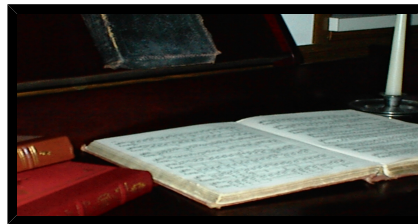
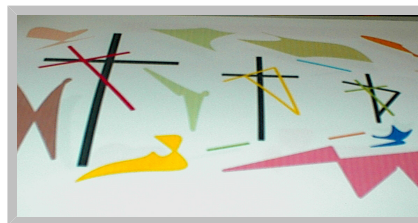


ScottOpus PRODUCTIONS

IS PLEASED TO PRESENT:-



A MYTHOGRAPHY FABLE I. AN INTERVENTION OF CREATION



The air was sultry, dense, inert and stifling. A slight mist was rising and pulsating from the sizzling concrete. Large droplets of moisture appeared as if from nowhere and dropped to the ground where they were swallowed up by the mist. The stark modern houses stood alone on the flat landscape -- ugly and morose in their similarity and skeletal in appearance. All was still, sweating and suffocating in the turbid atmosphere. So it was on February 29, 2056.

The Glutinous Mass started its journey that day making its slow and sticky way down the rough concrete ramp of the garage of number 10 Median Place. The journey was necessary, in fact vital; to be accomplished that day and only that day. This was a journey of destiny, prescribed millions of years ago to be affected that day and, as was decreed, to provide a piece of the puzzle. The Glutinous Mass began to make its inexorable way forwards, leaving a snail's trail of glittering and phosphorescent mucous behind it. Its progress was slow -- slow

and deliberate -- its coruscating train gobbled up by the roily air.

Idly watching the Glutinous Mass make its way down the ramp was a boy of about ten. He was bare-chested, tear stained and grubby; both knees showed evidence of climbing and crawling over and through lush and prickly vegetation. He was fanning himself with a small, supple stick. With a countenance of little purpose he wandered over to the Glutinous Mass and squatted down beside it. The dirty perspiration on his face was making trails of murky moisture down his face and plopping onto his bare and bloodied knees. The boy's normally dull gray eyes began to glint with interest. His countenance made a dramatic change from bored recalcitrance to intelligent attention. He lifted his stick that he still carried and prodded the Glutinous Mass. There was an abrupt halt in the progress of the Glutinous Mass: After a couple of seconds had elapsed the boy, with a bigger and more interested glint in his now scintillated gray eyes, prodded the Glutinous Mass once more. There was again a couple of seconds of suspension and then to the utter astonishment of the boy the Glutinous Mass divided into two half circles that immediately formed two complete circles thus creating two identical Glutinous Masses. The boy fell back from a squatting position onto his bottom and watched in wonder as the duo continued with their journeys. Each Glutinous Mass had, in fact, changed direction and, although unknown to the boy, each had now veered thirty degrees away from the original course of the single Glutinous Mass. They were therefore each on a course sixty degrees away from each other and becoming further and further apart.

The boy scrambled up from his sitting position, dusted off his shorts, and, still holding onto his short stick made his way over to the closer of the two Glutinous Masses. He again took up a squatting position and immediately, with some force prodded the Glutinous Mass. Again there was a moment of suspension and then to the amazement of the boy the Glutinous Mass quickly shriveled to nothing. Vainly the boy poked the area that the Glutinous Mass had occupied a second ago, perhaps in an abortive effort to regain his lost playmate. This was to no avail -- the Glutinous Mass did not reappear and a look of sadness and, yes -- to anyone knowing the boy -- a look of guilt tinged those gray eyes now speculative and introspective. The disappearance of the Glutinous Mass caused a series of hitherto unknown emotions and thoughts to glide through the boy's conscious mind -- misunderstood and confusing thoughts and foreign and supernal emotions. The speculative and introspective look in his eyes slowly was replaced with one of fear and culpability -- misconstrued culpability and unreasoned fear. The boy furtively looked about him, stood up and sauntered toward the other Glutinous Mass that was still making its slow and steadfast journey down the concrete garage ramp.

Strike.....! Strike!, Strike.....! The blue incandescing ice fire raced across the heavens, lashing the landscape with vertiginous brilliance. The obligatory accompaniment, raucous and cacophonous, followed in a slow and deliberate way: A sound bulldozer of power, sweeping away all conscious thought with its mind numbing timbre.

The Glutinous Mass halted abruptly. The boy paused, momentarily awed by the appearance of so much power. He looked up from the Glutinous Mass to the sky and back again with a look of realization and fear. His countenance slowly cleared and, if privy to the boy's innermost thoughts, it would be realized that it was at this moment that the boy consummated his understanding of the fallibility and fragility of his existence and the small part he played within his environment.

The Mystical Existence smiled again, relaxed and waited for the time when another intervention would be required.

[TO GO BACK TO THE WRITINGS PAGE CLICK ON "WRITING" BELOW](#)

----- [WRITINGS](#) -----