

BNA 05 – Heavenly Heist (Part 2)

Description

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SCENE: INTRUDER ALERT

ENOCH: Yohana and Mamre have made it further into their mission than they ever thought they would. They made it through the gates of Heaven, past the suspicious eyes of several angels, and as of just now, out of Michael's grasp. Now all that remains is for them to find God's throne room, and the rest will be smooth sailing. Or so they thought. Elsewhere, Michael calls on the flaming swords at the gates.

FLAMING SWORD 1: Myellooooo.

MICHAEL: It's me. Talk like a person.

FLAMING SWORD 1: Michael!

FLAMING SWORD 2: Hey girl heeeey.

MICHAEL: That goes for you too.

FLAMING SWORD 2: Tsk. Understood.

MICHAEL: Do you have any irregular sign-ins to report?

FLAMING SWORD 1: Ummmm no I don't think so.

FLAMING SWORD 2: There was one that's obviously a joke.

FLAMING SWORD 1: Oh yeah yeah totally got us, super funny.

MICHAEL: (fuming) Tell me about this... joke.

FLAMING SWORD 2: Okay, get this. Two or three shifts ago, there were these two ange, one of them was like so handsome, can't get him out of my mind, it's crazy

FLAMING SWORD 1: Mmm, so anyway they both did stupid ugly signatures

FLAMING SWORD 2: Like sooo ugly, no class

FLAMING SWORD 1: But then we thought hey

FLAMING SWORD 2: This looks kinda familiar! So we put them together for funsies because it looked like an obvious puzzle.

FLAMING SWORD 1: Aaaand. What happened next is going to blow your mind.

MICHAEL: I'll deactivate you if you don't tell me right this second.

FLAMING SWORD 1: Alright! The two signatures, when put together, they formed the signature of like, the bad bitch Luciferrrrr.

FLAMING SWORD 2: So like that was so funny, we were like "aaah" and then we didn't think anything of it.

MICHAEL: No. Of course you didn't. Easy mistake to make. Why don't you two come on down to the forge for an upgrade?

FLAMING SWORD 1: Yayyyy!

FLAMING SWORD 2: See you!

ENOCH: Michael closes the call, and takes a moment to tear a hole into the nearest wall.

FX: sound of something being sawn in half, explosion

ENOCH: It does not help. She has some more calls to make, and it needs to happen yesterday. First she needs to sound the alarm.

SCENE: WE ARE TOAST

MICHAEL: (over intercom) Intruder alert. All angels, report to your stations. Yes, I mean all of you. No one will enter or leave the Heavens without approval from the authorities. Code: broken wing. (message is repeated in the background)

YOHANA: Did you hear? We're toast!

MAMRE: (hysterical) Yep, the jig is up, we're toast, this is it. I never thought it would end like this. I told you we should have just stopped when Michael let us off the hook!

YOHANA: Sssh!

MAMRE: (shaking, sobbing) Fuck.

YOHANA: Hey, Mamre... God said he has a plan for everyone, right? He wouldn't have sent us here if he knew we were going to get caught.

MAMRE: We're nowhere near the throne, and heaven is already on high alert. Our chances of success are slim to none. And something doesn't add up with this mission. Why didn't God tell us we'd get people in trouble? And did you hear what Michael said before? Who knows how many humans will be

born without a soul if we mess up the throne? Why would God want to risk that?

YOHANA: We've been over this plenty of times before. His plans are ineffable and he's never let us down before. This is an opportunity, a part of his plan. Remember he wanted to test his angels? Maybe this is a test of how organized and well-disciplined they are. They will probably experience a lot of confusion right about now, perhaps even more than us. We can use that!

MAMRE: It's too much. I don't know if I can do this.

YOHANA: Well, there's no way back now. You heard them, no one gets in or out. There is only one way out now, and that is completing the mission.

SCENE: CODE BROKEN WING

ENOCH: Rushing toward her post, Michael is growing increasingly irritated. She reaches out and calls another angel.

MICHAEL: Where are you? Didn't you hear that there's a situation here?

FX: muffled, unintelligible dialogue

MICHAEL: Code broken wing is just that, a code. Nobody is hurt, but they will be.

FX: more muffled, unintelligible dialogue, while MICHAEL sighs and huffs, growing increasingly agitated

MICHAEL: It means you-know-who has weaseled his way in here and there's a strong possibility we have another war on our hands. Would you be a DEAR and try to reach the Almighty? She only talks to YOU for some reason.

SCENE: SERAPH CONFRONTATION

ENOCH: To say that the heavens are chaotic right now, is a complete understatement. As angels are rushing to their posts, preparing for battle, Yohana and Mamre have made their way to the the edges of the highest heaven. They can make out an impossibly large, blindingly bright portal. And it is guarded by an even larger entity – a seraph.

The Seraphim are among the closest attendants to God. Only they are strong enough to withstand the glory and brilliance for extended periods of time. Well, I say glory, but you know it as gamma radiation.

The seraph is moving like smokeless fire, if fire twisted and flared into a couple of extra dimensions that humans are unable to perceive. They are propelled by a flurry of shifting and turning wings, and a slithering shape can be glimpsed in between all the movement. And then there are the multitude of eyes.

SCENE: INTERMISSION, SERAPH TRIVIA

FX: music stops

ENOCH: Um. Quick break. Ben? My serpentine friend of the seraphim, dearest colleague. I've been meaning to ask. How many eyes does a seraph have? I've tried and tried to count but I don't want to stare...

BEN: (STATIC)

ENOCH: Hey now, language. So according to Ben, the seraphim's number of eyes amount to, quote, "not enough to see all your bullsh-"

BEN: (STATIC!!!)

ENOCH: I think it's 365. Universal numerology is very predictable. So! Back to our intruders. Magicians. Siblings. Yohana and Mamre.

SCENE: SERAPH CONFRONTATION, CONT.

ENOCH: They are, ah yes, hiding behind a pillar, trembling and questioning their life choices. They are hoping against all hope that the seraph didn't see them.

YOHANA: Okay. We need to act like angels. High ranking angels with access to high places.

MAMRE: We met with Michael. She's high ranking enough to command other angels, and God has a lot of respect for her. I think you can make a pretty decent impersonation of her.

YOHANA: I don't know if that's gonna be enough...

MAMRE: Yes, I guess you're right. We need more than that. Look at it.

FX: seraph noise briefly gets a tad louder, then down again

YOHANA: (shivers, then deep breath) Okay. Alright. We don't know much about this place, but we do know that they are looking for intruders. Let's pretend to be from a secret task force, sent by God. Remember, confidence is key. We can sell this.

MAMRE: So we pretend to be agents looking for ourselves? Actually that's pretty good.

YOHANA: Right? I can't think of another way.

MAMRE: Okay. Let's do this.

ENOCH: Mamre hesitantly moves toward the seraph, followed by Yohana. It was further away than they thought, and effectively, more massive.

The seraph is doing a very good job of being a cosmic horror. Its many eyes are shimmering across its opalescent surface, never staying in one place for very long before moving on to the next focal point. Yohana has gotten the hang of many eyed entities, and settles for looking at one single eye.

YOHANA (Mimicking Michael): Looking sharp, colleague. As you heard, we have intruders in our midst. We're here from the secret throne operations and protection.

MAMRE: It's a covert operation. God's orders.

SERAPH: (sparks and hisses followed by GLITCHING)

YOHANA: Quickly now, we haven't got all day.

ENOCH: The Seraph, visibly irritated, struggles to contain its iridescent flames, which flare out and lash wildly through the air. It gives the siblings a stern warning in a language they can't understand. You see, the seraphim have very strong accents even to us angels, so to a human, it's complete guesswork. So Mamre improvises.

MAMRE: Of course, here are our badges. By the way, didn't you get the memo? It's Code Blinding Light. We don't-

ENOCH: Mamre notices the Seraph's demeanor change. Its many eyes dart from side to side, creating a confusing display that resembles a hundred simultaneous ping-pong games. Though their body language is alien, the silence is telling enough. The Seraph glances at Mamre, then Yohana, then toward the gate of the throne room, before suddenly racing off and fading into the distance.

YOHANA: Wow! Did you see that? It went off so fucking fast! (laughs) We did it! No, YOU did it, Mamre! Come here, I need to bear-hug you! How the hell did you come up with that? (laughs with tremendous joy)

MAMRE: (Choking) Too hard! (cough) Let me go. (wheezing) Please! (catches breath, then finally chuckles). Remember when we first met Michael? I heard her mention that phrase, and I just went for it. But we'd better hurry, it's only a matter of time before they all figure out what's going on.

YOHANA: Yep. Throne room. After you. (deep breath and hold)

MAMRE: (deep breath and hold)

ENOCH: They each hold their breath and walk through the gate, uncertain, but determined.

SCENE: THE THRONE ROOM

YOHANA: Ow, my eyes. This is way too bright. Mamre, where are you? I can't see anything.

MAMRE: I can't see anything either, it's too bright. Wow, Yohana, can you believe that? I was this close to breaking character!

YOHANA: Well it worked! Acting like you know things is always a safe bet with people, but angels?

Nice job. Okay, my eyes are adjusting. How about you?

MAMRE: Yeah mine too, I can sort of make out your shape now.

YOHANA: Huh. I can't feel the floor anymore. Wonder when that happened.

MAMRE: I think it was the amulets.

ENOCH: Yohana, who is not sure whether she is falling or floating, says,

YOHANA: What?

ENOCH: And Mamre, who has given up all faith in the laws of nature, replies,

MAMRE: I mean it was the amulets that got us in. That dragon, guardian or whatever, it didn't care until we showed those.

YOHANA: Hold that thought.

ENOCH: Even through the brightness, she can barely make out enough contours to recognize that it's the throne of God. She recognizes it from the glass tablet God gave them, and suddenly understands what God meant when he said it was a simplified image. She had imagined it smaller. And simpler. Please know that I say "throne" for lack of a better word in your ancient tongue. It is more than a glorified chair. It's a vessel, a container, a catalog, a vehicle, a casket, a resting place, a living space, a communication central, a-

BEN: (GLITCH)

ENOCH: Yes, of course. Moving on. They see the Throne of God!

YOHANA: Mamre, it's here.

MAMRE: Wait! How do you even know if that's the infinitube. From this drawing it could be that, or that, or even this!

YOHANA: No, no, I'm pretty sure it's this one. Look it goes on for infinity, see? Alright, give me the screw thing.

MAMRE: Screwdriver. Here. What are you going to do with it?

FX: blips and bops and fun electronic sproinks as Yohana works the celestial circuitry

YOHANA: Pfff, I'll figure it out. It has to fit somewhere. Hmm.. Nope. Here then... what? It's like the socket changes when I put the screwdriver into it. This is impossible, it doesn't fit anywhere!

MAMRE: (frustrated, losing his patience) Ugh!

YOHANA: Maybe if I apply more pressure here...

MAMRE: Stop! This has gone too far. You're risking the souls of thousands if not millions of people on

just a hunch. What if he's testing our moral compasses? This isn't right. You will break the throne.

YOHANA: Here we go again. Listen, if God wants this, it is moral. He can restore the throne if it breaks, don't worry about it. Michael even said humans don't even need souls the first couple of years. Our job is to get the infininitube. And it's right here.

MAMRE: We don't even know if our God is a good God. He's done so much... evil. And Michael said humans *probably* don't need it. Meaning they don't even know. And she didn't know how long it would take to repair the throne! And if we get the tube, then what? It will be like a wasp nest in there. We're never getting out!

YOHANA: Calm the fuck down! We'll lay low, okay? The amulets protect us. While they're busy wasping in here, we'll sneak out and talk to the swords.

MAMRE: (sudden change in demeanor) You don't know what a wasp is, do you?

YOHANA: Sure I do. It's like a... messy... ah you know!

MAMRE: (sigh) For all we know it could have been the swords that reported us. And our mission... The stakes are too high. Let's just get out of here and hide until this blows over. Abandon the mission so it doesn't get any worse.

YOHANA: Mamre.. What do we do?

MAMRE: What?

YOHANA: Whatever happens... what do we do?

MAMRE: We survive. But not your way. Not at the cost of... Lord knows how many people. They deserve to live with souls too! After all is said and done, we will have to live with what we've done. I won't let you do this!

YOHANA: Hey! (slap) Wake up! You get your head sorted right this moment. We don't have time for this. The Seraph could be back any moment. Go float over there and reflect while I get the tube out.

MAMRE: No! Give me the screwdriver! I don't want to hurt you.

YOHANA: As if you can! You've always been a terrible fighter! No! (strained) Let go of my arm!

FX: Fight sounds

YOHANA: Shh! What the hell is that!?

FX: fucked up oscillation sound of a cosmic entity entering the throne room

MAMRE: HEY!

YOHANA: Shut up!

MAMRE: (muffled because Yohana is covering his mouth) Mmmffeee. Eeeeyhhh.

ENOCH: There is a sound of... something not right. Something wrong, entering the throne room. They stop moving, hoping to stay unseen.

Oh um. It's me. In my real angel form. I'm the "something wrong". Apologies for the confusion. I think I'll call him Metatron just for the sake of clarity. Have I told you about my actual form before? Must have. Well, it's not very different from the other angels. I just have great difficulties controlling my size, frequency, and color spectrum when I'm like... that. So. Right now, what's entering the throne room is just a very large, very bright, very loud, cosmic... mess. I could go into great detail, like "yeah hi I'm Metatron I've got so and so many wings and oooo the heavens tremble when I speak". But we don't have time for that right now. Because...

Metatron is floating up to stop in front of the throne and starts to speak.

METATRON: Are you there, Lord? We really need you. There are intruders in our sacred space and the heavenly host is preparing for battle.

...

METATRON: It might be in your interest to join us in defending the heavens.

ENOCH: Behind the throne, Mamre and Yohana are trying to keep very still and very quiet. However, Yohana gets an idea, and she speaks out with a deep voice:

YOHANA: (badly done God voice) Yes this is God. It's fine, I invited them. You may call off the war.

METATRON: Who's that?!

MAMRE: (more muffled sounds, trying to call for help but Yohana has him in a tight grip)

YOHANA: (whisper while she's prying away at the infinitube) Fuck fuck fuck fuck... Whatever happens we survive. Whatever happens we survive...

ENOCH: She begins to pry away at another infinitube on the throne, while struggling to hold Mamre with her legs and one arm. Which may seem like an impossible task, but Yohana had always been more interested in the martial arts. Mamre had no such interest, partly because his long slender body didn't lend itself to gross motor skills. Also he didn't like violence. At all. It's an absurd scene that is playing out. I suppose I can tell you prophets, that the supposed screwdriver is in fact a tuning fork. To their credit it is a great multi purpose tool in the heavens, but not very useful in this instance.

Metatron is now oscillating nervously back and forth before the throne.

METATRON: If you are the enemy, make yourself known at once and I will have mercy on you!

ENOCH: The only answer he gets is a loud CLANG. Yohana has just succeeded in using the tuning fork as a crowbar, catapulting the infinitube halfway across the throne room, sending an echo that never seems to end.

In a moment, Metatron is hovering over them.

METATRON: Who are you?

MAMRE: Ohhh... (faints)

YOHANA: Mamre, no! Wake up! Fuck.

METATRON: How did you get in here? Answer me.

YOHANA: Nononono, don't kill us! God sent us, look! Our amulets, we have clearance! Sigils!

METATRON: Give them to me.

FX: lifting of a heavy spell

METATRON: These do hold great power, but they are not from God. The amulets fit perfectly together... forming ancient writing. Greek? My Greek is rusty. Let's see. Uh.. Fff... Fos – okay, that's light, Foros... carry, bring, bring- Lightbringer! Oh. He's always enjoyed playing with words. He might as well have asked them to graffiti "Satan was here" on the crystal floor.

YOHANA: (screams in pain and agony due to ultra radiation sickness)

MAMRE: (waking up with a gasp, followed by a similar scream of agony as Yohana)

METATRON: No no! What's happening? What are you doing!? And when did you put on meat suits?

ENOCH: Metatron flutters nervously, knowing he needs to do something fast, but not what.

METATRON: Talk to me, I want to help!

MAMRE: (wheezes, through great strain) Protection...

METATRON: The... the amulets protect you? Okay, okay.

FX: jingling followed by spell being activated

METATRON: There we go. Okay? Hello?

ENOCH: The siblings are already mortally wounded, and now passed out. He concentrates, reaches out... and an archangel is standing above the humans.

METATRON: Raphael, please, can you heal them?

RAPHAEL: Radiation burns? Are these... humans in disguise?

METATRON: Humans in the skiiiiiees. Haha. Ehe.

RAPHAEL: I can heal them, yes. But they can't stay here.

METATRON: I know, but I don't want to just throw them out when they're hurt this badly! And somehow Satan is behind this but he's not here and the almighty won't talk to us and-

What are we going to do!? All the angels are waiting for my order, I'm, it's too much all at once.

(Metatron keeps panicking in the background as Raphael speaks)

RAPHAEL: Calm down. Metatron. Me ta trooon. Enoch. ENOCH. Listen to me. I'll take care of them. You will release a heaven-wide statement saying it was just a practice drill. Thank everyone for their excellent work. We'll talk more later. Okay?

METATRON: Yeah. Okay. Thank you.

FX: zoop

ENOCH: And then Michael arrives and has very stern and unnecessary things to say to me- uh. Metatron. No need to get into that. Thanks to Yohana's stunt, Michael did find the problem with the faulty throne. A loose infinitube is almost impossible to detect, and it causes a temporal tangled mess in there. Souls can't go anywhere. It was an easy repair when everything was said and done. Michael remarked however that they couldn't have removed anything with just a tuning fork, it had to have been loosened prior to their meddling. She looked meaningfully at Metatron without saying the last part out loud, and left the throne room.

SCENE: RECKONING

ENOCH: Back on Earth, Raphael has bound the siblings in a deep sleep. There, he heals all the damage they retained during those unprotected seconds in heaven. Radiation burns, ice burns, and metastatic tumors. It's a long and difficult process, but Raphael is the greatest healer among us. He has seen and handled far worse symptoms than these.

They eventually wake up on a riverbank an hour's walk from the town center. They immediately notice a man sitting on a rock next to them. It's Raphael. He's wearing the appropriate Earth costume, the standard angelic meat suit. His clothing is centuries out of fashion, made out of a fabric not invented yet, and his hair is in glossy curls like liquid copper. As usual, the meat suit does very little to disguise his supernatural identity.

RAPHAEL: Be not afraid. We need to talk.

FX: Yohana bounces to her feet

YOHANA: Who are you!?

RAPHAEL: A messenger. What is the last thing you remember?

YOHANA: God sent us to bring back an ihuhhh...

MAMRE: She means yhhnnnnn,

YOHANA: Why can't I say inheaurrghh? What's going on!?

RAPHAEL: Good, it's working. I had to put a harmless curse on both of you. Try to speak, write or relay classified information, and your bodies won't cooperate. Your tongues will tie and pens will fly out of your hands. Some of the things you've seen put all of us in danger.

YOHANA: Danger from who?

RAPHAEL: The one you call your God. He is not who he says he is. I'm truly sorry. He was excommunicated long ago because of... creative differences. He is not welcome in Heaven.

YOHANA: No, that can't be right. He had such knowledge and power, and when he spoke I felt deep in my heart that what he said was true. How can that be anything but the true God?

MAMRE: And he gave us access to heaven, that was real! We were sent to test you guys and well, congratulations, you passed. If you don't believe us, call him and he can explain!

FX: sound of standing up suddenly

RAPHAEL: No! I'm not going to call the enemy, it's too dangerous. And I can't force you, that never ends well, but my advice is to stay away from him. He is... persuasive and charming, it's difficult to resist his influence. He has fooled many, you're not the only ones. It's best to steer clear of him completely. He always comes up with intricate schemes that only he can fully comprehend, and usually, they end up killing vast numbers of your kind.

MAMRE: I hear what you're saying, but it sounds just as true as what God told us. I suppose we may have been in the wrong all these years...

YOHANA: Mamre, no...

MAMRE: Yohana, yes. The more I think about what we've done, not to mention what HE has done, the less sense it makes. Come on, mutilation, theft, lying, mass murder?

YOHANA: But everything is alright if God commands it. I think he established that pretty firmly.

MAMRE: Perhaps, but how can you be so sure that this angel is wrong?

YOHANA: It was a secret, of course God wouldn't tell them about us. I'm sure it will all become clear once he explains everything.

ENOCH: Raphael makes no comment, and his lack of reply passes in the form of an awkward silence. The reeds rustle softly in the wind, and a frog hops into the water

FX: let everything breathe for a while, only background fx of wind, leaves, frog, splash.

YOHANA: Now that I think about it... if he just wanted to test the defenses in Heaven, why would he need us to steal the eeeeeergh... (sigh) the thing? It doesn't make sense.

MAMRE: We're in deep shit then. Over a century of servitude to some... villain. You know, the mass murders should have been the first hint.

YOHANA: Oh no... what have we done?

MAMRE: Angel, sir, is there any way we can... not undo it exactly, but—

RAPHAEL: (gentle smile) Evade eternal damnation?

MAMRE: Well...

RAPHAEL: Don't worry, we don't do that here. But if you really want to feel better, and work to make your world a little bit wiser, I do have a job for you.

YOHANA: Yes, anything.

RAPHAEL: You could become prophets. Our human agents on earth. This means that you will receive messages from the voice of God, Metatron. You met briefly. You can, of course, do with that as you like, but since you are both literate I suggest you write down as much of it as possible. Your writings could be useful for thousands of generations to come.

SCENE: THE LORD'S WORK

ENOCH: The night is quiet and the city is asleep. Nearly all is laid in darkness. All except for a single window, where a faint light is flickering. It's been ten years since Raphael gave Yohana and Mamre their new job offer, and the siblings are hard at work at their writing desks. Mamre's pen freezes on his paper as he sees something out of the corner of his eye, and a full body shiver runs through him. He chances a look out the window, but to his relief and a little bit of disappointment, he sees nothing.

MAMRE: (low) Uh-oh.

YOHANA: (low, answering) I know, keep writing.

MAMRE: (squirms and shivers, uncomfortable) How can you be so chill about it? She can see us right now. Voice of God.

YOHANA: Yes she can. Still not the strangest event we've had the pleasure to write down.

MAMRE: (soft laugh) Too true.

ENOCH: And he dips his pen in the inkwell for the last time before finishing.

SCENE: OUTRO

ENOCH: This was the story of two skilled magicians who ascended to heaven, made it past the archangels, and were ruthlessly kicked out by Metatron. According to most remaining human records, they were a pair of brothers named Jannes and Jambres. No mentions still remain of the help they had from Satan as God's impersonator. It is an unfortunate truth that over time, texts go through many editors and stray from the original.

But here's what we know. The siblings were involved with Moses, so we can infer that this was around his time on Earth. We also know that Satan did pretend to be God, at least when speaking to Yohana and Mamre. That brings some dangerous implications to light, but... ergh.

—

ENOCH: And now for current affairs. Well, all affairs are current. Time is a current. ...Ahem.

I installed a feedback box a while ago. Since my heavenly peers have a lot more experience than me, I welcome any ideas or critique they may have on my transmissions. And today my first message came! It's from Asmodeus. Huh. I was under the impression he was with... the other crowd. Rival office. Hell. Well, I stand corrected. Message reads:

ASMODEUS: (lofi effect on playback) Here's some feedback for you, God's perfect little pet. You proclaimed, out loud, for everyone to hear, 'ask Asmodeus who grooms his wings.' That is: one, indecent speculation, and two, none of your business. Meet me in the recreation room, I'll give you something to gossip about. And don't even THINK about playing this message on your stupid show.

ENOCH: Ha. Heh. I don't remember saying this, uh. Ben?

BEN: (Static)

ENOCH: There seems to be some slang I'm missing here. I literally meant wing grooming—

BEN: (Agitated static)

ENOCH: Oh, oh, it's a delicate topic, okay.

FX: Knock on the door

ENOCH: Yes, who is it?

BODIEL: It is I!

ENOCH: Hello... Bodiel. How can I help you?

BODIEL: Me and a handful of others, we were thinking we'd invite you to hang out sometime or whatever. Is that something you'd want to do?

ENOCH: Really. That sounds... lovely! I just need a few minutes to finish up here, and we can talk–

BODIEL: Oh shit, didn't mean to interrupt. I thought you were done. See ya!

ENOCH: No, it's okay, you don't have to- ok. He left.

An invite! Oh, I'm getting jittery just thinking about it! I could get to know some of them. Maybe even make some friends if I'm lucky. Are they friends with each other? Oh, I barely know anything. But I know it's important to make a good impression. Worst case scenario, I'll be unwelcome, just like I am with... well. I have to prepare!

In a way, I can relate to our clever intruders. I too am a stranger here, even if I... Huh. A stranger in a strange land, that's all of us, when you get down to it. Every time you think "is it just me?", a million other souls are asking the same question. That's existence in a nutshell really. You may be strange, but so is everyone else in their own way.

Be not afraid.

Category

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