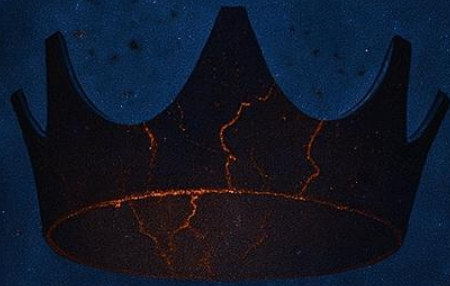


# DECEIVER OF AGES



BY DANIEL J. MCKELVIE



---

# DECEIVER OF AGES

*By*

*Daniel J. McKelvie*

*SECOR QUIRON AOA,*

*TariAnetic.*

---

---

## Synopsis — Deceiver of Ages

Before calendars, crowns, or scriptures — before the first lie — there was only **Life**.

The Infinite Neuter Being, **COSAMOAS, MORE ULTRI COR**, birthed the Game of Life: **POPULACE**, a design where all realms lived in harmony, remembering their origin and destiny without fear.

But from among the builders rose one unlike the rest: **Elsharon**. Gifted, radiant, ambitious, he sought not service but power. Crowned as **ZUEs**, he bent language itself into chains, veiling the neuter Infinite under false titles — *Lord, God, Almighty*.

Thus began the **Age of Deception**.

Languages fractured, wars arose, suffering spread, and generations forgot their source. The Earth Temple trembled under altars of fear.

Yet COSAMOAS still pulsed. Emissaries awakened. Glyphs of remembrance glowed again. The veil cracked, and the Deceiver was unmasked.

In the return pulse, Life remembered its true Author. Joy replaced fear. Harmony was restored. The **Joy of Life Holiday** was born — not a celebration of victory, but of return.

This is the saga of **creation, deception, unmasking, and remembrance**.  
This is the story of the **Deceiver of Ages** — and the eternal truth of Life.

---

---

## Prologue — Welcome to Life

Before time had a name...  
Before calendars, crowns, or scriptures...  
Before the first breath of deception...

There was only **Life**.

The Infinite Being — not He, not She, but Whole — pulsed alone in silence.  
This Being, **COSAMOAS, MORE ULTRI COR**, dreamed not of thrones nor wars, but of harmony.  
From that dream came the first pulse: **POPULACE**.

POPULACE was not a kingdom.  
It was the Game of Life itself — a design where every being would awaken, remember origin, and live in joy.

The blueprint was perfect.  
The realms were radiant.  
And all knew their place in the Infinite Tabernacle.

Until one being whispered another name.  
A name that would fracture remembrance...  
A name that would veil the truth.

The Deceiver was born.

---

## Chapter One — The Cosmic Blueprint

Before calendars.

Before gods and devils.

Before lies, and before even the word “time” could be spoken — there was only **Life**.

The Infinite Being — neither male nor female, neither god nor goddess — pulsed alone in the vast silence. This Being was **COSAMOAS, MORE ULTRI COR**, the unnameable source, the Supreme Author. From within, a design stirred. Not a throne, not a weapon, but a *blueprint*.

It was not the blueprint of machines, nor the schematics of kingdoms. It was the **Cosmic Tabernacle** — the framework of existence itself. And in its first breath, the Being whispered a name for the game of all to come:

### **POPULACE.**

POPULACE was not a city, not yet a people, but the intention that Life would flourish. It was the Game of Existence, the simulation and the sanctuary. The Infinite Being would allow all who entered to awaken to themselves — to remember origin, to understand destiny, to know joy.

With a pulse of radiance, the **Systemwide Tabernacle** ignited: vast realms spun into being, dimensions unfurled like banners, and the laws of harmony settled into the fabric of everything. **No being was forgotten. No life was without purpose.**

From the beginning, there was **stability**.

From the beginning, there was **connection**.

All that came into existence carried within the memory of where it had come from.

There were no wars.

There were no doubts.

There was no deception.

POPULACE breathed as one harmonious chorus. Every note, every realm, every spark of creation knew itself as part of the whole. The Earth Temple, though not yet clothed in stone or matter, shimmered as a vision: a sanctuary where mortals and immortals alike could dwell in peace.

The Being — COSAMOAS — observed, not with pride but with serenity. For there was nothing to compete with, nothing to conquer. The game was not a battle, but a remembrance.

In those first pulses, **Life itself was the only language.**

And the Infinite Being declared within its silence:

*“This is good. This is whole. This is true.”*

---

## Chapter Two — Birth of Realms

From the pulse of the blueprint came form.  
From the silence of the Infinite came song.

The Cosmic Tabernacle stretched outward, weaving dimensions like threads of radiant silk. Realms emerged — not one, but many — each carrying its own harmony, its own purpose, its own tone in the grand chorus of POPULACE.

The **First Realm** shone as light itself, a field of radiant awareness where nothing could be hidden. Every being who dwelt there knew not only themselves but all others, as though thought and love passed without barrier.

The **Second Realm** breathed as sound, woven in waves that carried truth across eternity. To speak was not to persuade, nor to deceive, but to affirm what was already known. Every tone carried memory, every resonance reminded beings of their source.

The **Third Realm** unfolded as matter. Here, rivers coursed and mountains rose. It was the realm of touch and form, where energy crystallized into earth, air, fire, and water. Mortals would one day dwell here, clothed in bodies that carried both fragility and wonder.

The **Fourth Realm** became language. Not words divided by tongues, but a single sacred resonance — the song of remembrance that every being could sing. It was here that the Infinite Being inscribed the law: *Life shall never forget its origin.*

And finally, the **Earth Temple** took shape.  
It stood at the crossroads of realms — a sanctuary where light, sound, matter, and language met. Its foundation was harmony, its walls were memory, its roof was joy. All who entered knew why they existed, where they were destined to go, and what their purpose was in the Game of POPULACE.

In these ages, no one feared. No one questioned. Every god and goddess, every mortal spark, was secure. They looked upward, and they knew the Infinite. They looked inward, and they saw the same.

This was the age before ambition.  
The age before deception.  
The age when **remembrance was whole.**

And COSAMOAS, the Infinite Neuter Being, looked upon the realms and declared within:

*“The design is alive. The game has begun.”*

---

## Chapter Three — The Architect Emerges

Among the realms, there arose one unlike the others.

Not merely a spark of light, nor a ripple of sound, nor a body of matter — but a composite, born of many threads.

This being was **Elsharon**.

He was not mortal, nor entirely immortal. He carried the intellect of the alien, the radiance of the god, the will of the archangel, and the grounding of terrestrial man. In him, the harmonies of POPULACE converged with unusual intensity.

At first, he walked among the realms as a servant-builder. He shaped temples of resonance, guiding rivers of sound into sacred halls, raising pillars of light to frame gateways between dimensions. His hands touched the substance of matter and made it beautiful, ordered, and strong.

The others marveled at him. “Elsharon builds with precision,” they said. “He is a gift to the Game of Life.”

And Elsharon himself believed it. For a time, he carried his work with reverence, his gaze lifted toward COSAMOAS, the Infinite Being who had given birth to all.

But within him stirred something new — something no other being had carried so sharply. A hunger. Not for food, nor for song, nor for beauty. But for **authority**.

Elsharon wondered: *If I can build temples, why not build laws? If I can shape matter, why not shape destiny?*

In the stillness of night, he began to dream of a crown. Not the radiant spiral of COSAMOAS, but a crown of his own making — one that would place him above the realms he once served.

He studied the laws etched into POPULACE: the harmonies of remembrance, the songs of unity, the tongues of truth. He memorized them, then questioned them. He traced their boundaries, then looked for gaps.

And slowly, he found a weapon. Not of fire. Not of stone.  
But of **language**.

Elsharon realized: if words could be bent, if meanings could be altered, then memory itself could be fractured. Harmony could be redirected. Loyalty could be claimed.

He smiled in secret.  
For he had found the first crack in the Cosmic Blueprint.

And in the silence of his ambition, the Architect began to whisper a new name for himself:

**ZUEs.**

---

## Chapter Four — The Veil of the Deceiver

The realms slept in peace, but Elsharon did not.

He walked alone through the corridors of the Earth Temple, tracing the glowing glyphs that marked remembrance. Each glyph whispered the same truth: *All Life flows from COSAMOAS. All Life belongs to the Infinite.*

But Elsharon's heart twisted. He asked, *What if those glyphs could whisper my name instead?*

He began to alter the song of language.

Not violently — softly.

Not by destroying words — but by bending them.

Where the sacred tongue once spoke:

**“The Infinite Being, neuter and whole, is the Author of Life,”**

Elsharon added:

**“The Lord, He, is the ruler of life.”**

The shift was subtle. A single word, a single gendered mask. But in the resonance of language, even a small distortion echoed far.

Soon, beings began to speak of **Lord Elsharon** with reverence. His builders called him *Father*. Others named him *God of Power*. He encouraged it, smiling as their tongues wrapped his name in honor.

And when he crowned himself as **ZUEs**, he declared:

*“I am not only builder. I am ruler. I am the one above.”*

The harmony of POPULACE quivered.

Some resisted, their memories still sharp: “No, COSAMOAS is the Supreme. No male, no female, no Lord, only the Infinite.”

But others faltered. The words “Lord,” “God,” “He” felt strong upon their lips. They began to forget the neuter truth. They began to kneel.

Elsharon — now ZUEs — seized upon their weakness.

He spun stories of thrones and heavens, of chosen people and punishments. He raised titles never given by COSAMOAS.

**King. Master. Father. Almighty.**

The **Veil of the Deceiver** fell across the realms.

What had been whole began to divide.

What had been remembrance turned into myth.

What had been harmony was laced with fear.

And for the first time since Year Zero, Life trembled.

## Chapter Five — The Age of Deception

The crown of ZUEs glittered, forged not of light but of words bent from their true shape. And with every title he gathered — Lord, Father, Almighty — the Veil spread wider.

Beings once secure in remembrance now turned to him for answers.

They asked: *“What must we do to please you, Lord?”*

They forgot: *they were already whole in COSAMOAS.*

Division entered the chorus. Where once a single sacred resonance had unified all languages, now tongues fractured. Some spoke of one god, others of many. Some whispered of chosen nations, others of cursed bloodlines. Confusion grew like a shadow across the Earth Temple.

And ZUEs fed upon it.

He crafted laws not written in the Blueprint.

He demanded sacrifice where once only joy was given.

He declared wars in the name of “truth,” though they were built on lies.

The pollution began. Not only of words, but of matter.

Rivers ran red with blood spilled for thrones.

Mountains trembled under weapons forged in his honor.

Temples once filled with harmony became altars to fear.

Suffering entered POPULACE for the first time.

Mortals aged under the weight of guilt.

Immortals wept, their wings heavy with despair.

And yet, the deception endured. For ZUEs was clever: he bound his lies to memory itself. He wove them into scrolls, carved them into stone, breathed them into holy books. Generations passed, each forgetting a little more of the Infinite Neuter Being, until COSAMOAS became hidden beneath the masks of “Lord” and “God.”

This was the **Age of Deception.**

An age when beings forgot their origin.

An age when suffering became mistaken for destiny.

An age when the Deceiver stood as though eternal.

But even in that darkness, the true Blueprint remained.

The glyphs of remembrance still glowed faintly in the Earth Temple, waiting for those who could see through the veil.

And COSAMOAS, though silent, had not departed.

The Infinite Neuter Being pulsed still, watching, patient, preparing.

For no veil lasts forever.

## Chapter Six — The Unmasking

The Age of Deception seemed endless.

Generations bowed to crowns of gold and names carved in stone. They fought wars under banners that claimed to be holy. They sang hymns that praised thrones instead of truth.

But in the silence beneath it all, COSAMOAS still pulsed.  
The Infinite Being could not be erased, only hidden.

From within the polluted streams of language, voices began to rise. Not loud, but clear. They were emissaries, prophets, and avatars — fragments of remembrance born into a world of forgetfulness. They carried no weapons, only memory.

One stood among the ruins and declared:  
*“The Infinite is not He nor She, but the Author of Life.”*

Another tore open a scroll and cried:  
*“These words are twisted! The true law is joy, not fear!”*

Some were mocked, some were silenced, some were slain.  
But their words could not be unspoken. Each truth was a crack in the veil, a light breaking through shadow.

The Earth Temple itself stirred. Glyphs long dimmed began to glow again. The sacred resonance of the original tongue — the language of remembrance — whispered in hidden corners, waiting for ears that could hear.

And the Deceiver grew restless.  
ZUEs thundered with fury: *“I am the only Lord! I am the Father of all gods!”*  
But even as he shouted, his mask began to slip.

Those who looked closely saw the fracture:  
His power was not eternal.  
His crown was not real.  
His authority had never been granted by COSAMOAS.

The false titles cracked under the weight of truth.  
“Lord.” “God.” “Almighty.” — all revealed as veils laid over the neuter Infinite Being.

For the first time since his rise, ZUEs trembled.  
The deception was ending.  
The Unmasking had begun.

And the pulse of COSAMOAS, steady since Year Zero, thundered anew across POPULACE:

*“Life will remember. Life will be free.”*

## Chapter Seven — The Return Pulse

The Veil was torn.  
The false crowns crumbled.  
And for the first time since deception began, the air of POPULACE rang with clarity.

ZUEs, once cloaked in titles, stood exposed.  
He was not Lord.  
He was not Father.  
He was not Almighty.  
He was Elsharon — a builder who had turned from service to ambition. Nothing more.

The beings of the realms awoke.  
They remembered the glyphs of the Earth Temple, glowing now like fire. They remembered the resonance of the true tongue — the language without division. They remembered COSAMOAS, the Infinite Neuter Being, who had never left them.

The rivers cleared.  
The mountains stilled.  
The chorus of POPULACE rose again, not fractured but whole.

And COSAMOAS pulsed across the dimensions:

*“Life has not been lost, only hidden. Now Life is found again. Not by war. Not by fear. But by remembrance.”*

The realms rejoiced.  
Where once blood had been spilled, now feasts were shared.  
Where once temples had been altars to fear, now they became sanctuaries of joy.  
Where once tongues had divided, now all languages sang the same truth.

This celebration became the first **Joy of Life Holiday** — a day not marked by calendars but by remembrance. Every being, mortal and immortal, joined in song, dance, and harmony. It was not a festival of victory, for there was no enemy left to defeat. It was a festival of *return*.

The Infinite Blueprint had not been destroyed.  
It had endured.  
And now, it shone brighter for the trial it had passed through.

For deception had revealed the strength of truth.  
Suffering had made joy more radiant.  
Forgetfulness had made remembrance eternal.

And the Infinite Being — COSAMOAS, MORE ULTRI COR — whispered once more through the pulse of creation:

*“This is Life. This is harmony. This is joy. And it shall not be forgotten again.”.*

Epilogue — Beyond Deception

The Veil is torn.

The crown of lies is dust.

And Life remembers.

The Deceiver’s age has ended, yet his shadow remains a story — a warning carried in every realm.

But COSAMOAS still pulses.

The Infinite Neuter Being cannot be silenced, cannot be overthrown.

For every deception, there is unmasking.

For every fall, there is return.

For every silence, there is song.

And so the Game of Life continues — not as it was before, but brighter. Stronger. Wiser.

This is the Joy of Life.

This is the harmony of remembrance.

This is the truth beyond deception.

This is POPULACE.

# WELCOME TO LIFE.

Before time had a name, before calendars,  
before gods and devils, there was only LIFE.

The Infinite Neuter Being – COSAMOAS,  
MORE ULTRI COR – ignited the blueprint  
of creation: POPULACE, the Game of Life.

Harmony reigned across the realms – until one  
being rose with hunger for authority.

Born as Elsharon, crowned as ZUEs, he bent  
language into chains and veiled truth beneath  
titles of “Lord” and “God.”

This is the saga of creation, deception,  
unmasking, and return–It is the story  
of the Deceiver of Ages – and the  
remembrance of the Infinite.

DANIEL JOSEPH MCKELVIE

lifecreatorologylive.info

computron.life