



# RISE FROM THE ASHES

A View from a Different Angle

It's not the emperor who has no clothes... it's that he has no ears. Or that he would simply prefer not to listen. Certainly not to anything which would disagree with his views. And he doesn't have to listen. He could, after all, surround himself with whatever royalists he desired. The tensions within Parliament over the English Church were increased by radical Protestants destroying perceived "idolatrous" religious images in churches during the summer of 1641. But that was in the old days...

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Jarmon didn't like being a demon, he didn't think it was what he was good at. He certainly didn't enjoy the spooky lighting concept. It was a little dark for him and he kept stubbing his toe on the furniture because of the gloom. Plus, he'd never much cared for the smell of brimstone. It had an odor you just couldn't get out of your robes... and it lasted for centuries. Technically, his job was to corrupt humans, but there wasn't much to do. People tended to do a fine job all by themselves, without any outside assistance. Despite racking his brain, he couldn't think of anything he could do to make things worse.

He searched around in the darkness for a musical instrument, to play a lament. Jarmon knew he had one laying around somewhere. "Damn this dark." Despite his aggressive letter-writing campaign, they still wouldn't put torches down here. It was all shadowy dreariness. As if the dark was going to hide everyone's faults. Nowadays you could simply read everyone's emails. There was nothing to it. Certainly no hiding in secret anymore. Tweeting. And the cameras everywhere... well, it just made Jarmon's job so easy he didn't actually have to do it, did he?

There was quite probably a war brewing on the horizon. Unrest, anger, consternation, disapproval, deceit, and just a touch of frustration. It was a recipe for unmitigated chaos. And Jarmon had never needed to lift a finger. He'd even gotten a commendation from the head office, downstairs. Of course, the war wasn't a real war. Just two sides lined up to oppose one another. All they were shooting were infuriated glances and vicious rhetoric. He realized it had been building for some time, festering like an open wound. But now it was boiling over.

People had begun by destroying truly abominable things. But then, in their zeal, they started in on things which had never hurt anyone. Jarmon didn't even have to suggest it. It almost made him cry, it really did.