

Aksum!

Seated at edge of the monolith, one of a kind, go round the world you cannot not find, you see not even remotely close to it, man had to curve and erect with bare hands, no one until now has been able to figure out how this marvel of ingenuity was preformed at a time when most homosapiens where arborists hopping from tree to tree.

That left behind, let us go back to the story we started. Legs huddled, the elbow lodged on the femur supporting the chin with a downward inclined face of a woman seated; The body covered with seersucker dress and serape from the top of the head to the ankles except a small window round the face. There is no sound but teardrops rolling down the arm supporting the chine only to disappear on to the skirt covering the abdomen. The other arm was stretched all the way to ground with a twig between fingers nervously scratching the dirt.

Two metres away from the woman a a man or phantom of lookalike a man with sliver hair covered body, specially the legs, arms, head and face stood with one arm stretched with upturned open palm.

He cleared his voice and utter, "why oh why, there is no need to cry in silence. Your sons and daughters are still alive and in safe hands, only not close bye. And the monoliths, work of art and ingenuity are not only displayed in an open space but in your heart of heart and mind, not only that of yours but of all Aksumites. Even if they try to break them as always they intended, as they did to the one you are now closely seated, but that said, in vain they will not wipe out from the history of Aksum, they never had and they never will. It is a desperate act of cowards and sold out mercenaries hired by Arabs to desecrate and abuse a sacred, holy place and a pride of mankind, if man is to be applauded! It is an evil act of schadenfreude carried out by the disciples of the Devil.

Go home rejoice. You have the followers of your sons and daughters now slaughtered in front of the menhirs so as to fill the gap your children have left behind. Sorrow hurts the bone and flesh, you do not need that now; you need your bones and flesh to fight the demons, you cannot afford to expose them to human virus to cling onto to weaken and destroy.

Ambrosia Manna, the means to survive will to delivered to your door, where you live. Go in peace, God will guard your eternal soul all the time.
Go and live out your long life and fight the infidels and counteract the work of the devils."

The woman rose her head acknowledge his presence and left without saying a word. But instead of going back home she continued her walk passed her domicile, round Gobo Dura, then Sewhi Worki, through the Ezana's cave-work and disappeared in to the

wilderness to lead a her life but without needing the promised victuals. She vowed not to speak a word either for the coming 1000 years, as words were used by people who killed her sons and daughters in cold blood.

But going forwards, in these 1000 years she would live she would witness the withering away of all the evil people who inflicted pain and miseries to innocent and undeserving people.

In her long life ahead, all the the time she carved to get out of the human body and live like something else but she did not know how. That said she also did not also wish to request God how he could facilities to do just that, as she felt it was like wanting to live in one form or another to compensate the shading desire of being human - but anything else. Desire itself felt human, that she was appalled to contemplate of. She just did not want anything human.

Today she descended from the hills. She had never been seen so young and shining despite the long lost years in the wildness, with no food or water taken for over a thousand years. She descended to observe and see the scandalous behaviour of a man in service of nouveau riche Arab vandals: Awel an Eritrean hired buffoon putting on his keffiyeh turban to stand not in silence, as he pretended to be, but in violence, against all norms, in memory of fallen invaders, rapist and murderers against the citizen of Aksum, at the very foot of the monolith they carved out of a mountain. He failed to grasp that he committed blasphemy.

It is a matter of time that wherever he hides, how far he travelled, however long he lived, Aksumites will get him and shove a morsel of death down his throat to his abdomen, that he love to live with massaging.

The woman who descended from the hills lives long and foresee the demise of those who thought they were above the frail human power; whose evil cravings and design did not take them far enough to see through and gulp what they amassed. Awel likewise is one such a candidate. A curse and disgrace, a champion of evil murders! Sheol, *Gehenna* is his residence on earth and and thereafter!

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