

# A SOUND BYTE LIFE

The background of the entire cover is a photograph of a night sky. The Milky Way galaxy is clearly visible, stretching diagonally from the upper left towards the center. The sky is filled with numerous stars of varying brightness. In the foreground, the dark, silhouetted tops of several evergreen trees are visible against the starry sky.

NEVILLE DEANGELOU

*A Novel*

# **A SOUND BYTE LIFE**

**NEVILLE DEANGELOU**

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Selections from 'A Sound Byte Life' are here made available to  
masterminds and cohorts participating with interactive  
releases of the SBL series, 2:26 AM - The Gathering.

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Timberwolf Award  
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*To see the world in a grain of sand  
And heaven in a wild flower,  
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand  
And eternity in an hour.*

*William Blake  
Auguries of Innocence*

# PROLOGUE

**The Project!** In six phases void emptied of chaos bloomed a magnificent garden; delightful, sentient, divine, reflective. *Excellence.* Then in its seventh The Designer rested.

The Tree knew this *ecstasy*. Bliss.

Ubiquitous. Regenerative. Everlasting.

The Project Designer knew The Tree knew.

They all knew The Tree knows, but this masterpiece - human - quickened by its inbuilt desire for 'wanting' (resourced for gardening) was much too new to 'knowing' (in course for understanding), and therefore urged to stand clear of The Tree (in preference to a precious plenty less swift to daring).

*Brilliance.*

The Rebel spotted an opportunity - *impulse* - and vexed for having been tumbled out from preeminence seized this clever chance.

*Intelligence.*

The Twelve (Shubael, Raziel, Cassiel, Zadkiel, Carmael, Michael, Uriel, Taniel, Raphael, Jophiel, Gabriel, and Azrael) were elsewhere, so The Rebel's rebels (exercised in full possession of unbuttoned choice) burned acutely aware of this slick opening.

*Pursuance.*

These - Beelzebub, Leviathan, Asmodeus, Berith, Astaroth, Verrine, Gressil, Sonneillon and Belial - having all been tossed from The Hills of Ecstasy in the catastrophe. i.e., the rebellion Lucifer the narcissist led, relished this comeuppance, for these nine knew full well that at each and every dare curiosity spins its wheel. They knew that at each and every

doubt curiosity's chain slips. Both sides knew doom! In it there is death and decay, and in decay there is nothing left to lose, and in death there's nothing more to gain. So Lucifer slipped his lure into the spinning wheel and waited.

They all watched.

The chain slipped.

The wheel stalled.

*Vengeance!*

Ecstasy met pain.

Death fed decay.

On arrival The Project Designer beheld the rebels' vengeful mockery - *Failed! Fouled by an impulse. Foiled by the finality of exclusion, by the fallibility of surety, by the indelibility of Judgment. Inelegance!* - in the throes of which, phase eight was born.

*Perfection!*

# CHAPTER ONE

## THE WHISPER



*“Beauty is the splendour of truth.”*

Breathe.

Satellite images tell a different story.

Corroborated with hundreds of videos and dozens of images dispatched before the blackout, each of which is forensically verified, this was no crackdown of criminals terrorising communities and burning businesses; this was the breeding of unadulterated evil. Yes, some folks can walk onto the pages of your life and re-write it. And you never saw that pen nor its ink.

*To be continued!*



# ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Neville DeAngelou Creator. Producer. Author