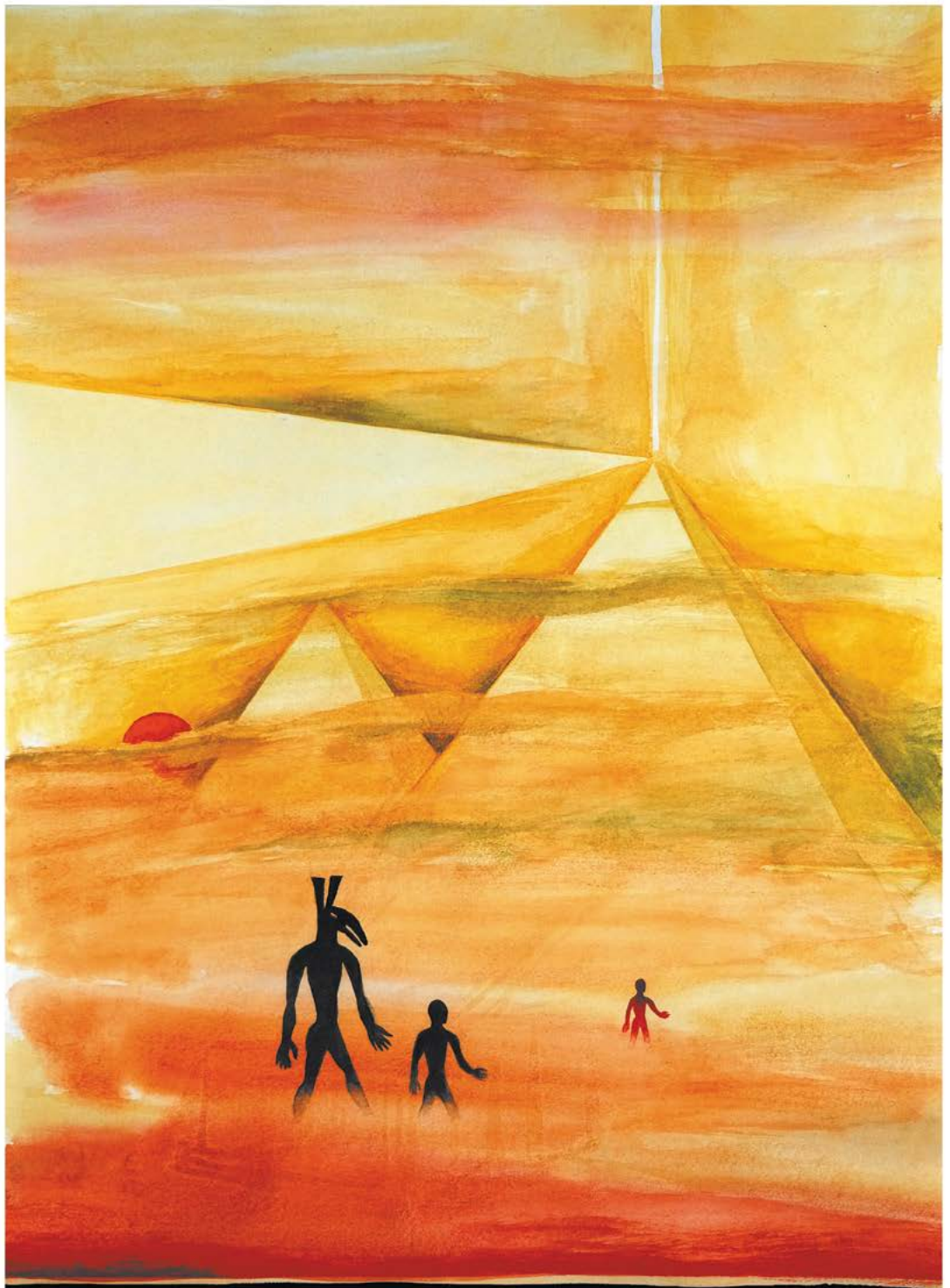




*Long before the Golden Age of Men, all kinds of
Magnificent Beings walked here, not least the Gods
themselves.*

Ah, but the memory of Men is become shorter than their lives, and their lives have become really quite short enough. Now they seem to think Gods were never here at all. And yet we can be found any place you may care to look.



All time and space is bespeckled with the googolplex fragments of a God which in turn be but a fragment. We are all particles in the great dilatory explosion of creation.



And under that luminous canopy of glacial detonations, the Earth rolls to a rhythm, ordained by foundational laws. My Sisters usher the Springtime as they have always done. My Uncle, having proved his power, retreats to his castle in the North until Winter be called upon to stir once more, and all things unfold from this unchanged since the beginning of time.

No, Gods are not hard to find. Why, sometimes I sit at the side of the road, often at Sunrise or Sundown, which are my own favourite hours in the day. Just to see what I can see. I am hardly noticed, but neither do I make a spectacle of myself. It takes a very special kind of person, one with eyes to see, who will stop. And yet again another individual with the rarity of mind to speak...





O YES, BENJAMIN.
YES, YOV DO INDEED.

Are you the Man
my 'Auntie Emys
has married after
my Uncle Clemo
passed?

NO, NOT HE. I AM
DJED, HUSBAND TO
THE EARTH.

Ah well, the job
makes the Man.
Tillage is it? We've
got early turnips
coming though.

OH, I LOVE EARLY
TURNIPS.

Sir, how can it be you
speak in words so foreign,
yet I understand all
you say?

I'M SPEAKING PISKI.
IT IS QUITE AN ANCIENT
LANGUAGE, BUT NOT THE
OLDEST BY A LONG WAY.
EVERY ONE CAN UNDER-
STAND PISKI, EVEN IF
THEY CANNOT SPEAK IT.



IS THE NANNY GOAT
FOR SALE?

I took her to market
but she didn't sell.
Mother will beat me
with her stick for
bringing her home.

I SHOULD LIKE
A GOAT. I WILL
TRADE HER FOR
MY HAT. SEE
BENJAMIN, IT
IS A MAGICAL
HAT.