

“The Confession of the Sorcerer of Darkness”

by Shawn J. Higgins

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Excerpted from the forthcoming novel “Minion Web” by Shawn J. Higgins

I am the accursed, the tortured, the enslaved, the lawless, the diabolical, and the damned. I have come across barren lands and frozen tundra, far and wide from the valley of faceless specters in the realm of the Unholy Plane of Tartarus, up toward the meeting place of the RaZahn, the vile Shepherd Kings of the Halls of the Damned, and outward onto a world in which their dominion seems ever forthcoming ...

I am a lonely man, yet I am never alone; my life has become a paradox, a sham. I am a man who is no longer in control of his own destiny. I have become a tool of the unrighteous, the unjust, and the hideous. I have looked into faces that no man should see and walked upon planes no one should follow. I am a victim of and a harbinger for disaster. I have been given the keys that one may use to open the doorway for the dark spirits to enter into this world, and I shall never, alas, even in death, be at peace.

I Ba'Bel I Derazah, once labeled the Great Sorcerer of Darkness, the Conqueror of the Light, have become the False Prophet. I, who at one time ruled the plains where I lived from the mountaintop, now stumble in darkness and tread paths no other could cross. I, who was feared and venerated as the Unholy Lord of the Lowly Plane, have now become ceaseless folly by beings from another time, another dimension, another realm.

I cannot sleep, for there too, they pursue me. No manner how far I travel they follow me, taunting me; goading me to join them in their ghastly realm where once I had tread, the forbidden abyss of

which I do not wish to speak. There in the desert of that spiritual plane they dragged me across darkened valleys and over black mountains covered by coal-black clouds. There in the temples I bore witness to their atrocities I do not wish to bring to mind long enough chronicle here for the dread that fills my heart at such a memory. They showed me all of their kingdom; and a dark, loathsome, and unholy kingdom it is. Now, for my unforgivable transgressions, I must pay with my own sanity, and with my immortal soul. Here they once ruled, and here they shall rule again. They will assuredly have it no other way ... they will assuredly have it no other way ...

Long ago, in the eons between the dark vastness of space where no spirit dwells nor may cross, the "Shepherd Kings" entered into covenant to create and spawn the race of the lower spirit beings, which they themselves ruled over. They straddled the gap between the black abyss of space, the domain of the stars and celestial lights from afar, and the heavenly bodies nearer us, those that travel by calendar month.

Their spawn shortly came to earth, and here they created the race of man to control, to manipulate, and to serve them. When the race of man became great upon this earth, they set their thoughts upon the greatest of earth's rulers, the mighty hunter against the light, the Master of the Fires of the RaZahn. He was willing and became their vessel for that which they so eagerly desired.

From the sand and the slime of the earth and the black glass the angry earth vomits up did he command his minions to create the Oracle which their priests would use to invoke the wrathful one of old, those who dwell between the vast spaces between the stars, the Shepherd Kings of the ancient eons.

The Oracle, ordered of seven sides and in seven sections for their seven guises, with each section bearing the image of the master of its sphere. They made it of slime and mortar and the sand they used to make their temple of sacrifice, seven levels with seven gates and seven shrines to worship their seven manifestations.

And they are of the black earth which consumes the flesh of man, and of wolf and moon—the image of the wrath by which mankind destroys his own flesh; and of the vast high power that soars above earth and commands the children of man; and of the master of the high seas from which man was issued forth.

And they are of the child misbegotten whose rule mankind shall dread, for he shall spare no one, and his mercy extends to no flesh. And they are of the fertile mother earth, the queen of all earth mothers, which shall bear the child misbegotten, who shall lead high unto to the pinnacle of the tower where the golden light emits, of great mountain bull seed where the mighty one rules, whose face no man may see and yet live.

These things have I seen, things which keep me from rest, which pursue me in dreams and while waking. These things lead me into the depths of caves and follow me into the desert; they follow me to the forest floor, lead me above the level of the clouds and into the ocean. They follow me to tropical islands dense with thick undergrowth and down into the depths of caves, and then to the very top of the mountains that sit atop the clouds and there gaze down upon the children of men. I cannot escape them; for they summon me to do their work, they wish me to inform the race of man of their coming reign.

They have ruled the earth, and they wish to rule it again. They will assuredly have it no other way.

They condemned the children of men to build their mighty fortress, the Temple of the Foundation of Heaven and Earth, where they rove from the heavens to the earth and back again. Their feet shall touch the earth from the top of the temple to its undergirding, wherein they have hidden the Oracle. The earth shall cry and tremble, and the faithful one shall dig among the ruins there and shall find that which the race of men have sought since the fall of the mighty ones at the temple which the Hebrews call “confusion” and the Babylonians call “the gate of god.”

Seven there are and these seven are one. They shall rule where man once ruled for they ruled first, and the wisdom of man, which

he took from the elders, shall lead them to find the oracle. They shall construct the great temple again, and invoke their presence with the Oracle, and with the tongue which man has since forgotten, and which I was accursed to learn from them.

These, etched into the sand and slime of the Oracle, the wise will take heed and use only with the Oracle. If men stand and call upon them with the words of this book without the Oracle at their feet, they will draw their wrath and there shall be none to deliver.

The RaZahn shall see their temple completed once again, and they shall not be pleased if this is done incorrectly. The bottom level shall be painted darkest black for the graves of men, with the image from the Oracle of the black earth monster of eight legs and venomous fangs upon its gate. Upon it, smaller and painted gray for the moon, and the wolf and the fog in which the beast dwells, upon the surface of the earth in search of the blood of men, with the image from the image upon its gate of the wolf that howls at the crescent moon. Above this, painted purest white for the clouds above wherein rules the spirit of the wind and the air who watches man from above and sinks his talons into their flesh, the image upon its gate shall be that of the bird of prey. The shrine above it must be painted green for the life-giving water and the denizens of the seas and the earth which the water slakes the thirst of. The seal upon its gate shall be the image of the fish creature that walks like a beast upon the earth. Above this, painted azure, and dedicated to the offspring of the earth goddess and the great god who rules below, seal upon its gate the image of the sheaf that sprouts grain. The earth mother's shrine shall rest above that of her child, painted crimson and it shall be host to the dancing maidens within her shrine who pay her homage; upon its gate shall be the image of the fiery star of the heavens.

Above it—and above all—resting at the pinnacle, shall be the golden shrine of the one who in Egypt is called Ra and in Babylon was called Marduk, and in Greece is known as Zeus, and to the Romans as Jupiter. The mighty nameless one who rules the black pit

from his golden throne exalted above the foes of men. The image upon its gate shall be that of the great mountain bull.

These images are emblazoned into my mind, and there they shall remain, and I shall never be freed from them. These came to me in a vision of darkness and fire, the stench of sulfur and of death and decay on the darkest of black evenings, as I travelled from the desert to the pinnacle of a mountaintop in that region of earth known as "Ancient Babylon."

Once, at the dawn of man, the great Temple of the Foundation of Heaven and Earth had stood, long since looted of its treasure by curiosity seekers and scholars, pirates and thieves, and now mostly under the ground. Passing through the remains of this once-great shrine of the gods, I had simply been journeying from Egypt to Tibet, picking up the fragments of history as I continued on a journey that I had begun in Greece. I had been searching through the remains of a lost civilization known as Hellenia at the suggestion of an elderly scholar of Greek history whose name now escapes me and, he informed me, had been a pupil in a line of descent from Socrates and Plato and Aristotle and Alexander. The elderly man financed most of my journey, suggesting I take board upon a vessel bound for Alexandria, and there study among the ruins of Egypt. Much learning was wearisome to me, and I spent three years there and fell among a group of devout Catholics of the Augustine tradition, who told me of the great library there. I took some of their ancient historical writings with me in my intention to travel to the farthest known civilization, which the old man told me he believed existed; drifters who had pillaged many civilizations on their long journey, and left fragments of their own history in their wake. It was my intention, at the suggestion of the old man, to reverse their path and pick up as much of their history as I could glean from their travels and exploits from the ones they had decimated.

At the Temple of the Foundation of Heaven and Earth (although I did not know it to be so at the time) did I spend much time searching about among the ruins there for three long days in the

heat of the day and in the cool of the evening. Wearing from my labors, I fell to sleep after dusk.

As the black shroud of evening cloaked itself about me, I found myself awakened by the sensation of crawling things upon my flesh. This disturbing sensation caused me to flail about in the dark, searching for the invisible entities that had caused such a distressing awakening. Finding nothing that would indicate such a disturbance, I made attempt to sleep again when it occurred to me that the sky overhead was darkest black; there was not a single star alight or moon to illuminate the dark of the evening, although the day had been cloudless.

When I closed my eyes, I perceived the howl of a wolf in the distance. A far more distressing thought than that of insects crawling on the skin assailed me, namely that I should be torn asunder by some wild beast of the evening, and in such a distressing and darkened place as this! I search about for my staff and the sharpened dagger I had in my satchel to cut bread and meat, these being the only weapons I had upon my person. The howling of the wolf sounded once more, but there was some dark and deep quality to the sound of the animal's baying that I could not perceive it to be that of an animal that walked upon four legs. Rather, it sounded of some hideous and perilous night creature that flew through the trees overhead in search of prey.

Description:

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Having been aroused to terror, I stood and

searched about the area for whatever could have made such a

terrifying wail. I was horrified even more greatly than before as I beheld that a full moon had appeared overhead where once before there had been darkness. Yet in this abyss of blackness about me, there appeared nothing else visible; it was as if I was suddenly blinded. In the darkness, there was a damp and piercing sudden draught of coldness, as if someone had haphazardly tossed a wet blanket over me. I shivered as true terror seized me, for in the darkness that surrounded me I could hear a rumble beneath my feet as of an earthquake, and that deep vibration penetrated through my legs and into my very soul. I perceived upon one of the great stones with which the ancient temple was wrought, first in my mind, and then in my eyes, etched upon the stone:

The shape looked indeed very familiar to me as I saw it; and time has given me the added perspective that I had seen this similar shape in those Qlipoths the Hebrews who call themselves Cabalists use in their practices. I could not see this shape connected between the Hebrews who call the place where I stood "Confusion," and the Babylonians, who had ruled the sphere upon which I stood, "Gate of God." Yet I could not deny that this was indeed what I saw in the depth of the very realistic dream which I was having. It remains engraved upon my mind, upon the back of my eyelids, in my heart, and indeed in my very soul.

No sooner had the recollection of this shape come to mind than the great rumbling I perceived to be an earthquake under my feet reached its intensity. From the place where I saw this image, the shape of the Qlipoth upon the carved stone began to rise slowly up out of the earth! I stood back in shock and horror as the stone upon which it was emblazoned continued to raise, mammoth in size, and began to glow bright gold like the sun itself. As it did so, I saw four stones of equal size and mass, which also glowed like burning gold, with the capstone still sitting upon them, come up beneath the first. As the stones continued to rise above the plane of earth upon which I stood, beneath the four stones upon which the capstone rested nine more stones grew up out of the ground. I knew then that I would have to stand back, for the reverberation of the earthquake I

perceived would cause the stones to rise until they took me with it if I did not yield my position there.

I stepped back and indeed more stones rose, and then a golden shrine entrance rose out of the ground, and I stood in terror as I beheld the gate with the image of a bull's head in silhouette emblazoned upon it.

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Beneath the image of the Bull's head, words etched across it in a novel, Minoan language and alphabet I knew not, yet recognized none with Missions "The Shrine of Great Ha Shamayim."

Art\As this obscene edifice continued to rise up out of the ground, the lights of gold, glowing bright, began to dim into an orange glow as another shrine began to rise up beneath this great one. The glow of orange dimmed to a bright, blood red as I saw another shrine and another gate, and upon this gate was the image I knew to be that of the great goddess who is called in Egyptian "Isis" and in Babylon, whereupon I stood, "Ishtar," in Greek is known as "Artemis," and in Rome as "Juno." The symbol was of the planet Venus, surrounded by rays of brilliance.

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The entrance to this gate was embellished with the words "The Shrine of Zanah." The temple, which I now knew was constructed entirely in my mind as the things I was seeing could not possibly be of this earth, continued to rise. As the larger shrine of Zanah was fully exposed to the blackness of the evening, the deep reds diminished into purple. I knew then that the azure shrine of Min offsprung with the Master of the Razahn, the hell-spawn who is called in Egypt "Horus" and in Babylon "Tammuz," in Greek "Adonis," and among the Romans is known as Perseus would reveal itself. Then I beheld as the blue shrine of the child misbegotten rose out of the earth, as he is said to do in the springtime. As the gate
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emerged, and it parted and opened before me, I saw the image emblazoned upon its surface:

As the "Shrine of Tse Mach" became fully exposed to the blackness of the evening, the deep blue gave way to sea green. I knew then that the shrine of the one who is called in Egypt "Hapi," and in Babylon "Enki," in Greek "Poseidon," and in Latin "Neptune" would reveal itself. As the gate emerged, it parted and opened before me, I saw the image emblazoned upon its surface:

Description:

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~~Robert Boy~~
~~As the "Shrine of Leviathan" became fully exposed to the blackness of the evening, the green gave way to a pale, ghostly white. I knew then that the hell-spawn who is known in Egypt as "Osiris" in Babylon as "Enlil," to the Greeks as "Aeolus" and in Latin as "Vulcan" would rise and show itself. This I beheld as the white shrine of the Master of the Four Winds rose out of the earth. As the gate emerged, and it parted and opened before me, I saw the image emblazoned upon its surface:~~

Description:

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~~Robert Boy~~
~~As the "Shrine of Ryach" became fully exposed to the blackness of the evening, the pale white darkened and gave way to gray, and I knew then that the shrine of the one who is called in Egypt "Anubis" and in Babylon "Nanna" in Greek is known as "Luna" and in Latin as "Lunercus" would reveal itself. This I beheld as the pale gray shrine rose out of the earth. As the gate emerged, and as it parted and opened before me, I saw the image emblazoned upon its surface:~~

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Desktop\The Shrine of Yah Rayach" became fully exposed to the blackness of the evening, the pale gave way to darkest black like the black envelope of darkness that enshrouded me. I knew then that the dark master of the crypts of the dead, who is called in Egypt "Set," and in Babylon is known as "Nergal," in Greek is "Hades" and in Latin is "Pluto" would emerge and reveal itself. As the gate emerged, and it parted and opened before me, I saw the image embazoned upon its surface:

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Desktop\The Shrine of Siquus" became exposed to the blackness of the evening, I knew that the fullness of the heathen temple was at least fully revealed, and what a mammoth structure it was: it seemed to rise infinitely upward. The Temple of the Foundation of Heaven and Earth seemed to have grown out of the earth and toward the heavens as if attempting to bridge the gap between the two and fulfill the name given it by the Chaldeans. Indeed, I beheld a stairway that seemed to lead from the blackness of its foundation to the bright golden "Shrine of Great Ha Shamayim" at its pinnacle.

Here in this great outer darkness did I see this vision, and the vision of this temple filled me with great terror and dread unlike any I have ever known before, and only too unfortunately have I known ever since. I knew then that these monsters were the gods of old who ruled the world before the race of man was created for their folly, and who were going to return again to rule where they once ruled. On that foul evening I remember that I cried out to this "Great Ha Shamayim" to find another to use to write this horrific vision. There on that desert plain was I told that my life was not my own, and that I was called by the RaZahn to write that which I had seen, and all that I would hear from them, for they would rule again and man would not stop them. There would be no Hebrew deity to

confuse them as had occurred to them when they made effort to build this mammoth edifice during the dark days when they ruled the land between the Tigris and the Euphrates.

No more to see the light of reason, I cannot live the life of the just, for I can see visions which terrify me, in my sleep I am not alone, for there too they follow me, jeering at me for my folly. Oh, *Leviathan*, how could you torment me so when I set your spirit free to soar high and far above the wet dark sphere into which you were imprisoned so many years ago?

How can you torture me so, oh *Dark Messenger*, when it was you who goaded me into this unholy realm, you detestable being, when it was you who called to me from the Dark Plane of the RaZahn and invited me to be your deliverer, and I, like the fool I am labeled, accepted your invitation. Oh, *Siqqus* you malodorous monstrosity of the black earth, you who bear the stench of the grave, why do you terrify me? How can you plague me with these horrifying night visions? *Yah-Rayach*, master of the moon and of the wolf, why do you turn your wrath upon me? Why do you pursue me through the dark corridors of the palace of death?

Oh mighty *Ru-Ach*, spirit of the air, you who fill the dark evening air with the sharpened talons that force men to submission, why do you turn upon me? *Leviathan*, lord of the high seas, why do you turn the great sea beast, of which you are master, upon me?

Tse-Mach, unholy child, your gaze upon me in the darkness holds the fires of hell! *Mistress Zannah*, I had worshipped your majesty and your beauty and turned the intensity of my yearning for your flesh into a lust which has desire without fulfillment. And you, oh great and terrifying *Ha Shamayim*, he of the lowest depths—to think that I worshipped you as the Master of All, and the highest of the high.

If ever I could escape to that land where the bells of joy and laughter reign for all eternity! There shall never be such a place as this for me. Why was I so cursed? What have I done in my zealotry to cause such an unjust punishment? Alas, even in death do I fear that I shall suffer. Never to escape them, they follow me always.

Oh, RaZahn, oh, misery ...

