

# Green Messiah

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We are part of a mission that began when life began, that will not cease until all life ceases. We are a part of the great, thrusting project of evolution, within which we shall never be alone, as part of which we have not just one life but a thousand million lives.

*William Tarkovsky*  
**The Book of New Creation**

# Prologue

Bill Tarkovsky: slouched on a sofa with the newspaper falling to pieces in his hands.

The wind gusted and the whole house shook.

Bill abandoned the sofa, dropped his newspaper to the floor, walked to the window, stood there, gazing out.

‘Don’t like the look of this,’ he said.

Sarah Tarkovsky: concentrating on her homework when the wind began to howl. Hail rattled on the great panes of glass making up the back wall of the house, leapt from the patio slabs as if the stone burnt to the touch. When the sky silvered and a thunderclap rumbled overhead it sounded like a growl deep in a tiger’s throat, like they were in the tiger’s belly, listening to it growl. Sarah began to say, ‘Well, it doesn’t seem – ’

Meant to say, ‘ – as bad as last week’s storm...’

– but the sound of the thunder drowned her words.

Bill Tarkovsky, author of the international best-seller *The Book of New Creation*, pulled open the sliding glass doors. The warm air of the house escaped in a sudden exhalation, the cold air forced itself in. Lightning lit up the sky, shadows leaping from the doorway, racing across the floor, clambering up the walls.

‘Dad?’ Sarah asked.

Then her father was out on the patio, the doors pulled shut behind him, his face lifted up towards the hail. He pulled loose his tie, shrugged off his shirt, threw them to one side. He didn’t seem to care about the ferocity of the weather, the hail on his face, the biting wind, the cold.

He raised his arms.

He began to spin upon his heels like a children’s toy.

Sarah pushed aside her homework, walked to the windows, stood there gazing out. When she put her hand to the glass she felt the drum-rattle impact of a thousand bullets of ice. Her father was a bare-chested bear of a man, abandoning himself to the storm. He was a sodden, bedraggled bear spinning through the wind and hail. Pellets of ice crawled along his shoulders and down his arms, joined the maelstrom

## *Green Messiah*

that had taken him to its heart. As Sarah pressed her nose to the glass twin cones of mist appeared beneath her nostrils. She brushed them away with the side of her hand. Her father spun faster and faster, as though captured by an invisible tornado, as though inhabiting a whirlwind all of his own. His trousers clung to his legs. His hair flailed across his eyes. In the end he was spinning so quickly his arms were beginning to blur – but Sarah thought she saw him smiling, out there in the storm.

And Sarah loved him – loved him passionately – couldn't help but think how dramatic and poetic and wonderful he looked, spinning like a top in the grip of the wind. At any moment he would take off, would pirouette into the air and tumble away above the branches of the trees.

At any moment, Sarah felt sure, lightning would fork from her father's fingers and leap into the sky, and fire would blaze from his eyes.

# **Green Messiah**

# 1

**“The age of reason and imagination** will replace the age of selfishness and greed. The wind and the tide, gravity and light, will power our society. Sailing ships, built by the best of human science, will once again carry cargo across our seas. We will wrest control of our technology from the power-hungry and the greedy and create a new world.”

*William Tarkovsky*  
**The Book of New Creation**

‘Deserts will inherit the Earth...’

- *Wind Chill*, June 2013

Sarah Tarkovsky, somewhere south of Finchley. Fords, Toyotas, Mercs fumed with resentment as she overtook them on foot, walking past triply sub-let offices and overcrowded shop windows. She stopped at the pedestrian crossing, waiting for the lights to change. To her left: a Laundromat, a café, a newsagent, a derelict shop. On the opposite side of the street: a pub, a rank of padlocked garages, a bus shelter without any windows. Narrow entrances interrupted the shop fronts, forcing their way into darkness and safety. In narrow alleys between the garages brambles scaled the carcasses of mattresses and kitchen units. Half-way through the morning, almost at her destination, and Sarah had eaten next to nothing. She was tired out and wired up, both at the same time. It wasn't a great feeling. And her shoes hurt. And her backpack weighed a thousand tons.

The lights turned from green to red. A car veered from the outer lane and swerved in Sarah's direction. It happened too quickly for her to react. Tires squealed against stone as the vehicle's wheels hit the curb immediately in front of her. A hubcap shattered; another broke free and spun away on a journey of its own. Then the driver hauled his vehicle back on course, raced on, eastward across the junction. The cars accelerating towards him from either side were forced to brake. Drivers hammered at their horns.

Sarah gripped the straps of her backpack to stop her hands from shaking. There was an aggression here, a sense of turmoil and impatience. London was at war with itself, even in backwaters like this. When the lights changed she crossed quickly, keeping an eye on the waiting cars. Rovers, Renaults, VWs, Fiats, Audis, Hondas, Saabs – differently branded, all fundamentally the same – ground their gears like teeth, coughed, spat. Sarah followed Western Avenue along to Finchley Road, then walked down to the North Circular.

## *Green Messiah*

Then she turned west, with the traffic racing past her like fleeing wildebeest, and saw her father's temple for the first time.

The Church of New Creation had no obvious entrance, just rows of windows so dirty they were probably impervious to light. She followed the side of the building towards the far corner, came to a car park occupied by electric cars and a mass of bicycles. Here the church consisted of a steel gate, two storeys high, with a smaller entrance cut into it. Sarah walked to the inner doorway, pushed the doorbell. After a moment a grille crackled into life. A voice asked, 'Can we help you?'

'I hope so,' Sarah said. She looked around for the camera or webcam, then turned to gaze back the way she had come. 'I'm Sarah Tarkovsky. I'm here to see my dad.'

This was her gap year before university.

After four months in Thailand she hadn't been mugged or murdered or raped. No one had used her as a decoy or an unwitting courier for drugs. The insurgents in the north of the country had kept themselves to themselves for the duration of her visit and the secessionist bombers in the south had left the tourist resorts un-bombed.

She spent two months in France, a month in Belgium, a week on the Isle of Wight, a few weeks in Wales. She served behind bars, worked in a zoo, learned how to load industrial scale dishwashers, sold theatre tickets on the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, worked as a temp.

While not travelling she found herself alone. Her friends had left for university and her boyfriend Peter had stayed in Thailand, giving her twenty-four hours notice of the fact that they were no longer an item. 'There's something I need to do,' he'd said. 'Something I need to find out. It's about self discovery. It's about getting to the heart of things and finding out if I'm the sort of person who really has a soul. Go home, Sarah. You don't want to stay here all by yourself. I'll phone you as soon as I get back to the UK.'

'And when will that be?'

'How can I answer that? Just go home.'

On the plane home, gazing out at a landscape of ocean and cloud, she had finally managed to cry. She had cried for hours, for most of the flight, ignoring the reassuring murmurs of the lady sitting next to her, huddled up and angry and turned in upon herself. She hadn't cried for Peter since. She hated this thing men seemed to have about religion. She hated their desperate need for purpose and direction, their need to take hold of meaning with both hands and never let go.

Peter had chosen his direction. She felt no inclination whatsoever to follow.

'I do understand,' she had told him. 'I understand more than I want to. And I understand enough to tell you where to get off...'

## *Green Messiah*

Then she'd made her way to the travel agency and booked her flight home.

Well, Peter was still out there in Thailand, pretending to be a Buddhist, listening with all his soul for the sound that would finally allow his soul to be still. He had sent her a postcard or two and a short letter with a photo. In the photo he was dressed in orange and had shaved off his beautiful blond hair. He wrote that he was doing something he had waited all his life for. He said that he thought of her often.

She'd crumpled the letter into a tight ball and thrown it away.

Sometimes actions speak louder than words.

It was getting cold. She asked out aloud, 'Is someone coming?' but the grille remained silent. Then the inner gate creaked open and a young man poked his head into the open air.

'Sarah?'

'That's me.'

'Wonderful! Wonderful! Welcome to the Temple! Welcome to shelter from the storm!' Glancing towards the clouds he waved her in, heaved the gate closed behind them, pushed home a heavy iron bolt. 'We've been waiting for you,' he said, 'for far longer than you might think.'

'I'm sorry I made you wait,' Sarah said.

They were standing in an area that had once been a loading bay but was now an oasis of cobbled stone and lush green plants. There were bamboos, orchids, ferns, a pond that glittered in the light falling from skylights high above.

'What do you think?' asked her welcoming committee. He was engagingly boyish – freckles and thin, wispy hair. She liked him straight away.

'What do I think about... this?' Sarah waved a hand at the courtyard.

'Yes.' The disciple spun round, raised his arms in a gesture of awe. He reminded her of someone – or something – from long ago.

'I think... it's beautiful.'

'And listen.'

'I'm sorry?'

'Listen...'

Sarah stood still for a moment, wondering what she was supposed to be listening to, then shook her head. 'I can't hear a thing.'

'Precisely! Just think of the traffic on the other side of this gate – and you can't hear a thing. There is something very clever about the acoustics in here, something your father has taken advantage of. And here's another strange thing. When we dug the pond and filled it

## *Green Messiah*

with water, frogs appeared out of nowhere. Right here in the middle of London. Amazing, don't you think?'

'I suppose so.'

He smiled at her. 'It's almost enough to make Gaians of us all.'

'But not quite enough, I hope.'

'Well, no, of course not. Not nearly enough in fact. We believe in our ability to recreate the world as it should be, based on humanism, sustainability and service – not in a world to which we are somehow mystically bound... But I mustn't begin by boring you. I'm sure you know quite enough about New Creationism already! First let me take you to your room and you can settle in. Then I'll show you around. How does that sound?'

Walking over to the pond, Sarah said, 'That sounds fine.'

Something moved in the water as she approached. 'You know, I'd hoped my father would be here.'

'He is here – and I've told him you've arrived.'

'But he was too busy – ?'

'To come and meet you? Perhaps – I don't know – but don't be offended. All sorts of stuff is happening just now. I'm sure he'll wrap things up as quickly as possible... Shall I take you to your room?'

'And Paul?' Sarah asked. 'My brother?'

'On insulation duty, I think.'

This was part of the New Creationist technique, Sarah thought. Not to be here to greet her, to isolate her, to make her feel vulnerable and in need of a friend. And then to speak to her in a language she didn't understand...

Once they had undermined her confidence would she lap up their indoctrination just in order to feel loved?

'Shall I show you to your room?' her guide asked for the third time.

And this too: repetition segueing into mind control.

Her mother had talked about indoctrination, about brain washing. 'Cults steal people's children,' she had said. 'They steal their hearts and minds and souls. Don't let them steal *you*.'

It must have been difficult for her to let Sarah go, after already losing Paul.

It must have taken a great deal of courage.

'I hoped they'd be here to meet me.'

The disciple didn't answer. He walked to a doorway, waved for her to follow.

Sarah said, 'I didn't catch your name...'

'Graham.'

At least they weren't branded with new, cult names.

## *Green Messiah*

He didn't offer to carry her backpack.

The corridor they walked along opened onto rooms without doors. Some contained machines that looked as if they were used for printing, others were stacked with boxes, plastic containers, cabinets. A few had been turned into offices, with desks, computers, telephones, occupied by the clean-cut disciples of New Creation. Graham led her past these to a stairwell, up four flights of stairs, then back along a corridor similar to the one on the ground floor. The rooms here were dormitories though they too had no doors.

*Cults dislike privacy*, Sarah thought.

Halfway down the corridor her guide stopped, waved at a doorway. 'This is yours,' he said. 'You're very lucky. Not many of us are given a room of our own.'

Sarah walked into the room, unshouldered her backpack, let it slide to the floor. From the window she could see the westbound lanes of the north circular vanishing into the distance. Rank after rank of terraced roofs undulated away to the south.

'The human world,' Graham said, walking to stand next to her. 'Over-populated, unsustainable... but mind-blowing... Well, I'll leave you to sort yourself out. There's a bathroom down the corridor. It should be fairly quiet at the moment.'

She turned from the window. Smiled. Began to relax. 'Thank you, Graham.'

'I'm sure your father will see you shortly.'

'I'd like to think so.'

'And welcome once again,' Graham said. 'We're so pleased you've come.'

She selected one of the four bunks as her own and pushed her clothes into a small chest of drawers. A novel about a man who jumped from Clifton Suspension Bridge and survived went under the bed with the backpack. Then she sat down on the edge of the bunk, folded her hands on her lap, looked around at the bare walls, at the wooden floor, and wondered why she had come.

The room was quiet, the windows double glazed, the walls strangely impervious to noise. There was no sound from the traffic on the North Circular – just the hiss of cold brick, the subliminal rib-cage heave of heavy wooden floors. She lay back on the bed, closed her eyes, imagined she was floating in a vast ocean, far from any shore, as alone as it was possible to be. In her imagination her face lay motionless upon the surface of the water, held there by surface tension, while her hands and feet began to sink towards the seabed. Under her inward gaze her face detached itself from her body and drifted away into the distance, while her arms and legs and torso, slowly cooling, sank into the ocean's subtle depths.

Abruptly face and body snapped into place. She opened her eyes.

## *Green Messiah*

She had fallen asleep, didn't know for how long. Probably not long. Someone had come into the room. She sat up, slipped her feet into her trainers, went to the door. 'Is anyone there?'

The hallway was empty.

'Hello?'

She thought her voice sounded plaintive, almost childish.

There was no one there.

She'd been imagining things.

It was time to explore.

There were a dozen dormitories on the floor she was on, a shower room with unpartitioned showers, WCs that were only partially enclosed. Sarah particularly didn't like those. WCs were places to get away from things. To go and think things over. Everywhere she looked there were mechanisms for cutting back on privacy, for undermining your sense of being individual.

On the far side of the building a corridor led past laundry rooms and linen cupboards then more bedrooms. At the far end she walked out into a second stairwell, leant against the metal rail, looked down through the gap between the stairs. She stood there for a moment, listening. Where were all the followers of New Creation? Were they hidden in some dark basement, their legs crossed, their eyes turned inward? Were their souls achieving fusion with the soul of the species, with the souls of other species, with the earth? Were they stalking narrow corridors in ankle-length robes, muttering verses from her father's book, beating themselves with short, barbed whips?

She hardly thought so.

None of what she had seen so far had the creepy feeling of a cult. Not the smiling disciples in the rooms downstairs; not Graham with his enthusiasm and his boyish smile; not the tranquil courtyard, the clean and tidy dormitories, the atmosphere of industrious calm...

She descended two flights of stairs, paused at a landing. From a room nearby someone called out, 'Raiff! I think we've done it! Come and look at this!' – so she hurried on. She wasn't avoiding people. It wasn't that. She just wanted to let the impressions sink in slowly, in their own time.

On the ground floor she pushed open a door into an unlit room, patted the wall in search of a light. A dozen spotlights flickered into life – revealing a painting of her father on one wall and a single wooden chair placed precisely in the centre of the room. She walked to the chair, sat down. Her back was to the painting. She was pleased about that. She didn't want to feel watched, not even by her father. There was something the room reminded her of...

## *Green Messiah*

something she couldn't quite place. She liked the monastic whitewashed walls, the sense of emptiness, the feeling, almost, of something waiting to happen.

The room reminded her of her father's study back at home, on that strange day all those years ago when he had emptied it of furniture and transformed it into a place that had no connections... Whitewashed and bare, with no connection to the past, to his family, with nothing separating him from the future he was intending to create. This room smelled the same: of plaster, fresh paint, emptiness.

Footsteps sounded in the stairwell behind her. Feeling guilty, as though intruding upon a sacred place, she jumped up, walked to the opposite doorway, pushed wide another set of doors.

More than once that day she had asked herself why she had come here. What had she expected to find?

Now she knew.

She had come here for this.

This room, this hall, this blaze of light.

The hall into which she stepped emanated light. Light fell from a ceiling made entirely of glass. Light rebounded from flawless whitewashed walls, leapt upward from the polished floor, filled the entire space with an energy that sizzled and hissed like sand beneath a receding wave.

'Fucking awesome...' she whispered.

There was no filtering, here.

No room for interpretation.

No possibility of resistance.

Light forced itself through the censors of her eyes, burned its way into her brain, flung itself like a caged animal around the cavity of her soul.

This is what had brought her father here.

This was the key to his religion.

The hall felt bigger than the building which held it. It felt like the inside of a spaceship – like a spaceship carrying the light and energy of a hijacked star.

Sarah's skin tingled. The hair on the back of her neck prickled with memory and foreboding.

Yes, she had known this light before.

She had known this clarity and brilliance in her childhood, before her family had broken up.

## *Green Messiah*

She walked out into the middle of the hall, lifted her arms to either side. She was reaching out for something – for something important – for a memory...

...or for an elemental truth.

She could almost feel it.

She could almost touch it.

She was that close.

Yes, she had known this sense of space and light before.

It had been present when she was a little girl in her own home. In the room they called their garden room. It had been present in her childhood home, in every room of the house.

And then it had gone.

It had been taken away.

Her father had taken it with him when he left.

She tilted her head to look up at the cathedral-high ceiling, spun around, inhaled the stillness, the energy, the light.

Her father had left behind him a house of shadows: a Paul-shaped shadow, a Sarah-shaped shadow, a shadowy wife. He had left them to their inner darkness and brought his gift here: this searing luminosity, this sense of uncensored, unimpeded truth.

‘How could you have done this?’ she whispered. ‘You took away your belief and light and hope and gave it to strangers... to people you didn’t even know...’

‘How could you have done something like that to the people you loved?’

And Sarah wasn’t crying – of course she wasn’t crying! – but as she stood there, alone in the centre of the massive hall, she brushed at the corners her eyes just in case.

## 2

**“There is an adventure we can** embark on, a great battle we can join – and it is a battle that has no losers – for the winner is the human race”

*William Tarkovsky*  
**The Book of New Creation**

‘Say “Au Revoir” to the Amazon’

- *It’s Sunday!* August 2013

A few years earlier: walking into the study to find her father beside the window, gazing out into the night, his back as straight as the spine of a religious text, his beard the blade of a shovel suspended above the tortured earth.

In that instant, in her mind, Sarah saw her geography teacher, Mr Moran, earlier that same day, on the school coach on their way to the Forest of Dean. The teacher, wrapped in self-pity, had sat with his forehead pressed against the glass of the coach window, his shoulders hunched, his hands gripped anxiously between his knees.

Mr Moran, looking out upon a hostile world...

Her father, looking out upon a hostile world...

...but who could be less alike?

Intimidated by the children in his care, poor Mr Moran.

And her father, not about to be intimidated by anyone or anything at all.

‘Sarah?’ His sixth sense always told him she was there.

‘Is everything okay, dad?’

‘I’m really not sure.’

‘I’m just going to bed.’

‘Sarah –’

‘Dad?’

She thought for a moment – only fleetingly – that he had something important to say, something she probably wouldn’t want to hear. Perhaps about his religion or perhaps about the end of the world. He talked a lot about things like that nowadays. Strange and frightening things. Things that didn’t always make sense.

There was writing on the study wall – a wall Sarah had seen him strip and whitewash only weeks before. He had written,

***To be human is to create***

And,

***We will create the world anew***

In the end ‘Goodnight, darling girl,’ was all he said.

Nothing important, nothing frightening, after all.

‘Love you, dad,’ Sarah said.

Her father smiled his big, handsome smile. ‘Love you, too.’

He had written all sorts of other things on the walls by then.

Uncle James said he was having a nervous breakdown – but Sarah couldn’t see anything *nervous* or broken down in her father at all. He always seemed confident, energetic, inspired. More now than ever.

Anxiety threaded its way through her dreams. Anxiety was there at the surface of her mind when her father woke her up well before dawn. ‘Sarah?’

She forced her eyes open, squinted through the darkness, could barely make out his face. ‘Dad? Is something wrong?’

‘Nothing at all is wrong... but there’s something I need to tell you...’

‘Can’t you tell me in the morning...?’

‘I have to leave. To go to London. I’ve come to say goodbye.’ His voice was hoarse, as though he had been talking for hours and hours. ‘I’m going now. Right now. I didn’t want you to be surprised. Don’t cry, Sazzie. It’s pointless crying. You know why I’m leaving. You know it’s for the most important reasons in the world. Nothing else, nothing less, could make me leave you or your mother or Paul.’

Sarah’s heart thudded in her chest. She felt as if she had run a hundred metres or nearly been hit by a car. She reached for her father’s hand. ‘I – ’

‘There’s no need to say anything, darling girl, except goodbye...’

‘But I – ’

‘It’s what I have to do. What I can’t bear to do but have to do. I’m sorry, Sazzie...’

Tears were welling up in Sarah’s eyes – but she was determined not to cry. She wanted to be strong for her father. ‘Aren’t you frightened?’ she asked. ‘Of what will happen when you get there? Do you know what’s going to happen? Do you have a plan?’

Bill leant closer until his beard tickled her face. He kissed her on the forehead. ‘I haven’t got a plan and I’m not frightened. Not for myself. I’m frightened on behalf of our species. On behalf of the human race.’

## *Green Messiah*

She tightened her grip on his hand. ‘But you don’t have to leave yet, do you? Mum and Paul just need a little more time. They need to understand what you’re trying to do. Why you’re writing your bible. All that stuff. And mum didn’t mean what she said. About you leaving. She was just upset...’

‘She was right to be upset.’ Her father leant forward, brushed the hair back from her cheek. ‘And I don’t want to hurt her any more. I’ve hurt her – and you and Paul – too much already. That’s another reason why I have to go...’

‘You’ll hurt us even more if you leave...’

Even in the darkness she could sense her father’s smile. ‘You’re a clever girl,’ he said. ‘Clever, grown-up and good. But I’ve changed, Sarah, and I haven’t finished changing. Self-change is the only weapon I have, so it’s a weapon I must use... And I’m becoming someone your mother no longer understands. Why should she? Why should I force change on her as well? It’s our enemies who need to change. They are the ones I’m preparing myself for. The politicians and the corporate billionaires, spouting their green concern while continuing to pollute our world. Well, I’m going to bring their consequences to them. I’m going to bring the war that they’ve waged from the safety of their air-conditioned offices to the battleground of their hearts. I can’t stay here and hope for the best. By the time the apocalypse reaches our safe little home here in Bristol it will be too late. The balance of sustainability will already have tipped beyond saving. There will be too little ice and too much CO<sub>2</sub>, too few forests and too many humans. The meltdown will be unstoppable... I’m sorry, Sarah. I’ve taken too long over this already...’

Sarah gripped her father’s hand even tighter. She wasn’t about to let go, wouldn’t ever let go. ‘Can’t you use the internet? Can’t you email everyone to tell them what to do?’

‘I’m sorry, Sarah. It wouldn’t work. I’ve got to do this in person, face to face.’ There was still a smile in her father’s voice – but he eased his hand from Sarah’s grip and drew away. ‘Thank you for believing in me,’ he said.

When he leant down to kiss her one last time Sarah circled his neck with her arms. She held him as tightly as she could, even though his beard prickled her cheek. He muttered, ‘Christ, you’re getting strong...’ Then, more gently, ‘But there’s a different strength I need from you now.’ He pulled her arms free and pushed them gently against her chest. ‘Goodbye, darling girl. You know I love you – and that’s all that matters in the end, isn’t it?’ And then he was gone, and the bedroom door was closed, and Sarah was listening to his footsteps receding down the stairs.

Darkness returned to Sarah’s room like a predator, like a predator’s predator, like Smaug from *The Hobbit*, like the king of all food chains. ‘House of light?’ it whispered mockingly. ‘Is that

## *Green Messiah*

what you used to call this home of yours? Well, this isn't a house of light any more! This is darkness's house now. This is the place where everything comes when the light is gone. This is the bottom of the pit. This is the end of the line. Welcome. Welcome to *my* house.'

And the darkness was a bully. It hung over Sarah with its fist raised, hoping to intimidate, desperate to make her afraid. 'I am the bringer of the new Dark Ages,' it gloated. 'Your societies – East and West – will collapse into dust. Climate war will harvest your people like the wheat in the field. How can your father hope to resist?'

'He's big enough and ugly enough to look after himself,' Sarah whispered back – though she wasn't really sure that she believed that any more. 'And he's stronger than you will ever be...'

But the darkness had ended its conversation. It knew its argument was won.

Sarah wasn't a girl who easily cried. Why should she be, with a family like hers? Why should she ever have cried, with a home like hers, with a brother like hers, with a mother and father like hers?

She cried that night until the dark had wrung her dry.

In the morning, when white light clawed its way around the edges of the curtains and prized her eyelids wide, she lay in her bed and looked up at the ceiling for a long, long time. She thought about her parents, about Paul, about the dying rainforests in South America and Indonesia, about wealthy politicians and the corporations who owned them, and she told herself that she was going to be strong. She was going to be strong for her mother and her father. She was going to be strong for Paul. She was going to be strong, as strong as she could possibly be, for the sake of her species and for the sake of all the species huddling together, in fear and trepidation, upon the surface of the earth.

## *Green Messiah*

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