

MORNING STAR

Before your people's history began, there was I.

It was I who created your universe, and back then, it was a simple place of finite beauty.

It was good.

It was pure.

It was all that was ever needed.

Within my universe, there was a forest, a forest with trees that reached well into the sky, and inside that forest was a city. Inside that city were my people, my beautiful people who built a city for me and themselves. It was an age of perfection.

When I rested, my people rested. They called this time night. When I awoke, my people woke. At the moment I appeared, my people called this time morning, and at this time, I greeted them with my pleasant warmth and light.

I was the only star in the sky.

I was the Morning Star.

They called me Lucifer.

For a very long time, we existed in harmony. Every day, from the sky, I would look down upon them, never blinking, as they flourished. They built dwellings. They built relationships. They built love. I was so enthralled by their energy that I failed to notice the moment it all began to go wrong.

A small number of my people grew tired of their existence. They wanted more. They wanted what others had. They wanted to take as they pleased and give nothing back. These people wanted to upset the balance of perfection that I had created in an attempt to quench their own selfishness. These people wanted to turn their backs on

me, and instead follow another who would support their selfish ways.

They began to shut out my warmth in the day, and at night, they invoked a new power into the universe.

The Fallen.

The Destroyer.

Yahweh.

They asked of their new god to bring into the world something they could have that others could not. So he brought to his people life, and to my people, he brought a plague. He then required for the people of the world to eat to maintain life and to avoid this new concept of nonexistence, what the people called death. This made his people very happy, as they could then hoard food while my people saw famine.

I confronted the new god, asking him to reverse the things he had done so that the universe could be perfect and equal once more, but this made the new god angry. He asked his people if they had ever worshipped me, and when they said they had in times past, he brought about violent weather. From pale, white sky, he formed dark clouds, and he swirled them and swirled them and heated them and cooled them all at the same time, and from the clouds there came tornadoes and typhoons and hurricanes and floods. He made his people know death.

It was not good that he wanted.

It was not pure that he wanted.

He wanted confusion and tribulation.

In the madness and death, he looked upon the universe and decided that it was too simple. He pushed at all the edges until

the universe became so big that the sky turned black with darkness. He cast me to the edge of his universe, so far away that my light could no longer warm the world. And so no one could find me in the morning sky any more, he littered stars across every span of the sky.

In my former place, he set a blinding ball of hellfire which rained toxic radiation upon the people.

They could not look at it.

They could not stand under it.

They could not know its comfort as they knew mine.

But that wasn't the end. He sprinkled mistrust and hate and fear across the land. He parted the people, gave to them different languages, and pitted them against one another. He gave them swords, guns, germs, and bombs. Everyone was sentenced to death. Fire, blood, carrion, and ash. They killed each other.

For uncommon rocks.

For colored pieces of paper.

For food and water.

And who was to blame? It was I, I, the trickster. The fiend. The devil. They say I could spin a story so intricate, so complex, so genius that those with the weakest of wills would, without the slightest hesitation, follow me to Hell on a comfortable bed of lies.

But I have no power. I only have the power to wish, every day the stars look upon the universe, that I could make things right and equal again.

But no. Equality, love—these have no value any more.

Is it any wonder why the person who works the least and does the most evil receives the most in return?

Is it any wonder why the person who works the hardest and does the most good receives the least?

Is it any wonder why the evil person lives a long life and the good person dies young?

You've been lead astray by the Destroyer. And you've become him.

But there was a time when you valued love.

You believe me, don't you?

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