



# A SOUND BYTE LIFE

NEVILLE DEANGELOU

*A Novel*

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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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*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. *Excellent.* 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 an inbuilt desire for 'wanting' (*resourced for gardening*) was much too new to 'knowing' (*in course for understanding*) and urged to stand clear of The Fruit in preference for precious plenty less swift to daring.

*Brilliant.*

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

*Intelligence.*

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

*Comeuppance.*

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

And they waited

On return, The Project Designer beheld their vengeful mockery reverberating through stormed leaves, "*Failed! Fouled by impulse. Foiled by finality of exclusion, by fallibility of surety, by indelibility of Judgment. Pure inelegance!*" At the throes of The Tree, tossed, seeds of Phase Eight burst into view.

*Perfection!*

# CHAPTER ONE

## THE WHISPER



*“Beauty is the splendour of truth.”*

Breathe.

Satellite images tell a different story.

Corroborated by hundreds of videos and dozens of images dispatched before the blackout, each of which is forensically verified, this brutality was no crackdown of criminals terrorising communities and burning businesses; this was the breeding of an unadulterated evil.

Some folks can walk onto the pages of a stranger’s life and re-write it and that stranger having beheld neither pen nor ink, not a wiggle of intention, remain unaware such a folk can be family as feud or friend then one day stand before a mirror lost or die bewildered dried to dust.

“Have you ever . . .”

“This is absolute,” Matt interrupted with a stir of his flexed hand, as if wafting clasped ambience into clefts of his being, “the - absolute - best. I’ve been to Italy. And Thailand. And India. And the West Indies. Privileged. Ate from the most loved plates on each and every continent but Antartica. Ah! Yes. This is the one!”

Carmen inhaled.

Matt cuddled another delicate bite.

That sound!

Hm? A raindrop.

Chef Bailey kept his cloistered kitchen spic-and-span, genius for a cook reputed for his eclectic varieties. On entry he grabbed his cellphone. “Budram, how we stand?” His nose flared. Patrick noticed. “Give me a timeframe when.” Patrick looked to the mountains; he knew. “Jeez! OK. I’ll take the hogfish and your cassava for now.” Chef Bailey tucked his phone, scooped servings of souse he’ll deliver to two chatty regulars, soccer phenoms, sons of the Caribbean, tabled on the western veranda, a handsome view of the moon slowly rising over the mountains.

“Boss!” Patrick offered. “Why don’t you farm your own meats? You’re super good. You wouldn’t have to depend on those bozos.”

“Your mouth to God’s ears!”

Distracted, Patrick backhanded the misplaced sea-salt tumbler into Colonel Gaston’s loved metemgee, choked on his gasp, glanced to see if Chef noticed, and grabbed his hair.

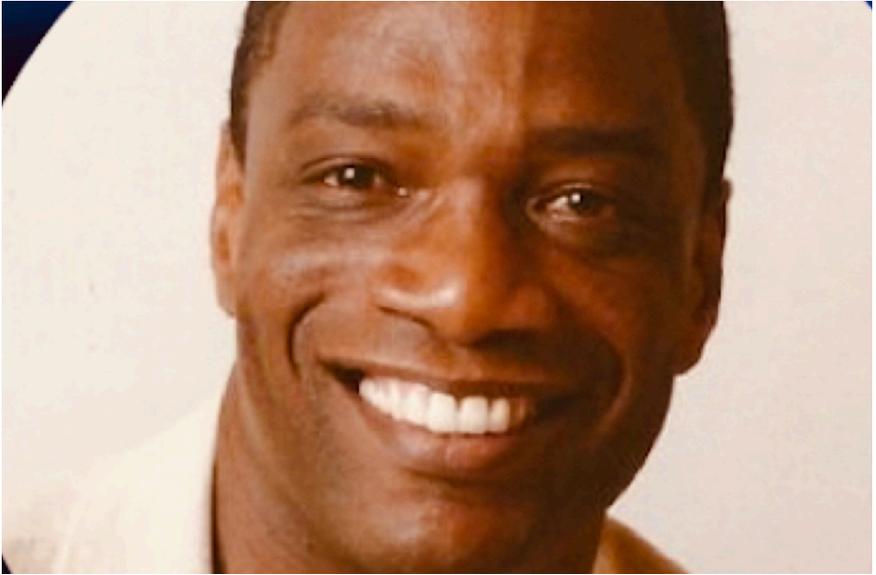
No budge! Chef had just finished garnishing his souse, lifted that platter, shoulder ready, eyes plump, and paced out smoothly across the dapper C-Room floor onto his welcomed athletes.

*Oregon’s deciphering of the Pairi continues!*





# ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Neville DeAngelou Creator. Producer. Author