

The Deiform Sovereign Mind of Meaglia Vox

By Mark Edgemon

He entered into our temporal realm a mute, born into a world that despised virtue; he emerged from the darkness of his mother's womb into an even greater darkness of a base society, twenty years past this December.

He had a pale visage with almost translucent skin, intermingled with an epidermis of fluorescent green. His eyes were black as soot, giving the impression that there were no eyes, just sockets where the eyes should be.

It appears I was destined to be the transcriber of these events as I am the key witness to the history of these proceedings. I am Dr. Dimitri Gennadiya, lead scientist at the Leningrad Neurosurgical Institute. It began as I was working late one night when I received a call from a doctor at a nearby medical facility, who asked me to look in on a newborn, who's appearance was unlike any he had ever seen.

When I arrived at the hospital, the attending physician informed me that the mother had died during childbirth within the dreary walls of one of Russia's degraded penitentiaries. The father was believed to have been a prison guard, who was discharged months earlier and whose whereabouts were presently unknown.

In time, the child grew and was placed under my care at the Leningrad Psychiatric Medical Facility for study and evaluation. Our preeminent Russian scientists could not understand the reasons for this child's abnormal appearance or why he would not speak. It was ultimately concluded that he possessed low-level intelligence and could not comprehend basic language.

He was a child without a name, having only a patient number that was given to him by the state. He would sit on his cot in his darkened room of stone, eyes directed forward, expressionless without ever showing any sign of emotion, although, he evoked it in me and the other scientists at the Institute.

One evening, after routinely examining him, I stepped into the hall and sat at a desk about ten feet from his room. A radio on the desk was broadcasting weather reports until abruptly interrupted by static. I began to adjust the dial when all of a sudden; I heard an eerie, strange voice coming from the radio, joined by a fluctuating metallic sound that could be heard in the background.

Without warning, the table began to vibrate. Light began to pierce through the ceiling, passing through solid objects like they were not even there. The metallic sound was now surrounding me as every object, including my very bones were vibrating.

Suddenly, I saw transparent beings descending through the light and enter into the hall as if they were looking for something or someone. The aliens assembled themselves outside the mute's

door and simply passed through it. Seconds later, the door opened and the beings once again entered the hallway this time accompanied by the mute.

I clutched my chest in fear as they glided across the floor toward me. I began shaking as I looked into his empty, black eyes feeling his thoughts inside my mind. His was the same voice I had heard on the radio only moments earlier.

He began to calm my fears as he told me through my conscious mind that he had been communicating with these beings through brain waves for many years even though this telepathic activity inflicted great pain upon his body. The electrical impulses within his brain were affecting his physical body with low-levels of electric shocks, which he sustained during his telesthesia with the beings of light who he called the Vox. He told me they saw him as a god, and referred to him as Meaglia.

I knew from examining patients with varying levels of telepathic ability that if nerve cells in the brain were fully interconnected, the amount of brain wave voltage would be exceedingly great. If this were done, it would extend the range of one's brain waves over immeasurable distances. I believe this was the answer to the question I had been seeking, why the mute was unwilling to talk when he was fully capable of doing so. He was a telepath and chose to communicate in that way and since there was no one on earth that shared his telepathic range and power, he chose to communicate with these aliens of another species.

The muted telepath had convinced the Vox, a race of powerful empathic beings to use him as a conduit to interconnect the minds of the earth's population, telepathically attaching the nerve cells within each human's brain and linking their minds together in order to bring stability to the human race.

He had been sensing people's minds throughout the earth for many years and knew of decisions by world leaders to unleash nuclear weapons that would destroy much of humanity. He decided to link their minds, joining them to the primary purpose of establishing peace throughout the earth. He would do this, even if he had to drag the human race through the process, because he knew they would not change on their own. However, the operation was at great cost to him, causing him immense and indescribable agony.

Suddenly, he began to vibrate, first slightly then moments later, violently as his molecular structure began to break down and merge with the beings of light. He looked at me once more and slowly began to smile; the only time I had ever witnessed emotion from him. Soon, he was disembodied, his molecules dispersed and absorbed by the beings of light.

Throughout the next few hours, all of humanity became linked together and a harmonious, communal spirit began to take hold upon the earth. He had done what no one else could do; he had become the superhero as told in fictional stories, doing what all-great heroes do, he gave himself for the rest of us.