

# Harvest for Hell

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*The people, places and events in this story are fictional. Any similarities to real persons or Lucifer worshipping secret societies currently plotting the demise of the human race are purely coincidental. The events in this story are fictitious and are solely a product of the author's imagination and not that of an unsanctioned investigation into the occult.*

Path of Light Child's Cancer Center  
Magdalene Hospital  
Chicago, Illinois  
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KIDS NOW-A-DAYS aren't into old fashion religions. They commonly believe that gods and churches were only created by man to keep everyone in line. **They couldn't fathom in a million years what was soon coming to keep them in line.**

Dr. Jeffery Lyons was a hard working man, who seemed to have it all in life. He would typically put in a twelve-hour day at the hospital, then arrive back home in time to tuck in his twin daughters Samantha and Susan, giving them each a kiss on the head before turning out the lights. He was thankful his little angels were happy and healthy, unlike all those poor kids he ministered to at work.

Tonight, the doctor would not make it home in time.

As a twenty-year member of the Path of Light, Dr. Lyons was a pillar of the community and faithfully lived by the secret society's strict code of education, charity and citizenship. He quickly rose up through the ranks and after a lifetime of service, received the coveted Badge of the Owl, signifying to all that he was now a forty-fourth prime member and official Light Bearer of Knowledge. At the promotion ceremony two weeks prior, the doctor wept openly with happiness as he accepted this great honor in front of all his lodge brethren. He had good reason to be proud; for now, according to the order, he was officially above all others and could assume his rightful place at the top of the pyramid... in this lifetime... and also the next.

Tonight, for the first time, his elders welcomed him into the inner sanctum of the hospital's workings and delicately explained future plans to him from inside the director's lavishly furnished office.

„Now you know the whole story about those who we serve in secret.“

„Don't worry Jeff, we are guaranteed a place in the new world,“ said another man reassuringly over a glass of brandy. „You have nothing to fear.“

„When?“ he asked—his head was spinning. „When will they return?“ His drink never touching his lips.

„Soon from what I am told,“ said the hospital director, white smoke bellowing from his pipe, sending curling wisps up towards the ceiling. „They are in the process of collecting additional genetic material to produce more offspring—they need us for that. In a way they will be our children as well.“

„It is an exciting time—a rebirth for all of us,“ said another, removing his ceremonial red fez hat, then lifting his glass high in the air—„A toast—to the god's homecoming!“

„To the homecoming,“ the men echoed enthusiastically.

„Glory is the path of light.“

„Glory to those who follow the light!“ all reciting the mantra in unison, while sipping from their ornate glasses.

„Will you please excuse me for a moment gentlemen,“ Dr. Lyons turned abruptly, setting his drink down on the table, his face ashen. „I need to use the lavatory.“

It was only after he exited the office and was down the sparsely lit corridor, beyond the bathroom, that he fathomed the true scope of the deception. *No it can't be. This must be some kind of hazing prank, like the upperclassmen pulled on me*

*back in med-school.* Denial quickly gave way to reality, however, when in the back of his mind, pieces to the puzzle seemed to snap into place.

His elders had given him small glimpses of the truth over the years with all their ancient rituals and ceremonies. His fidelity to their secret gods tested with every new level he reached in the order. Dr. Lyons had done some bad things, things that were not mentioned even in the most secret of conversations with his brothers in the order. But they all knew—they were all present—watching as he drowned himself in carnal lust. Afterwards they always provided comfort, saving him from his own shame. They had used his woes as a foundation to make him stronger, better able to serve others by embracing the sin that separated man from the gods. He was just a man after all and shame did not factor in to the big picture.

Dr. Jeffery Lyons was a hypocrite of the worst kind.

A part of him realized it was a form of blackmail, that as long as he kept his oaths, his wickedness would never see the light of day. Thankfully, his wife and his children would only know the Jeffery Lyons that the order had constructed through snippets of good deeds and carefully orchestrated public appearances. Methodically, they had led him down a path ruin—all the way to the depths of Abandon.

Now that he was at the top of the pyramid, there was no more secret knowledge to dangle in front of his nose like a carrot. What they had shared with him tonight was their last and best kept secret- the endgame for all mankind.

Fortunately, Dr. Lyons was someone who religiously tested and analyzed concepts, ensuring the validity of any argument. He needed to find out for himself the true scope of this deception and his new rank could provide him access to all the previously restricted areas of the hospital. As he called for the elevator, he quickly prayed to the one God he had forgotten. He prayed the way he remembered from his childhood and for the first time since Jeffery was a boy, he prayed for forgiveness.

Once inside the lift, he pushed the button for level GR 5R and the biometric scanner played a red light across his eyes, granting him access. The doors closed and the elevator moved downward—down farther than most men would ever go in their lives.

The steel doors eventually slid open and he was bathed in a harsh white light that made him squint his eyes. Stepping out, he surveyed his surroundings.

The air in the underground hanger was bitter cold and burned his nose when he inhaled deeply.

Dr. Lyons swallowed the lump forming in his throat as he was approached by an older looking nurse clad from head to toe in white scrubs. Her name did not immediately come to mind, but knew her to be an RN who worked nights and walked with a noticeable limp.

„Oh... Hello Dr. Lyons,“ she cheerfully greeted him in a raspy voice. „You are just in time. They are loading up the last of them. You will need to put on a mask if you are going to stay,“ handing him the sterile covering for his mouth. „Isn't it something?“

He watched stunned in horror as a group of small gray beings, no bigger than a child, with large back eyes, wheeled hospital beds past them towards a cigar shaped silver ship that sat in the middle of the hanger. His heart nearly jumped

from his chest at the sight of the creatures. Dr. Lyons had seen some strange things during his time in the order, supernatural things, like spirits and such, but the sight of these beings in front of him now was surreal. He would have passed out, if not for making a conscious effort to control his breathing.

This was no prank—it was just as the elders had said.

He recognized one of the boys in a bed going past as Kyle Stevens—he had died of leukemia just yesterday morning.

*How is this possible?* He silently thought. *Where are his parents—wont they be missing him?* Then he recalled that it was he himself who had convinced the grieving parents to donate the boy's body for medical research. He remembered how he stuck his nano-film tablet in front of their crying eyes and flawlessly delivered the rehearsed words to get them to sign the release, „Kyle's passing should not be in vain. His spirit has moved on, but his body remains here with us. If you agree, you will be taking a major part in helping us find a cure, so that God willing, maybe we will never have another parent experience the loss of a child from this horrible disease. I think Kyle would have wanted that—don't you?“

—A hypocrite of the worst kind.

Dr. Lyons stood rigid watching the eerie procession. As reality set in, he fought back the urge to vomit in his mask. He'd been a conspirator in this nightmare from the very beginning.

The metallic ship, after being loaded, began to hum loudly and with a thudding boom, dropped down on a pair of tracks that lead through a large opening set in the floor.

Seemingly, these beings were not from outer space after all.

Their technology was advanced, but the ship had a cheap feel to it, like it was cobbled together—no, it was more like neglect, like it had been new a long time ago, but was wearing down with age and its appearance was a secondary consideration.

„This is all for the best,“ said the nurse studying his face that was frozen in fear and panic. „The drones can't go around abducting people anymore to collect samples with all the new AI home sentry systems on the market.“

„I just can't believe it,“ his mouth barely able to find enough saliva to produce the words.

„I didn't either, until I saw one of the big ones feeding last week. It was an amazing experience. They even let us feed him some frozen amputated limbs.“

She was a ghoul. He wanted to choke the life from her.

„Big ones?“ he inquired.

She smiled at his innocence, „The reason for all this,“ indicating their surroundings. „Our new masters of course.“

She actually said the words with joy.

The truth then slammed into his chest like a ton of bricks—He knew his history, for the order had taught him well over the years. Once wiped out in the great flood, it was happening all over again. Just as in the days of Noah, human beings would again be sacrificed to the gods—as an offering for their children.

AS FOOD FOR THE GIANTS!

He had to stop them.

Somewhere deep in the doctor's dark brain matter, a spark of humanity ignited and burned into a plan of redemption. Somehow, someday, he would fight against his programming and protect the innocent from these monsters.

Dr. Lyons and the nurse turned around quickly upon hearing the swooshing sound of elevator doors sliding open.

Jeffery now stood face to face with the hospital director—his elder in the order. His heart pounding in his chest, beads of sweat forming under his brow, despite the cold air. There was an armed security droid standing at attention behind the man's shoulder.

In what seemed like an eternity, their eyes focused on each other intently—each not blinking.

„Glory to the path of light.“

„Glory to those who follow the light.“

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