everyone else.”

Revenge

“Why does that mean Loki is intended?” Phocus demanded.

“Lucifer is trying, as he always has, to rattle you. So, we shall give him what he wants.” God explain.

Phocus’ eye were ablaze, Loki could feel the intensity released by him at the mere mention of offering Loki, “I will find Lucifer and encase him in a jar before I let Loki anywhere near him.”

“I have no intention of sending Loki anywhere. And, I do not want you putting anyone into jars. I am asking you to go Phocus, disguised as Loki. I want you to locate Hitler as a human, and influence his decisions.” God explained, “Lucifer has been drumming Loki’s image into Hitler for many years. I have a feeling Hitler will follow your recommendations as gospel.”

“Well, it is all up to Loki. I will not do this without his support, and he would also have to give me his appearance.” Phocus stated plainly.

“What do you mean, up to me?” Loki questioned Phocus.

“I cannot simply occupy your image, and I cannot change myself.” Phocus answered.

“I will give you anything you need.” Loki assured him.

“Do you want me to go?” Phocus insisted.

“No. But I do not care what I want. You should go.” Loki forced.

“Do you think you can manage the change?” Phocus offered.

Justice

“Easy.” Loki replied, God looked at them quizzically. Loki closed his eyes for a moment, and Phocus felt a bizarre sensation within himself. Loki opened his eyes and he was looking at himself. God starred at Loki in disbelief.

“How can he do that?” God questioned Phocus still starring at Loki.

“I taught him”

“Oh” God nodded.

“Alright, find Hitler, inspire mistakes.” Phocus reasoned.

“I suggest sending him into the cold. And clothes.” God answered.

“Oh, I saw something on a human once that would look great on you... should look fine on me too.” Loki blinked and Phocus was dressed in tailored suit.

Phocus stood up and brushed the sand off himself. He vanished his wings and ran a hand through his now blonde hair.

“Assume Lucifer will be ready for something, I figure he would be anticipating Loki to attack directly.” God told Phocus. He then turned to Loki, “You and I must be on earth also, Lucifer has taken to knowing which powers are on earth, but he cannot do any more than that.” God turned back to Phocus, “If you see him, you are Loki.”

Loki grabbed Phocus and hugged him, “See you later. I apologise too.”

Phocus vanished with a blink, Loki laughed. “Gone again to save the day.”

Revenge

God smiled “You have truly grown strong, Loki.” Loki looked at him, puzzled by the complement. “You probably wouldn’t even need that sword to fight any more.” Loki smiled.

“Phocus is very clever.” Loki bragged.

“Much more interested in you than anything else I see.” God smiled. Loki smiled and walked around. “Give me your sword for a moment” God said, “Please.” He added.

Loki dragged the sword out of it’s sheath and presented it to God. Loki felt a surge of eagerness from God. God took the sword from Loki and held it. Loki then witnessed a look of malice within his eyes that he did not expect. Loki closed his eyes and felt the space.

Lucifer was standing before him.

Lucifer lifted the sword above him and struck down with all of his might. Loki raised his hand to stop the blade. It lurched in the air and Lucifer could not make it move. “You can not hurt me with my own sword.” Loki commented.

Lucifer kept his grip on the blade, his face furious, “Then I’m just going to have to hurt Phocus with it then.” Lucifer closed his eyes and disappeared.

Justice

Chapter 8 Winged

Loki was terrified, he could not think. Lucifer was gone with his sword, and he knew exactly where Phocus was. A memory surged through his mind of the first day Lucifer had attempted to assault Phocus. He remembered “GOD!” Loki bellowed at the top of his lungs, the ground shook violently, Loki screamed again “GOD!!!”

Loki drew breath to scream again, Gods hand appeared upon his shoulder. Loki turned into God and wrapped his arms around him, unable to speak he pushed the memory forward.

God held Loki by his shoulders, “Where is Phocus, find him.” God spoke calmly.

Loki’s mind cleared completely, as though he had completely relaxed. He closed his eyes and vanished, God followed him.

Phocus, dressed as Loki, was in a small room standing over a strategic map. “Where would be cold?” Phocus moved a legion of pieces from Germany up into Russia. Three small men moved around and studied the concept, they all broke off together and chatted among each other.

One short fat man wearing a Nazi SS badge, “Within two months the entire Russian defence contingent will be annihilated.” His baked bean teeth seemed to enjoy the proposition, “We will dispatch the troops immediately.” All of the men filed quickly out of the room.

Winged

Phocus was alone looking over the map.

A searing pain broke across his back. He could not move, his mind was blank to all but the agony. His legs seemed to lose their ability to hold him up and he dropped to his knees clutching the table.

The table disappeared in a clap, Phocus dropped to his hands and knees. Two feet walked around in front of him. Phocus pushed himself up to his knees, Lucifer was standing in front of him, holding Loki's Sword. "Where is Loki?" Phocus requested.

"He'll be here in a moment I guess, I just wanted you to see who beat you." Lucifer taunted.

Lucifer disappeared behind Phocus. Phocus could see his own brown hair in the corner of his eyes and hear Lucifer exhale with force. Loki appeared in front of his eyes widened with horror. Phocus felt the sear of metal enter his shoulder. It seemed to travel straight through him. Phocus heard a delighted laugh. God appeared next to Loki. Phocus heard the sound of a baby crying, everything disappeared.

Loki arrived into the room just as Lucifer thrust the blade down through Phocus' shoulder and into his chest. Loki felt the blade inside him like a flaming tongue. Loki stood paralysed. Lucifer ripped the blade out.

God appeared next to him. Phocus' eyes faded away. God extended his hand, the sword flew through the air into it.

Justice

“Too late fellas. Who’s your friend now?” Lucifer taunted, he shut his eyes, then reopened them. Nothing had happened. Lucifer tried again. “Taking away my free will now father?” Lucifer goaded.

“Not yet. Just delaying it.” God informed him. Loki’s eyes were trapped on Phocus. “You have crossed a line.” God tone was ominous and low. Loki began to weep. “Today heralds a new era for you and your kin. You are no longer welcome home without Phocus. You will dwell beneath, there you will remain, until he who has been crossed forgives this heinous infraction of his will to freedom.”

“Loki wont last the week without Phocus.” Lucifer taunted.

Loki closes his flooding eyes and disappears.

God continues, “I do not mean Loki, it is Phocus you crossed.”

Lucifer picks up Phocus’s limp arm and drops it, “He won’t be forgiving anyone soon.”

“Then the day this universe collapses, you too shall go with it.” God informed Lucifer. “Have you heard that Human scientists have plotted the universe to endure only several trillion earth years. I estimate, by that logic, you are just beyond the halfway point of your life. Farewell.”

God moved his hand slightly. Lucifers body seemed to be crushed into the floor, yet once he was gone the floor was intact. God knelt down to Phocus, he picked up his body and gathered his wings, then vanished.

Winged

God returned home, the spirit within the plane was low. Most humans understood the meaning of the progression, this time it was the angels who were in the dark. God carried Phocus' lifeless form past the crowd, past the open space and through to the red desert. Loki was standing in the middle of the red rock. God arrived next to him carrying Phocus, Loki did not move.

God lay Phocus on the ground in front of Loki. "Bring him back."

"I can not"

"Why?"

"It would be a greater crime then the one already committed"

"Bring him back." Loki cried.

God turned Loki to face him, he stared deep into Loki's eyes, "Do you still feel him?" Loki nodded. "Look at his body. Is that what you are sensing?" Loki closed his eyes and turned to the corpse; he could see nothing. Loki turned back to God and opened his eyes, he shook his head, tears shook down off his face to the ground.

God bent down to Phocus' body and caressed a cheek, he slowly ran his hand down the torso. He stopped for a brief moment; a morose severity crossed his pained face. He waved his hand at the body and it quietly faded away.

God stood weeping heavily. He looked at Loki, he was still in shock, the sight of God upset did not help. God breathed his sadness one last time and moved on, "Where do you feel Phocus?"

Justice

“What?” Loki eventually replied.

“Where do you feel him?” God repeated.

Loki looked at God confused. God’s eyes were waiting patiently for a response. “I do not know. My mind will not leave our beach.”

God placed his hands onto the sides of Loki’s face, “Look at me, I want you to really concentrate. Do you sense him here or on earth?”

Loki’s eyes opened suddenly hopeful, “He is still on earth!”

“Take me there!” Gods eyes blazed.

Loki closed his eyes and vanished, God followed.

When Loki opened his eyes he was standing on a beach that precisely resembled the beach where Loki and Phocus had spent so much time. “This beach is on earth aswell?” Loki questioned intently.

“You do not understand. This is the only place it exists.” God replied.

“So we have been coming to earth, ever since...” Loki trailed off, God nodded.

“How else do you think Lucifer was able to get too you both?” God asked.

A seven year old boy with brown hair and brown eyes bolted past the two of them towards a worn frisbe. Loki looked at God, then down at himself. He could not remember how he became dressed and his wings had been vanished.

Winged

“Phocus and yourself are not the only ones that can change things.” God smiled.

Loki became solemn with the reference. “Why are we here?”

God gestured towards the seven year old inconspicuously, “Him.”

“What about him?” Loki returned uninterested.

“Look closer.” God chided. Loki looked at him.

“It is a human.” Loki replied.

“Now look at him how Phocus taught you.” God suggested. Loki closed his eyes to seek out the boy through sense. The form beneath the skin was not what Loki had expected, he looked a lot older than the boy, and he had long hair. Loki made himself concentrate properly. The form had wings.

“He has wings? Why does he have wings?” Loki returned excitedly.

“Take a look at his face.” God proposed. Loki closed his eyes and waited for the man to turn around. It was Phocus alive and well. Loki turned to God for an answer. “Phocus, somehow, is a seven year old boy. To bring him back would mean murdering that boy.”

“Can I speak to him?” Loki enquired.

“Not yet, there is more you should know.” God watched as the little boy bolted back to his father, frisbe tight in hand. “We shall talk at home.”

Justice

God and Loki were instantly transported to an open darkness. Loki followed his memory which gave Phocus' advise. Loki sensed around himself, he was alone with God, they were flying together through the darkness, as Phocus had once done.

"Where is this place?" Loki requested in thought.

"This is knowhere. The place where I am connected to everyone, and everything, that invites me to share their existence." God answered into Loki's mind.

"Can you feel Phocus now?" Loki thought.

"As perfectly as always. He is thirteen, hoping for an Ipad for his birthday. He has not received the best marks on his grade eight report card, and he is not sure how his parents have taken it." God repeated. "That is Ironic."

"What is?" Loki rushed.

"His name is Justice." God's laugh echoed through the plane.

"Does he miss me?" Loki questioned.

"His soul sounds as if it has lost something, but the boy does not even know you exist." God explained. God could sense Loki's mood drop. "Loki, you must understand, Phocus has become the soul of Justice. A soul does not control a life, it shares it. It is the immortal part of a temporary shell."

"Phocus is no soul." Loki replied.

Winged

“I am not exactly sure.” God admitted.

“What?” Loki gasped.

“No angel has ever become a soul before, but honestly, I am not sure what the sword did to him. A human would just die and the soul would move on, an angel is more a soul than a human.” God reasoned, seeming unsure about the whole process.

“What do you mean?” Loki demanded.

God thought to himself for a moment, then included Loki back within the process. “Your sword, is a weapon, I made it to allow death beyond free will. When you were chosen to wield it, it was because we knew you would never force it upon anyone.” God continued, “Phocus should be dead, I suppose in the human sense, he is. I do not have a clue what he will remember, or what he become inside this boy.” God thought to himself a moment longer and then proceeded, “Go down, he has just turned eighteen, his dad brought him a new car. He plans to sell it to pay for extra summer history lectures. He is obsessed with the Sodom and Gomorra battle.”

Loki felt his body become exited to speak with Phocus again.

God added suddenly “Wear clothing, try to fit in, do not expect to much. Before you tell him anything, make sure he gives you a sign that Phocus is in there to.”

“Why are you letting me do this?”

Justice

“Phocus seemed dishevelled at first, now he is screaming for you. He will have to stay in that body for a while. At least help him discover something new while he is there.”

Loki’s exuberance filled the plane, he was thrilled by his new mission and would not fail for anything. Loki felt God reach out and place a hand on his back. He felt his body change, he could not figure out how.

“Before you go. What was it that Phocus said to you before he left?”

“I apologise too. Why?”

“Cavalier Loki.” God Laughed, “I think he knew Lucifer was not me.”

“Knew Lucifer would take the sword.”

“I suspect he has plans of his own. Go.”

Loki closes his eyes and reopens them on the beach.

Humanity

Chapter 9 Humanity

Loki arrived on the beach as the sun was setting, and for the first time ever, people littered the shoreline. God had given him the organs of a human, the earth was alive with smell and taste, he could feel the breeze on his skin and his clothes were itchy.

The year was 2020, a small community had developed just beyond the headland, Justice lived there with his parents and little sister. Loki opted to wear a dress suit before he came, his wings were hidden and his hair neatly fell around his collar. People began to stare at the blonde haired young man standing in the middle of the beach wearing no shoes. Loki did not understand the relevance of footwear, socks seemed appropriate considering the other clothing, but shoes, what would be the point? Loki walked up the beach towards a path humans were taking in order to leave. The concept of footwear became all too apparent after his first encounter with a puddle. A small child had found the whole scene hysterical, and pointed out to him that unless he thought he was Jesus, it would be clever to simply avoid them. Loki was less than amused, his feet and ankles were now damp, and they were beginning to get cold.

The footpath from the beach was surrounded by shrubberies, which seemed to be unending. After what felt like a massive hike, the path evolved into a solid surface, flanked on each side by buildings. Humans were manoeuvring around inside machinery, artificial light screamed from almost every surface. The dampness of Loki's feet was becoming an issue, to the point that he would swear that one of his toes must have detached from his foot. He turned to his reflection in the window of a store; Loki felt a sudden wave of guilt, the image looking at him, was the same as the last time he had seen Phocus.

Justice

He shook off the feeling, and refocused on the mannequin; it was wearing a strapless floral dress. he looked down at himself and began to play with his chest, “I do not think my chest would hold that up.” He repeated to himself.

“They are ladies clothes mate.” Said a voice behind him.

Loki turned around and saw two faces he recognised, but he could not figure out from where. “Thanks,” He forced. He looked at the two men briefly, they were almost mirror opposites of each other. One was taller then Loki, with long light brown hair and rich electric blue eyes. The other was slightly shorter then Loki with long rich dark hair and pale blue eyes. The taller one was merely wearing a long pair of white wet shorts, and the short one a white singlet with a towel wrapped around his waist.

Loki closed his eyes in an attempt to remember where they were from. While doing so his mind caught the glipse of wings. Loki reached out further to examine the faces in the dark; Truhst and Downt.

Loki opened his eyes and examined the humans before him. “Where did you two come from?”

Truhst took the lead, “We have lived on earth since the banishing.”

Loki looked at him quizzically.

“Before, it was too dangerous to come down. Now with him sealed up in his caves, we prefer it here.” Downt added.

“What are you doing here all alone wearing clothes?” Truhst enquired. “Where is Phocus?”

Humanity

Loki frowned “Phocus and I had an encounter with Lucifer before the banishing, Phocus was hurt.” He explained.

Truhst scoffed, “I am sure Lucifer came off second best though.”
Truhst smiled to Dowl. Loki smiled weakly, holding back his feelings.

“You are leaving something out?” Dowl enquired, placing his hand on Loki’s shoulder.

“You always think there is something else going on.” Truhst exclaimed.

“You have a heart beat.” Dowl enquired. Truhst looked to Loki.

Loki lied, “I need to pass for human for a while.”

“Why?” Dowl continued.

Loki looked away, his toes were beginning to apparently vanish one by one. He looked down the street and saw a man wearing just jeans and shoes, no shirt. He closed looked at his reflection and closed his eyes, he reopened to see himself dressed the same, his toes already feeling better. Truhst and Dowl jumped at the sudden change.

“How did you do that?” Dowl enquired.

“However you did, you should not do it in view of the humans.”
Truhst scorned.

Loki was taken back by the sudden change in Truhst’s voice. “Why not, they cannot see angelic activity anyway.”

Justice

“Is that true?” Truhst asked.

“Try it. Use your wings to fly over the city, no one will notice.” Loki remarked.

“That is not entirely true, our neighbours child, stares at us when we use any ability around him.” Downt commented.

“It is quite ironic that you would appear around here.” Loki’s ears peaked at the second use of the word ‘ironic’ “There is a boy living near us that has been obsessed with the Sodom and Gomorra story. I think he has even gotten into historical studies at university to study it. Last I heard he sold his new car to pay for more tutoring.” Truhst laughed.

“Maybe you should pay him a visit?” Downt joked. “Actually you should, I was teaching art when he was thirteen, I had to fail him. Not that I wanted to mind you, his work was good. He just only would paint pictures of blonde Angels. Come to think of it, most of them looked like you.” Downt chuckled.

Loki grinned at the interchange, he was about to speak up, as Truhst chimed in again, “Were are you staying?” Truhst demanded.

“I don’t know, but I think I am hungry.” Loki admitted.

“What are you doing for money?” Downt asked

“What?” Loki quizzed.

“You have to pay for things, with money.” Downt explained, holding up a wallet and pulling out a colourful note.

Humanity

“I suppose I will just make it when I need it.” Loki returned, blinking his eyes causing a wad of notes to appear in his hand.

Dowt and Truhst gaped at Loki. “How are you doing that?”

Loki stared at him, remembering Lucifers surprise at his own abilities. “Phocus taught me.” Loki shrugged.

“We have a house a few minutes walk from here, would you like to join us?” Truhst offered.

Loki shook his head, “I have to find a meal, and might make some enquiries on accommodation.” Loki returned, “I think I would rather find my own way.” Loki smiled weakly and nodded his leave.

Truhst and Dowt smiled, Dowt spoke, “If you need anything, we live at 6 Monument drive. Just ask a shop keeper, most people know the town quite well.”

Loki bowed his head once again and made his way along the street. Smells filled the air as humans passed, some fragrant and alluring, others pungent and grotesque. Loki noticed that he held ample attention, humans would stare at him when he was not looking directly at them; the women were more overt then the men, but all seemed to steal a glance. Loki began to sense a pungent odour emanating from himself, he tracked it with his nose and eventually discovered a scented liquid dripping from his under arms. Loki found it surprising; what was the point of having your body leak? The night was very warm, Loki still found clothing irritating and so decided not to make himself a shirt. A smell then hit him like a wafting punch; his stomach became irate with demand and his mouth began to flood, forcing him to swallow. He pursued the smell, determined to eat.

Justice

The smell was emanating from a large restaurant; multitudes of people were inside, gorging themselves from plates filled with colourful mixes. Loki pushed through the front door. The door banged loudly against its frame, many of the crowd looked up from their meals, Loki flinched at the sound. A stout woman with greying hair approached from behind a counter. Loki cowered a little, dreading the force of her advance. “I apologise young man, but stunning as you are we do not allow customers half dressed.”

Loki smiled, the woman’s formidable advance crumbled into a saunter. She blushed deeply. Loki blinked a bright yellow shirt, like one from a shop down the street, into his lowered hand. “I have a shirt.” Loki acquiesced. Not a soul eating noticed the shirt appear out of nowhere. A young waiter approaching from the kitchen, caught sight of Loki and gapped as the shirt materialised in his hand out of nowhere. Not paying attention to his own path, the waiter tripped, throwing a tray of plates filled with food high above his head and in Loki’s direction. Loki watched wide eyed as three bowls of soup, a plate of pasta and two large meals hurtled towards him. He remembered the words of Phocus regarding free will, he made his body announce, No! Nothing happened. A burning sensation accompanied a large piece of cooked flesh as it collided into his chest. His legs felt an immediate scold as two of the soup bowls drenched his pants in a viscous liquid, and as the pasta slithered searing his left shoulder, he watched the young waiter break into a loud bellied giggle.

The stout woman looked on in horror as Loki fought the pasta off and struggled to remove his pants to cease the scold. The waiter continued to laugh, progressive into hysterics as Loki continued to struggle against the food.

Humanity

Loki's skin was red with pain, the stout woman finally snapped into action, "Justice, SHUT UP, you have just scolded him. GET WATER, QUICKLY." She shouted. The waiter, Justice, jumped over to a wine bucket and ran to Loki with the ice, still smiling. Loki's attention had spiked at the mention of the name 'Justice'. Loki flinched as the cold stinging ice Justice was holding hit his shoulder.

Justice yelled at the stationary stout woman, "Mum! Grabbed some ice and Help!" The woman broke from her haze and plunged her hand into the ice bucket. She thrust her hand onto Loki's thighs, making him buck and Jump.

"Just get me some water." Loki screamed.

Justice's mother grabbed two bottles from a nearby table, Loki grabbed them off her and poured them down his chest and his legs. He gasped as the cold flow silenced the burning around his body. The restaurant had frozen in silence, staring at the tall man, in his underwear, pouring water over himself, with a man and a woman pressing ice against him. Loki stood still eventually and announced, "Stop" to Justice and his mother. Without collecting his pants or shirt, he walked out onto the street. Everyone on the street stopped to stare at him. He walked along the street towards the shopfront with the mirror glass.

Back inside the restaurant Justice's mother was screaming at Justice, "You idiot! Just what we need; a law suite! Follow him and make sure he doesn't need to go to the hospital." The restaurant was alive with chatter and giggles as Justice exited. His mother stood quickly and stormed back into the kitchen for a mop.

Justice

Loki was half way down the street when he heard the voice behind him. Loki turned to the store front to examine himself. He was blotched red and white, his skin felt like it was on fire, and he thought his heart was attempting to escape his chest. Justice caught up to him and stopped about three feet away, panting, “Are you alright?” Justice gasped.

Loki closed his eyes, upon reopening them was fully dressed and the burning had passed. “I am fine.” Loki told Justice. Justice starred at him, then stared at other people in the street.

“How come no one else in this street saw you change instantly from half naked and burned up, to completely dressed and fine? I knew I saw your shirt just appear, your like my neighbours, the weirdo art teacher!” Justice ranted.

“Maybe we should take a walk.” Loki laughed.

“I’m not going anywhere with you. I have to clean up this mess.” Justice fumed.

“It is done. Perhaps, if you would like some answers you should join me. I could use a hand finding a place that will feed me instead of coating me in a burning mess.” Loki jibed.

“I have to work.” Justice returned.

Loki closed his eyes and willed his wings into view. Justice’s eyes and mouth grew. “I hear you have been drawing pictures of me.” Loki Taunted.

“Who are you?” Justice balked.

Humanity

“I am an Angel.” Loki admitted. Justice turned to walk away, after a couple of steps, his curiosity turned him back.

“How do I know you?” Justice begged.

“That is a very long story, and I am starving.” Loki trilled.

Justice pointed across the street, “Go in there and ask for three chicken wraps, with everything, Do you like chilli?”

“I do not know.” Loki admitted.

“Order one with light chilli then, just to try it. I just have to run back to let my mum know.” Justice said.

“No need. Your mum thinks you have finished for the evening and are helping a mate find a new apartment.” Loki informed Justice.

“I don’t have any mates.” Justice admitted.

“You have more then you know.” Loki turned to him, “trust me, come for a walk.”

“You’re not going to kill me are you?” Justice cautioned.

“Do you think you could stop me if I was?” Loki questioned.

“True.” Justice nodded. “So, food first!”

Loki smiled, “Yes.” Phocus was alive and kicking, he was just going to have to wait until Justice realised.

Justice

Chapter 10 Lie Lie Lie

They walked across the road and into a small take away chicken shop. Loki produced a wad of cash to the attendant in an attempt to pay for his four wraps. Justice rolled his eyes and grabbed the money away and plucking out one note to pay the attendant. Justice dragged Loki out of the shop and continued to walk up the street.

“How can you have no idea about ordering take out?” Justice demanded.

Loki thought for a moment looking at his bag of food, “As I have never eaten or used money before, and since this is my first day wearing clothes, I think I am doing well.” Loki declared.

“How is it possible that I am teaching you?” Justice balked to the air.

“You always have.” Loki laughed.

“What?” Justice shot.

“Nothing. Just help me get the food out of this bag.” Loki announced.

Justice took the bag out of Loki’s hand and got out a wrap. He handed it to Loki, who attempted to bite into the paper surrounding it. Justice took the wrap back and tore off the paper. Justice handed it back to Loki, shaking his head. Loki bit into the wrap and chewed away as he had seen other humans do. A little further down the road Justice noticed that Loki had not taken another bite, and, he was still chewing.

“You must swallow.” Justice commanded.

Lie Lie Lie

“What?” Loki returned, revealing a mouth full of food. Justice stared at him for a moment in disbelief.

“Here watch.” Justice took the sandwich off Loki again, this time he took a bite.

“Hey” Loki protested, his mouth still full, “That is mine.”

Justice finished chewing, “Watch.” Justice pointed to his mouth and with his finger tracked the food as he swallowed. “See?”

Loki smiled in understanding. Justice watched as Loki screwed up his face in effort. Eventually, Loki managed to swallow his food. Once the process was over he gave a disgusted shudder, “How many times do I need to do that a day?” Loki requested.

“Quite a few, you have to finish your food.” Justice handed him the wrap and the bag. Loki looked at the wrap unhappily.

Loki took another bite, chewed then swallowed with another, less violent, shudder. They continued to walk along the street until they arrived at the entrance to a large shopping centre. Loki finished his last mouthful of the fourth wrap and burped loudly. “I need something else?” Loki requested.

“You couldn’t need anymore food.” Justice stated

“No, I am not hungry.” Loki returned.

“Thirsty?” Justice enquired

“I do not know” Loki shook his head.

Justice

“Wait here I’ll get you a drink.” Justice commanded. Justice ran into a book shop café, and emerged a few minutes later with a bottle of water and a shopping bag. Justice handed the bottle of water to Loki, “Twist off the top and drink it, which is like eating, but you skip chewing.” Justice mimed, anticipating Loki.

Loki opened the bottle and took a pull of the water. He did not manage to actually swallow much of the water, most of it ended up down his front. He had completely emptied the bottle. “This is quite a task.”

Justice shook his head and pulled another bottle of water out of the bag, “You have to form a seal around the top of the bottle, and you don’t pour the whole thing over your head.”

“Show me” Loki replied.

Justice opened the second bottle and drank a mouthful. Loki watched. Loki took the bottle and tried. This time he did spill too, but he did get better. Loki kept walking along beside Justice, happy to be with something of Phocus again. Loki took another look at Justice; he had the same face as Phocus, his eyes were identical, but his hair was short and cropped. Loki figured he was about the same height as Phocus; he was definitely thinner. Loki looked around at other humans, it appeared as though they filled out as they got older; Justice would probably look bigger as he got older, he thought.

“I got you this also.” Justice said tentatively. Justice pulled a book out of the bag, entitled ‘everybody poops’.

Loki took the book, studied the cover then handed it back, “What is it?”

Lie Lie Lie

“It is a book, you read it.” Justice answered.

“I can not read” Loki replied.

“What? How could you get to your age without reading?” Justice was incredulous.

“What age?” Loki asked.

“How old are you, you must be at least twenty...five?” Justice guessed.

“Twenty five what?” Loki questioned.

“Twenty five years.” Justice explained.

“Well, I do not really know how old I am.” Loki explained.

“When were you born?” Justice asked.

“I was not. I was made.”

“Ok, when were you made?” Justice tried.

Loki thought a moment, “It was well before humans existed, before the earth creation began too. Probably, just before God created this plane. As far as I know, I was the last of the Angels made.”

Justice looked slightly concerned. “So you would be over a billion years old.” Justice mocked, “you don’t look it.”

Loki smiled, “What does that mean?”

Justice

“Nothing, just forget it. How could you be o... that old and not be able to read?” Justice asked.

“What is the point of reading?” Loki requested.

“To learn and pass on knowledge.” Justice answered.

“Why not just join?” Loki stated.

“Why not what?” Justice replied.

“Join” Loki repeated.

“Join what” Justice asked.

“Minds” Loki stated earnestly.

Justice laughed, “That isn’t something we can do.”

“Of course you can” Loki thought to Justice. Justice nearly did a back flip, grabbing at his head. Loki looked at him and panicked. Other shoppers were staring. Loki grabbed Justice around the waist and shut his eyes. He reopened them and they were alone on the beach. After a moment, Justice began to recover.

“What the hell was that?” Justice winced.

“Sorry, I forgot to lower the intensity for a human.” Loki grovelled.

“Don’t worry, I’ll take that as payback for the scolding then.” Justice smiled.

Lie Lie Lie

“So, who are you, how do I know you?” Justice continued.

“My name is Loki.” Loki watched Justice, waiting to be recognised.

Justice enquired “Loki and...?”, Justice thought for a moment, “Wait on, LOKI? As in The Angel Loki? Destroyed Sodom and Gomorra on Gods command?”

“Request” Loki corrected.

“How is this possible?” Justice begged, “I have been fascinated by that story since I first heard it at Sunday school.”

“Really, they teach you that.” Loki laughed. “Phocus said I was called the beautiful devil once.”

“Who is Phocus?” Justice asked.

Loki suddenly was sad, even though he was talking to him; it just was not the same. “Phocus was my partner.”

Justice saw that he had cause Loki some pain. “Sorry, I shouldn’t have. Forget I mentioned it.”

“No, no, I would love to tell you about Phocus.” Loki lied.

“Who was she?” Justice asked.

“He, was the first Angel created, kind of ironic that he should fall for the last. He waited long enough for me.” Loki reasoned to himself.

Justice

“Angels can’t be gay. The bible says that it isn’t correct for men to lie with men.” Justice recited.

“Gay? Bible? I do not know about either of them, but an angel can be whatever it wants, and there are only male angels. Females did not exist until humans were made.” Loki returned.

“The bible is where all of the stories about angels come from.” Justice explained.

“What does it say about Phocus?” Loki asked.

“Nothing, I have never heard of him.” Justice answered.

“Figures, he never actually spent any time with humans.” Loki replied.

“You were a couple then?” Justice enquired.

“We were a pair, two opposites.” Loki explained.

“Were you married?” Justice asked, pointing to the ring on Loki’s finger.

“Were we what?” Loki laughed

“Wearing a ring on that finger means that you... belong to, someone else” Justice finished.

“Phocus gave me one of his feathers before he left to do something one day, I turned it into this so it would be easy to keep. That is the only finger it would fit on.” Loki shrugged.

Lie Lie Lie

“So what does being a pair entail?” Justice asked.

Loki admitted “Nothing, we just spent all of our time together.”

“So where is he now?”

“He got hurt.” Loki took a breath, “But he is close by.”

“How does an angel get hurt?”

“Another angel chose to hurt him.” Loki began to weep.

“What, did Lucifer lure him into a trap and beat him up?” Justice joked.

Loki looked at Justice shocked. Loki swallowed hard, “How did you know that?”

“I didn’t” Justice confessed, “Is that what happened?”

Loki nodded.

“Why didn’t God stop him?”

“We could not get to him fast enough.” Loki began to cry.

By instinct Justice put out his arms, offering his shoulder. Loki dropped into them as he had always done with Phocus. Justice held the beautiful angel for a long time, longer than he had ever been able to stay quiet. Loki eventually looked up, his eyes were streaked with tears, “My stomach feels strange.”

Justice

“Strange how?”

“Full. At the bottom of my front.”

“You probably need to piss.” Justice explained.

“What? How do you do that?”

“Do you have a penis?”

“Yes.”

“Well you just push it out of there.” Justice explained, uneasily.

“How?”

“You just do.”

“Can you show me?”

“No!” Justice replied.

“Why not?” Loki demanded.

“I hardly even know you. I am not showing you my penis.”

“You do not have to, just join with me so I can understand.”

“I can’t I am human remember.” Justice finished.

“It is starting to hurt. Please.” Loki requested.

Lie Lie Lie

Justice looked uneasy, “alright, what do I do?” Justice whined.

“It may sound strange, but, I will make myself disappear and I will then stand inside you, you just need to think of the information and then I will know it.” Loki explained.

“Alright fine.” Justice nodded. He watched Loki vanish, he then felt a warm buzzing sensation across his whole body, it felt incredible. He hear Loki whisper inside him.

“Think about how.” Loki whispered. Justice felt very secure at that moment, he could feel Loki’s gentle nature, his kindness and his sadness all at the same time. Justice tried to remember the last time he went to the toilet. Before the memory could even form, Loki said “Got it.” The feeling throughout Justice’s body vanished. Loki appeared in front of him, ripped open the buttons of his jeans, took out his penis and began to piss.

“You really shouldn’t do that on the beach.” Justice whispered.

“Why?” Loki returned.

“Because it is illegal.” Justice whispered.

“What is that?” Loki requested still going.

“Just hurry up.” Justice rolled his eyes. Loki then shook himself, exactly as Justice did. Justice watched stunned.

Loki buttoned his pants and saw Justice’s stunned look, “What?”

“You shake exactly how I do.” Justice exclaimed.

Justice

“Well you showed me how to do it.” Loki returned.

“Oh.” Justice thought for a moment, “So you learn by just copying others memories?”

“Yes.” Loki stated, “So do you though. You just do it out of books.”

“You should wash your hands.” Justice gestured to the ocean.

“Why?” Loki requested.

“Not healthy” Justice replied. Loki smiled and nodded, trotting dutifully over to the ocean to clean off his hands. Loki trotted back up the beach to Justice. Loki smiled and stood in front of Justice saying nothing.

“What is the reason you’re here?” Justice eventually questioned.

Loki looked at Justice, “To help you.” Loki answered.

“Help me what?” Justice glared at him. “What are you supposed to help me do?” Justice stared at Loki penetratingly. “Who do you think I am?” Justice demanded, “TELL ME!” Justice screamed.

Loki stood his ground, he had never seen anyone angry at him. He had seen Phocus stand up to Lucifer, all he could do was try to copy it.

“No.” Loki responded.

“Who, the fuck, are you?!” Justice screamed.

“Please, do not yell at me.” Loki spoke.

Lie Lie Lie

“Stay the fuck away from me!” Justice stood up furious. He stormed away down the beach towards the city. Loki stood his ground, Guttled. He had no idea how to proceed.

Justice

Chapter 11 Death wish

Loki stood alone on the dark beach, his emotion overcoming his senses. His mind was reeling thoughts of loneliness, his own death, watching Phocus die, and failing Phocus again. His new organs and body were overwhelming him, his mind would not rest, he screamed, “GOD!... GOD!... GOD!...”

“Please, the sign says ring once.” God said from behind him. God was walking slowly, carrying Loki’s sword.

Loki dropped to the ground, exhausted. He had not rested since Phocus had died, and everything else combined, he was regretting the fourth wrap. He weeped.

“What is the matter Loki?” God requested.

“My stomach hurts.” Loki replied weakly.

God chuckled, “I am not a pharmacist, you can not just call me to fix over active appetite.”

“I not.” Loki cried, “He left, he just stormed off. He does not want me near him.”

God rolled his eyes and sat next to Loki, “Teenagers.”

“What?” Loki was lost.

“It is a floor in the species. Just before they become adults, they go insane. Starts at puberty.” God explained.

Death wish

“I do not understand” Loki replied.

“You wouldn’t.” God sighed. “Justice does not have an easy plot Loki.” God explained, “He is still encumbered with all of the factors of a normal human male, plus, he has the will power of Phocus trapped inside him. And, I tell you what, I doubt Phocus is resolved to just take rest there. Phoucs will be rattling away inside of him like a caged beast.”

“What can I do?” Loki replied.

“Nothing.” God stated. “Within about ten minutes, he will realise he just yelled at a living breathing angel, and he will come screaming back”

“Then what?” Loki asked desperately.

“I don’t know. Make it up as you go along.” God replied.

“I wish it had been me.” Loki gave up.

Snapping to attention, “Never wish to die Loki. Ever. It is only a wish to punish everybody else.” Loki looked at God and felt ashamed for saying it. “This is yours.” God handed Loki his sword. “And I thought you might like this as well.” God handed Loki the ring he had given Phocus.

“You kept it?” Loki gasped.

Justice

“Well it is a piece of history. The story behind those rings started a near cult following here on earth. Not that anyone remembers the original story.” God commented.

Loki smiled looking at his own ring. “Thank you.” Loki mumbled.

“You are welcome.” God smiled “Hearing that never gets old. I better be off, your guest is back.” God stood and disappeared.

Justice poked his head around a rock out cropping, “Loki?” Justice requested.

“Right here” Loki croaked. Then quickly sheathed his sword and it vanished.

Justice plodded over and sat next to him. Justice sat quietly for a moment. “I shouldn’t have done that.”

“It is done.” Loki replied.

“Well then, I am sorry that I did.” Justice corrected.

“I am a big boy, I can handle abuse.” Loki tried to smile.

“What is that?” Justice pointed at the ring.

“It belonged to Phocus, g... a friend just dropped it off to me.” Loki answered.

“A sword too.” Justice confessed.

Loki shook his head at Justice, “You should not spy on people.”

Death wish

“Well I didn’t really get that far, I was coming back. Then you started screaming.” Justice admitted.

“There is a lot you do not know, and a lot you can not know.” Loki advised him.

“Like that you were just talking to God, about me.” Justice sounded quite chuffed.

“Yes.” Loki could sense eminent failure.

“And, somehow I happen to be this Phocus of yours.” Justice was now very pleased with himself. “Which would make that, my ring.”

Loki was speechless. Not only, had it not been he, who broke God’s rules, God had come down and done it for him.

Loki sat fiddling with his own ring for a while, “I suppose it does.”
Loki chocked.

“Well I don’t want it.” Justice replied. “I have not even known you for more then three hours.” Justice thought for a minute, “well, at least... I can’t remember it.”

Loki smiled at him, “So I do not have to stay the fuck away from you?”

“I am just an insane human teenager, it is a floor in the species.”
Trilled Justice, exceedingly pleased with himself.

“So what happens now?” Loki asked.

Justice

“I don’t know, I was a waiter a few hours ago.” Justice scoffed.

“Perhaps we could start with you being a little less annoying.” Loki suggested.

Justice was dumbfounded, he looked around for a moment, “What, me annoying?”

“Yes. Even now, you are trying to act funny, and it is annoying.” Loki stated.

“Direct aren’t you?” Justice returned.

“I cannot tolerate pretence.” Loki answered.

“So, why didn’t you just come down and tell me what was happening?” Justice shot back.

“I was told not to... By God!” Loki tried to keep a straight face the broke into laughter. “I wanted to.”

“Just blame it on God why don’t you.” Justice laughed. “So this means I have to believe in God now.”

“As if you ever did not.” Loki roasted him.

“I had my doubts, so do most people.” Justice shrugged.

“No you did not. And, no they do not. That is just what they want other people to believe.” Loki rolled his eyes, “Humans think

Death wish

believing makes you foolish. I'll admit, all of those different churches have given me some laughs over the years."

"Who?" Justice enquired.

Loki laughed, "Did you know, there was a culture that used to say; if you give God an alter of decaying fruit, you would be granted an extra year of life." Loki continued to chuckle, " Or, Michael told me this one; some people thought, if you smashed a raw egg on your head at birth, you would be granted beauty."

Justice began to laugh.

"I like the old ways more, the worst injury you had was maybe a scratch from a shell." Loki laughed hysterically, "or an ugly child that smelt of eggs." Justice laughed more at Loki's hysterics than the joke.

Loki and Justice continued to talk for a few hours, until Justice became too tired to speak properly. They stood up and walked back from the beach. Loki was still nattering on about something by the time they both arrived at Justice's house.

"This is my house." Justice announced. Eventually he spoke up again. "Well, Good night." Loki did not respond, Justice turned towards his house.

"Justice, what are you going to do now?" Loki seemed relieved at finally asking.

"Truthfully?" Justice questioned. "I am going to have to give that some thought." Justice admitted, Loki continued to stare at him, "Is there some sort of decision I am meant to make?"

Justice

Loki shook his head, “No, not at all.” Loki looked away from him, “It is just... I have done what I am meant to have done.” Loki admitted. “Then the question is; what are you going to do now?” Justice replied.

“I will be wherever you are.” Loki answered. “Whether I am visible or not, I will remain with you.”

Justice thought for a while, “Well, you have a world of food to experience. I have a life to live. I think there will be ways for us to fit in with each other.”

“I would like that.” Loki replied.

“Well you should go into town and find a place to stay.” Justice nodded.

“Will I see you?” Loki requested.

“I am sure a trillion year old angel will find a way.” Justice replied.

Loki smiled and moved away from Justice.

Justice closed the front door to the house and switched off the light. Loki walked out onto the road and walked back towards the city.

God appeared next to Loki walking along.

“I think you were the best gift I ever gave him.” God said.

“Really, why is that?” Loki asked.

Death wish

“What other human ever got an Angel for his nineteenth birthday?”
God smiled. They walked together down the street until they arrived at the intersection, Loki gave a wave and God vanished. The end.