

# Children's Literature

## *Awakened From Slumber*

*By: Tim Law*



### **Timothy Law**

Timothy Law is a writer of fantasy, horror, detective and general fiction from a little town in Southern Australia called Murray Bridge. A happily married father of three children, family is very important to him. Currently working at the Murray Bridge Library in the role of Library Manager he has dreamed since his early high school years of becoming a full-time author. Working for a library, surrounded by so many wonderful authors it is difficult not to be inspired to write.

Many of his short stories and general musings can be found on

**F**ar beyond the peak of the world, eons from the most northern of stars, in a place beyond the known universe, the consciousness that was Kuthuli began to stir. Those that had been able to punish a god, to banish a god, those with the knowledge and gumption required to save themselves from eternal slavery were now gone. A millennium of millennia had passed, and new lifeforms had come into being. The consciousness of Kuthuli was drawn toward a place in the heart of the cosmos, a single planet with an abundance of souls; with purpose and determination, the god renewed its journey. Its sole purpose was to enslave all things, to turn sentients into worship, and nothing would stop it this time.

In the deepest, darkest forest, in an overgrown glade, the oldest of oak trees grew mighty and tall. None came here, no druid, no beast, not light, nor wind.

None had dared to penetrate the darkness. That was why no one witnessed the strange way that the oak's bark changed, it cracked and curled as something beneath it seeped into its roots and then up through the ancient until it became possessed. The oak passed on the news to its saplings that the egg within its roots was a great seed that needed to be protected at all costs. The saplings in turn informed their own children, and soon the green eggs began to appear amongst the roots of other trees. The dark ochre seeped in to corrupt the sap; trees began to die as they fed their new parasite. Soon after the blackness flowed within mountain stone and the chalk of the hills. Blades of grass turned yellow, drying up as they happily gave what they could. The eggs grew, the creatures within becoming stronger, the strange fluid that sustained them beginning to glow and pulse. People came, penetrating the darkness where none had been for a thousand years, drawn by

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<http://somecallmetimmy.blogspot.com.au/> or on [Parenting Express website](#).

dreams and promises of power. These people chanted the language that they were taught, their voices growing louder as more flocked to this strange cult. A new era was on the cusp of becoming a reality. The world would soon change, it was time.

The old Queen was dead, abandoned by the hive, and slaughtered by the blind workers who for so many years followed her instructions without question. The soldiers had been plotting a change for quite some time, and for those who were against the old ways there was shared a ripple of joy. The massacre that followed was bloody and swift as all those still loyal to the old ways were found, herded to the heart of the hive, and then mercilessly fed to the new queen. She ate, gorging herself upon foe after foe until there were no more bodies available for her to devour. After this, she squealed her frustration. Those loyal to her, those who had been accepted to the new hive began to undertake their duties, some sacrificed themselves to appease their queen's hunger, some undertook the role of helping her to expand the hive, and some took on the responsibility of finding food and followers to help the hive to grow strong and prosperous. A war was coming.

All within the hive could sense that the time to prepare was now.

Kuthuli's consciousness echoed to its loyal followers, and soon the news spread that the god had shaken free of what seemed like an endless imprisonment of slumber. Beasts like birds with mouths full of dagger-sharp teeth and leathery wings flocked to the calling, traveling through space and time to reach the planet that their Master sought to conquer. The flock thought as one, paused as one, destroyed as one, on their way to a battle that they thought they would easily win. Kuthuli was with them, their time of victory was nigh.

Rumors began to spread, tales of the strange mountain cult that was causing all the chaos and devastation. A storm that blew in unexpectedly was blamed upon the strange ones, a herd of pigs that all lost their piglets to a growth in the intestinal tract had to be due to the relentless chanting, a whole orchard of apple trees that refused to blossom and fruit, fields of wheat refusing to yield, all of this and more was blamed upon the strange cult. Families turned upon families, neighbors came to blows, and friends turned into thieves and murderers. As the

blight spread toward the Capitol the king's soldiers were sent to disperse the trouble and help things to return to normal, but those who left the comfort of the palace and urban life did not wish to explore, learn, and truly deal with what was happening beneath the surface. They wished only to punish what they could see, to report back to the lords and ladies that all was well. None could foresee what was coming. No one wished to spend the time, for it was unknown to them that time was running out.

From town to town the hive spread, slowly growing in number. Those who refused to join their cause were merely sacks within which the queen's eggs were incubated until they were ripped apart and born anew, part of the bigger picture. The queen became strong, and yet the larger her presence the greater her hunger and her need to expand the hive. It was almost impossible to keep up with the demand, but, while there seemed to be none able to resist the spread, somehow the workers and soldiers found a way to carry on. For it was almost time to reveal that which had come to destroy the world. It was almost time for the hive to resurface and take back what had belonged to them for so long.

The Prophet Jacob looked out upon the world and wept. He had watched in silent disbelief as signs of the three Elder Gods began to appear.

"Why in my lifetime?" he shouted, pleading with the gods of the now.

Their silence gave Jacob reason to fear what it was that would come next.

But then followed the visions, a strange group of animals, a dove, a bull, a rat, a bee, and some sort of feline. Encircling all of these was the distinct image of a fox's bushy tail.

"What are you trying to tell me?" the prophet begged to know.

The silence of the gods continued.

So, Prophet Jacob left the mountainside that he called home and ventured bravely out into the unknown. His only hope was to find the creatures from his dream, in fact, it was the only hope for the entire world, and time was quickly running out.