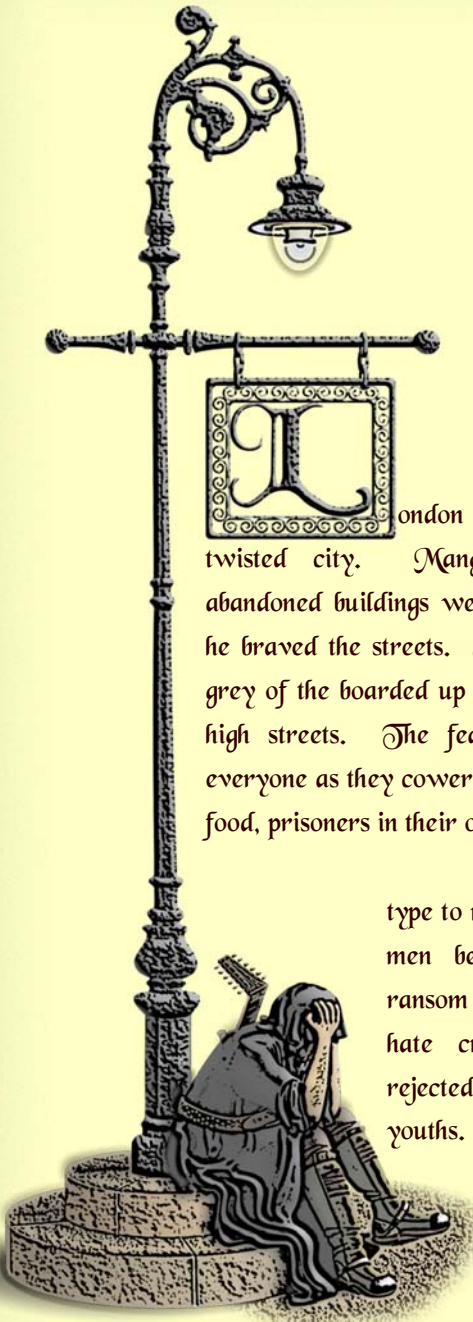




Chapter i: The Beginning

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London had become a dark and twisted city. Mangled train wrecks and abandoned buildings were all Azrock saw when he braved the streets. Shop signs faded into the grey of the boarded up ruins that used to be busy high streets. The fear had taken its toll on everyone as they cowered behind tins of processed food, prisoners in their own homes.

But Azrock was not the type to roll over and let his fellow men be tortured and held to ransom by greedy, corrupt rulers, hate crazed terrorists and a rejected, abandoned generation of youths.

He'd learned a thing or two in his weathered years and he had hatched a plan . . .

A sound.

A calling.

An inspiration.

They couldn't take that away from the people. Something to bring their spirit back to life. A sound so beautiful and enchanting that it would remind people what life was all about. A sound so encompassing that it would play in their ears long after the speakers were silenced.

But how to go about creating it? He had the machinery; a laboratory full of it from years of inventing and collecting battered equipment. But he needed a voice. Only the most beautiful of tones would have a chance. It would have to be a voice so pure that it would be impenetrable to the manipulations of the



modern world.

He crossed the oceans, searching; following every faint melody the wind carried his way.

He roamed the underground labyrinths where deafening beats hypnotised the masses into frenzied convulsions.

He held a net to the torrent of electrons that spewed relentlessly from the minds of the seduced, but nothing was quite right.

Until now . . .

