



Cared & Chosen

DOUGLAS C. HALEY

CALLED AND CHOSEN

By: Douglas C. Haley
Copyright © 2015 Douglas C. Haley
All Rights Reserved

www.Calledandchosen.com

This book is intended for personal use only. It shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, resold, hired out, or otherwise distributed for any purpose, in any format, without the publisher's prior written consent.

Published by Casting Bread Publications

TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTERS

1) IN THE BEGINNING	1
2) ALL THE KINGS MEN	19
3) A MORNING'S RUE.....	27
4) QUESTIONS ANSWERED	45
5) THE CALL	65
6) A FATHER'S LOVE.....	73
7) DESTINY'S ANSWER.....	79
CASTING BREAD PUBLICATIONS	87



IN THE BEGINNING

“My Lord, where are you? Can you hear me?” Shouting at the top of his lungs, young squire Benha’il was getting concerned. They had never met with such strange circumstances before, while hunting a dragon.

What is this stuff, he thought to himself, It looks like fog, but its white, powdery and dry, yet, I can still breathe ok. Benha’il called out again, “My Lord! My Lord! Where are you?” Just then he heard a faint voice responding. *Finally,* he thought to himself.

“I am over here,” the voice shouted back.

“I can’t see you,” he bellowed back.

“Just follow the sound of my voice, I will keep

shouting, but be careful, the devil still lives!” With that young Benha’il began to get concerned, if not down right nervous. He had never been this close to the hunt. He had certainly never been confronted before by a dragon, and at the young age of 12, he didn’t care to, either. This was a matter for his Lord.

With each step, the voice got stronger, until finally he heard, “There you are Ben, strange stuff isn’t it?”

“My Lord, responded Benha’il, “you are injured!”

“Yes,” replied Sir Malach.

“Can you stand up?” asked young Benha’il.

“I’m not sure,” Sir Malach answered cautiously, “I haven’t tried. I didn’t want to move about too much, until I knew he was gone.”

“What shall we do, Sire,” asked Benha’il?

“How many times have I asked you, no, told you not to call me Sire?” asked Sir Malach.

“Sorry, Sire,” responded Benha’il, “I will try not to do it, again.”

“Well,” responded Sir Malach, “let’s just sit a while until this mist or whatever it is lifts.”

“Ok.” replied Benha’il. “Have you ever seen this before, he asked?”

Sir Malach thought for a moment before answering. “No,” he replied, “But I did hear about it once.”

“When was that?” asked Benha’il.

Sir Malach thought back to another time, before he spoke, “It was about five years ago, when King Ne’hiloth hired the hunters of Midian, before I was of age. We were in quarters eating a meal and all of the knights were comparing notes from all their hunts. They told of a time many generations ago, when their forefathers came across a dragon who breathed out this white mist, instead of fire. They said it was recorded in their ancient manuscripts that they were trained by. They, themselves, had never seen it, but they vowed that, if it was in their manuscripts, then it happened and was not a myth.”

“How did they know it was not a myth?” asked Benha’il.

Turning his head ,as if he were listening for something, Sir Malach stared off into the mist with a look of deep concentration and said, “Because their forefathers, like themselves, all took an oath of death, if they were ever caught lying”

“Oh! Do you think this is the same dragon?” asked Benha’il.

“I do not know, but I do know, now, it is not a myth,” answered Sir Malach.

Noticing that Sir Malach had now relaxed and was looking back at him, Ben asked, “If I may ask sir, what happened?”

“I rightly don’t know,” responded Sir Malach. After a moment’s hesitation, he began to recall what happened.

“I knew where he would be this morning, as we watched him land last night from where we stood on the other hillside. So, as planned, I set out to ambush him, just like I have always hunted dragons in the past. I was getting closer, and I knew he was sleeping, because he had no thoughts on his mind.”

“You could read his mind like the others, Sire?” questioned Benha’il.

“Yes, I could and with even greater clarity. I actually began to think that, perhaps, I was getting sharper with the gift. Anyway, I spotted him and slowly crept up closer moving very quietly, and I know that he did not hear me. I raised my spear getting ready to send it into the Galilei Scale. Just as I was going to release my spear, I heard this strange sound, and then this white cloud of mist, or whatever this is, came out of his nostrils, instead of the usual fire. It was then, in that split second, that he struck me in the leg with his tail, I think. It happened so fast, I wasn’t sure what hit me?”

Again, Sir Malach slowly turned his head, as if his

thoughts were being drawn away, but then he continued, “And then the strangest thing happened.”

“What was that?” asked Benha’il.

“Well, at that moment, I felt that he was reading my mind, and that he somehow knew what I was thinking, all along.”

“Really?” said Benha’il.

“Truly,” responded Sir Malach, “and that was not all, I felt like he knew me and had known of me, all the while.”

With that, Sir Malach lowered his head, as if he were pondering and thinking very deeply upon the matter. Benha’il had seen this look before and knew not to interrupt.

After a few moments, Sir Malach spoke up, “Well, it looks like this mist or whatever it is, has started to lift. We should get going.”

“Yes,” said Benha’il, “can you stand up?”

“I think so,” Sir Malach replied, “but, I have to tell you, he sure gave me a blow.” Sir Malach, groaned slightly, and then said, “Give me a hand, Ben and let’s give it a test.” Ben bent over and put his head and shoulder under the arm of Sir Malach. Taking a deep breath, he pushed with all his might, and between the two of them, Sir Malach slowly rose to his feet.

“Is it broke, Sire?” asked Ben.

“I don’t think so, and I don’t see any blood. It’s a good thing I wore my shank armor today, huh?” said Sir Malach. Ben knew that Sir Malach would never let on, if he were in pain, anyway, as he was trained to ignore pain. All knights of the realm were taught to never let on that they were hurt, especially in combat. Any notice of pain and their challenger would instantly concentrate on that spot.

Ben, glad that he had found Sir Malach and was in his company, was still nervous about not knowing where the dragon had gone. He was looking up at Sir Malach, who was scanning the sky, as if he were still on his guard and looking for the beast. Wanting to know, if the danger was past, Ben blurted out and asked, “Do you think he is still around, Sire?”

“No,” replied Sir Malach, “or at least I don’t think so, I can’t read his mind.”

Ben was glad to hear those words and took a deep breath. He knew that he shouldn’t be scared, after all he was in training to be a knight himself, but still he thought to himself, *he was only 12 years of age*. “This would have been number 18 wouldn’t it?” asked Ben.

“Yes,” Sir Malach replied.

“I have been with you almost a year and a half and this would have been your third victory that I have witnessed.” Ben said. Then he wondered aloud, “Have you ever been hurt before?”

Again, Sir Malach looked down at Ben, as if to say, “Mind your thoughts young man.” But his face changed into a slight grin, as Sir Malach freshly realized that he had been in Ben’s shoes before, and he knew of the fear that young Benha’il was facing right now. So, slowly and with a tone of comfort, he answered, “That’s right, number 18 and no, I have never been hurt before.”

Ben found great comfort in the words of Sir Malach and relaxed, letting out a sigh of relief. Sir Malach, knew that the young lad had disengaged from his fear and said, “Did you see Ascenttia my horse, when you were looking for me?”

“No Sire” Ben stated. “In fact, I never saw Zif, my horse, either.”

Taking a deep relaxing breath, Sir Malach said, “I suppose we need to head back to the castle and give our report.”

“Maybe we will run across them on the way back,” said Ben.

Sir Malach slightly shaking his head, replied, “No, I

know Ascenttia, and he would never be frightened, so I am concerned about his fate. But Zif, with a name like that who knows?" he said with a grin and chuckled. But, Ben knew that he was just kidding.

Sir Malach took a few steps on his own but soon spoke up and asked, "Ben, would you mind if I leaned on you a bit, just until this thing loosens up?"

Ben looked up at the knight knowing that this was an honor, and with a big smile said, "Oh, no Sire, please, lean as much as you need!"

As they began to walk, Ben without thinking, spoke out, "Do you think the King will be angry?." He should have known better than to ask Sir Malach such a question, as it is the sworn duty of knights to never make a negative statement about the King.

But, He very politely answered, "I don't know Ben, but I will tell you what will make him angry."

"What?" said, Ben.

"Well, if he ever hears you call me Sire, he is going to get very angry! So, please, refrain from it, Ben."

Looking down at the ground, Ben replied. "Yes, sir."

After walking for a few hours with no sign of the horses and nothing to eat, Sir Malach knew that young Ben was growing weary of his load. Stopping and

looking about, he saw a stream running below the road. He suggested that they stop and rest for a while. With an appreciative smile, young Ben responded with, “You wait here and I will see if I can round up something for us to eat.”

Sir Malach watched as the young lad ran off into the woods without thinking of his first duty, which was to make sure that the needs of the King’s knight were taken care of, before leaving him alone. But, he was young and had not fully learned the ways of the knighthood, as of yet. So, Sir Malach did not call it to his attention knowing that, in the future, he would have to address such matters.

The knight stood surveying the area and sizing up any attack or escape routes should the need arise. Looking down stream, he spied an area that looked to be hidden and secluded. He realized that this would make a good resting place and maybe even a camp for the night, should they decide to stay.

Noticing that the pain was easing up in his leg, and that he was only hindered by a slight limp, he made his way down the stream and to the small woods. Looking upstream, he saw there was a water fall cascading into the water below. As he stared at it, it seemed that his attention was captured, and he was haunted with the

thought that he had been to this place before. *But, No he thought to himself. He had never been here before. In fact, he was not on the King's land, at this point, at all. He was actually in no man's land as the knighthood called it. No, he was certain of it. He had never seen this place before and was only here to slay the dragon that the King had commissioned him to do.*

Sir Malach set his spear up against a large oak tree along with his tall shield and began to unbuckle the armor that he could reach. He heard the voice of young Ben behind him, frolicking through the trees and sounding as if he were a young child, but he knew that he was simply glad to be out of harm's way. Once again, he chose not to scold him for making such a ruckus. Besides, the young lad had just bore him for several miles. He thought to himself, *how uplifting it would have been had he been shown such favor, when he was training to become a knight.*

Instead, he was shown the hardest of times in his training the whole way through, by the hand of the King, who seemed to not like him, at all. With that thought, he knew that the King would be very wroth, not just angry. Certainly, the seventeen dragons that he had slain should count for something. Besides, he would refresh himself for a few days and set out again to track down the devil

and finish the job to fulfill his commission.

Just as he finished thinking about the situation, young master Ben popped out from behind the trees and announced that he had found some blackberries, which were his favorite. He had also taken the opportunity to set a snare, that he was certain would fetch them a hare or two for supper.

As Ben handed him all the berries, the knight kindly looked at Ben and said, “No, Ben, you carried a heavy load today. You eat first and then I will have some.” Ben smiled and promptly divided the berries into two equal amounts and gave the knight half. They both sat in the peaceful surroundings of the stream babbling in the background with the gentle, cool breeze refreshing them.

After a bit of silence, Ben noticed that Sir Malach, once again, went on guard, scanning the skyline, as if he were expecting a visitation. He had seen this look many times in the past year and a half, as they hunted the commissioned dragons.

He often wondered why the other knights were not commissioned to slay the beasts, but he put the thought to rest confidently, believing the reason must be that Sir Malach, was simply, the best of the lot of the King’s knights. Besides, he had never seen the knight flinch or falter in any manner of duty. With that he heard the snap

of a snare and announced, “Supper is ready, you heard it right?”

“I certainly did,” Sir Malach responded. With that young Ben shot off into the trees, like one of the King’s hounds on a hunt.

But, the knight, once again, looked off into the distance and was deep in thought. He could not put his finger on it, but something was stirring him within his spirit. He had felt this many times before, as it was an unrest within him. It seemed to call out to him wanting to give him answers that he did not know. *Answers to what?* he thought. He knew of no questions that needed to be answered. Still, it was a probing in his spirit, that he knew for sure.

In that very instant, his mind flashed, and he suddenly snapped out of the trance, as he was listening to the thoughts of the dragon’s mind. *Yes, it was the same dragon, which had escaped him this morning.* He listened intently, as the thoughts ran wildly through him.

Quickly, he shot to his feet, grabbed his spear and shield to prepare himself for battle. He knew that the dragon was near, as he could only read their thoughts, when they were close by. But, just as suddenly as the thoughts came, they left. *That’s odd,* he thought. *I know that was his mind, but I cannot understand it, at all.* This had never happened before, and he was beginning to be

unsure of what was going on. First, he felt that the beast could read his mind and now this!

All of the sudden, he became concerned for his young apprentice. “Ben,” he shouted out to him. And, before the words fully left his mouth, the young lad appeared from behind the trees carrying not one but two hares.

“Yes, my Lord?” asked Ben.

“Oh! You are back,” replied the knight, “good, just didn’t want you to get lost.”

Ben, put the hares down and made ready to prepare them and to build a fire to cook them on. But, he had noticed that his master was on alert. He was not only alert, but also had weapons in hand and was standing in his attack stance. He didn’t think he should ask questions, just yet. He knew that he needed to continue about his business and get the meal on, but he also knew something had just happened!

After finishing their meal, which they both were thankful for, though it certainly was a far cry from eating at the King’s table, Sir Malach spoke up. “Well, young lad, that was a very fine meal, I believe that I have dined better than a bishop.”

Ben replied, “Thank you Sire. I suppose you will be wanting to break camp and continue on our journey.”

The knight realized the load that the boy had carried by supporting him today had taken its toll, and he knew that the lad had to be exhausted. Yes, it was true that he wanted to continue, but he also knew that a boy of Ben's age would not. Besides, this was the nicest camping spot that, he believed, he had ever had the pleasure to visit, and he knew the King would not miss him for one more day, anyway. So, he responded, "No lad, let's stay here tonight, that is unless you want to head home."

Ben grinned and said, "What ever you wish, Sire." He paused for a moment and then volunteered, "I think I can tickle us some fresh trout from the stream in the morning for breakfast, if you'd like Sire." The knight just smiled and nodded his head with approval.

It wasn't long, before the sun had drifted into the West behind the mountains and the fire was crackling and lighting up the dusk, darkened sky, that they both fell off into a slumbering sleep. Tired and exhausted, they both needed to rest.

Through the night, while his body was to be at rest, the knight's spirit was still stirring within him and he was not to find rest tonight. For in the still of the night and deep within his spirit, through the thick white cloud, in his dreams, he saw the dragon that had escaped him earlier that morning. Realizing that He was standing without his

weapons, his mind began to rush. Panic set in for a slight moment, as his heart was pounding at such a pace that he thought it was surely going to explode. He had been trained for this, but there seemed to be nothing that he could do to control himself. He was exposed, helpless and unable to move, as he stood before the beast.

Then he began to hear the thoughts of the beast, but he was not able to make sense of them. Some kind of foreign language maybe, something that he had never heard before. He had never experienced this with the other seventeen dragons. He had always been able to understand them, but not the thoughts of this one.

Then the horror of the moment fell upon him and helplessness penetrated him to the very core of his being, as he realized that the beast was reading his mind! Just as quickly as he realized it, he heard the beast speak to him, by using his mind, *So, Sir knight, you seek to slay the one who keeps the mystery?*

Without a moments hesitation, Sir Malach, shot back from his thoughts without speaking a word with his mouth, *What mystery do you speak of?*

The dragon, moving to the right side of Sir Malach, looked upon him intently and responded, *The mystery to the questions that you have needed answered, since you were a boy.*

Listen, dragon! Sir Malach shouted back, *I know your ploy. You can read my mind, and so, you seek to take advantage of me through it. You seek to deceive me, and I will not fall prey to your scheme!*

The dragon turned his head aside and changed his gaze, as if to focus on some other thing, but there was nothing there, *Your father would not have said such a thing*, the dragon spoke.

You know nothing of my Father, dragon. Sir Malach retorted. *And I will not be taken in by your wiles!*

The dragon, fixing his gaze, again, on the knight, looked upon him with a piercing stare that Sir Malach was not prepared for. Suddenly, his heart felt stricken and almost sick. His mind went blank. His tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth, and he could no longer speak. *Since, you will not listen to me now, said the dragon, you will not avoid the coming trouble that was not ordained for you. I guess some have to learn the hard way. Nevertheless, we will meet again, and then you will know that I keep the mystery and the answers that haunt you!*

Then the dragon disappeared from his dream and he awoke, covered in sweat and troubled in his spirit. He could hear something stirring about him, and as he opened his eyes, he saw young master Benha'il building a fire, and sure enough, he was preparing trout for their breakfast.

“Good morning,” said Benha’il, “did you rest well? You don’t look like it.” Sir Malach, stood up and stretched out his arms and chose to ignore Benha’il’s comments.

After finishing the trout, Sir Malach spoke up and said, “We should reach the castle by noon today, if we move along, Ben.”

“Yes, Sire,” Ben replied. They gathered up what little they had besides the weapons and began to head up the hill to the road. But, when Sir Malach reached the top of the hill, he turned, and hoped in his heart to return to this place, again, even though he was troubled by last night’s dream.

As he walked along in the morning mist, he said nothing, for his thoughts were controlled, as a knight’s should be. Still, he was confused by what the dragon meant, by the “coming trouble that was not ordained.” Benha’il, worried as well. He knew nothing, but he knew that something was up.



ALL THE KINGS MEN

As the two drew near to the castle, Benha'il began to feel restless in his mind. He had not spoken for a few hours and he was quite anxious about it, so he asked Sir Malach, "Do you think the King will want to see you today?"

"Probably," said Sir Malach.

"Do you think he will make you wait?" Benha'il inquired.

"It is not a knight's duty or business to question what the King does or does not do, Ben" said Sir Malach, "and you need to learn this straight away."

"Yes, sir," Ben replied, "but I do get tired of the

waiting. Besides, I don't think the King likes you."

Sir Malach was tired, but he knew the boy had a point. He knew within himself that for whatever reason, the King showed him no kindness. He never did, under any circumstances. All through his apprenticeship, the King made things harder for him.

He had slain seventeen dragons, and no other knight was sent out for the task. He didn't understand, but it was not the business of a knight to question what the King does. He had taken the oath of loyalty to the King, before the Almighty and the congregation of the King's court, and he intended to do just that, until his death! But still, he hoped, perhaps, the King would see him early today, so he could go home and rest a bit.

Tired and dirty, the two of them showed up at the palace of King Ne'hiloth and were questioned by the guards. Finally, after an hour or so, they entered into the waiting hall of the King's court. There Benha'il sat on one of the benches, while Sir Malach had to stand and remain at attention to salute all those who entered and left the King's court.

As they passed by, he could hear them snickering and commenting on how dirty they were, and how they should be tossed out of the King's Knighthood, altogether, for such an appearance. As the court cleared

and the crowds slowed, Benha'il stood up and walked over to Sir Malach and asked a question, "Why do you have to stand at attention while you are here?"

Sir Malach, looked at the boy and said, "I am in this stance, as every knight must be in the King's court, so that he is ready to defend the King at a moments notice."

Soon the flow of people stopped all together, and the sun began to set. As the night began to fall, once again, Benha'il walked over to Sir Malach and asked, "Can't we go home now? There is no one here anymore."

"No," said Sir Malach, "We cannot."

With that Benha'il said, "Maybe he doesn't know we are here, or he has forgotten?"

"No, he knows we are here, Ben," replied Sir Malach, "We must wait until he sends his messenger and dismisses us."

As the night set in, they could hear the town crier calling out each hour, and just before midnight, the King's messenger entered into the hall. Walking up to Sir Malach he snickered and said in a mocking voice "you are dismissed, but the King orders you to be here at sunrise in the morning." With that, the two of them headed home for a few hours of rest.

For three days and three nights this continued. Each

day they arrived at sunrise and Sir Malach stood at attention, until the King's messenger came to dismiss him, just before midnight. Then on the fourth day, early in the morning, before the crowds arrived, the King's messenger came and commanded them to enter into the court of the King.

As they entered into the King's court, Sir Malach was announced and allowed to approach the throne. He noticed that six of his fellow knights, all of whom he considered friends, were standing up front, as well.

There were three on the left and three on the right of where he was supposed to stand. Young master Benha'il was not allowed to approach the throne and had to stay in the back, which was not unusual.

The King was seated on his throne, and his advisor "Rab'mag" was standing just off to his right. Sir Malach did not care much for Rab'mag. He had always felt that his fate was somehow being manipulated, by him. He could not explain it, but maybe, his suspicion of him was because every time he came to the King's court, Rab'mag was always there continually whispering in King Ne'hiloth's ear.

"So, you have returned," the King declared.

"Yes, Sire, I have returned but only for a short while"

replied Sir Malach.

“I gather by your statement that you were not successful to slay the beast and fulfill the commission that I gave to you. You have failed, and you displease me very much!” the King glowered.

“My humble apologizes, Sire, I did not mean to...” Sir Malach began to say.

He was interrupted by King Ne'hiloth who began to rail, “I did not ask you for an apology, sir. I asked you to slay the beast and keep the Kingdom at peace!” He shouted loudly. Sir Malach knew that he dare not say another word, but just listen.

Then the King turned and looked at Rab'mag, who bent down and whispered into his ear. When Rab'mag had finished, then the King turned his eyes back upon Sir Malach with a suspicious look and said, “Give the entire witness of the event, do not leave anything out.”

With that, Sir Malach cleared his throat and mind and began to recount his encounter with the dragon. “Well, your excellency, I knew where the beast was settled for the night. So, I began my jaunt in the morning.” Explaining his every move Sir Malach recalled every detail to mind and came to when he lifted up his spear to thrust the beast through the Galilei Scale.

King Ne'hiloth suddenly stopped and asked, "Did the beast release a white cloud?"

Sir Malach was quite shocked that the King knew about the matter and was a bit confused. "Yes, my Lord, he did. But I don't..." With that he was interrupted again, by the King who was growing more and more angry every passing moment. His face, at this time, was beet red and he looked as if he, himself, wanted to cut Sir Malach down.

Again, Rab'mag bent down and whispered into the King's ear, and when he had finished, the King lifted his head and looked straight at Sir Malach and asked, "Did the dragon speak to you?"

Again, Sir Malach was shocked, *how did the King know of such matters?* "Why no my Lord, not verbally..."

Once more he was cut short, before he finished, as Rab'mag bent to whisper into the King's ear. When Rab'mag had finished whispering, the King looked at the six knights and made a slight motion with his hand. When he did, Sir Malach noticed that each one tightened their grip on their spears.

The King, turning his gaze upon Sir Malach, began to speak slowly, "Tell me, how did he speak to you?" Only this time the look in his eyes showed mistrust and

not suspicion, and Sir Malach knew it. He took a deep breath and looked quickly around the room to see, if there was anyway he could defend himself, but instantly his knight's oath came into his mind. With the remembrance of his oath, he let out his breath and said a prayer to the Almighty at the same time, for surely this was the "trouble that was not ordained," of which the dragon spoke about, and he knew it. Yet, he assured himself of his oath and prepared himself to die, within the moment and not to strike out at anyone.

This time Sir Malach turned his head to the King and looked down in humility and said, "In a dream, Sire."

With that the King's voice exploded, "You are a traitor and the beast has cast his spell upon you! Knights of the realm" he ordered. "Seize this traitor and bind him with chains!"

At the charge of the King, all six knights moved with lightning fast reflexes, and before you could blink, each knight was surrounding Sir Malach with their spears bearing up against his waist. Then out of the corner of the court came the King's High Executioner bearing chains in his hands.

Sir Malach never moved or flinched a muscle. He, simply, stood still and let them do what they wanted. Why, he did not even lift up his voice to question the King's order.

They striped him of his armor and unfastened his victory girdle that had a symbolic rendering of each victory he had won, as a King's knight. But, when they removed his signet ring from his finger, that was what hurt him the most. It was the one thing he cared about, as it declared to the world what family he belonged to, and it bore the family crest upon it.

When they had finished and had bound him securely, the King turned to him and pronounced judgement. "Sir, I declare you guilty of conspiracy against the crown, to overthrow your king. You are a traitor and I hereby strip you of the honor of your knighthood and all your properties are forfeited to the crown for your acts of treason. In fact, so heinous are your crimes that your blood shall not be spilled on the land of this Kingdom. Therefore, I declare that you are to be taken to 'No Man's Land' and be executed at dawn."

Then turning his gaze upon the knights, the King declared in a very clear, loud voice, "Anyone who is found guilty of aiding this traitor will forfeit his life and every life of his household, as well." With that, the King rose and walked out of his court with Rab'mag following.



A MORNING'S RUE

Sir Malach was then escorted out of the King's court into the morning sun of the busy city. There he stood, in chains and surrounded by the King's knights, all of whom he knew and counted as friends. But, he did not say a word and neither did they. They knew what King Ne'hiloth had decreed, and if any of them came under the suspicion of conspiring with Sir Malach, by talking to him, they would be put to death.

After a brief wait, all six of the knight's horses were delivered to them along with one donkey for Sir Malach. He could not overlook how quickly the horses arrived with their complete battle armor in place, so he knew that they were in waiting for him. He knew that the whole

thing was a trap, probably, by the hand of Rab'mag.

They all mounted their horses, including Sir Malach on the donkey, as he was given no choice. It was King Ne'hiloth's intention to make a spectacle of Sir Malach and to cause him embarrassment in the eyes of the people, so no one would question his actions. Slowly, they rode through the city streets with the crowds jeering and poking fun at Sir Malach.

Soon, they reached the city gates and Sir Malach was glad for it. He could bear the crowds and their actions, but what disturbed him the most was the actions of his friends, the knights. *Certainly, he thought to himself he would have defended them.*

It was a long ride out of the kingdom and not a word was spoken, by any of them. They all understood the law, and they all knew, if anyone saw them talking to Sir Malach, they would be put to death, as well, by the King's order.

Sir Malach could not help but notice that they were returning exactly the same way he had come from, just a few days earlier. He wondered quietly, if they were going to pass by the camping spot that he liked, so much.

Later, in the early afternoon, the silence was finally broken as Arrad spoke out and said to Sir Malach, "We

are sorry, my friend, but we must follow the King's orders."

"I know," said Sir Malach, "you must uphold the oath."

Arrad never looked at Sir Malach but kept his eyes focused ahead on the road. No other knight spoke out, either, which told Sir Malach that they had already discussed the situation and would not be persuaded contrary to their pact.

Again, he thought within himself and understood that *they were death bound, by the oath, and that each one of them, as knights, were in union to it, by blood. There was nothing that he wished for them to do but to keep their oath that they had made to the King and the Almighty.*

Soon, the knights began to get hungry and discussed amongst themselves how they should proceed with the whole affair.

Sir Malach, knowing they were growing uncomfortable of how they were to dispose of him, made a suggestion out loud to the lot of them. "Gentlemen, I realize that this is an uncommon situation that you must deal with, so let me speak to the air. Perhaps, you may hear what would please you."

"Just a few more miles ahead, there is a camping spot that I stayed at, only a few days ago. It is secluded

and sits off the road, a bit, and is next to a stream with a waterfall, just up stream a piece. I am sure that you would find comfort there, after you perform your duties regarding me. You and your horses may rest for the night and be refreshed for the ride back the following day.”

None of the knights responded to him. Arrad, however, signaled to the others that this sounded good to him. Sir Malach breathed a sigh of relief and was glad to know that, at least, the time of his departure from this world would be at a place he enjoyed.

After a bit, they began to draw near the camping spot and Sir Malach spoke out again, “There it is, just down over the bank. You see that clump of trees? In the middle of them there is a cove that will give cover to you and your horses. No one can see you from the road.”

So, they broke over the bank and headed down the hill towards the stream. Upon reaching the cove each of the knights smiled and realized that, indeed, this was a spot that they would remember, whenever they came this way again.

As they dismounted and secured their horses, Arrad spoke out, “Well, gentlemen, does anyone have any suggestions of how we are going to go about this?”

Sir Malach, being a friend, spoke out and said, “Listen, each one of you has been a friend to me, since

we were squires in training, except you, Gregory.” At which everyone laughed, because they all recounted in their minds of an event that occurred between the two of them, as boys.

Continuing on he said, “So, please, don’t make this hard on yourselves, by dragging this out. I suggest that we all head up stream to the waterfall, where I will select a rock from the stream and hold it in one of my hands. Each one of you guess, one at a time, which hand the rock is in. If you guess right, you are excused from the lottery. If you are wrong, you must guess again. We will do this until there is only one of you left. The last one left shall be the chosen one to strike me down.” All the knights looked at each other and nodded their heads as they all agreed that the terms sounded reasonable to them.

Walking upstream, Sir Malach continued to speak, “Gentlemen, I do have one last request of you.” They all looked at him blankly, but knew that they must at least listen. “Benha’il, my squire, he is good boy and soon to be a fine knight, promise me that one of you, by chosen lots, will care for him and finish his training. He did nothing to deserve this.” Again, all of the knights motioned with their heads in agreement.” Thank-you!” said Sir Malach.

Upon arriving at the chosen spot for the execution,

Sir Malach bent over and picked up a small rock. He held it out for each knight to observe. Seeing that they were satisfied, he moved into position with his back to the waterfall, choosing to hear the rushing, splashing water fill his ears with its peaceful sound, as he drew his last breath.

Sir Malach, looking to make the matter go easy on them, thought he might lighten things up a bit with some humor, again. So, he looked at Arram and said, "Arram, you are the first I met as a boy, so you go first." Arram politely bowed his head in acknowledgement and stepped aside. Then turning to Gregory he said, "Gregory, because of your sins against me you go last, and you get to inherit the noble stead that I rode today." And everyone erupted in laughter, as they remembered a childhood moment between them. But, by the time they finished laughing and each with a tear running down their face, including Sir Malach, no one could tell if it was a tear of sorrow, regret or laughter.

Then they all lined up single file and the lottery began. Arram chose correctly, so he was excused. When Enan, the second in line, stood before him, they heard the horses stirring, while snorting an alarm, as they were trained to do, when danger approached. They turned and looked down stream at the horses to see, if there was a

threat. But, they did not see any, so Arram spoke out and said, “They are probably sensing what is going on here and are uneasy about this business, just as we all are.”

With that said they all shook their heads in agreement and the lottery continued. Enan stepped up and looked at Sir Malach and a tear filled his eye. They all knew that, if there were ever to be a sensitive knight, Enan would be it. He was always big in heart, and his love of his brethren showed more than any of the others.

Sir Malach, had observed him during their friendship and knew that he would choose the left hand, as he always did, when given a choice, something that Enan never realized about himself, but his brothers of the knighthood did. Enan, chose the left hand, as predicted, and he was excused from the lottery. Each of the knights behind Enan, nodded their heads and gave a brief smile in acknowledgement, as they all knew that Sir Malach had put the rock in his right hand.

Zophar was next and he moved forward in the line to make his choice. Again, the horses were stirring and getting louder, only this time it was something that they could not ignore, as they all had broken free and were running away. This was something that had never happened, as they were all battle ready steeds trained to hold their place no matter what conditions confronted them.

The knights had all turned to look at the horses, and Arram spoke out, “Gentlemen, we all know what we must do. There is no enemy pursuing us and whatever has spooked our horses is not a threat to us, so we must get on with the business at hand.” About that time, Zophar began to laugh loudly and the others were puzzled.

Arram, asked, “What do you find so funny?” Zophar was laughing so hard he could not speak, so, he just pointed to the far edge of the cove of trees, where the horses had been, and there stood the little donkey that Sir Malach rode. Apparently, he had not been spooked like all the mighty battle steeds who had run away!

They all erupted in laughter, and Sir Malach spoke out, “Gentlemen, you all need to learn of me. See how quickly and well I train my animals?” Then he turned to Gregory and said, “See how blessed you are Gregory? Even after your sins against me, I bless you with my mighty battle steed.”

Again, they all laughed. Sir Malach was pleased that the occasion was becoming something of a pleasurable memory, and he knew that each of them would appreciate it, when they thought of him in the years to come.

Pulling themselves together, they all regained their composure and began to face Sir Malach head-on, so that the Lottery would continue. Somewhat sober faced with

a squint in his eye, Zophar reached out to touch the hand that he thought held the stone. Sir Malach was watching his face with intent, while controlling his own, so as to not give any hint, which hand to choose.

But he noticed, that Zophar looked up suddenly and was looking as if he couldn't believe what he was seeing. Scanning the others faces, he noticed that they were doing the same. None of them moved, and the look in their eyes was one of disbelief. Sir Malach, wondering what was going on, as they all seemed to be frozen in time for a brief moment, began to look out the corner of his eyes to the left, without turning his head.

He could not believe what he saw, nor did he even realize what he was looking at. A white thick cloud came creeping and drifting ever so slowly over his shoulder and the top of his head, in fact, all around his body. He did not realize it at first but thought that it was some strange fog from the waterfall. But, then he realized, he's back! The dragon had taken them, by surprise, at his weakest moment!

There he was with his hands and arms bound in chains, unable to defend himself! His mind sought to find a quick solution, so he could defend his friends and himself from the beast. Realizing that he could read the mind of the beast, he attempted to do so. *Nothing!*

Why couldn't he read its thoughts? Maybe it wasn't the dragon, after all, but something else.

Just then, he heard the voice of the dragon speak to him. Only this time, it was not in his mind but in his ears. "So, Sir Knight, I told you we would meet again, but you did not believe me. Now you have no choice but to believe?" Still, attempting to figure out a way of defending himself, he looked at Zophar's sword. Just when he began to formulate a plan, the dragon spoke out again,

"It will do you no good."

Trying to not let on that he was planing on defending himself, Sir Malach responded, "What do you mean?"

"Zophar's sword," said the dragon. "That was what you were thinking about right? It will do you no good. You forget that I can read your mind, as well, young knight."

With that Sir Malach began to relax knowing that he was trapped. Knowing that he was about to die anyway, so, what would be the difference which way?

Just then the dragon responded, "Today is not the day for your death, either."

Becoming more puzzled, Sir Malach asked, "Why is it that you can read my mind but I cannot read yours?"

"I will explain all things in good time," said the

dragon. “But right now, we need to depart. Follow me,” said the dragon. He turned and headed toward the waterfall.

But, Sir Malach could not see him, as of yet, and when he tried to move, he couldn’t. It seemed as if his insides were frozen into position. “Hey,” he said, “why can’t I move?”

“Oh, so sorry,” responded the dragon, “I forgot.” “Now try to walk.”

With that Sir Malach turned and followed him.

As he followed Sir Malach was thinking, *What just happened?*

The dragon responding to his thought said, “I will explain all in good time.”

They headed up stream, and Sir Malach watched the dragon go right into the waterfall. He thought the water would be too rough for his body and that he might drown. Just as he thought it the dragon said, “Don’t worry the water will not hurt you, in fact, you will not even feel it.” With hesitation, Sir Malach followed along, and the closer he came he realized that there was no cave or entrance of any kind behind the water.

Just as he realized it, the dragon walked right into the rocky cleft behind the water. Sir Malach could not

believe his eyes! The last thing he saw was the tip of his tail disappearing. Just then he heard, “Come on, hurry up! The cloud will soon pass.” So, Malach took a deep breath and walked right into the wall expecting to bounce off, but instead, he too passed through the rocks, as if they were not there.

When he stepped through, he was astonished at what he saw. It was a large hall about a hundred feet wide and 40 feet high, glittering with hanging shields of gold. The floor was covered with what he thought was emerald. He was stunned, because he knew the lay of the land outside, and there was no way this could be, as it would not fit the landscape outside. Just then he heard the dragon speak, “All in good time Sir knight. But now, we must, watch as your friends carry out the deed they were ordered to do, by King Ne’hiloth.”

Malach turned to look out where the water falls had been, but he did not see any water, at all. Instead, he saw a crystal clear view of his friends assuming the lottery and what appeared to be himself standing and still in chains.

The white cloud had disappeared, and they were all out of the trance carrying on, as if nothing had happened. Zophar stepped up and chose the right hand. No rock was in it, so he was excused.

Jehi'el was next. He was the strongest of them all. But he was a loner and did not talk much with any one. They all had wondered since he had no family lineage, to speak of, how he had received an appointment as a squire. Jehi'el stepped up and greeted Malach with a knight's embrace, before he chose. Obviously, what they were about to do was a not a pleasing thing to him, and this was the only way he thought of to express it. He looked at Malach, nodded his head and eyed Malach's right hand. When Sir Malach opened it, there was no stone! Jehi'el never said a word but let out a sigh of relief that everyone heard.

Next in line was Ma'don, and when he stepped up, the dragon said, "Ma'don the traitor, he never liked you."

Sir Malach was surprised to hear this and responded, "What are you talking about, I have known him since we were boys, and I would trust him with my life!"

"Not today," said the dragon, "you will see." With that they stood and watched, Ma'don looked at Malach and shook his head to show his disbelief for the situation.

"See," said, Sir Malach.

"Just watch," spoke the dragon.

Ma'don stood for a moment studying the hands and chose the left. When Malach opened it, there was a stone

inside his hand. Ma'don shook his head, as if he were in sorrow.

Malach spoke out again, "See! He is sorry that he has the rock!"

"Just observe," said the dragon.

Next was Gregory, the last of them. He spoke out to Sir Malach and said, "You know that day was all your fault!"

"Maybe," said Malach but you were the instigator of the whole affair."

Everyone chuckled and while they were still chuckling, Gregory reached out and chose a hand. When Malach opened his hand, there was the rock. Gregory stepped back to catch himself, as he staggered from the sight of the rock. Just then Sir Malach spoke out trying to ease the seriousness of the moment, "Who knows, Gregory, you may have your revenge today." Gregory's lips curved up slightly at the corners of his mouth, as to indicate a slight grin, but no one was laughing at this point.

As Gregory moved aside to make room for Ma'don, so he could choose, again, Ma'don began to speak. "Brethren is there any one of you who will deny that I am the best swordsman of us all?" In reply that they all nodded their heads in agreement, so, he continued. "If

this be the case and you all agree, who better to make sure that our friend's death is clean and swift? I promise you that I will put a swift end to the matter, and he will feel no pain." Tilting his head, he looked to watch their reactions.

Arran spoke out, "Malach do you agree with Ma'don's suggestion," to which he nodded, yes.

Turning to Gregory he said, "And you my friend?" Gregory shook his head in agreement, as well.

In the hall behind the waterfall, Malach shook his head and said, "See, he only wants to make sure I do not suffer."

"Just watch," said the dragon.

Ma'don stepped up in front of Sir Malach and bowed in respect. Then drew his sword, turned his back to Malach and with one swift motion the deed was done. As all knights do, the six stepped up one at time and took off a piece of their armor to touch it on the body of Sir Malach, as one last token of identity with their fallen friend.

Then they all turned and headed to the cove, moving quietly and not a one of them talking, except Ma'don who lagged behind unnoticed. As the others walked, he quickly went over to the body, bent down and began

to search Sir Malach's shirt, as if he were looking for something. Then a smile came to his face, as he took something and put it behind his chain mail to hide it.

"I don't believe it" said Sir Malach in the hall.

"I told you," said the dragon.

"What was he looking for?" asked Sir Malach.

"He was looking for the message that Rab'mag had left for him in your clothing. He had it placed there, when they removed your armor in the King's court. You didn't notice, but one of the King's butlers was involved with the affair," the dragon answered. "Sir Malach" said the dragon, "Rab'mag and Ma'don have been in league against you, since the day you entered into squireship."

"Why?" said, Malach.

"In good time," said the dragon, "first, we must go to the great hall, to answer the questions that have been haunting you since, you were a boy."

And the two of them turned away from the outside view and began to walk down the long corridor.

As they began to walk, Sir Malach had a thought about the chains that he was still bound with. Then he heard the dragon say, "Oh, sorry, I forgot," and with that the chains disappeared.

Sir Malach letting out a sigh of relief, spoke and said,

“why is it that I cannot read your thoughts.”

The dragon keeping his pace and looking straight ahead said, “All in good time, all in good time.”

A few steps further, Sir Malach, who was growing impatient for some answers asked, “What questions are you referring to?”

The dragon, without hesitating, kept up the pace and said, “Well, to begin with, you have always wondered about Rab’mag, now you know don’t you?”

“I guess so,” began Sir Malach, “but nothing is really making sense, at this point, so what other questions?”

“How about the question of why the King Ne’hiloth has shown you no kindness over the years?” spoke the dragon.

“You have the answer to that? This ought to be enlightening,” said Sir Malach.

“And then there is the question of why, though you loved your father, you always felt as if there was more to your childhood that was missing and that you were not fully aware of all the facts.”

With that Sir Malach stopped walking and looked at the dragon with a look of puzzlement. “How could you possible know that?” he asked.

The dragon stopped, as well, turned and looked at the knight with firm but very comforting eyes and said, “Because I have been your guardian since the day you were announced by your mother. I have read all your thoughts, seen all your dreams and heard all of your words since the day you began to reason. Sir Malach,” he continued, “I have watched over you since the day I was instructed to, by your father.”



QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Just a few more steps and they passed through the entryway into the great hall. Malach had never seen anything like this before and his attention was drawn away from their conversation.

King Ne'hiloth's court paled in comparison. The ceiling was at least 80 feet tall and the hall itself was doubly wide as the first. The walls were lined with tapestry's, golden shields, spears and swords. Each shield was different from the other, as some were painted with emblem's and others were inlayed with all sorts of metals and jewels that Malach had never seen. The entire room seemed to glisten with the hues of a rainbow in every area. The sight was breathtaking even for Sir

Malach who was not shocked, by much anymore, after combating 18 dragons and slaying all but one!

After they had walked a piece in the great hall, the dragon stopped and looked at a shield on the wall. Each shield was accompanied by a sword, spear and a tapestry that had an elaborate picture woven into it's fabric.

The dragon focused on the shield and said to Malach, "This was your father's shield and his name was King Malchi'jah." Malach looking very puzzled said, "What ever do you mean, my father was not a king but a sheep farmer, a shepherd, by trade."

"No," said the dragon, "your father was the King of Learsi before he was murdered."

Malach's forehead wrinkled, as he was trying to understand and then said, "You must be mistaken. My father was Jonathan of Treshire, who was a well know sheep farmer."

"No!" said the dragon, "Jonathan was your father's closest friend and the King's knight, before your father died. Look there in the tapestry. You can see him standing with your father King Malchi'jah right next to the oak tree."

Malach moved closer to the tapestry to study it over. As his eyes scanned it, he spotted Jonathan, who had raised him as his father. He was standing next to the

King and whom he believed to be the Queen. He was stunned and at loss for words. Turning to the dragon he shook his head in disbelief and before he said a word, the dragon began to speak.

“Your father, King Malchi’jah, was a close friend of mine, as well, Malach. He was one of the greatest kings that Learsi had ever known. He had determined to entrust you to Jonathan, after your mother Queen Sarai told him that she was expecting.”

“Why, would he do that?” asked Malach, “He was the king.”

The dragon who was still looking at the tapestry with a look of loneliness, as if he was missing a long lost friend, turned to Malach and said, “Your father knew that he was going to die, as he was the last good king that Lu’cuis sought to destroy so he could have total reign over all kingdom’s of men.”

“I don’t understand,” said Malach.

Turning and looking up and down the great hall, the dragon began to speak, “Each one of the these shields represents the good kings and their mighty men of valor that served in the Kingdoms of Adamia.”

“When the Ancient of Days created man and the kingdoms He set in place choice men, good men, and

made them to be kings who served Him and did his bidding. But, in time they died and others became king of each kingdom.”

“But, I must go back to the beginning for you to understand.” Said the dragon.

“Beginning? What are you talking about?” ask Malach.

“Yes, the beginning, that men no longer know, because Lu’cuis has blinded their minds, through the controlling kings who serve him. Thus, the people have forgotten the truth of the beginning. But, it was not always this way.”

Malach, whose heart was beginning to stir within himself, because his spirit was sensing that what the dragon was saying was the truth, said, “Please, go on, I want to know more. Something inside me knows that this is real, and you are speaking the truth!”

The dragon nodded his head to accept Malach’s plea and began again,

“In the original creation of Adamia before the times of men, ‘the Ancient of Days’ or ‘the Almighty,’ as you call Him, created all things good and put Lu’cuis, one of His created keepers, as Lord over His creation. But Lu’cuis’ pride grew with time, and he lusted after more power. He began to persuade those of the original

creation of his ways, influencing them and finally, he persuaded them to rebel with him, hoping to overthrow 'the Ancient of Days,' and to have his throne, as well. In the end of the matter, 'the Ancient of Days,' destroyed all those who rebelled and their kingdoms, knowing that there was no hope for them to turn back to good."

"You mean to tell me, that there was a creation or a civilization here before men?" asked Malach.

"Yes," said the dragon.

"What were they like? Were they like men?" asked Malach.

"We do not know," replied the dragon. "What we do know is that after the judgement, Adamia was not inhabited again, until 'the Ancient of Days' created the kingdom of men."

Turning from the shield and tapestry of King Malchi'jah, the dragon began to walk down the hall towards the back. As he walked, he began to speak again.

"What is important for you to understand, Malach, is that 'the Ancient of Days,' always knew what Lu'cuis was going to do, even before He placed him as Lord over the first creation. He knew this, because He knows all things, has always known all things and will always know all things that have been and that are to come to pass."

“The ‘Ancient of Days’ determined to create the first creation, knowing that Lu’cuis would destroy it, because He purposed to create man after it. He also knew, when He created the kingdom of man on Adamia, that Lu’cuis would pollute it also with his ways.”

“You are wondering why? Well, it is simple.” Said the dragon, “ ‘The Ancient of Days’ created man, because He seeks those that will serve Him of their own free will, by keeping His Ways of goodness and obeying His commands, as they rule and reign in His kingdom.”

“In His wisdom, He determined to allow Lu’cuis to exist and use him to try the hearts of men. To test them and see, if they would follow the good and love Him or follow the evil that Lu’cuis would spread in the kingdom of man. So, when a man dies, he stands before ‘the Ancient of Days’. It is then revealed, if he goes to spend an eternity with ‘the Ancient of Days,’ because he chose the ways of ‘the Ancient of Days’ or, if they go to the place of judgments.”

The dragon stopped walking and turned to look at Malach and said, “In the beginning of the kingdom of man, ‘the Ancient of Days’ created nine kingdoms and set nine good kings upon their thrones to rule, reign and to carry out His will, and this is where I come into the picture.”

“What do you mean?” said Malach. “Dragons are man’s enemy or at least I thought so, and why I slew so many of your kind.”

“Ah!” Spoke the dragon. “What you do not realize is that I am not a dragon.”

“What!” said Malach with a snide tone, “You look like a dragon, you act like a dragon, you are shaped like a dragon, so, you have to be a dragon!”

The dragon’s eyes began to glare, as if he were offended, and then he said, “You are wrong on all accounts.”

“Do you think that, if I were a dragon I would have been charged to be your guardian, by your father?”

Sir Malach, hesitated, and before he could say a word, the dragon continued.

“Do I act like a dragon? No, I saved you and did not seek to do you harm or destroy you, even though you sought to kill me!”

“As far as my looks are concerned, look at my tail, when have you ever seen a dragon’s tail that is shaped like mine?”

“True” said Malach. Tilting his head to the side, and squinting his eyes, as if he were thinking deeper about

it, and with a tone of uncertainty in his voice he said, “I have never seen a dragon’s tail without the knuckle tip on the end.”

“Look at my eyes are they red like a dragon.”

Malach looking intently at the dragon’s eyes said, “No, they are not red. They are deep blue, instead.”

“Did I breathe fire out at you?” asked the dragon.

“No. But, you did breathe out the white cloud. What is that stuff, anyway?”

“We will talk about that later on,” replied the dragon.

“Look at my feet, do you notice any difference from what you have seen on dragons?”

Glancing down Malach replied, “Now that I can see them, you don’t have dragon’s feet, at all. They look like a deer’s foot, split in two and cloven. They do not have any claws, either.”

“Ah,” responded the dragon, “now, look at my head, do you notice any difference from what you have seen on a dragon’s head?”

“Well, I’ll be,” said Malach, “you have a-ah-h-, I don’t know what to call it an indentation like I do between my nose and lips, only yours runs from your eyes to your nostrils. You’re not a dragon, what are you?”

“Finally! After all these years!” said the dragon. “Now one last thing, look at my scales. Do you notice anything unusual?”

Then Sir Malach moved closer to the dragon, looking intensely, as he studied them over. “By the powers,” he said, “now this I have never seen on a dragon. What is this emblem in the center of your scales? No, wait, you know what? I think I have seen this somewhere before!”

The dragon began to shake his head up and down. He turned his head slightly to look at the same scale that Malach was looking at and said, “You have seen it before, in fact, it was just a few moments ago. It is the same emblem at the center of your father’s shield.”

“That right!” said Malach, “How is that possible?”

The dragon then turned to the wall looking at another shield and began to speak. “This is the shield of the first king of Learsi, his name was Pelali’ah. Look at his shield.”

Malach, walked up to the shield, studied it over and after a moment he turned to the dragon and looked at another one of his scale. Then shaking his head he looked back at the shield and said, “The emblem on the shield is the same as your scale except for some minor differences. I don’t understand, why are the shields the

same?” Asked Malach. “Does this mean that you knew Pelali’ah as well?”

“Good observation,” replied the dragon. “But before I go on, you need to know that I am not a dragon, as you supposed, but an ‘elbarap’ created by ‘the Ancient of Days’.”

“A what?” blurted Malach.

“An elbarap. You see, in the beginning, when the kingdom of man was created and established, it contained nine realms with nine thrones and good kings were put upon those thrones, by ‘the Ancient of Days’. Who also gave to each king an elbarap to serve as a Watcher and guardian of the king and kingdom, to which they were assigned.”

“You mean that there are more like you?” Asked Malach.

“Yes, and no,” said the elbarap. “You see, when the good kings abandoned the ways of ‘the Ancient of Days’ to follow Lu’cuis, then the elbarap that served them were bound and are being held in captivity by Lu’cuis. So, they still exist but cannot be restored, until another good king who is the rightful heir regains the throne and walks in the ways of ‘the Ancient of Days’.”

“You see, an elbarap is only able to be bound, when

the king that they serve commands it so, and when that king dies, only their rightful heirs are able to set them free, again.”

Malach, who had turned and was still looking at the shield now shifted his eyes to the tapestry of king Pelali’ah and asked, “So, you are telling me that there are eight elbarap’s held in captivity?”

“Yes,” replied, the elbarap.

“But,” said Malach, “there are thirty-one kingdoms and thirty-one kings in Adamia. How do you explain this?”

“Ah,” said the elbarap, “you see, Lu’cuis divided the true nine kingdom’s into thirty-one for strategic measures. He knew that the more divisions there were, the more control he would have, as each king would have a smaller army to defend itself with, when challenged. He keeps it this way, so that none of the kings will attempt to rebel against him, because they would be too small to combat the other kingdoms alone.”

“Wait, hold up,” said Malach, “are you telling me, because I am King Malchi’jah son, that I am the rightful heir to the throne of Learsi, and that you and I are knit together because I am really the king of Learsi?”

“That is the truth of the matter,” said the elbarap.

“Then, why are you not bound like the other elbaraps,

as I am not the sitting king of Learsi?” asked Malach.

“Because, your father never gave into Lu’cuis,” replied the elbarap, “he continued to serve ,the Ancient of Days, all the days of his life, until he allowed his own death to be carried out, by the hands of Lu’cuis’ servants, so that you might live and re-gain the throne in time.”

“My father gave his life for me, so that I could be hidden and live?”

“Yes,” said the elbarap. “When your mother told him that she was to give birth to a child, he was so excited. But, he also knew that, unless you were hidden and protected, Lu’cuis would seek you out and would try to corrupt him, by threatening your life.”

“You see, Malach, your father was the last good king of all of Adamia, and at that time, though Learsi was still serving ‘the Ancient of Days’, Lu’cuis had caused the fall of the other eight kingdoms and divided them. He made twenty-four kingdoms out of the eight. Your father knew, by the prophecies, that the strength of Learsi could not defeat the armies of the twenty-four kingdoms.”

Malach’s face suddenly changed with a look of surprise, and he blurted out, “Prophecies?”

The elbarap turned his head began and looking at the tapestry of King Malchi’jah then said, “Do you

remember Jonathan, who you thought was your father, reading to you, as a young boy, out of an old book?”

“Yes,” replied Malach, “I loved it every time he would read to me out of that book. I remember having warm assurance and confidence, when he would read it to me. Somehow, I always felt better within myself, after he had finished.”

“That book,” began the elbarap, “was given to the nine kingdoms of Adamia, by ‘the Ancient of Days’. He spoke through visions and dreams to the holy men of old, who recorded it. It was passed down from generation to generation, as it taught the kings, who then taught those of their kingdoms of the Ways of ‘the Ancient of Days’.”

“But, it also warned and foretold of the trying of men, by Lu’cuis. Each king of the nine kingdoms was entrusted with the book of prophecies, by ‘the Ancient of Days’, who knows all, to warn them of the coming testing.”

“Your father studied the prophecies continually. He always sought to know what to do, by the wisdom that was in the book of prophecies. After your mother announced you’re coming birth, the prophecy of the fate of Learsi was revealed to your father from the book of prophecies, and he acted accordingly.”

“The prophecy of the fate of Learsi? Was I in that prophecy?” asked Malach.

“Yes,” responded the elbarap.

“What did it say concerning me?”

“We will get to that later” replied the elbarap. “Your father, before his death, gave his copy to Jonathan, as he sent him away into a distant land to raise you.”

“That’s why I could understand the men of Midian better than the others, when they came to Learsi! Jonathan took me to Midian, as a child, didn’t he?” said Malach

“Yes,” said the elbarap. “He took you there the night you were born, just after your father had one look at you. It broke his heart, but he knew that it had to be done.”

“He didn’t live much longer after that, but I could see the grieving in his eyes every day afterwards. But, he knew that this was the price he was to pay, if you and Learsi were to be restored, according to the prophecy.”

“What about my mother?” asked Malach.

“Your mother had to stay behind, as well, so that there would be no suspicions, by Lu’cuis and the other kings. She did not live long after your departure. Your father said that she died of a broken heart.”

“I can still see them both smiling and crying, as they looked at you, just after you were born. It is not a moment

that I care to repeat. Your father took you and held you up to the night sky, dedicated you to ‘the Ancient of Days’ and prayed a pray of blessing over you. He then immediately handed you to Jonathan and his wife. He turned to me, nodded his head and then we were off.”

“What do you mean, we were off?” asked Malach.

“What I mean is that, at the charge of your father, I left his side and carried Jonathan, his wife and you to Midian.”

“How long were we in Midian?” Malach replied.

“About three years,” said the elbarap.

“Didn’t everyone suspect something was up with Jonathan, the King’s knight, disappearing?”

“Your father let it be known that Jonathan was sent on a mission to train the men of Midian. After hearing of the death of your father, it was believed that he chose not to return, by the right of knights to choose, if they will serve a new king or not.”

“Lu’cuis with the aid of Rab’mag had King Ne’hiloth appointed to the throne, as there was no known heir of your father’s.”

“That explains why Rab’mag is always at the side of King Ne’hiloth, doesn’t it?” said Malach. “But ,how did they learn that I was the son of King Malchi’jah?”

“They didn’t really know,” said the elbarap, “they just suspected. In fact, they didn’t know, until the day you mentioned that you had spoken to me.”

“What made them suspect that I was King Malchi’jah’s son?” asked Malach.

“They suspected, when they saw your battle skills, as a knight in a contest,” said the elbarap. “It is uncanny how your skills are so like your father’s and not Jonathan’s.”

Malach, grinning said, “I think Jonathan had a lot to do with that. I remember, as he trained me in the sheep pastures, when I was a boy, he always insisted that I not do everything his way, but that I follow what he said was my natural flow of movement. Now, I know that he was guiding me to my real father’s movements of warfare.”

“He trained you well,” said the elbarap, “perhaps too well.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, it was done so well that Rab’mag was always watching you, testing you, and making it harder just to see, if you had your father’s will and drive.”

“But then the real test came, when they sent you out to slay your first dragon. They had hoped that you would not return, hoping that the beast would slay you, instead. But, when you came back so suddenly, declaring your

successful hunt and announcing that you were able to hear the thoughts of the dragon, their suspicions grew stronger.”

“I don’t understand, why that would be so important,” said Malach. “Why, would my ability to slay a dragon matter so much? Others such as the hunters of Midian are just as capable.”

“Yes, but none have shown such understanding of the dragon, as you, Malach,” said the elbarap, “and none could hear the thoughts of the dragon, either. At first, they were hoping it was just some kind of gift that you possessed. But, as your skills were sharpened, they became more suspicious, because they were aware that the prophecies spoke of one that would have that ability.”

“They kept sending you out to hunt them, hoping that you would falter and a dragon would do you in, to be rid of you. But they had another motive, as well.”

“What other motive?” questioned Malach.

“They knew that only a true king of Adamia is able to slay an elbarap. They were hoping that you would slay me, by mistake, not realizing what you were doing.”

“Well, I almost did,” said Malach.

“Not really,” retorted the elbarap. “I was lying in wait for you that morning. You forget Malach, I have

been your guardian, since the day you were conceived.”

“Uh, so you were waiting on me, then let me ask you, just how much did you intervene in my life anyway?”

The elbarap hesitated and then said, “I think it best to discuss that another day.”

“Well, then let me ask you this, if ‘the Ancient of Days’ created elbaraps, where did dragons come from?” asked Malach.

“Dragons are creatures of Lu’cuis’ will,” replied the elbarap. “Originally they were gentle beasts of Adamia that were created by ‘the Ancient of Days’. They are similar to an elbarap but only in looks, as they were a part of the animal kingdom coming from the no man’s land. But Lu’cuis has filled them with the fallen spirits of the kings of the previous creation, and they do his will.”

“So, if they are not an elbarap, then why can I hear their thoughts?” Asked Malach.

“You can hear their thoughts, because they are the enemy kings awaiting their judgement by ‘the Ancient of Days’ and the prophecy’s foretold of a coming one who will know the thoughts of the enemy, before they know them, themselves. That is why you were so skillful to out maneuver them in every battle.”

“Lu’cuis, uses them to keep the kings of Adamia

in line with his will. If a king or kingdom attempts to rebel against him, the first thing he does is send them to destroy a city or a people to demonstrate his wrath. Before all the kingdoms served him, he used them to weaken the will of the people, by destroying crops and property, through them.”

“So why did King Ne’hiloth hire the hunters of Midian,” Asked Malach?

“They had hoped to determine, if you were King Malchi’jah’s son or not, by the hunters talking and questioning you,” replied the elbarap. “Obviously, they were not able to discover the truth.”

“So,” said Malach, “why did you intervene and spare my life from the execution, and I guess, I am even more curious as to why you have revealed who you are to me, now?”



THE CALL

“Walk with me,” said the elbarap, who slowly turned and, at a slow pace began down the great hall. Turning his head towards Malach, while he walked, he became very serious in his countenance. His eyes were set, his lips drawn tight and his forehead wrinkled as in thought.

“Sir Malach,” he began, “ ‘the Ancient of Days’ has determined that the fullness of days has come to take back Adamia and its kingdoms, restoring His goodness, once again. It is time for the prophecies to be fulfilled”

“You are given a choice, for this purpose, as you are the rightful king of Learsi. You may, by edict of ‘the Ancient of Days’ be restored and regain the kingdom of Learsi that your father gave his life for, or you may answer

to a higher calling that ‘the Ancient of Days’ has chosen for you. The choice is yours to make, as ‘the Ancient of Days’ always allows men to choose their path.”

Sir Malach, who had stopped walking and was standing in front of a door. He turned to face it but wasn’t really noticing it. Then he said, “You are telling me that I am the one, of which the prophecies speak, and you are asking me to make a choice between being the rightful king of Learsi or a higher calling? What is this higher calling?”

“I am sorry,” said the elbarap. “I am not allowed to reveal any more than what you have been told, until you have made your choice. I can tell you that it is up to you to decide, if the prophecies speak of you, as the one, and this you must do by faith.”

“Well, how do I choose, when I do not know what I am choosing?”

“You know what you are choosing. You simply, are not looking at it right,” said the elbarap, “you are choosing between what is rightfully yours and the will of ‘the Ancient of Days’.”

“Yes, I know that, but I don’t know what His will is, as of yet.” He responded.

“True,” said the elbarap. “So, you must choose

between what is rightfully yours, or have faith in ‘the Ancient of Days’ that He knows what is best for you.”

Sir Malach, let out a sigh and shook his head.

“Perhaps, you should sleep on it for the night,” said the elbarap.

“Yes, I think I should,” he responded, “but where do I sleep?”

“Here, of course,” said the elbarap, “in this room. Go ahead and open the door before you.”

“How much time do I have to decide?” asked Malach.

“Not much,” replied the elbarap, “the Ancient of Days’ does have an allotted time for Adamia and it is running out.

With that Malach, turned the bolt and stepped into a magnificent room filled with the finest of furnishings he had ever seen. The furniture was intricately carved and extremely ornate. The colors of the room, though various, seemed to flow together. Everything seemed to be connected in some cryptic way, as if they revealed a timeless message of history. But, while he had never been here before, it felt strangely familiar to him. He was warmed within himself, as if there was another presence with him, a loving presence. One that he had longed for all his life.

Turning to the elbarap, he said, “Why do I feel so warmed and welcomed here?”

The elbarap, who had moved across the room and was looking out a window, turned and said, “Because, this was your father’s room.”

“My Father’s room?” he asked.

“Yes. Your father, King Malchi’jah. He came here quite often, as all the good kings of Adamia did from time to time, in order to rest and to clear their mind and spirit so they would know the will of ‘the Ancient of Days’.”

“All the good kings of Adamia came to this room?” asked Malach.

“No. This was your father’s room. Every good king of Adamia was given a room here, by ‘the Ancient of Days’. There are many rooms here, too many for you to worry about tonight.” Said the elbarap.

Moving across the room Malach spotted a suit of armor that was displayed on multiple stands, “This shield, sword and armament, was this my father’s?”

“Yes. These were his that he used in battle. They are not the fancy decorative armor and weapons that he wore for show but his battle array,” answered the elbarap.

Malach moved closer and touched them. Fighting back the tears of his emotions, he slowly began to

examine each piece, shaking his head in disbelief, yet having a warmth within himself that he had longed for all his life.

“Looks like he took many blows,” he said.

“Indeed, he did,” said the elbarap. “He was an expert in battle and knew how to lure his opponent into thinking he could strike the final blow, while he was prepared with a counter move to end the contest.” In fact, he believed that by sacrificing his life he was actually preparing the enemy for the final blow.

“What do you mean.” Asked Malach.

“He confided in me his belief that he was setting the stage for you to be hidden, during your youth, and that you, like the prophecy says, would come forth and subdue Lu’cuis and restore all the kingdoms of Adamia to ‘the Ancient of Days’.”

Malach, who was bent over looking at the scarred shield, stood up, surveyed the room and choosing not to respond, glanced over to the window and noticed a stand that was separated from everything else and had something laying on the top of it. As he moved closer, he realized that it was a book. Just then his mind remembered Jonathan, his guardian appointee, reading from the old book of prophecies and he asked

the elbarap, “Is this what I think it is?”

“Yes, it is your father’s copy of the book of prophecies that ‘the Ancient of Days’ gave to all the kings of the kingdom.”

“May I touch it?” he asked.

“Certainly, in fact, it is yours now, ‘the Ancient of Days’ now gives it to you, as his gift to you, the King of Learsi. The book now passes from your father to you, and all the blessing from Him and your father now passes on to you, that is, if you choose to accept either calling offered to you.” Explained the elbarap.

Malach, touched it and felt within his spirit a warm sense of new life entering into him. He slowly began to open it turning several pages, and before he completely opened, it he saw what looked like a piece of paper in it.

“What is this?” he asked the elbarap.

“That is a letter written to you, by the hand of your father, King Malchi’jah.” He responded. “As you can see it bares the king’s seal and has never been opened.”

“You mean to tell me that Jonathan and yourself have never read this letter?” he asked.

“Sir Malach, that letter was written to you, just before your father’s death. No one knows what it says but ‘the Ancient of Days’, as He knows all things. Your

father summoned me the night that he wrote it. He asked me to take it to Jonathan and have him place it in the book with strict orders to let no man or beast read it. In fact, he gave instructions that, if there came a threat that Jonathan could not ward off, he was to burn it.” He explained.

With that the elbarap turned and headed towards the doors. “It has been a long day for your Sir Malach, you need to retire and seek ‘the Ancient of Days’. You will find food through that doorway and sleeping provisions through the other. Do you have any last questions?” he asked.

“Just one, what happens, if I refuse both callings?”

“That is up to you, Sir Malach. Every man is free to accept or refuse ‘the Ancient of Days’ and His ways,” responded the elbarap.

With that he walked through the doorway, and the door closed behind him.

Malach, turned and surveyed the room again. The thought of eating did not agree with him for the moment, as he was standing in his true fathers quarters. He was still overwhelmed by all the words he had heard that he was the son of a king. It was all that he could do to hold back the tears. But, that strange warm peace continued

to flow into his spirit. He was beginning to feel complete and whole, sensing that the troubles of his spirit were fading away with each passing revelation. For the first time in his life, he knew that he was finding his place in life, and the thought was settling, deep within his spirit.

Suddenly, he remembered the letter. He picked it up and examined it closely. He saw the king's seal and began to read the short inscription, when he realized that the hand writing was his father's. Stunned, he examined it closer to take in the moment. Not to rush through the experience. After all, these were matters that had been kept from him and had been hidden his whole life, up to this day. Slowly, he turned the letter over and examined each edge and part. Then he turned it back to the inscription on the outside and read "Called and Chosen."



A FATHER'S LOVE

Looking around the room he spotted a chair, walked over to it and sat down. Then he realized that his father had sat there many times. The strange warm presence that he felt in his spirit grew with greater intensity within himself. He had longed for the presence many times in his life.

As he stared at the letter, he looked at the seal, again and thought that *maybe he shouldn't open it, but rather preserve it. After all, it was from his father and he didn't want to damage it. But, then he realized that his father had written it to him, just before his death. So, he must have had an important reason for doing it.* He slowly began to break the wax seal.

His mind was drawn to the smallest of details, as he looked at the handwriting, before he started to read, and noticed that his own handwriting was almost the same, as his father's. Another testament that the revelation was true. He also noticed that the letter was not very long, so, he determined to read the letter at a slow and measured pace:

My Son,

There are so many things that I would like to say to you, but time will not allow it, as Lu'cuis' minions are drawing near. If you are reading this, then you are, obviously, in my quarters at Zion's Gate and you have been made aware of your true identity.

I hope that you can forgive me, my son, for choosing the path that I chose for us. It is not what I desired, but I know, that it was best for us all, because it was the will of 'the Ancient of Days'.

You will experience times, my son, when a King or a father must make choices, that make little sense to those around him, at the moment, especially when those choices are done in faith, by trusting in the will of 'the Ancient of Days'. Right now, you are faced with such a choice.

As you have been informed, you must choose

between a natural kingdom and a kingship that rightfully belongs to you in this life, or a path that requires faith in the calling that 'the Ancient of Days' has requested of you.

Neither is an easy choice to make. Be assured, that if you choose to restore Learsi and to become her rightful king, it will settle well in my heart. However, if you choose the calling of the ways and will of 'the Ancient of Days', this would completely fulfil my heart and hopes for you.

My son, no one, including myself, can instill the faith that is needed within you for the task of answering the call of 'the Ancient of Days'. But, I can encourage you and share with you that I am fully convinced that you are the chosen one that the prophecies speak of.

Above all things my son, know that you can trust 'the Ancient of Days' and all His ways, as they will never mislead you. But, know this, as well, you cannot serve Him in His ways, unless you completely abandon yourself to Him, His faith and His will. Any withholding, any reservation that is within you, will not lead you to the true faith of Him. You must completely surrender and give yourself in every way to Him to find His true faith and fulfil the prophecies. As far as the calling and path that you are destined to follow, once you commit to it, it will unfold before you each day. There will be times,

when you will see clearly what to do from the prophecies, but there will be times, when you must walk blindly by faith, trusting in 'the Ancient of Days'.

I chose and set the course of the kingdom of Learsi and our lives, by the truth of the prophecies and what I believe they reveal. The results of my path and faith in the prophecies now falls upon your shoulders, for it is up to you to decide where to go from here.

I am, so, pleased to know that you are in this place. It tells me that my faithful friend, Jonathan, raised you, as I would have. May 'the Ancient of Days' reward him upon his arrival here.

The elbarap that you, no doubt, have recently come to make the acquaintance of, can be trusted completely, as well, as he is a servant to 'the Ancient of Days'. He will respond well, if you address him as "Adram," as I did. It is short for 'Adram'melech.' But, whatever you do, don't ask him to tell you his full name in the language of the elbarap!

You have all my love and blessing with you, my son, as I have total confidence that you will make the right choice. I will be watching and waiting for your arrival here, after the days of your destiny are fulfilled. Know that my heart longs to see you but not

before you fulfil your destiny.

May, 'the Ancient of Days' give you wisdom and grace to choose the right path.

Malach, brushing the long pent-up tears away, set the letter aside, opened up the book of prophecies and began to read. He noticed that there were ink marks along side certain passages that had to have been added, by others. He wondered, if his father had placed them there for his guidance.

As he read, he began to feel safe and assured the way he did, when Jonathan read the book to him, as a boy. Nestling even further into the chair, he was, again made aware of a quiet and somber peace rolling over in his spirit. For the first time in his life, he knew that the questions that lay deep within his spirit had now been answered, all except one. What was the right choice for him? He wanted to follow in his father's foot steps, but if he was wrong, Learsi would never be liberated. He mulled over the thought that he might be forgoing the only opportunity for this to happen.

As he read into the night, the length of the day and its activities began to wear on him, and before he knew it, he was fast asleep in his father's chair.



DESTINY'S ANSWER

The morning came early for Malach. He heard someone knocking on the door, and before he could respond, the door opened and in stepped Adram. He had a determined look about him that seemed refreshed and eager to get on with the task at hand.

“Good morning” he said to Malach, “did you rest well?”

Malach, who was trained, as a knight, to awake in a moments notice, attempted to stir himself, but the slumber of sleep had a hold on him that he had never experienced before.

“Huh, morning?” He mumbled.

“So, may I assume that you slept in your father’s chair for the night,” asked Adram? Before Malach could

answer, he continued, “You know I awoke your father from that chair many a morning, he always said it slept better than any bed. He would fall asleep reading the book of prophecies, just like you did last night.”

Malach stood up, stretched himself and walked over to the window. Realizing that they were underground he asked, “How is it that I am looking out a window down into a valley with the sun shining and birds flying, Adram?”

“Ah” said Adram, “you have used my name. You have read your father’s letter.”

“Yes, would you like to know what he had to say?”

“Other than knowing that he told you my very shortened name, no. That is a matter between you and him,” said Adram.

“Very well. So, where do we go from here?” asked Malach.

“Go from here? What do you mean?”

“I mean,” said Malach, “I have to choose between being the King of Learsi or answering the call of ‘the Ancient of Days’. What are the rules?”

“Rules,” retorted Adram. “There are no rules. It is a matter that you and only you can decide. I can only tell you things that will not influence your free will.”

“You mean I can ask questions, but you may not be able to answer all of them, right?”

“Precisely, you can ask what you will, but I am only allowed to answer the ones that will not influence your free will,” answered Adram.

“Fine, I am starving where can I find something to eat?”

“You didn’t eat last night?” asked Adram, “You are your father’s son. I cannot tell you how many times he would come here exhausted, hungry and do exactly like you did last night.”

“What do you mean?” asked Malach.

“He, like you, would walk over to the stand pick up the Book of Prophecies and begin to read, forgetting about his hunger and tiredness. He often told me that the words in the book were the meat that fed life to his spirit, which is what actually kept him alive.” Spoke Adram, “Then, when he awakened in morning, he would be famished, just like you, well rested but famished!”

“So, what would you like to eat, eggs or ,perhaps, some ham?”

“No, thank-you, some simple porridge will do.” Replied Malach.

“This is uncanny,” Adram exclaimed! “Again, the same thing your father would have asked for! Just

uncanny! Come along.”

Malach didn't say a word, during the meal, as he was contemplating on his choices. So, Adram decided to go outside, so as not to disturb him. After they had finished, Malach said, “May we go back to my father's room, Adram?”

“Certainly, he responded. “Any particular reason?”

“Yes, I want to look at the Book of Prophecies, again.” said Malach.

“Ah, wise choice,” Adram responded.

When they reached the room, Malach noticed that everything was put back in perfect order. It was as if they had never been there before, with the exception of the letter, which was still in the book of Prophecies right where he had left it. Its seal was still broken from last night.

He took the book and placed it in front of Adram and said, “Please show me the passage that refers to the chosen one, Adram.”

Adram looked at the book and the pages began to turn without him touching them. Malach was paying very close attention to this. After a few seconds Adram said, “Here it is.”

Malach glanced at the book but didn't read the

passage. Then he asked Adram, "Please show me the passage that tells of Learsi's falling to Lu'cuis."

Again, Adram looked at the book and the pages began to turn without him touching them. "Right there," He said.

Just as the first time, Malach, glanced at the book but didn't read the passage. And then once more he looked at Adram and said, "Please, show me the passage of the chosen one's reward."

Adram smiling, ever so slightly, once more looked at the book and the pages began to turn. But before the pages stopped Malach said, "Please, show me all three of them."

To which Adram responded in a very pleased voice, "My we were very busy last night weren't we?"

The pages coming to a stop Adram looked at Malach who said, "Next please."

Again, the pages began to turn and stopped and Malach glanced and said, "And the last."

Only this time the pages did not turn, but the book closed, by itself, and then began to reopen very slowly, opening to the exact page of the last passage.

Malach didn't even look this time but was looking straight ahead to Adram and asked, "Would you please

read the last part of that passage?”

Adram began to read, “. . .And his reward shall be, I shall listen to his request and my word shall be opened unto him, that he may see and understand with the faith of ‘the Ancient of Days’ the things that shall be.” When Adram had finished reading, the book closed ever so slowly, by itself.

Adram, looking very intently at Malach, stated, “I presume that you are accepting the call of ‘the Ancient of Days’.”

“Yes,” replied Malach. “I choose the call of ‘the Ancient of Days’, wherever it leads.” Then he turned and headed to the door. Just as he was passing through it, Adram spoke out, “How did you know?”

Malach was already out of the room, as he recalled Adram’s responses of the past. He didn’t stop walking but called back over his shoulder, “All in good time, all in good time.”

He stopped and turned to look one more time at the tapestry with the picture of his father standing next to the oak tree. Hearing the door close, as Adram followed, he then mumbled to himself, “I wonder what will be the first charge of ‘the Ancient of Days’ to us? Liberate Learsi or something else?”

“We shall have to wait, until ‘the Ancient of Days’ informs us,” spoke out Adram.

“You were listening,” replied Malach.

“Of course!” said Adram. “I am always listening. I thought I heard you ask what my real name was, as well.”

“Now, Adram,” said Malach, “why would I think about your name at a time like this? You are mistaken.”

“Are you sure?” asked Adram, “I could teach it to you, while we are waiting for direction.”

“Not just now Adram, there may not be enough time.”

“Nonsense, we have plenty of time.” replied Adram. “Just repeat after me.”

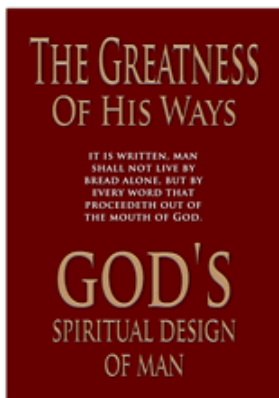
Before Adram spoke the first syllable, Malach interrupted abruptly, “What is in this room?” As he reached for the handle, he asked, “May I go in?”

“Well, yes.” responded Adram, “But what about my...”

Before he could finish, Malach disappeared behind the door leaving Adram standing in the hall for a brief moment. Then he heard Malach call out, “Adram, you had better get in here now!”

OTHER BOOKS PUBLISHED BY
CASTING BREAD PUBLICATIONS.

GOD'S SPIRITUAL DESIGN OF MAN



FREE! DIGITAL DOWNLOADS AT
www.Godsspiritualdesignofman.com

OUR HOPE IS THAT HE MAY “MAKE YOU PERFECT,
STABLISH, STRENGTHEN, SETTLE YOU.” (1PE 5:10)
TO HIS GLORY AND HONOR.

WRITE US AT:
Casting Bread Publications
2108 State Route 49 West
Ulysses, PA, 16948, USA