

PROLOGUE OF CAELESTINUS

In the long line of people waiting to enter the magnificent Pearl Gates, there was a diverse group of people including different class, height, weight, and wealth. What was the story for most of these people, I cannot recall. However one particular individual constantly penetrates my mind, a man who was second in the queue.

He was rather tall and skinny, though his muscles seemed well defined. He had long glassy fingernails that seemed almost unnatural. He wore black leather pants and a black leather jacket (as if from the 80s) with a blood red, lacey, French style, shirt underneath. A shadow was cast over his well-defined face from the giant wall of the Pearl Gates. A stern white jaw protruded as well as radiant green eyes emanated from the black of the shadows. Did you ever think it was possible for someone to appear both old and young at the same time? Well so it happens that this man had both qualities. He had dark brown locks of wavy hair appearing around his shoulders, but his face was young, almost child-like.

His name was *Caelestinus*, though how I am sure of this I do not know. He never spoke his name to me. In fact, he hadn't spoken to anyone the entire time. His story came to me through my mind, though I still don't know how. It is a trick I have only seen done by the angels, but he was no angel. His face held much wisdom and I knew he was old, though how old I could not tell. His face appeared young, but I could see the wisdom in his eyes and the deep lines through his face.

So I heard his story, his story of pain, death, and suffering, in his solemn, deep and raspy voice. It was an unfathomable depth to understand how little he cared for the religion of this God. To him, this line was a waste of time. He knew his fate was sealed, but he didn't care. He was already dead so what did it matter where he went. Heaven, Hell, what's the real difference? One is "good" and one is "bad," both of which are from different points of views. The angelical Saint Peter would judge him and he would perish for his past sins, but who was this Symeon to judge what is right and wrong? Who was anyone to judge? God and his loyal "followers" were really slaves, and nothing more. This was just one of his views which will be explained in further detail later throughout his story.

His life explains his thoughts and bizarre reasoning. The difference between him and the rest is that he sticks in my mind; his radical way of thinking that has made his impression the will forever last in my mind.