

THE THOTH RE-ALIGNMENT



BY MICHEAL LINGAARD

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(The Girl Who Moved The Moon)

Michael Linaard

You think you are safe.

You think the world is orderly and secure. It is not. You think that the paradigms of your life are ordered and regular; that the motions of societies are delineated and obeyed. They are not. You think images of otherness, of unorderliness, are just that — images, and the cant and rhetoric of your belief systems have withstood the examinations of history and truth — they have not. You think there are no dark corners of reality to confuse and misdirect your understanding of the incessant march of humanity and its progress, it's unrelenting advancement, it's examination and acquisition of truth and reality. By their measure you know that the modern world, despite its imperfections, is solidly based on the unrelenting waves of history and endeavour that characterise mankind. You believe and you know that you are the pinnacle of human progress.

You are not.

You think you are safe.

You are not.

You see, there are things we have not been told — secrets things. Hidden things. Unbelievable things. Constructs of thought and belief and imagination that would challenge all we know and understand about our world. And there are more of these secrets in the world than we realise. Well, we don't *really* know that, because they're secrets, but we *think* that. But some secrets we can guess at and we call them esoteric knowledge and we then believe we understand them; we've made up a mystery around them and by doing so we own them. Although we don't actually know them, we pretend we do and put them into their own little containers. They become secret rites, folklore, legends, myths and alternate histories. Time distorts them and they become incorporated into the fabric of things — like religion. And history. That's a fact.

But — what if there was another fact? What if there was another truth to things; a truth so old and ancient that it had never been remembered. A truth that began before man was created, a truth that existed before the gods were made; a truth of the creation of mankind, at a time before history was recorded and when the world looked very, very different.

The modern social world is built on the crafting of half-truths and compromises; on false shibboleths of unproveable veracity, on the vested interests of power blocs both ancient and modern and on institutionalised self-interest. Everything of the modern social world is fluid, because nothing is absolute, because nothing will withstand the rigours of academic and scientific examination.

Because nothing is allowed to.

The ancient truth is still there; it exists and it has always been known, in a corrupted form, as a footnote in the pages of history; a curiosity — a whim — a fable. A story to dream of. And a fear to be dreaded, for the knowledge believed within would tear down the very pillars of this world. It would wipe the slate clean and allow mankind to start again — to follow the path laid down for him uncountable millennia ago.

Long hidden and long sought for, esoteric and enigmatic, it has been known by different names — The Hall of Records — the Library of Thoth; and for the world to change — for your safety to be questioned — all that is required —

— is for someone to find it.

Ancient unrecorded history

There was a war in the heavens before the first of days.

The newly uplifted hominids of the world of the third orbit looked up in fear as their creators fought a rebellion within their ranks and the very lands and oceans themselves felt the blows of anger and power and might. When nearly all was destroyed, the victors resumed their self-appointed task, gave of their own life-helix and set humankind on the long road to civilisation.

The defeated were cast down and in their frustration and anger and arrogance vowed vengeance on those above and all their creations. They sought the annihilation of the blasphemy those above had created upon the world — no matter how long it took — no matter the passing of ages — the hatred of those defeated would last to the end of time. A vast design was needed, a nemesis of incalculable power and energy was to be crafted to fulfill those wishes — and, over millennia, as the new humankind proliferated on the third world, it was made so. Hidden and secreted in the proto-planetary material between the fourth and fifth orbit, it was the last combatant of a long-dead war; but one that would never forget its duty.

As testimony to the efficiency and hatred and longevity of the created nemesis, asteroids were ejected from the asteroid belt — thousands of them — and directed sun-ward towards the third world. And the Earth became pock-marked with the craters of those asteroids — asteroids that shredded the atmosphere — asteroids that tore into the seas and soils of the planet and uprooted the order of things. Vast fires scoured the lands, massive tsunamis raced across continents — gigantic forests were torn asunder and buried under

countless billions of tonnes of water and rock — the very face of the Earth changed. The civilisation that was beginning to show intelligence and endeavour was all-but erased from history.

But the creators came down again from on high and life rebuilt; and over innumerable millennia the impact craters became ancient and weathered. The great icecaps began a slow retreat and flora and fauna moved into the new spaces; and the survivors of those ancient hominids began to grow and evolve and build and create and light the beacons of civilisation.

Recent unrecorded history

Beyond Mars, hidden deep within the uncharted realms of the asteroid belt, the remnants of a vast machine whiled away the millennia. Once, aeons past, it was a dark and mighty weapon of absolute destruction and its creators had imbued it with an intelligence that would span the ages; would survive long after those very creators were dead; would carry on its manifest duty — to rid the third planet in the system of the one thing its creators so resented, the one thing its creators had been denied the right to rule — human life.

Vast ages had taken their toll on the engine of hate. The slow, ponderous eddying of the asteroid belt had impacted its very construction. Large sections had been destroyed, lost within the belt. Yet, a small, inner part remained intact. Artificial synapses were now dulled and slow; the caged singularity that had powered the machine for so long was all-but spent and the arrays that had once searched the system for the profanity to be destroyed were feeble and almost blind.

Almost.

As if by accident — or destiny — a small spacecraft on its journey of inquiry from the third world to the outer planets passed through the belt, its

weak electronics probing the way ahead. And somewhere in that vast expanse of proto-planetary material those signals were heard. An ancient array caught the faint signatures of intelligent otherness and signalled its alarm. Slowly, agonisingly slowly, dormant protocols were revived. Residual energy matrixes stirred and became activated. The orders of long-dead creators were to be obeyed. Asteroids were selected; the few gravity cannon remaining were targeted upon them and calculations commenced. Energy pulsed — and slowly, very slowly — an asteroid began to move away from its ancient path; slowly it began to move towards the sun. The cannons moved to another target.

In one turn of the third planets' orbit, when the target would be at its closest, the asteroids would come.

The ancient duty would be honoured — again.