

THE TEMPLE OF TREAH DERCAS

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“You’re on the right path Zase,” A gentle and feminine voice filling the edifice said.

“Who said that!” Zase’s heart was racing. “Is that you Ruetobas?” He turned his head in all directions. Nobody was there.

What’s happening to me, he thought as his hands started shaking. First the dreams and now I’m hearing things.

“Do not be frightened Zase,” the same voice said. “Observe the hands on the stone carved statue. It will vindicate what you’re thinking.”

Zase’s first instinct was to run out of the edifice, contact the launch coordinator and never come back down, but something made him stay.

After gaining his composure, he turned around and observed the hands of the carved stone statue.

“They’ve got impalement marks on them! That means he was alive after the impalement. This isn’t a temple celebrating execution. It’s a temple of re-animation or something like that. That’s what these beings were commemorating. That’s not possible. How could such advanced beings be so superstitious? What am I going to do? If I repeat any of this, I’ll be a pariah.”

“Zase,” the feminine voice said. “Please come outside.”

Against his better judgement, Zase exited the Edifice and stood on its steps facing the ruins that surrounded it.

The sky, it’s now gray, he thought as a strong and pleasant wind chilled him and the loudest clap of thunder he’d ever heard rumbled.

“Look at that!” he shouted as a bolt of lightning nearly hit the ground. “I better get back into the edifice. I don’t know what kind of weather this planet has.”

He was about to turn, when out of the corner of his right eye he saw a beam of light from the sky on the road between the edifice and the residential structures. Inside that light was a soft bluish tint that took shape into a being.

Zase, trembling fell to his knees and hid his face behind his hands.

“Zase,” the same feminine voice from inside the edifice said. “Do not be afraid.”

“I’m ashamed to look at you, because you know all the unkind things I’ve done in my life,” his voice trembled.

“Zase,” the being said. “I must speak with you.”

“How do you know my name?”

“Please take your hands down and look upon me,” the gentle voice said.

Slowly he removed his hands from his face.
“You’re so beautiful.

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