



I was fourteen when I first saw the sand.

The voice spoke to me as unto a child, simply, carefully, clearly, as if I might misunderstand.

I had been watching the television in the house. It was after they took my parents away.

The men in armour had come in the morning one day, and I never saw my mother or father again.

I was watching the television, something mindless, contract killers or some such. Then I was watching a completely unexpected scene. I could see a white landscape, ridges of smooth white. I had never seen sand, but a few moments later I was standing on the white landscape, barefoot, feeling a rough substance between my toes.

He asked me how I felt.

I told him: betrayed.

He told me he understood the world more than I did. He told me that there was another order, a higher law.

He told me that the universe ran on different rules to what I believed. A higher truth organised the world we lived in, and that he would tell me that truth one day.

He says the truth will set me free, that it would set everyone free.

He told me that my parents were taken because the company used people as it would use any tool. That it would discard such tools as it no longer had a use for.

S A N D

The voice has spoken to me all my life, it has taught me, guided me, advised me. It has opened my eyes to a truth, his truth, what he wants me to know, what he thinks I should know.

He shows me the sand, his home.

He speaks of a past.

He hides

He lies.

He says he hates the sand, it reminds him of a place past, of a place where the tide turned. He talks of a beach. He wants me to think he hates the sand, but he is the sand.

He is a wind across a dune, ever moving, bringing the sand closer. I am a tool to him, a vessel for his soul.

Sometimes he calls me his conscience, sometimes his servant, sometimes his slave.

I'm none of these, and sometimes he knows it.

I am 25 now. He has kept me company all these years. Sometimes he has told me the truth, and sometimes lies. I've been to the desert many times, and he has shown me the fate of his enemies there. I saw the man behind my parents death there. He was crucified on a wooden beam set in the sand. He screamed as his skin was flayed off, leaving him with a staring, expressionless visage. His screams turned to a hysterical hissing, through the lipless mouth, his lidless eyes shrinking in their sockets as the moisture was leached from them.

The process took over a day, and by the end I could see the insanity in his eyes. It was a pleasure to watch my companion end his life with a slow evisceration of the abdomen, showing the man his internal organs as they stopped functioning. I don't know if he knew what was happening to him by then, but it satisfied me to see his end.

After he died, I was told it was just. I asked him what "Just" was.

"Just, the end result of justice."

"And what is justice?"

"Justice; a noun, justness, fairness; the use of authority to maintain what is just; the administration of law; a judge. people now, they have forgotten the meanings. one day I will teach them the right, and then the wrong. the wrong is important."

Sometimes he doesn't like me to see him, his mood changes moment to moment like gusts of the wind. He knows i'm not under his control, but sometimes he doesn't like that. He is dangerous then, but he can't kill me, he needs me. He needs the voice to tell him when he is wrong.

I will remember the sand, until the next time.

The dunes change, the wind blows, and with the sand, so he changes.

The world changes, it grows older, change is the only constant.

The truth will out, he will bring it.

The sand moves.

So do I.