

EARTH. CUCKOO IN THE PHOENIX NEST

Earth

Cuckoo in the Phoenix Nest

A story from around the year 200,000



Acapulco Jones



2nd edition

<http://www.dataweb.nl/~cool/Literature/Index.html>

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Dramatis personae

Ar – a boy of twelve years living in the town of Destordan in Fualst

Azard – Ar's Derjalla father

Shania – Ar's Zarducthan mother

Shanaturtaz – Ar's grandfather and Shania's father

Zarduc – the legendary founding father of the Zarducthan people

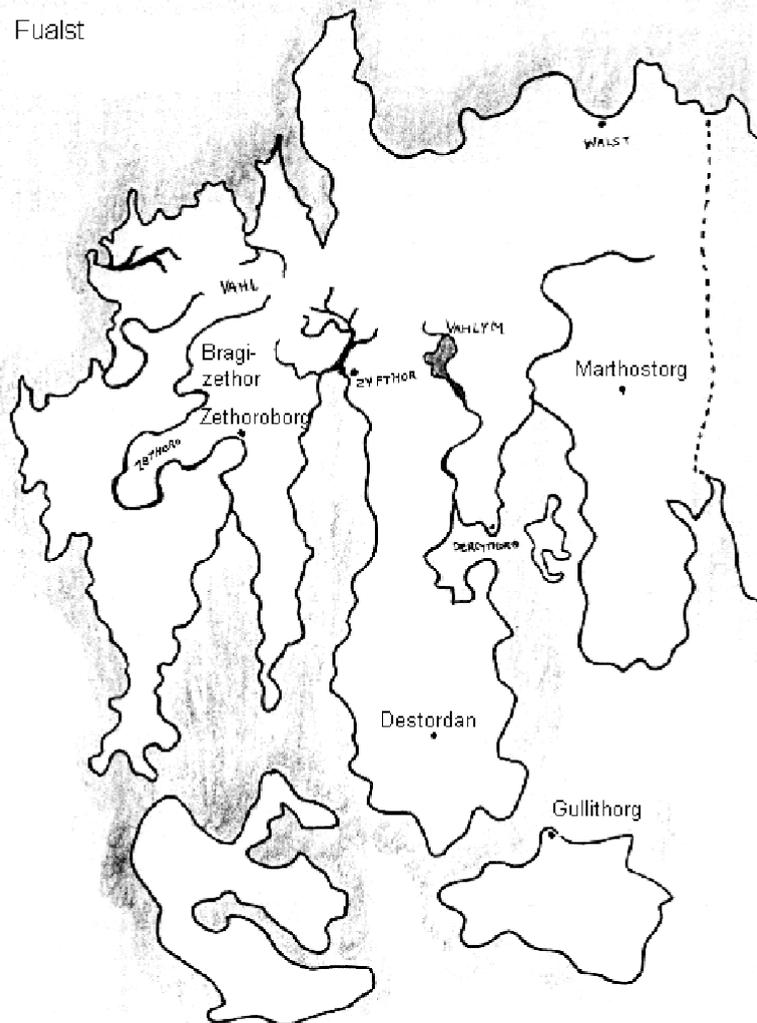
Derjalla – the conquering people who subjected the Zarducthan

Faj Rehdow – a Derjalla friend of Azard

Garhee, Verat do Soum, Dragorath, Kennet Gullithan – various Derjalla

Gtal Sandior – located on a distant planet

Fualst



Dedicated to Paul Harland (1960-2003).
A most remarkable and endearing person.
His last book was *The hand that takes*, Aeon Press 2003.

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Destordan

Sunset turned the sky crimson. The ring in the sky that circled the world, the Shan-al-Radh, shone in the South, bright as a mighty scimitar in the evening dark. The dusty windows of Destordan reflected the last rays of the sun and the broken tiles on walls and chimneys sparkled. The shabby town shone with an undeserved fervour. In the smoothing glow in the settling dark even the big fence around the town seemed to fade in non-existence.

Some thousand people were assembled on the town square, tawny dark-haired men and women, with withered looks and clothed in rags. They stood gathered around a huge pile of dry wood. A single spark would set that in a blazing fire. On a small platform next to the pile an old man spoke. The towners listened in utter concentration, the men clenching their fists and the women pressing their nails into their palms. The voice of Shanaturtaz the Eldest cut through the evening silence and crackled, sounding as if the pile already burned. The sun turned his white hair into a red halo, gave his weathered face a young and strong look while his grubby coat got the smooth crimson of the expanse. Gesturing with the shiny objects in his hands, he drew fiery arcs in the air and gave the appearance of a flame himself.



On another planet at a distant star the board of Notso Ltd. Company convened. Its directors looked with brooding eyes at Gtal Sandior who had called the meeting and who had disrupted their daily routine. The outrage ! But what had caused him to do so ?



The sun set lower and the narrow alleys filled rapidly with shadows. Men on the roofs caught the last rays and mirrored those towards the old Shanaturtaz. His long en stirring speech came to a close. He appealed to the legendary ancestor of his people and cried: "By Zarduc, our slavery has lasted too long ! We demand our freedom ! Demand ? No, we will take it !" Shanaturtaz took a deep breath and then shouted: "Revolution ! That means revolution !" His people took the cue and the alleys vibrated with their yell. The thought of suffering and insult was sharp and burning in their minds and their whole being cried out for revenge. "Revolution !" they cried massively, "Revolution ! Revolution !" The ground shook under their pounding and the air cracked. Men climbed on the platform and lifted the Eldest on their shoulders where he kept swinging wildly with the symbols of the revolution. The mass was euphoric and many could not hold back their tears.