

The
CLASH
of the
KINGDOMS

— Harry Connor Jr. —

PART 1

CHAPTERS 1 TO 15

THE
CLASH



OF THE
KINGDOMS

E-Book



REDUX

Section 1

ORIGINAL

This book was originally written and published in 2004.

This is a work of fiction. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

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Since then, I decided to illustrate as much of it as I can, and continually update the illustrations as an ongoing project, and release it as an online book.

REDUX

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This is a work of fiction. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

New Cover designs and various artworks by Jessica Prando.

Old illustrations may be included, until updated.

Some terms and names have been updated.

THE
CLASH
OF



THE
KINGDOMS

by

Harry Connor, Jr.

“Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in my holy mountain; let all the inhabitants of the land tremble; for the day of Yah El cometh, for it is nigh at hand; A day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness, as the morning spread upon the mountains; a great people and a strong; there hath not been ever the like, neither shall be any more after it, even to the years of many generations.”

Joel 2:1-2

BE AWARE!
BE AWAKE!
BE WARNED!

This is a work of fantasy, an imaginary tale, yet it does have, due to the spiritual keys woven through it, the capacity to remove the veil that conceals the 'Unseen World' of the other dimensions we perceive; dimensions just on the periphery of our singular and collective consciousness.

You may have encounters with these dimensions once you become AWARE. Do not be alarmed, for there are forces at work in the cosmos, both for and against us, that operate in these dimensions, so AWAKE, O sleeper!

Also, be WARNED, the following things may happen to you, both during and after you read this story...

- *You may experience a spirit of mind control that prevents you from absorbing what you are reading.*
- *You may, however, also receive revelations in your mind that bring enlightenment to you.*
- *You may experience sequential and oft-repeated spiritual dreams and visions, more vivid than any before in your life, which you cannot forget.*
- *You may awaken suddenly and see spiritual things before you that fade quickly away as your natural eyes readjust.*
- *You may have encounters with angels ... of both the Kingdom of Light and the kingdom of darkness.*
- *You may become more aware of the operation of spiritual forces in the world and in others.*
- *You may begin to distinguish between the truth and the lies of these spiritual forces.*
- *You may have an encounter with 'The Truth'; that is, the loving God of all Creation.*
- *You may begin to seek Him with all of your heart!*
- *You may ... find Him!*

PREFACE

The author has produced this book as a work of ‘spirit fiction’—in short, a ‘SPI-FI’ novel—an allegorical action-adventure designed to reveal many of the ‘hidden things’ of the spirit realm.

This is a parable, a work of pure fantasy, based in part on many experienced spiritual truths, but in general on a premise borne only in the mind of the author.

If it opens closed yet fertile minds to the deeper mysteries contained in the Scriptures and those of the Unseen World of the spirit, and to previous works on these subjects, then the author is content with the work.

If it causes division among the religious-minded, then the author is more content, for “the sword of the spirit shall divide the thoughts and intentions of the heart” of each reader.

If it enlightens some inquiring minds, that beforehand did not know the great mystery of the ages, to the everlasting knowledge and love of God, then the author is most content.

He rests in the knowledge that “All things work to the good for those that love Yah El, and are called according to His purposes.”

***This work cannot be taken as a doctrine of faith;
to do so is foolishness on the part of the reader.***

“Yah is the Mystery of the Mystery of Mysteries”

Harry Connor Jr

“The world is governed by very different personages from what is imagined by those who are not behind the scenes.”

Benjamin Disraeli

THE CLASH OF THE KINGDOMS

Book One

ZZ OBSERVER

SECTION 1

CHAPTERS 1-15

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Precept

El Di sat upon His throne. He gazed into the scroll, and a flash of lightning crossed His eyes, for before Him lay all Creation.

Slowly, He rolled up the scroll. He paused a moment, then with one hand striking the scroll to the palm of the other, He spoke ...

“It is time. Let it begin!”

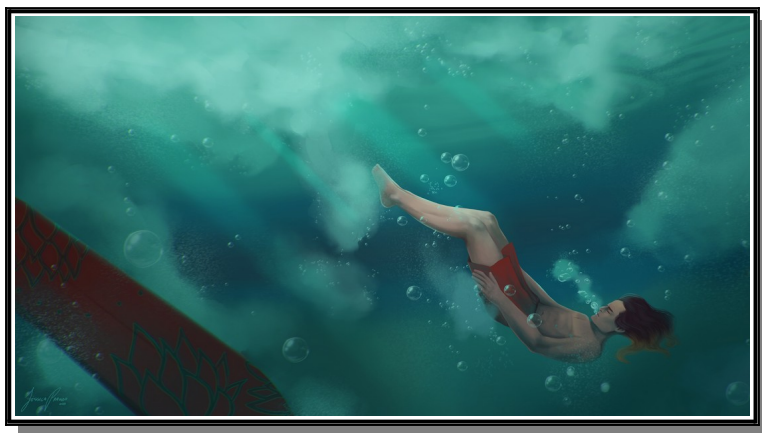
The Set Up

Chad Raxx

Chad Raxx

One day, on a day that wasn't a day, for time had not yet begun, Father Di dreamed a dream, with the Holy Santi, and The YahuWah, their first begotten Son. They said, "Let us create the creation we see, by virtue of who we are, And place galaxies around, to let our glory abound, in a cosmoverse of stars." But in one brutal heart, was born a sinister art, whose great need begat a seed, That grew and grew, until a death was due, and The YahuWah had to bleed.

ZeeZeefer ZexZexed



CHAD RAXX was tossing and turning in his bed like a man wrestling an enormous crocodile. His soul was in turmoil.

He heard the words. The words were menacing, echoing in his inner ears and the ears of his subconscious—of his spirit ... *“It is time. Let it begin!”*

The dream was real, he was sure of it. He was there, no doubt. Surely, God had sent it? Or let him see it, as if being there?

Even though he knew it while he was sleeping, Chad had a feeling this time it was not just a dream. He also knew that if it wasn't from God, it would go away and be forgotten; an afterthought, tossed like trash into a sea of forgetfulness. But this time, it would not go away. It lingered; strong, prophetic and undeniable.

He was still there as he tried to wake himself from it, feeling it, struggling with it. He thought he was going crazy in his sleep. Far off in the distance, in his half-awake state, he swore he could hear his own voice, urgent and tinged with fear. "*The dogs! The dogs ...!*"

Just then, at the very moment of the near madness of the nightmare, Boogie barked right in his ear, waking him completely! Boogie was like that, always in tune with Chad. He was a good dog; looking more like a surfer than Chad, with his long, blonde fur shining like white gold on the beach in the sun. He loved Chad. Chad loved him.

Chad had saved the animal from certain death. Boogie was just a pup—the runt of the litter—full of bugs and worms; it was only a matter of weeks. Even after all these years, they still exchanged that look every time their eyes met, knowing the bond was for life.

Chad rubbed his eyes and squinted. “Hey, thanks, Boogieman!” he chuckled, greeting his alarm with a friendly scratch behind the ears. He rolled out of bed, stepping straight into his board shorts and sandals.

Standing up, Chad pulled his shorts over long, strong legs. He was a young man of muscular build, with shoulder-length, progressively bleached dark hair, blonded at the tips by the sun. His body was toned and tanned from years of surfing, every muscle taut and ready for action. If it were possible, Michelangelo’s faultless statue of David would have been embarrassed by this perfection of flesh, moving with the fluid grace and underlying power of a big wave rider.

As always, Chad checked out his beloved water through the window of his Velzyland tree house, at the far corner of the island of Oahu on Hawaii’s North Shore. The horizon was beginning to lighten; it was just before sunrise. The fiery, pre-dawn colors of the ocean and sky glistened in his piercing blue eyes.

The swell was too big for Velzyland, his home break. It was closing out at twelve feet and getting even bigger, so it would have to be Sunset Beach today. Whenever it got big like this, the only place within walking distance of his tree house that could hold this size swell was Sunset, just around the left point from Velzyland.

Chad patted the old surfboard above his bed. Grabbing an apple and his favorite stick, he headed out the back door of

the tree house, to what he hoped would clear his dream-fogged head; barrels—wet, powerful barrels—pure, natural wave energy as only a surfer knows.

He jumped the eight feet from the deck to the soft, sandy knoll, throwing his board ahead of him into the bushes to prevent damage. Boogie jumped with him.

He had forgotten his towel. “Stuff it!” Chad muttered, picking up his board. “I’ll just let the salt dry on my back.” He wolfed down the apple; Boogie wolfed the core.

Now it was time for another core—a sea core. They made the run to Sunset Beach in less than ten minutes. At the water’s edge, Chad strapped on his ankle leash. He had also forgotten his wax. “Oh, *man!*” Dropping his board on the sand, he picked up a handful and, using the coarse grains like sandpaper, roughed up the deck—a cheap trick, but it worked.

He tossed the board in the water, rinsing the sand off quickly, and in one motion was on it, stroking out towards the early morning sets of pure crystal vision.

THE SETS were coming in fast and close, peeling off to the right quicker than usual. *Must be a new swell, from more of a northwesterly direction*, Chad thought. “Great! Longer barrels!” he whispered to himself.

Getting through them would require all of his strength and determination. Paddling with power and a rhythmic timing that seemed to use the very counter-pulse of the waves, he

pushed through a series of especially fierce breakers that more than once tried to wrench his board, and his shorts, off him.

As usual, he had risen early, and was paddling out just as the sun was peeking over the horizon. “What’s the time now?” Chad asked himself. He checked his surf watch—it was 6:04 a.m. He realized he had maybe another ten minutes before the crew would be out on the waves as well.

As he quickly stroked over near the take-off spot, Chad looked around and noticed he was alone. He had the break to himself, and was going to make the most of it. But he also noticed something else; a strong rip—an undercurrent of deep, fast-moving water that would try to sweep both him and his board out to sea, away from the break—and that was not an option.

No-one else here, he thought. “Where they all at?” he said out loud, just to hear a voice—reassurance, maybe? He had to paddle fast; a big one was about to catch him.

“Whoa!” Chad shouted, as he and his board broke through the pull of a powerful surge of seawater determined to run and crash onto the shore. He stroked powerfully to the break, away from the rip and over the reef. He was right. It was a new swell, and it was a *big* one!

The adrenaline was really starting to pump now. The surf was going off! Chad was getting excited, his mind

beginning to clear from the blood pulsing through his body.
Man, he thought, *that dream really messed up my head!*

The waves were at least twelve feet, clean and mean; measured the Hawaiian way—from the back; even *bigger* at the front! The sets were perhaps fifteen feet or more, and getting bigger. It was perfect—big, clean and powerful, allowing full-arch surfing. He'd be tapping into 'The Source'!

He loved it. "What a life! Thank you, God! It's just you and me, man!" Chad shouted at the sky, sensing the huge bulge of water moving rapidly towards him.

He could hear it *and* feel it, even before he turned to look at it. He spun his board around just in time to see a twelve- to fifteen-foot wave starting to peak and show its throw-out point; a point that would become a breaking wave any second now.

That was all he needed. Chad started to push the nose of his board under the water and point it directly at the spot where she was going to throw. Like a dolphin jumping out of a wave, he was jumping into one, and this one was a *mother!* Chad shot out of the water, legs kicking and arms stroking, entering the power of the wave—they became one.

It was a late drop; too late to turn back. Even if he wanted to, he couldn't pull out now. To try would be futile, *and* stupid; all he would accomplish would be to 'go down the

mines'—wipe out—and be driven to the bottom, maybe bounce off the reef a few times. Reef cuts hurt like hell. He didn't want that. So he took the drop.

God, it was *late!* His rail was barely holding as he felt his board starting to slide sideways down the face of the wave, but he was enjoying the sense of weightlessness at the moment of the drop. The lip was breaking right before him when he tipped his board, slipping down the face of the wave, wind-whipped lashes of liquid sea salt stinging his cheeks through the upwards rush of air as it broke.

It was going to be hard getting down this one. He threw his left hand over his left foot, near the nose of the board. Trusting his instincts, he grabbed the right rail and fell forward. Just in time, he dropped below the breaking lip. It was at least six to eight feet thick, and jacking! If he ate it now, he would surely go down the mines. Only God knew what awaited him in *this* size surf.

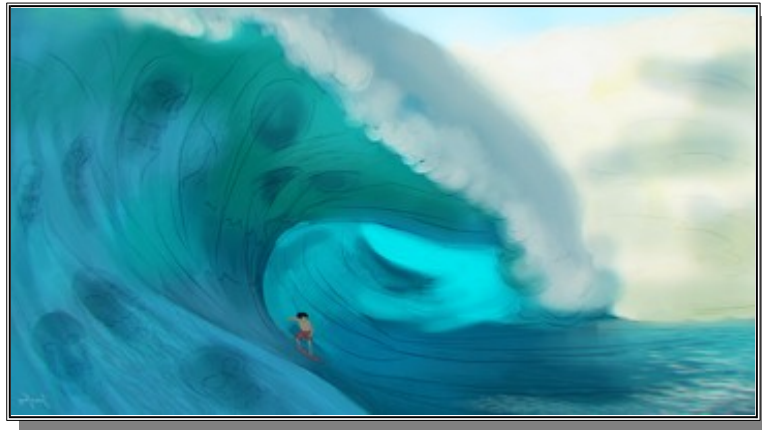
Near the nose of his board, Chad tightened himself into a ball. As he struggled to control falling with it, he slid down the very top of the massively breaking sea monster.

He had only just taken off when all of a sudden; he was now in the pocket, under the lip. His speed was building as he slipped down the face, and the tube was opening up into a tunnel so enormous, you could drive a train through it!

His board fell away from under his feet as both he and the stick plunged to the bottom of the wave. Chad unfolded his

muscular, six-foot-plus frame as he dropped, stretching out, feeling, searching for his board with his toes. They found it! He sprang upright, adjusting his stance and balancing towards the back so he could engage a fin or two.

He knew the moment he had locked in two of his three fins. That was enough. The wave was growing larger as it broke. Chad headed vertically down the nearly twenty-foot face, his eyes fixed on a spot way out near the front. The problem was, the lip was going there too— liquid tons of mean water. He *had to* beat it! Making his body as aerodynamic as possible, Chad and his board screamed to the spot. Looking up quickly, he could see the lip coming down fast, like a glass axe ready to chop off his head. That's when he buried his right rail and cranked a bottom turn of incredible G's, riding the trough generated by the face sucking up tons of water off the reef.



The lip came crashing down, just missing Chad's head as he turned, almost knocking him off his board as it rose up the face. The lip was close and hunting, trying to snatch him as he made the bottom turn. Like a rubber band snapping back up towards the front of the wave, his body uncoiled, his surf eye fixing on the next spot he needed to go.

There it was ... the "sweet spot"—in the zone, right back under the curl—this time, with *him* in control.

Adjusting his stance, Chad stood up like a king cobra ready to strike, skillfully tucking his full frame under that massive, breaking lip. As he looked down the long, curving, curling face of the wave, the sound of the vortex whooshed all around him like a warped tunnel of time. He placed his face closer to the wave's, hearing the water rushing up past his right cheek.

He *loved* coming off the wall! Running his hands over it, he lifted them higher as the wave peeled out over him, until they were caressing the roof of the tube just above his head. He was there, right where he wanted to be—locked in the 'cone zone'!

CHAD LET OUT a hoot that could be heard from the shore, where the crew had been waxing up, watching his take-off.

They had seen their friend pull off some radical moves before, but they couldn't believe what they saw next!

Chad dropped into another bottom turn, just missing the falling curtain as he sped from it; a buzz saw of plummeting water slicing through the bottom of the wave, bouncing off the surface and the reef below, the edge of his speeding board cutting a swathe in the water just ahead.

He had generated so much speed, that as he emerged, Chad was able to sweep the board up and onto the underside, or more precisely, the 'ceiling' of the tube! He was hanging there, upside-down, in an eternal moment of frozen impossibility as the crew on the beach held their collective breath, their eyes bulging out of their sockets.

Only two things could happen now; Chad could crash and eat reef, or he could perform one of the hardest maneuvers any surfer had ever achieved—defying gravity with a 'barrel roll'.

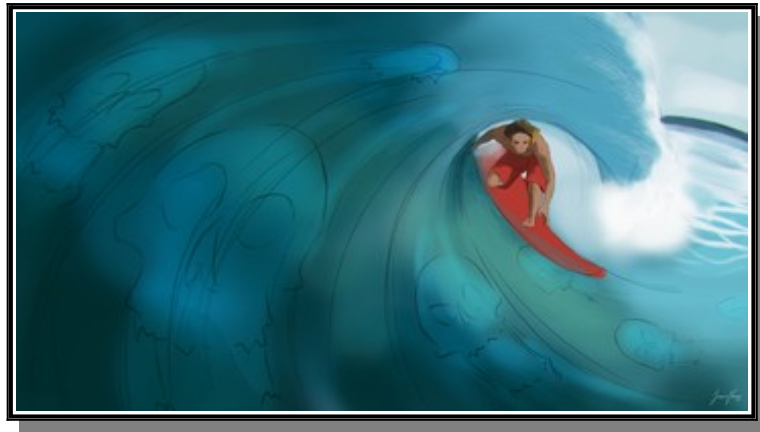
What a rush! He was going for it! Out of all the surfers the crew knew, Chad was the only one crazy enough to attempt something as risky as this, especially in this size surf!

On the beach, they were now hooting and hollering even louder, barking like a pack of dogs. Boogie was right there with them, barking his head off, too—a band of surfers and

a dog, a real animal with a pack of ‘man animals’. Boogie loved it; being one of ‘The Boys’!

It would be several seconds before they would know whether Chad had made it or not. It seemed like forever as they all stood there, not daring to breathe, a curtain of water concealing the lone surfer in a watery womb.

Then suddenly, there he was, cranking another bottom turn! He’d made it! What a legend!



Wait a minute ... he was going to try *another* one? No way! The crew was shouting now. “You’re crazy, man!” “Awesome, dude!” “He’s a mad dog!” But they could tell from Chad’s body language he was going for it. They could also tell the wave was growing nasty and more dangerous, as if it wasn’t dangerous enough already.

Just as Chad set his line, adjusting his stance for the gravity cheat, he began rolling over, upside-down again in the massive tube, when it unexpectedly met the backwash from one that had suicided earlier, bouncing off the beach and back out to sea. The lip lurched forward like a wild animal unleashed, taking Chad with it like a tiny piece of driftwood.

He knew he was in trouble. “*No-ooo!*” Chad could hear the crew shouting from the beach as they watched helplessly, the inevitable unfolding before their eyes. It was over twenty feet to the water below and he knew he was going to go down the mines to the reef.

What awaited him? Chad wondered, as he fell into his fear. “*GOD!*” he heard himself shouting on the way down.

THE SURFACE of the water was as hard as concrete. Chad’s body skipped over it like a flat stone. How he managed to right himself, he had no idea. He was still alive, breathing air, body surfing. *Phew!* Everything was okay; he was going to make it.

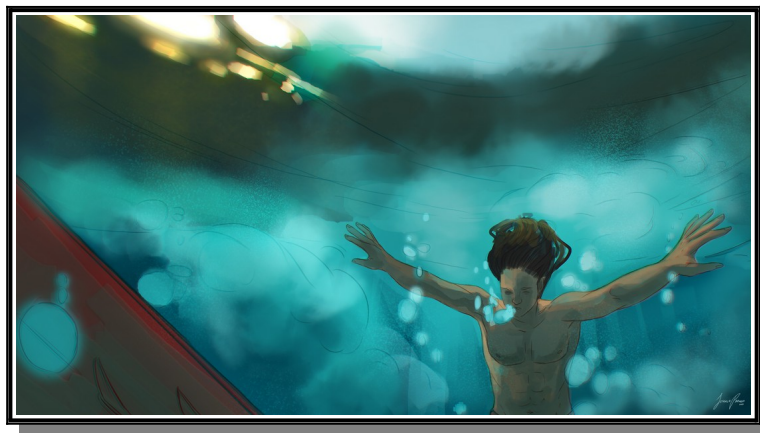
Just then, the sky fell. The entire wall of water above, so many tons of it, came crashing down upon his head and body like an unstoppable juggernaut. Chad struggled to gasp half a breath before being sucked up into the rolling water, carried up higher by the still rising, breaking wave,

and then thrown down with the full force of the falling curtain.

He was pushed under, driven to the bottom like a human torpedo—tons of unrelenting water thrusting him down, deeper and deeper into a dark, watery tomb. Where was his board?

Like a rag doll, Chad's body bounced off the bottom a few times, twisted and torn in all directions at once; him in one, his board in another. He felt like he was on a medieval rack being pulled apart by the torturer.

He could feel his leash being stretched to the max, and then, snap! The heaviness of the twisting and pulling eased up for a second, just long enough for Chad to realize that he was now lying flat on his back on the reef at the bottom, at least twenty to thirty feet down. All the air was knocked out of his lungs, and he couldn't move.



IT WAS UNREAL. Here he was, in this cold, dark place all alone, without any hope of saving himself; as helpless as a newborn baby at the bottom of a pool. He could see the next wave coming, breaking right down on top of him. Again, tons more water, crashing onto Chad's small body, the weight unbearable. Then the next wave came, and the next; wave after wave, crashing down upon him like a collapsing building, squeezing the very last residue of life out of him.

Chad was losing consciousness. Any moment now, he would black out, and then drown. It was a strange, kind of peaceful way to die, he thought. He felt lost, yet also found.

In his mind, he told God he was ready and would be there with Him soon. It hadn't been a long life, but it had sure been an exciting one—especially that last ride; *man*, what a way to go!

Everything was so quiet, so still and dark, and getting darker. He could hear something—a voice, perhaps? It was small and quiet, just on the edge of his mind. Chad thought he recognized it.

“The water, the blood, and the spirit must agree. You must know your enemy, as I have called you to set the captives free!”

What? he asked back with a thought, searching his mind for the source. But he felt strangely serene somehow, unafraid,

no longer alone. He was surrendering; beginning to drift into that final darkness, when something touched his right hand, snapping him back to reality.

His stick! Where had *that* come from? Chad assumed it had been smashed to pieces, or at least swept out to sea in the rip.

With his last burst of strength, he grabbed a fin. As another giant and powerful wave broke and bounced itself off the reef, the board headed for the surface, dragging Chad behind it like a buoy as it shot out of the water.

The will to live came rushing back. Chad could catch only the tiniest of breaths before he was hit again; this time, by his board. It knocked him out cold as the wave it was riding carried him towards the shore.

WHEN CHAD came to, he was laying on the sand, flat on his back, Boogie gently licking his face. The crew was standing all around, staring at him as if they were looking at a dead man.

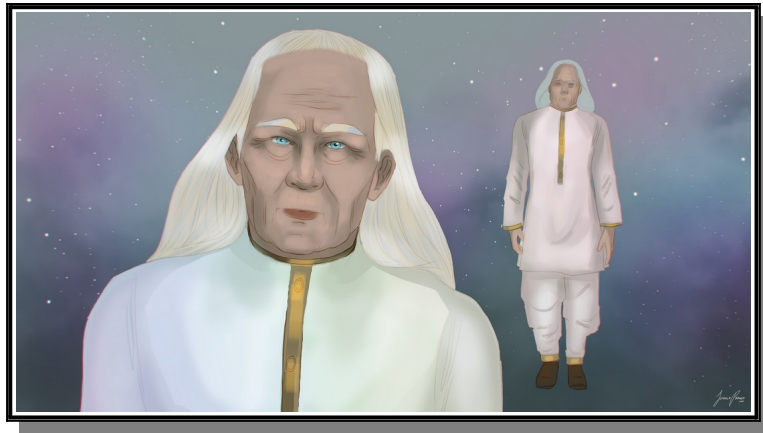
But he was more alive than he had ever been. Everything had changed. Chad knew it. He could feel it with every fiber of his being. He had been called.

What a way to get my attention, God! he thought as he picked himself up. “Heavy!” he heard himself say out loud.

ZZ Observer

“Fear them not therefore: for there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; and hid, that shall not be known. What I tell you in the darkness, speak ye in the light; and what ye hear in the ear, proclaim upon the house-tops.”

Matthew 10:26, 27



ZEEZEEFER ZEXZEXED was still doing what he had been doing since the beginning of this long and tedious conflict—observing. Ever since The Elaquohim had cast Luaquiss Sama-el down to the lower heavens, ZZ had been observing.

ZZ was a Qadash, a natural 3-Dimensional ‘watcher’, appointed by his home civistelle to observe and report back

events that had been taking place during the many periods of turbulence that had marked the history of this tiny, vital planet.

In the beginning, in The Garden, when Luaquiss Sama-el, the adversary of The YahuWah, first usurped the sovereign rights of this planet from the first Hadamahdi and his Woman, he was there. Later, when Luaquiss Sama-el appointed Imrod, through the mortal that took his name, to conquer the early peoples of Earth, he was there.

All throughout history, when Luaquiss Sama-el, with the help of Imrod, Krush and ZBel, through their operatives, led multitudes astray and conquered the Mongols, the Persians, the Romans, Germans and Jews to name just a few, he was there. And he was there, still observing, while Luaquiss Sama-el destroyed many more innumerable peoples over the ages.

ZZ had heard their names and knew them well; the infamous names of evil men—Nimrod, Genghis Khan, Alexander the Great, Attila the Hun, Caesar, Napoleon, Hitler—and more, great and small, who had willingly given host to their malevolent spirits in exchange for power and glory.

His responsibility was not a pleasant one. No wonder The YahuWah was always in tears when He walked this Earth. ZZ knew only too well why, for he was also there that day, observing with a breaking heart as they mocked The

YahuWah, tortured and bloodied Him, hanging Him upon a wooden tree pole until He died.

ZZ was still there when Yah El overcame the death force of Luaquiss Sama-el, taking back the keys from Krush, the keys to the powers of death and destruction; the keys of the 'Unseen World'. It gave him hope. That's what kept him going.

IT WAS NOW March in the year 2025 of the Julian Date; the very month and year man set foot on the planet Mars, named after the God of War.

ZZ's best guess was that it was all about to start. No-one knew exactly. Possibly, it was the beginning of the 'End Times', as prophesied by The YahuWah to His early followers, prior to His Passion upon the Tree pole.

It had been all but seventy-seven years since ZZ had observed the fulfilment of another of Yah El's prophecies—Yah's own people returning to their former territory and re-establishing a homeland. ZZ was also aware that the generation that had witnessed this historic event had not passed away, yet.

Three score and seventeen—seventy-seven years—seven more to go, or maybe seven more ... who knew precisely? Only The Elaquohim; certainly not ZZ. Not even The YahuWah knew the exact day or hour.

But ZZ did know this for sure ... he knew it was starting. He could sense it, just like he had sensed in the past when an ominous moment was at hand. Once again, a cloaked gloom was enveloping the world; this time, as an atmosphere of the subliminal thoughts of mankind, and it was thick like the smoke of smouldering sulphur.

The Prince of the Power of the Air was at large, on the move again. Never before in his entire existence had ZZ felt this apprehensive, nor this filled with dread, not even when he had observed the events at Golgotha, the 'place of the skull'; so sad, and so long ago ...

He was tired. The events of the ages now weighed heavily upon ZZ's heart, yet from somewhere deep inside, a rejoicing welled up within him—anticipation of a conclusion long awaited, finally arriving; late, but not *too* late.

He knew he was going to have to focus all of his mind and skills on accomplishing his next task; this latest directive from The Elaquohim. He was also going to have to put XiX, his trusted anti-gravity craft, through the many battle preps and flight tests for the shattering warp speeds and difficult maneuvers he knew he was going to call upon her to perform. It seemed like eons since he had last let her go hyper.

IT HAD BEEN close to fourteen years since he had last laid eyes on Chad—it, too, seemed like eons—but this time, he had no choice but to help him. Chad was now a full-grown man; a man with his own mind and will, no longer a child.

His last encounter with ZZ could have been laughed off by Chad as a childhood fantasy, or even a dream, now that he was older. Would Chad accept the truth of it all? His past, his present, his destiny? It was going to be tough, ZZ knew that, but he also knew it had been weakness and folly to have loved Chad's mother, a human.

Many of the Grigori, the errant and evil Els; also known as the Angelic Watchers, had lusted in the past after the daughters of men, and upset the genetic line. The Elaquohim had corrected the defect, with the flood of Noah. While not angelic, ZZ, however, had still begged The Elaquohim for forgiveness, throwing himself upon the mercy of The YahuWah.

Such forgiveness had been granted, but it had come at a price.

ZZ HAD TO find Chad fast. It was happening all over again. Chad didn't know it yet, but wickedness was in the air and he was going to get tangled up in it all somehow. ZZ was going to have to help him get around quickly; The Elaquohim had been very specific about that.

ZZ communicated with XiX in his native tongue, as he often did just to hear it, and hundreds of 3-D visuals began to scroll in a searching pattern before his eyes; live scenes from around the planet Earth, presenting themselves on his multi-layered arrays.

ZZ spoke again, and the craft commenced to track Chad down by his unique subatomic vibrations—this was easily enough done because he vibrated at almost exactly the same cycle as ZZ's. The visuals slowed, focusing on the Hawaiian Island chain. They narrowed in on the island of Oahu ... the North Shore ... Velzyland ... a tree house.

There he was! ZZ's heart leapt. There was Chad, walking back towards his tree house. He looked dazed; ZZ wondered why. ZZ then commanded XiX to display 4-D visuals, to search Ha'Ides, the Unseen World, for any unusual activity. What he saw disturbed him greatly.

A great army of evil spirits was moving from their continental abodes towards the sides of the north—the seat of Luaquiss Sama-el, his signs and powers, as well as those of his fellow spirits—which stronghold could only be seen by those who have eyes to see.

The massive force of their combined energy caused unusual and unseasonable weather anomalies across the globe—a massive hurricane moving west out of Africa; a cyclone of equal strength moving east from Asia; tornadoes, thunderstorms, floods, earthquakes—all left in the wake of

their haste. ZZ's earlier instincts had been right ... the iniquitous 'Powers of the Air' were indeed on the move!

ZZ ordered his craft again, this time in a more urgent tone. She obeyed instantly, and lurched with renewed excitement at her master's permission to go hyper. She wrapped herself in her magnetic cloak and shot straight past all the relative planets of this civistelle, deftly maneuvering in response to her captain's commands.

ZZ let out a holler; his craft, a dazzling light display—both knew they were back in the game! Only this time, they knew it wasn't just *any* game. This time, it would be the beginning of ... the 'End Game'!

Suddenly, ZZ heard a menacing voice. It seemed to be emanating from the very air around him, simultaneously echoing from deep within the bowels of Earth. He shuddered.

ZZ had heard this voice before, and as usual, it was late. "*It is time. Let it begin!*"

Luaquiss Sama-el

“And the great dragon was cast down, the old serpent, he that is called the Devil and Satan, the deceiver of the whole world; he was cast down to the earth, and his angels were cast down with him.”

Revelation 12:9



“Therefore rejoice, O heavens, and ye that dwell in them. Woe for the earth and for the sea: because the devil is gone down unto you, having great wrath, knowing that he hath but a short time.”

Revelation 12:12

HE ENJOYS *gorging*, Krush thought to himself as he surveyed the throne room of Ha’Ides. This was the throne room of the Unseen World, the domain and seat of power of his dragon king, the king of evil thoughts and deeds.

Here was a high court beyond all mortal imagination; a court far surpassing his master's royal seats on 'terra sigillata', the stamped earth that bore the marks of his master's talons. But these thrones were seats of a mere three-dimensional natural design, made only of gold and precious stones, built by the dragon's earthbound slaves; his appointed overlords whose crowns they maintained with the power of death in all its degrees. They were all subject to Luaquiss Sama-el, the Dark One who ruled over and above them with that same ferocious power, only his was infinitely greater and far more vicious.

His razor-sharp senses suddenly triggered, Krush focused his 'psychate' power—all of his psychic hate—to sturdy himself against the master's immediate return.

As usual, Luaquiss Sama-el arrived without warning, testing his armies' readiness. Thinning his being to flatten himself into his shield shape, Krush noticed that some of the other spirits were too late, for the master always returned to his throne in a murderous rage, in the space of an evil thought, his unbridled fury tangible in the putrid air.

With a startled shout, Krush transformed just in time, bowing to Luaquiss Sama-el as he arrived. Unlike some, he lowered his eyes in homage to his master, watching how Luaquiss Sama-el dealt with his tardy armies; how he dealt with those who were ill-prepared for his infernal spontaneous return.

In a flash, Luaquiss Sama-el scanned his armies. Those who had not already bowed the knee, he devoured—not as a man devours a meal, or even as a predator devours its prey—he simply opened his mouth. All who failed to worship immediately upon the master’s appearing were pulled into that eternal void; consumed by a dark whirlpool into a death unfathomable; dragged into the pure anti-matter of a sinister soul, a deep and blackened nothingness far off in some god-forsaken dimension of wickedness, hidden in the corona of an even darker matter that was his being.

Absolute terror passed through what was left of Krush’s tortured spirit whenever he thought of that void and, as always, he wondered how he ever let this ‘god’ recruit him, for this ... his ‘War Eternal’!

Then again, how could he resist? *Luaquiss Sama-el was not called ‘master’ simply because he rules*, thought Krush. He was first and foremost the Master of Illusions; this was his greatest asset.

Remembering his secret name and saying it under his breath, Krush spoke the name to himself in the primeval tongue of the 4-D’s: **LU-A-QUI-SS—‘The Sly One Who Makes Lies’**.

‘Luaquiss Sama-el’—the ancient name by which a man of godly spirit can bind him and lock him down in spiritual chains. Also known as ‘Sama-El, the Poisoned One’; the great angel of the four corners of Creation, who before his

fall was the anointed cherub with the illustrious title of ‘Lucifer the Light Bearer’—‘Semyaza’ to his fallen, fourth-dimensional comrades who had descended with him on that great and dreadful day.

Few Earthmen know the name ‘Luaquiss Sama-el’. Only righteous, fighting men of strong and unique spirit are able to bind and lock him down for a time, if they have the knowledge and the courage, and only when used with the **Keys of YAH EL**, and in the **Name of YAH EL—The Righteous Warrior of Light**—and through the Power of ... The **EL-A-QUO-HIM—‘They Who Make Their Thoughts’**.

ABADDON KRUSH recalled how Luaquiss Sama-el had first appeared to him so long ago—an angel of light, mesmerizing him with the colors and sounds of the spectrums only the 4-D’s could see and hear. The master had made such wonderful promises; *big* promises! “King Krush! King of all he surveys!” The words now rang in Krush’s ears; words forever seared into his memory. What was it that now niggled at the spirit of his mind?

Luaquiss Sama-el had guaranteed to all of us that his plan would prevail! We were to be the new spirit kings of all the created worlds under his new rule! We were to rule with him over all the 3-D stellar systems within the natural

realms, over the universal firmaments of the outer earths, over their peoples, and all their creatures! We were to conquer, to rule, and to receive the worship of the cosmos! Oh, how sweet they were to be, those hard-fought spoils of war!

One third of everything had been destroyed. In spite of our great powers, all we surveyed from this last stronghold, and even into the far reaches of this corner of the galaxy, was now in ruin and chaos. Now bound to this tiny blue ball, we never rest, for we must overcome, and we dare not disobey the dragon!

Our own hands were our undoing! If only the master had not boasted on that day, “I will raise my throne above the stars of The Elaquohim! I will make myself like The Most High!” If only ...

Regrettably, the master’s hatred for The YahuWah had set us back thousands of years. Ever since that fateful day when he thought he had prevailed over The YahuWah by killing Him, all the ancient and recent supernatural books of the living and the dead began to read differently. Krush knew it was a sign, and it disturbed something deep within. *That day, Krush thought with a shudder, triggered the unveiling of the ‘New Order’.*

Jolting back to the reality of this Unseen World, Krush once again took note, now that the dragon was momentarily satisfied, of how he sat upon his throne. Krush always marveled at this, for two things occurred simultaneously—

the master's armies, in one voice, sighing with relief at being spared from the black death he instantly inflicted upon his tardy troops; and the magnificent display the master presented to them to reward their submission as he proudly stretched out, reveling in their worship.

Was he dragon, lion, serpent, goat, or man? Luaquiss Sama-el had many heads, and many other forms he could readily assume. No matter how many times Krush had witnessed the master morphing from one to the other, yet retaining the illusion of all, he and all the Hosts of Ha'Ides still found themselves completely spellbound by the spectacular hallucination.

Only when the dragon departed, and they were released from the grip of his Satanic stupor, did they realize just how mystified and dumbstruck they had been—it was just so devilishly beautiful to behold! What natural man could withstand the terrible beauty of the master's visage? To truly appreciate your master, the more wicked you were, the better!

Those eyes; those hollow, empty eyes ...

Krush averted the dragon's terrifying gaze. He could never look long into those eyes. No matter what illusion the god of darkness displayed, his eyes were always black. Where eyes should have been, there were only voids of blackness where all light was consumed by the antimatter of a hate-filled heart, vacuuming every particle into a never-ending stare of bitterness.

Nothing escaped. It was rumored among these rebellious spirits that as you were devoured, your last thoughts were sucked from your mind, followed by the essence of your soul, into the oblivion of his hatred ... "*Where their worm dieth not.*" Krush could still hear the echoes of all those lost, undying souls.

He had been in the presence of his master since the beginning of the rebellion, and over the eons of time, witnessing Luaquiss Sama-el' shape-changing powers.

Although we of the world of the fourth dimension, the spirit world, were also shape-changers, no-one's power could match that of the master's arts when it came to bending and refracting the light around his spiritual vessel.

Why was he so adept? *To disguise his true countenance, of course,* Krush realized to himself. Without this ability, the Prince of the Power of the Air would devour all light. What, or who, could possibly destroy him?

Luaquiss Sama-el spoke in a voice of pure dread, its effect like the shocking chill of ice water poured suddenly upon the warm soul. "*Krush!*" Like an obedient dog, Krush bowed his head even lower, scarcely looking up.

"Call all the Councils of Ha'Ides!" the dragon commanded. "Gather unto me my princes and my powers, my rulers and my authorities! Call them! In the air of the nations over which they rule; in the fortresses they defend, and in the bodies and the abodes in which they dwell! Call all my

spiritual forces! Every strongman! Every demon! Call every hidden thing in my Pyramid of Iniquity, from the first to the last! Call unto them to report to me! Call them all *NOW!*”

In a flash, with his hand upon the trump, Krush flew, blasting the Horn of Ha’Ides with all his might. The horn’s effect was like a dog’s whistle—a note only the evil spirits could hear—as it pierced throughout their hidden world.

From the upper reaches of the sky, the residences of his three exalted princes, and the principals of evil thought they controlled, where the air disappears and becomes space, to the lower realms of their influence, it echoed. Down a level, to the seats of those subject to them, to the minor princes who ruled over all the nations of the Earth, it reverberated.

Then to the master’s major powers, the religious and political powers, the financial and legal powers, the four corners of his great and evil pyramid of conquering thoughts and controlling minds—Krush called them all.

Then he flew even lower, throughout all the sciences, medicine and commerce, music and the arts, and all the schools of thought of higher and lower learning, calling all the minor powers.

Into every level of Luaquiss Sama-el’ governments on Earth, then lower still; he called the dragon’s authorities

and rulers of darkness. Blowing on the horn, from great to small, he summoned them all.

Krush then soared over the surface of the Earth, into every hidden place, throughout the night and the day, calling all evil forces. Into every abode in which they lived, animal or human, calling the dragon's strongmen and demons, then into the springs, rivers, lakes, and oceans, the mountains and valleys of the wet worlds, blasting the message to report; calling all the secret things.

Finally, flying through the Earth itself, Krush sent out the broadcast. "You jailers of hell, report to your king!" he shouted, pushing through the alternating density of cold earth and hot magma. He couldn't help but notice the closer he came to the core, the heavier the pressure weighed upon his spirit.

What foul beings he was calling at his master's bidding. Up from the deep, hidden crypts of the Earth, even more abominable the beings were that emerged from the depths of hell.

Krush wondered if it was the impending war, or the leaving behind of the magnetic heart of the Earth, again escaping the pressure of the core, that caused his spirit to race with both excitement and fear. How the core always pulled at him, relentlessly drawing him back down towards it. The more evil and despicable the being in the master's forces,

the stronger the pull of the core upon it. *The pull upon the dragon must be immense, Krush thought, for there is none more evil than he.*

NO SOONER gone, Krush returned to the throne room like a flash of lightning, bringing with him the heads of Babylon, the real government of this world; unseen, malevolent, and intent on the evil way. He could still taste the dirt of the Earth and the salt of her seas, now mixing with the colder air of lower Ha'Ides, as he announced their arrival before their king.



The leaders threw their crowns, earned by conquering the peoples of the Earth and spilling their many and varied bloods for this god of war, down at the dragon's feet.

Prostrated flat upon their bellies with their heads face-down upon the floor, the assembly proclaimed in one voice, “Hail, Luaquiss Sama-el, the king of this world and the next! Hail to the king of Ha’Ides! Hail to the Prince of the Power of the Air!”

“Rise!” shouted Luaquiss Sama-el. In a strange disharmony, like the cacophonous roar of a packed gladiatorial stadium, they arose as one, shouting his name in unison. “Luaquiss Sama-el! Luaquiss Sama-el! ... *Luaquiss Sama-el! Establish the fullness of thy kingdom, O lord of all that is dark, all that is sweet! Thy kingdom come, thy will be done. Luaquiss Sama-el will rule forever!*”

Surveying his subjects, the dragon’s black, soulless eyes penetrated through their various armors and their many weapons and defenses, to the very essence of the hatred that bound them to him—line upon line of evil spirits of every kind, his spiritual forces and rulers of darkness, innumerable demonic beings sweeping out into the distance, all seething with a raw hostility so intense, it seemed to hang above their heads like a toxic haze.

Then Luaquiss Sama-el turned his gaze to those that stood before his armies; their commanders, the principalities and powers, his secondary precepts, who had control over them and the governments of this planet.

Now to his 'high command', his favored chief principalities; his first precepts, the chief councils of the Unseen World, who ruled over all the others on his behalf.

This was his inner circle of three—Prince Baal Imrod, the Anti-Christ Spirit; Princess Jez ZBel, the Queen of Heaven; and Prince Abaddon Krush, the Spirit of Death and Destruction—his three chiefs, loyal archangels all.

They were the rulers of all the powers; Salamander, Sylph, Undine and Gnome, and the laws of fire and air, and of water and earth. Precept on precept, line upon line; all made up the Babylon master's 'Pyramid of Iniquity'.

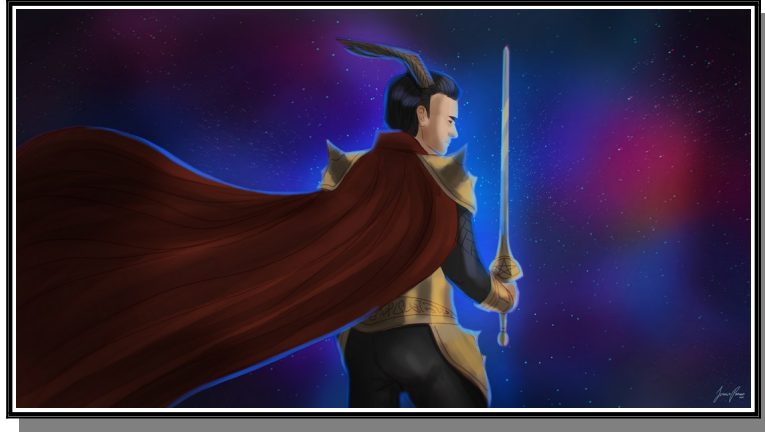


Always the first to shed blood, his confidant, Baal Imrod, tightened his grip upon his bow of flame. Imrod, the Spirit of Fear—the Lawless One and Ruler of Fires—with his

hawk-emblazoned quiver containing the fiery darts and arrows of the many dreadful tribulations he could bring, and had brought, upon the firmaments.

His consort, Jez ZBel, was known by many names—the Spirit of Unbelief, the Wicked Rich Whore, the Queen of Heaven, the Beautiful False Goddess and Ruler of the Winds. She stood arrogantly before him, licking her lips in anticipation of blood. Hers was the evil beauty; the voice of the mysterious and shamelessly false religious convictions that had seduced the world with Luaquiss Sama-el since the beginning.

Then his enforcer and jailer, Abaddon Krush—the Spirit of Heaviness and Hopelessness, the Great Dual One, Ruler of the Earth and the Waters—who at the same moment was both Death, the Eternal End, and Destruction, the Eternal Suffering. Krush, who once held the keys of death and destruction—now lost to the renewed YahuWah after the master foolishly hung him—stood malevolently gripping his bow and arrows of disaster and devastation, hell-bent on revenge. There they were, the four corners of witchcraft, simpering sycophantically; atop of them all, the dragon master, sitting upon his terrifying Pyramid of Iniquity.



Luaquiss Sama-el could see that all, especially his devoted three, were ready and willing to act and do what they lusted to do—to usurp, to rule, and to inflict heinous and evil deeds upon all humanity; the total suffering of mankind—and the other rewards they so voraciously desired; robbing man of his birthright and destroying all hope of ever achieving the ‘right to rule’ that The Elaquohim had promised so long ago.

“Luaquiss Sama-el will rule!” the assembly roared. The Dark One turned to face the cosmos, and leaning upon his pentangle sword, rose up into the air, basking in the praise and the worship.

Just as he had boasted to The Elaquohim in the beginning, the terrible beast boasted again. “I shall be like The Most

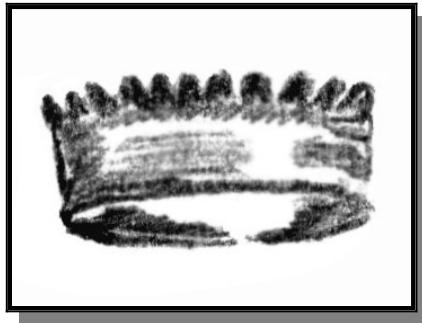
High!” he now shouted in reply. “I am the god of *this* world *and* the next, and soon all the worlds that are, and all that dwell upon them, will worship *ME!*” The multitude roared even more hungrily.

With the pure dragon fire of his all-consuming hatred and the most hideous breath that Krush could remember, Luaquiss Sama-el uttered just six words ... “*It is time. Let it begin!*”

The Chosen One

“For many are called, but few chosen.”

Matthew 22:14



CHAD had returned home to his tree house to sleep off the effects of the wipeout.

Later that evening, he decided to take Boogie for a quiet walk along the beach, and by degrees, the warm, azure tones of another classically beautiful Hawaiian sunset helped ease his mind with every soft step he left in the beautiful sands of his tiny corner of paradise. Little did he know that this was to be the last Hawaiian sunset he would see for a very long time.

He still had a little water residue in his left ear, so his erratic left-foot hopping must have looked ridiculous to anyone else on the beach at the time. Chad started chuckling to himself, remembering the ‘silly walks’ of John Cleese from the old ‘*Monty Python*’ skits that he and his buddies used to watch over and over again, mimicking them just for a laugh. He loved to play the fool; like most comedians, it helped mask the pain buried deep inside. “Better to have them laugh *with* you than *at* you,” he always said to himself.

A gentle breeze had begun to blow across the water’s edge, both warming and cooling at the same time. It caressed Chad’s skin softly, like the tender touch of a loving woman. He hadn’t surfed any more that day, which was unusual for him, considering he knew that the best thing to do after such a bad wipeout was go right back out again.

A roller was rushing into the shore, about to break onto the beach when, without even thinking, Chad ran three steps towards it and jumped right in. He flipped himself in mid-air, smashing upside down into the wave as he usually did. It felt good to get wet again.

He stood up in the shallow water and threw his head back, enjoying the sensation of the water arcing over his head and down his back as it sprayed outward from his long hair. Boogie was right there with him, as always, trying to dog paddle into a small wave.

Wading out of the water, Chad's mind drifted back to the events of that morning. "I kind of died and rose again. Sort of like a baptism, I s'pose?" he said quietly to himself, starting back towards home. He had 'gotten saved' at a revival meeting when he was baptized in water the year before, but it hadn't seemed like much at the time. The visiting preacher had said some words over him ... what was it now? About being a 'select arrow' or something? Chad hadn't really paid much attention to it; not until today, that is. Now he couldn't get it out of his head.

He was looking forward to a little TV before bed, and could see his tree house just around the sandy knoll, when suddenly, something hit him.

Without warning, a pulse of supernatural power, more intense than anything he could have ever imagined, struck his body, causing his legs to buckle. With all of his strength suddenly drained, he fell to his knees onto the cool sand, and then flat onto his face, his mind dazed as if K.O.'d by the heavyweight champion of the world. Only it didn't hurt like it should have.

TIME stood still. A homogenous glow filled the air. Chad remained frozen, wondering what was happening to him ... as if this day could get any weirder!

With what little energy he could muster, he pushed himself slowly back up to his knees. Lifting his eyes, he gazed up

towards the heavens. A strange vision was appearing before him.

A window in the sky had begun to open, sliding slowly from left to right, in a square frame of miraculous intervention defying the natural laws of space and time. It was surreal. Chad was convinced he must be dreaming. From behind the window, a dazzling ray of pure, white light shone down upon him, gently warming his body. As the window opened progressively wider, the brilliant beam grew larger and stronger, paralyzing him with the full force of its power.

He was struck dumb with wonder and exhilaration at the sheer intensity of the light; a light that flooded every particle of his being, bathing him in waves of joy.

Chad felt himself being lifted to his feet as he heard a voice speaking in a strange tongue. To his amazement, he realized the voice was his own!

At first, it came haltingly. “Ad-a-mah-Yah.” Then stronger —“AdamahYah, AdamahYah.” Then something new —“Adamahdi, Adamahdi.” Then, “Adamahsanti, Adamahsanti, AdamahYah, Adamahdi, Adamahsanti!”

The new tongue was now rolling out of Chad’s mouth in surging waves, reverberating at the center of his spirit; with every vocalization, a concentration of heat and power that seemed to percolate from the very depths of his innermost being.

Then he heard another, familiar voice. It was the same voice he had heard that very morning, only this time it was even more evocative, and now it was all around him, repeating the same thing it had said earlier when he was trapped on the ocean floor:

“The water, the blood, and the spirit, must agree!”

Chad still could not make out the significance of those words, but right now he was too busy praising God with all of his heart to think too much about them, anyway. There was something wonderfully selfish, yet strangely giving, about the words now emanating from his mouth; he knew it, and he loved it!

At the top of his voice, a deep resonance and harmony broke forth, an agreement in his spirit expressing itself in this strange new voice that seemed to transcend all dimensions of reality. It was taking Chad to another place, somewhere he had never been before, even though he could still feel his feet standing on the familiar soft sand of his beloved beach.

With his arms raised in the air in an act of worship, Chad prayed in his new tongue for what seemed like a minute or two, ending the prayer with three shouts: “Hallelu Yah! Hallelu Yah! Hallelu Yah!”

FOR THE SECOND TIME that day, Chad awoke to find himself laying flat on his back on the beach, Boogie licking his face. This was getting to be a habit. Shaking the sand out of his hair, he sat up and looked around. The strange light had gone but now the sky was dark. Springing to his feet, he ran the few hundred yards back to his tree house, trembling from the excitement of it all. Boogie was excited too, running in circles around Chad's feet, almost tripping him, like dogs do.

Chad grabbed the bucket of rainwater that he kept under the tree for collecting all the fresh water he could for drinking and the occasional rinse. After all, how dirty could a full time surf bum get? He was in the ocean from first light to last most days, in any weather condition. He was an addict. Only a surfer knows the need. It was a good life for a twenty-two year old.

Emptying the bucket over himself, Chad washed the now dry flakes off his shaking body. He thought it strange that the salt water had dried so fast. He also noticed his body was unusually hot and dried the rainwater quickly, scarcely needing the towel.

He glanced down at his surf watch. It was nearly 9:00 p.m. *Geez! How long was I in that light?* he wondered to himself. It had only been about a half hour or so from when he started his walk up the beach. It seemed much later. "Oh, well, Boogie, let's get some grub." Chad lifted

his friend onto the deck of the tree house and then climbed up the short rope ladder.

THE TREE HOUSE was small but comfortable. Chad had inherited it from 'Rusty', an aging 60's surfer dude who had built it back in the late sixties.

The old guy had befriended Chad four years earlier, just after the boy had fled an abusive father back east on the mainland. Ever since his Mom died five years ago, Chad's stepfather had treated him very badly. As soon as the insurance money ran out, he stopped paying the bills and started drinking instead. What had begun as an occasional beating became the daily ritual.

On the day of his 18th birthday, Chad sold his prized possession—an antique Ford Mustang he had restored—and hitched a ride to LAX. He bought himself a cheap ticket on the first plane he could get ... he was outta there! Fortunately for Chad, the next flight out of the airport that day just happened to be Pacific's non-stop red-eye to Hawaii.

His little home had electricity and a phone, but no running water. Chad could watch TV, listen to music, go online—all the good stuff—but was relegated to 'doing a bear' whenever nature called. He thought back to when he had first asked Rusty where the bathroom was, and Rusty just bellowed with laughter like a drunken sailor.

He remembered Rusty telling him, “A bear hunkers down in the woods, bro!” Rusty used to say that all the time. Chad smiled to himself. He could picture the old dude now, wandering off at night into the bushes; a hand-crafted *doobie* in one hand, a roll of paper in the other.

The joke was, Rusty’s nickname was ‘Bear’. He had been a big wave rider; a purist hippie from the flower power era, never surfing anything less than ten feet and only going out when the new big winter swells hit the North Shore.

He was a local legend; one of the few crazies who were out the day the famous winter swell of ’69 hit the island. The massive waves of that swell were so huge and ferocious, they tore up the coral heads from the seabed, throwing them onto the road, washing beach houses and yachts out to sea.

Old-school surfing—gigantic waves, no leg ropes or tow-outs like they use today; just muscle, guts, and a mighty heart. Out of respect, Rusty’s surfing buddies called it ‘The Season of The Bear’ whenever it got really big.

Chad thought Rusty had gotten his tag from the way he growled when he chased off intruders who had accidentally stumbled onto his hidden tree house. “B-bears in Hawaii?” the terrified tourists would stammer. He and Chad would laugh ‘til their sides hurt at the sight of the *haoles* (pronounced ‘howlies’) high-tailing it back to the waiting bus.

Chad loved the old guy. He had nothing but happy memories whenever he thought of Bear, except the day he found him lifeless in bed almost a year ago. At least Rusty had died peacefully in his sleep. But it was still devastating for Chad because Bear had been like a real father to him, so he tried not to think about it too often.

To Chad's surprise, Rusty had left the tree house and all its contents to Chad in his will, just like a real father would. After the funeral, the authorities came around to see Chad to hand over the deed. The only photograph he had of Bear was one from the early days, when he was around Chad's age; strong and fit with long, curly, sun-bleached blond hair and a beard down to his chest, wearing a pair of cut-off Levis for board shorts.

Next to him, not surprisingly, was his pride and joy, the 'Classic Fantastic' as he called it—a nine-feet-six-inch, single-fin Channin Diffenderfer, the 'big gun' pocket-rocket surfboard he had ordered from the Plastic Fantastic surf shop in Haleiwa, the home of North Shore surfing sticks—classic lines, built strong, built for speed. The massive board now hung above Chad's bed, in Bear's honor. Chad would rub it for luck every time the surf was big. Looking at that old photo, he couldn't help but notice the remarkable similarities between the two of them, except for the Levis and the beard, of course.

Opening the door to the small fridge in his kitchen, Chad pulled out a jar of sweet iced tea he had made earlier, and a

chunk of flat, brown, unprocessed bread baked by that nice Lebanese family who lived along the back roads a few miles away. They always seemed to be bringing him food or something. God bless them.

Flopping down in his old, comfortable, wide-bodied lounge chair, also courtesy of Bear, Chad hit the remote control's 'On' button and selected WNN for the day's news and world events. It wasn't quite top of the hour yet—three more minutes to 1:00 a.m.

One a.m.! Chad did a double-take, checking the digital display on his satellite receiver box. Yep, 1:00 a.m., all right! He checked his surf watch again—almost 9:00 p.m. His watch must be stuck. He had lost nearly four hours! But how could that be? He must have been in the light for four hours, speaking in that strange language.

He couldn't believe it himself, but there it was; his watch obviously stopped after the light first hit him. He tapped it a few times and it started to tick again, so he reset the hands to 1:00 a.m., just as the news was coming on.

“GOOD EVENING, I'm Judy Dobson and this is WNN Breaking News. Massive earthquakes and aftershocks have rocked the city of Jerusalem! The much-conflicted Dome of the Rock, the most sacred site to both Jews and Muslims, has been destroyed, and the Western Wall, also known as

‘The Wailing Wall’, has completely collapsed. The city is in utter turmoil! Israeli military forces have now taken control of the site with tanks and troops on the ground, and helicopter gun ships in the air above the debris. We now cross live to our correspondent in Jerusalem, Jacob Bernstein, who is at the scene within the armed perimeter ... Jacob?”

“Yes, thank you, Judy. The city of Jerusalem is in utter chaos and total anarchy. The fragile peace brokered by Sir David Solomon, the Israeli Prime Minister, which remarkably had lasted for over forty-two months, is now over. The Dome of the Rock, the most sacred of sites to both the Islamic and Judaic religions, has been totally destroyed by a series of horrendous earthquakes, measuring between eight point five and nine point nine on the Richter scale.

The Dome has literally been torn in two! The Western Wall, or ‘The Wailing Wall’ as it is known around the world, has also collapsed. The ground is shaking as we speak. The resulting fires have melted the gold leaf covering the Dome, causing it to run off into the cracks and gutters surrounding the site. The looting of the gold started immediately by Christians, Jews and Muslims alike, with clashes between the groups resulting in at least three thousand dead, Judy.”

“Was this before the Israeli troops regained control, Jacob?”

“Yes, Judy, it was. The Jewish authorities have now proclaimed martial law. Another estimated three to four thousand rioters of varied races and backgrounds have been killed in the takeover by the Israeli troops, which our cameras are picking up now ... you should have visual any second now, Judy.”

“Jacob! Is this footage for real? Are we really seeing this? Is that bl—? Oh, my *God!* It looks like a river of blood! Jacob?”

Chad was mesmerized by what he was seeing. ***“The water, the blood, and the spirit, must agree!”*** The voice echoed in his mind once again; this time, amazingly apparent by what he was now witnessing on his television screen—a bizarre convergence of natural and supernatural events.

“Yes, Judy, I’m afraid that’s exactly what it is,” continued the correspondent. “Blood is literally running down the cracks and crevices of the old temple site and is now flowing into the street, carrying gold leaf with it. My shoes are soaked in it! As you can imagine, Judy, the situation here is very, very tense. The bodies of the slain are lying where they fall. Bullets are still flying past us, even as we speak.

It is extremely dangerous here right now, Judy, as you can probably tell. We have it on good authority that most of the leaders of the former Palestinian resistance movement were actually inside the Dome at the time of the earthquake. Reports are coming in that Israel has also suffered the loss

of its own leaders, through the collapse of many buildings in the Jewish sectors.

Everyone in Jerusalem is in total disbelief as the reports reach the surviving communities of Christian, Jew, and Muslim. Both the Jewish and the Muslim camps are blaming each other, attributing responsibility to one another, and massive indiscriminate terrorist attacks and counter-attacks are taking place amongst the population. Some are even going so far as to say it was a *real* act of God, Judy.”

“Is there any sign of troop movements from the surrounding Muslim nations, Jacob?”

“Only rumors at this stage, Judy. We can’t confirm anything in this chaos, but—”

“Jacob, I’m sorry, I have to interrupt you here ... uh ... yes ... we have a report coming in from Washington. Yes, it’s a report from the President of the United States. We now cross live to the White House Press Room ...” The visual switched immediately to a blue-curtained backdrop with the Presidential Seal hanging on the wall behind a wooden lectern.

“Ladies and Gentlemen, the President of the United States of America, President Rula Meyer.”

An attractive, stylish brunette in her early forties took the podium. The stern-faced President addressed the gathering.

“Good morning. It is with great sadness that I have to report to you all today, an extremely critical situation of enormous and historic global significance has just occurred in the Middle East. A series of massive earthquakes has all but destroyed the city of Jerusalem and many of the holy sites in and around the area; in particular, the sites known as the Dome of the Rock and the Western Wall, or The Wailing Wall—sites deemed holy by both Muslim and Jew. The city of Jerusalem is in a state of anarchy, and martial law has now been declared. The death toll from the earthquakes has been estimated in the tens of thousands and is likely to rise to the hundreds of thousands.

Of particular concern is the rioting that has occurred at and around the Dome of the Rock. The Dome has split in two and the resulting collapse has killed a majority of the leaders of the former Palestinian *intifada*, who apparently were worshipping in the Dome at the time. High-ranking officials of Hamas, Fatah and other factions of the old resistance movements, are dead. Also, high-ranking officials of the Knesset, the Jewish parliament and members of the ruling right-wing Likud Party, have all been found dead in collapsed buildings and homes.

It is believed that the universally popular and newly re-elected Jewish Prime Minister, Sir David Solomon, known worldwide as ‘The Peace of Israel’ for his work in restoring harmony to the region and his ongoing work of promoting peace throughout the entire world, is among the dead.” An outburst of animated chatter and gasps of astonishment

spread throughout the gallery as cameras flashed like strobe lights and pens scratched furiously on legal pads. The President indulged the interruption, pausing a moment for the hubbub to die down.

“Of even greater concern to myself and other world leaders, however, are the destabilization of that peace and the mobilization of troops around the world, occurring even as I speak. Echelon satellite surveillance has revealed that many of the surrounding Islamic nations, including Iraq, Iran, Lebanon, Jordan, Syria and Saudi Arabia, are joining forces and can be seen moving towards Israel. In many Muslim towns and cities throughout these regions, shots are being fired into the air amid cries for a new Jihad, or Holy War, against Israel.

This cannot, and will not, be allowed to occur. I call for restraint on the part of all the nations of the world, and in particular, the Islamic nations surrounding Israel, to halt all troop movements forthwith. The leaders of the G-10 and the United Nations Security Council have convened emergency crisis meetings to discuss this terrible chain of events.

An emergency mandate has been given to the United States of America and its allies by the G-10 and U.N. Security Council to exact immediate strategic and military control over the situation, and to prevent any invasion of Israel by its enemies.”

Shouting over of the chaos of the pressroom came one question that seemed to echo off the walls. “Madam President! Madam President! What *exactly* does ‘to exact strategic and military control’ mean?”

“Mr. Cohen, please explain to the peoples of the world my meaning.” The President stood to one side.

The Secretary of Defense stepped forward, a grim expression upon his face. “Thank you, Madam. The President’s meaning is precisely this. Please turn your attention to the wide screen on my left. What you are about to see is the firing of the Strategic High Altitude Defense System, or S.H.A.D.S.—‘HiFire’, as it is known in military circles. HiFire has been in place and operational since the early 1980’s. It is a system of satellite clusters containing sophisticated computers, extremely sensitive cameras, and powerful weaponry of a technology discovered and developed from captured alien craft.

Yes, you heard right; I did say ‘alien craft’. HiFire is a multinational, top-secret military defense network, originally designed to protect our nation and its allies against ‘other world’ space-based invasions; a scenario increasingly more probable with the proliferation of UFO sightings in the last eighty years. It also has ‘our world’ military applications, one of which you are about to witness now.” Three hundred and twenty-seven pairs of eyes turned in anticipation towards the wide plasma screen.

Pointing to the screen, the Defense Secretary continued. “What you are looking at are live satellite images of the armies of the new dictator of Iraq, Mohammed Khan, a tyrant even more cruel and oppressive than Saddam Hussein. What you now see is Khan’s elite forces at the head of an even larger Iraqi armed force, storming out of Baghdad at great speed towards Israel. At the order of the Commander-in-Chief of the Joint Chiefs of Staff of the Combined Armed Forces of the United States of America and the United Nations, or ‘G-Force-10’, a photo-plasma pulse ray will be emitted in a dot-dash-dot-dash sequence from the HiFire satellite weapons system. The rays will generate such extreme heat that as a consequence, when they merge, they will vaporize everything they hit, completely destroying the invading armies of Iraq; an act deemed necessary to deter further invasions of Israel and to prevent further destabilization of the area. Please understand, this is a preventative measure; we simply have no other option.”

Turning his intense green eyes directly back to the cameras, he went on. “This demonstration of power is a warning to all nations intent on war. Simply put ... don’t! Or you will be annihilated! Echelon’s highly sophisticated ‘sat-cams’ will follow the emitted rays to the target, and you, ladies and gentlemen, are about to have a box seat on the action.

I now hand you over to General Conrad Stone, who will give the official order. For those of you who are not already aware, General Stone is the highest-ranking officer

of G-Force-10, the only six-star general in the world and the commander of G-10's combined international military forces. General Stone, the floor is yours.”

General Conrad Stone stepped up to the dais. “Thank you, Mr. Secretary.” With complete authority, he spoke into the videophone. “General Stone to S.H.A.D.S. Command—do you copy?”

The response from S.H.A.D.S. Command came back immediately. “Affirmative, sir! Welcome, General Stone. S.H.A.D.S. Central Command confirms voice match and the uplink is now locked to your voice command. HiFire is now under your control, sir!”

The General wasted no time. “HiFire, initiate pre-firing command sequence. Set pulse loads to destruct capability at thirty-three percent maximum output. On my count, fire all HiFire arrays in the mid-east sector.” Pausing only briefly, the General then issued the final command. “Counting, three, two, one ... *FIRE!*”

AT THAT point, Chad could not believe his own eyes or ears. He was sure the rest of the world was feeling the same.

The sat-cams followed the pulse rays as they exited the HiFire satellite clusters, merging into a single and formidable pulse of concentrated light so intense and bright

that when it burned through the Earth's atmosphere, it nearly flashed out the Echelon camera's views. When the alternating pulses hit the long lines of the Iraqi armies, the destruction was completely inconceivable to the eyes.

One moment, armies of thousands were there, the next, they were gone! There was nothing left at the point of impact, nothing but scorched earth. Chad could even see the dot-dash pattern left on the ground by the rays—a mile of dots and dashes, followed by another mile of dots and dashes. Any remaining troops or vehicles that had been missed by the pulses were now crashing between the patterns into the smoldering, hundred-feet deep holes left in the ground from the incredible devastating force, which force had been at only a third power!

A few survivors could be seen stumbling around, having been blinded by the intense light; their clothes and skin, not completely burnt, hanging like macabre flesh curtains from their bodies. A legion of enormous power and strength, destroyed in a flash!

The pulses then followed the million-plus army to its origination point—Babylon!—obliterating from space all vehicles, structures and humans in their path.

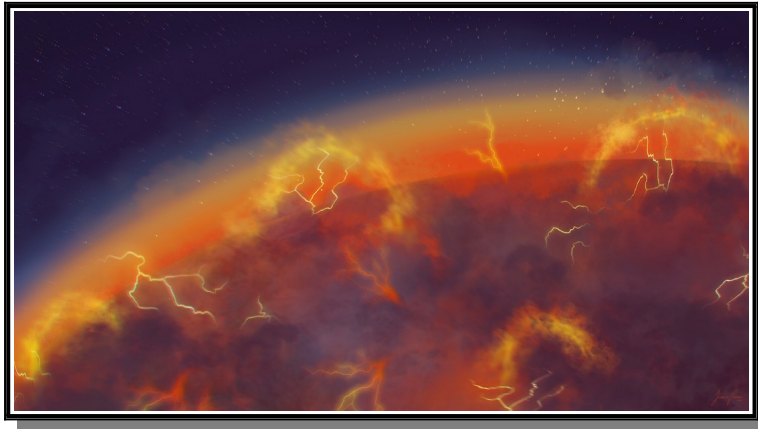
The ancient city of Babylon, in all its rebuilt glory, practically wiped from the face of the Earth in one day. Fire had literally been brought down upon her from the heavens.

“Oh, my *God!* The world is going to hell right before our eyes!” was all Chad could gasp.

The Primer

I see that all creatures throughout the cosmoverse are in pain. We groan, and are in sympathy, in the same calamity of spirit as the creatures of this civistelle. We see from afar, observing with intense anticipation the 'Clash of the Kingdoms', the final struggle restricted to this planet, fully expecting that soon, the Sons of The Elaquohim will be revealed. In pain also, we empathize with their earthly ordeal, expecting relief at some approaching point in time, as if waiting for a birth. Then, and only then, we too will be liberated from the laws of decay and bondage introduced by the dragon Luaquiss Sama-el.

ZeeZeefer ZexZexed



Luaquiss Sama-el could not have been more pleased. His plan had worked perfectly. So perfectly, in fact, that he could already taste the future glory that was surely his. He had longed for this moment. For thousands of

years he had intensely desired the age that, very soon, would be his to enjoy.

Initially, the battle in which he and his devoted princes had engaged with the archangels Micha-El and Gabri-El, seemed relatively easy—four great princes against two. He and his princes had warred against their rivals many times before. Then the cherubim archangels, Calrission and Radian, joined with the archangels, adding their great strength and might to counter the dragon and his wicked warrior generals.

At first they had fought them in the seas, near the bottom of the Mariana Trench, causing deep-sea earthquakes; shaking and rousing the Leviathan and Python, chained long ago at the command of The Elaquohim. They wrestled in the skies, above the high places of the Hindu Kush Mountains, creating great snowstorms and avalanches. They then drove down deep into the caverns of the Earth, into her hidden places, their battles causing volcanoes to erupt violently and the magma that was her blood to ooze all over her mantle.

Throughout the seas and islands of Indonesia and Japan, and also throughout the Mediterranean, all volcanoes, even those long considered dormant or even extinct, spewed forth their liquid molten emesis; a massive perimeter of volcanic activity so fierce, so great in its scale, that it could be seen from space, alerting 'The Watchers' to the significance of this event.

Now every volcano in the entire Pacific 'Ring of Fire' was shooting massive lava bombs into the atmosphere, emitting pungent fumes of sulfur and acrid, choking smoke as it convulsed. Not only was the air becoming unbreathable, but the thick, dark clouds of ash being pumped into the skies were now blocking out both the sun and the moon across half the planet, turning them a dark red. To the eyes of Earth's many inhabitants below, it seemed like blood.



Light stood against Dark, with righteous spirit swords of good clashing against malevolent swords of evil, and with arrow and bow, fiery projectiles flew to meet their marks. The conflict between the ancient adversaries raged in and over the nations of the Earth as they wounded each other in the struggle.

Three times they circled the globe, in a continuous 'clash of kingdoms', leaving hurricanes, cyclones and tornadoes in

their wake. Three times they re-entered the Earth, their conflict often close to the core of hell itself, even disturbing the chaos of the Behemoth. Then again rising to Earth's surface and shaking her fault lines and other weak spots, they caused massive destruction to cities and towns across the entire globe.

Three times the forces of darkness battled against the Forces of Light; and three times they were overcome. But the evil ones would not yield, even when severely wounded and weary from warfare, for Luaquiss Sama-el knew that he only had to hold off the cherubim just long enough for his combined armies to crack the Rock.

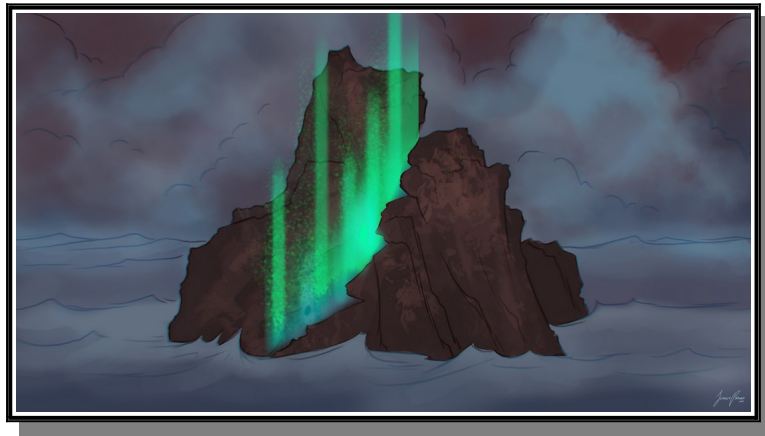
If the Rock did not crack, then all would be lost, for the stellar time clock was in exactly the right configuration at this precise moment in the Earth's history, and he could not wait another millennium!

WHEN IT did crack, it was unmistakable.

The heavens shook, the crack heard far off into space; all Creation hearing it, feeling it, a righteous groaning reverberating throughout the cosmos.

Those on the dragon's side in deep space, however, rejoiced in the sign. They prepared themselves for the impending time of 'The Descent'—the moment of their ultimate arrival. Surely it was the most hallowed and powerful place in all Creation. It was from this very rock, the focal

point at which all time and space converged, that the whole world had been reborn; somehow, all things were connected to it, for the crack was felt even in The Throne Room of The Most High.



HE KNEW IT! Once again, Luaquiss Sama-el was no more than a few steps away from bringing all of the ancient Watchers back unto himself. He had the sum total of wisdom and knowledge; his cunning and deceit proved it, and victory was his again! To shake that which cannot be shaken was Luaquiss Sama-el' greatest triumph, again proving he was like The Most High.

At the sound of the crack, he withdrew the bulk of his forces, leaving a contingent of major and minor powers to secure the spoils. Now that his essential preliminary work was completed, the dragon returned to Ha'Ides, his long

secure kingdom of the Unseen World. He was relishing the wickedness of it all.

The wounds of the dark armies were many, their foul matter spurting from their fiery cuts like rivulets of black magma's blood. They didn't care, for they knew that the ensuing bloodshed on Earth would renew their condition. As they looked below at the results of their success, the murders and massacres near the Rock did its work on their wounds. With diabolical glee, they beheld the eradication of the Babylonian armies by the HiFire arrays, and again, with the devastation to the city of Babylon, their strength returned in threefold measure at the bonus they had received.

Luaquiss Sama-el slapped Krush on the back, praising him for the command of his host below, General Stone, who had given the final order to fire. He also congratulated ZBel for her familiar, President Rula Meyer, and the excellent job she had done in convincing the G-10 to use the satellite arrays.

He then turned his attention to his confidant. "Imrod, your servants did well at The Wall. Before long, your man, Sir David Solomon, shall rise again and when he does, the End Game will finally be enacted."

As Luaquiss Sama-el sat down once again upon his throne, he gave one more command. "My powers and forces, you know your mission. Soon, you will bring the nations of this planet to war. This will distract them, allowing us to

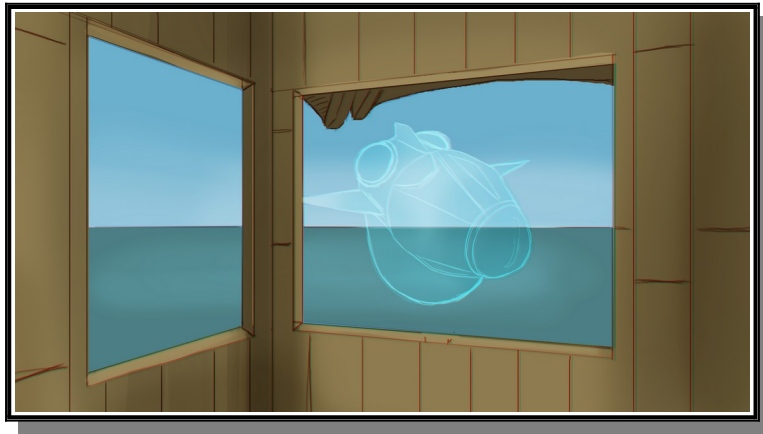
delude the world into a peace of our making. Then, and only then, can the descent of the Gibborim take place!

But, above all, you must now begin to build me my temple that I may receive the worship due to me. NOW, *GO!*”

The Enlightenment

“And I sought for a man among them, that should build up the wall, and stand in the gap before me for the land, that I should not destroy it...”

Ezekiel 22:30



ZZ LEFT XiX in cloaked mode, a trick achieved by instructing his craft to resonate her magnetic field vibration off into the undetectable end of the light spectrum, invisible to partially-blinded human eyes.

He stepped down and walked straight into the room where Chad was watching TV. “Oh, my *God!* The world is going

to hell right before our eyes!” “You are right about that, son.” The voice seemed to come from nowhere.

Startled, Chad sprang from his chair, tripping over the Boogieman, who was lying in his usual spot at Chad’s feet. Chad fell down, cursing. Rubbing his elbow, he looked up towards the doorway. He could just make out the ghostly shape of what looked to be a human figure. Boogie yelped, and Chad swore again. “Who—who the *hell* are you? A—and how the hell did you get *in* here?”



ZZ pronounced his name phonetically. “My name is ZEE-ZEE-FER, ZEX-ZEX-ED, but you can call me ‘ZZ’. I am an official Observer from ZexEd, my home civistelle, a planet unknown to you, in the Leo One group of galaxies. I come from a different time, incomprehensible to your

mind; a place you could never imagine or believe, even if I told you.”

Chad tried to get up. “Yeah, *right!* I don’t know anything about that, man, but with all the trippy stuff that’s been happening to me today, I could believe just about anything right now! Anyway, this is *my* crib, man. How’d you get in here? You better tell me pronto, before I kick your butt!” Boogie picked up on Chad’s hostile tone; he growled softly, the fur between his shoulder blades rising. Chad made an aggressive move towards ZZ, but the ghostly shape had already vanished. “Hey, where’d you *go*, man?”

From the space he’d just been occupying, ZZ’s voice was clear. “I’m still here, Chad, and if you are willing to take it easy, I will show myself to you once more.”

No way, man ... this ain’t happenin’! Chad thought to himself, the words ricocheting inside his head. But somehow he knew it really was. With widened eyes fixed to the spot, still seeing nothing, Chad answered the void. “O—okay, man, I’ll chill out, but—but you better have a good story. Like I said, I’ll—I’ll kick your butt so hard, you—you and your butt’ll go flying outta this tree house! You got that clear?”

The voice laughed. “Flying *out*? Funny, I just flew *in*. Now, sit down and relax, Chad. Try to stay calm. You are going to need to be if you are to ever understand what is going on in the world right now, and what is happening to you.”

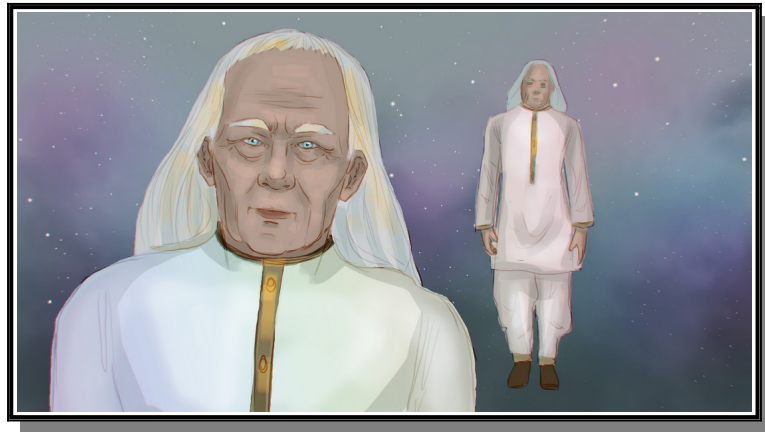
Chad remained standing in front his chair, reluctant to sit down just yet. Slowly, ZZ's image fully reappeared before him. "How—how'd you—you *do* that, man?" Chad stammered. Boogie barked. "S'okay, boy. Down!" Chad reassured him. The dog obeyed, but his eyes remained fixed on the apparition.

"*'Easy for ZZ', Chad!*" ZZ chuckled, but more to himself. He was enjoying the moment. "It's quite simple, really, Chad. I know how to bend the light around me so you can't see me, even though I am standing in exactly the same place from which I disappeared when you started to lunge at me."

What stood before Chad was a man of comparative height, only slighter in build, but much older-looking. His long, soft hair and beard were as fine as spider webs; a gentle, pearlescent mix of silver and light gold color; his skin, a semi-translucent tan. Scanning carefully downwards, relief washed over Chad as he noted the man's hands—four slender, human-like fingers and a thumb with opaque, pinkish nails; similarly, normal-looking toes in open sandals of some strange, primitive design.

The garment was simple—almost Middle Eastern cut, flowing loose and comfortable—made from a lightweight, silk-like material that Chad had never seen on Earth before. It shimmered, the light dancing through it in delicate rainbow colors—not your stereotypical nemesis garb. *He looks cool*, Chad caught himself thinking.

Sensing he was in no immediate danger, Chad relaxed his stance a little, but Boogie stayed on guard.



GAZING into crystal blue eyes, Chad recognized wisdom and knowledge far beyond any that he could have ever imagined. He also sensed a familiarity; somehow, he felt he knew this—this ‘man’. But how? “Do I know you, dude?” Chad ventured.

Reassuringly, ZZ replied, “We *have* met once before, Chad, but when you were just a child. Now, I want you to listen very carefully, and try not to interrupt me with a lot of questions. I know it will be hard, but everything will become apparent in due course. Can you do that for me?” Chad reluctantly agreed. “Okay, man, but this better be *good!*”

ZZ pointed to the window. “I assure you it will be, son. Now, take a look out the window.” Tearing his eyes away, Chad acquiesced. “I don’t see anything but my beach and my break, man.” ZZ pleaded, “Chad, you promised.” “Okay, o-*kay*, man!” Chad responded impatiently. “I’ll try to keep my mouth shut.”

“Coodi An Da.” As ZZ uttered the words of his home tongue, XiX resonated back off the end of the light spectrum, emerging into view alongside the tree house. Chad couldn’t feel his legs. He fell back into his chair. “Ah—uh...*what?*” He was starting to feel light-headed.

ZZ took control. “It’s okay, Chad. You’ve probably gathered by now that I’m not from around here. So, I’ll just ‘cut to the chase’ as your people say in that weird place you call ‘Hollywood’. Da An Coodi!” Obeying her master’s command, the craft returned to cloaked mode. “Can’t afford to frighten the tourists, right, Chad?” “Y-yeah ... *really!*” Chad stammered.

“You have had an extremely remarkable day today, Chad,” ZZ continued. “You woke up from a prophetic but disturbing dream from Di. Then you thought you were just about to drown out there, but, in truth, you were going through the ‘death experience’ of a baptism in water by Yah El.”

“So *that’s* what that was all about?” Chad exclaimed. “I knew it! I *could’ve* made that wave!” he boasted. ZZ

wagged a finger at him. “Cha-ad!” The boy checked his youthful pride. “Oops, sorry.”

ZZ proceeded. “After which, you went through the ‘renewal of life experience’ of the baptism in the Holy Spirit power of Santi, and began to speak in the tongues of men and of angels! ‘Glossolalias’, to be exact—a must for your calling. Whether you like it or not, Chad, you’re on a mission from God.”

Trying to lighten the moment, Chad did his best Dan Ackroyd. “‘A mission from God’? Gimme a break, man! You’re jerking my chain! Everyone knows that line’s straight out of the first ‘Blues Brothers’ movie!”

Playing along a little, ZZ replied, “Chad, I’m an Observer. I’ve seen everything here on Earth, even ‘The Blues Brothers’ movies.” Chad lightened up a little. “The first one was the best one, right?”

“Right, Chad,” ZZ laughed. “Now let’s get serious. I’m sure you are going to want to know how I know all this, so I’ll tell you before you ask. The Elaquohim contacted me, enlightening me on what has been happening to you, and He told me to help you.”

Puzzled, Chad asked, “The ‘aqua’ what? If this is going to be a surf story, man, don’t bother, I’ve already heard most of ‘em.”

Ignoring the remark, ZZ kept going. “The El-a-quo-him. They are Di, YahuWah, and Santi. You know them as The

Father, The Son and The Holy Spirit. They have had many names throughout the various levels of Creation and the creatures that live within them, and together, they are the one *true* God. They are pure creative love, and have the right to rule over all of their Creation, both seen and unseen. Creatures from many dimensions, galaxies and systems are watching what is going on here on this planet. There are others like me who are also observing. They represent their own civistelles, but some of them do not follow The Elaquohim. Some do, some don't. I just happen to be one of the Observers that do.

Those that don't are in revolt, on the side of Luaquiss Sama-el, or 'Satan' as your people call him. He is the God of Chaos, the Prince of the Power of the Air; to be exact. He is the supreme ruler of Ha'Ides, the hidden lower world of the fourth dimension; a world made up of innumerable and diverse spiritual beings, unseen and unheard by natural human eyes and ears.

The only way these spirits can be discerned by humans is through the Spirit of God; only He can open spiritual eyes and ears, at His will and command.

Many of those lower beings have been co-operating with Luaquiss Sama-el and interfering in the affairs of this world for tens of thousands of years. They will receive their due punishment at the appropriate time—sooner than they realize.”

Chad was in stunned disbelief. “This is nuts! It *can't* be right! C'mon, man, I've *never* heard of this stuff before! You're tellin' me a bunch of *crap*, right?” he scoffed indignantly. “Anyway, why *me*, man? I didn't ask for this!”

Sympathetic to the fact that Chad was struggling with the sudden revelation, ZZ answered reassuringly, “I know, son. But the gifts and the callings of The Elaquohim are irrevocable.” “They're *what*?” Chad snapped. “They can't be changed,” ZZ answered matter-of-factly.

“It's your fate, Chad, and you can't change it. You have been called and empowered by Yah, the righteous and mighty warrior, to stand in The Gap and fight ‘The Great Fight’, *with* Him and *for* Him, for the sake of those He has chosen to save and deliver out of the chaos.”

Chad was confused. “‘The Gap’?” he asked, tilting his head. “You mean that clothing place?” ZZ smiled. “No, Chad, very funny.” But from the look of genuine consternation on Chad's face, ZZ instantly realized the boy wasn't trying to be funny. He stopped smiling and pressed on.

“The Gap is that place between this world and the next,” the visitor explained. “You will find out about it soon enough. The world has entered a time of tribulation, brought on by Luaquiss Sama-el. He used his spiritual forces to crack the sacred rock in Jerusalem, which you just

witnessed on your television—a deliberate act on his part to complete his plan for world domination and worship.

Satan has tried to achieve control of the world many times throughout history, and by a variety of means. This time, however, The Elaquohim is going to allow him to succeed, but only for a short period, and not without a fight; to delay him and his deluding influence, thereby exposing his true intentions to this world and others, and worlds within worlds, all for the sake of those whom Yah El has chosen to save for Himself.”

Chad remained quiet as he began to realize what he was hearing. ZZ continued. “Chad, you have been called for His purpose to wrestle against Luaquiss Sama-el and his forces, to frustrate his plans and upset his timetable until all the oracles of the prophets of Yah have been fulfilled. You will be instructed in the ways of The Elaquohim, and of Yah in particular, that you might become a great spiritual warrior for Yah El. For The YahuWah is a warrior, He is The Lord Yah, and He came to destroy the works of Luaquiss Sama-el, His adversary. Every knee will bow and every tongue will confess! Praise be unto The Lord Yah. Hallelu *Yah!*”

As ZZ’s words worked their way through his spirit, Chad could no longer contain his joy. It was like a fire encased in his bones; an excitement that welled up in his spirit and flowed out through his mouth. “Adamahsanti, AdamahYah, Adamahdi! AdamahYah, Adamahdi,

Adamahsanti! Adamahdi, Adamahsanti, AdamahYah!
Hallelu Yah! Hallelu Yah! Hallelu *Yah!*”

“That’s right, my son! *Praise* His name!” ZZ shouted, rejoicing along with Chad. “Hallelu Yah! Hallelu Yah! Hallelu *Yah!*” Both voices worshipped in unison.

Just then, Chad heard the spirit of Santi, loud and clear. **“Go to the Cave of Adullam, now!”** He turned to ZZ.

“ZZ, is all of this really true?” he asked quizzically. “I believe, but somehow I still don’t completely believe, if you know what I mean.

My head is spinning. Everything you’ve said to me is so strange, and yet I kind of understand it. Those voices I’ve been hearing, are they from Yah?”

ZZ put the boy’s mind at rest. “Yes, Chad, they are, and everything I have told you is the truth. But, beware, my son. Not every voice you hear will be from Yah El.”

More confident, Chad admitted, “Well, then, Yah El just spoke to me, and He wants me to go to some place called ‘The Cave of Adullam’.

What’s that? Ever heard of it? Do you know where that is?” ZZ nodded, “Yes, I do, Chad. Let’s go!”

“Can I bring the Boogiemán?” Chad asked. Not recognizing the name, ZZ queried, “The who?”

“No, not ‘The Who’, ZZ,” smirked Chad, deliberately trying to be funny this time. “The Boogiemán, my *dog!*” he

replied, pointing to Boogie. “Oh, sure!” ZZ chuckled, getting the joke.

He turned back to the window. “XiX!” The hovering craft revealed herself again. At ZZ’s command, her door opened. ZZ stepped in easily. “Come on, you two, get in.”

Chad entered gingerly, but Boogie wouldn’t budge. Laughing, Chad stepped back out and lifted him in.

CHAD COULDN’T believe his eyes as they adjusted to their new surroundings. It was as if he was floating on air in the invisible airplane of ‘*Wonder Woman*’, the famous cartoon superhero.

Everywhere he looked was transparent. Only from the outside, when she was not in cloaked mode, did the craft have any substance about her; and only at ZZ’s command did she come back into view.

“How do you fly this thing if you can’t see it, ZZ?” Chad asked. “Easy,” ZZ answered proudly. “I just tell her what to do, and she does it. She’s connected to me, to my brain, to my will and my emotions.

She knows me intimately and goes with me everywhere. Wherever I am, she follows, unless I tell her not to; even then, she will still try to tag along.”

This pleased Chad. “Sounds like a friend,” he said, “kinda like Boogie, here. Does she have a name?” “Her name is XiX,” ZZ answered. The open door closed.

Chad was full of questions. “Is ‘XiX’ also the word for opening and closing the door, ZZ?” ZZ answered again, “Depends on how I say it, Chad. XiX ... Israel ... Adullam!” The craft powered up.

Chad shouted, “Wait! What about my tree house, all my stuff, and my surfboards?”

Appreciating the boy’s earthly concern, ZZ replied, “Oh, yes, of course. You will probably be gone for some time. I’ll cloak the tree house so no-one will ever see it. XiX!”

The door opened again. ZZ took something out of his garment, made some sort of adjustment to it and threw it towards the tree house. Chad’s home slowly faded from sight.

Chad was impressed. “Way to go, Merlin! That was just *too cool!*” ZZ stiffened, frowning slightly. “Excuse me, Chad. Merlin was a sorcerer; I am *not!*” he chided gently.

“I realize you spoke out of ignorance, but please do not refer to me in that context. Witchcraft is an abomination to The Elaquohim.

It is a manipulation of the elemental powers of this world through the worship of and sacrifices to those principalities and powers for selfish gain, and will always result in the

various forms of death and destruction that those spirits bring.”

Chad looked down, nodding his head sheepishly. “OK, sorry, ZZ. I will try to remember that.” “That’s quite, alright, Chad”, ZZ smiled forgivingly. “XiX ... Adullam!”

At ZZ’s command, the door closed and XiX shot straight up into the air, arcing over the curve of the Earth at two hundred feet above ground.

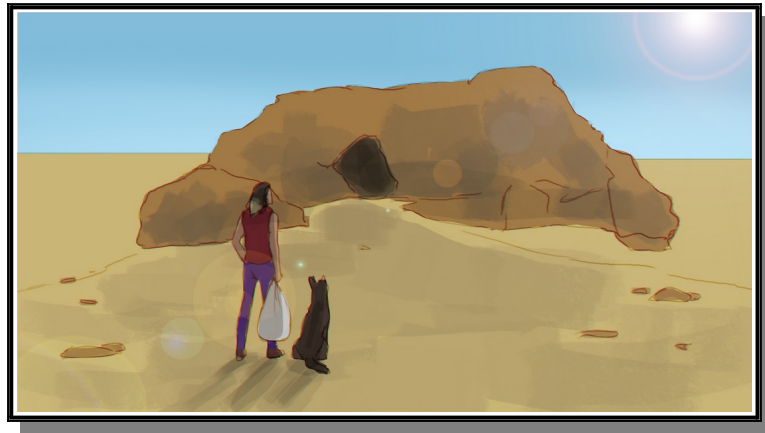
And Chad had thought surfing was fun! “*What a rush!*” he said to himself, emitting a hoot of excitement that turned ZZ’s head at the familiar sound of it.

XiX headed east from Hawaii, shooting across the Pacific Ocean to the North American continent, matching her flight path to the topography of the Earth’s surface—higher for the mountains, lower for the plains, rivers and lakes.

Even though she was traveling at supersonic speed, XiX made the trip as gently as a downy feather floating on a soft breeze, making a beeline along the Tropic of Cancer over Africa, and then turning north, stopping suddenly at a desolate place in the Judean wilderness.

It seemed like only a few moments of freedom and weightlessness, and then suddenly, they were there, right above a cave entrance.

THE CAVE was partially hidden by a large broken rock, high on a ledge above a ravine. A strange, secluded wilderness hung over the place. Down on the chasm floor, a small stream of clean, sparkling water flowed. The entrance seemed to Chad to be about seven feet high and the broken rock partially covering it, in all probability, weighed many tons.



ZZ let Chad and the Boogiemans off at the bottom of the ravine. “Here. You will need these,” he said flatly, throwing Chad a sack. Chad opened it. The rough bag contained a bedroll, some bread, a container of water, and a small, globe-like ball that looked as if it was made of steel but, remarkably, was as light as air.

A little lost, Chad asked, “What about food, and what’s this thing here, ZZ; a steel tennis ball?”

ZZ ignored the first question. “No, Chad, it’s a glow ball. Take the top hemisphere, twist it one click counter-clockwise and it will light up; twist it two, it will become brighter; three, and so on. You’ll work it out. Anyway, you’re on your own now, Chad. I can’t go with you, but I’ll always be around when you need me. All you have to do is say ‘ZZ’ two or three times in quick succession and I will come to you, as soon as I pick up your vibes ... bye, son.”

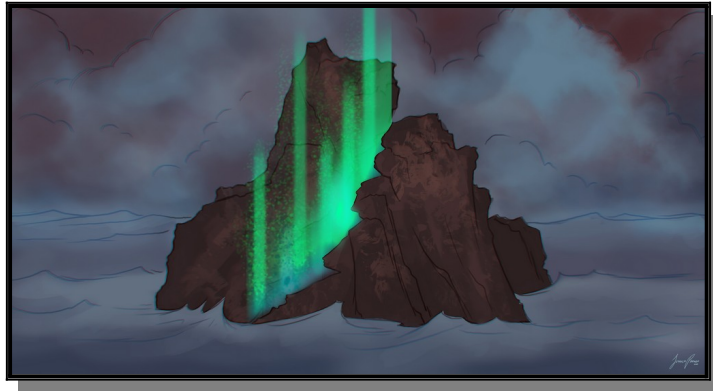
ZZ stepped back into the craft and, in the twinkling of an eye, was gone.

There Chad stood, all alone in this strange place, with just his dog and a few simple supplies for survival. But all he could wonder was why ZZ kept calling him, ‘son’.

The Wall

“And for this reason God will send them strong delusion, that they should believe the lie ...”

2 Thessalonians 2:11



AFTER the Dome of the Rock cracked, the world’s governing powers and media moguls immediately went into spin mode.

The news of the disaster had been circulated to all the usual outlets by the broadcasting tycoons who owned them. Of course, the little falsehoods never came to light; as only the media could, professional ‘spin doctors’, in obedience to the real forces that controlled them, kept little things like the truth expertly concealed.

Earlier in the day, Sir David and his dear friend and most trusted adviser, John Feldman, had made the trip to the Western Wall in the Prime Minister's private armored limousine, the rest of the security service traveling in their own vehicles in usual formation to the front and the rear.

The adviser had addressed his boss. "Mr. Prime Minister, I must reiterate that I really don't think it would be a good idea for you to do this today."

"Come on, John. You know its good P.R. to be seen with my people, especially at 'The Wall'. This is a very important day today. We'll do The Wall now as a photo op for the midday paper, satellite and Internet broadcasts, and then after lunch, I'll meet with the Palestinians as planned, to make the evening worldwide news services. You know this is *great* exposure for continuing the peace process. It keeps both sides happy! That means all sides are happy, right, John?"

His friend wasn't convinced. Deeply concerned, he continued, "But Sir David, with all due respect, I—"

"Now, John," the Prime Minister interrupted, "how many times have I asked you to just call me 'David' when we're alone like this?"

"Yes, sir ... um ... David, I'll try," John replied awkwardly.

"David—and I can't emphasize this enough—I've got a *very* bad feeling about this. I can't seem to shake it, sir—I mean, David. It's been with me all morning. I've got this

nagging suspicion that something dreadful is going to happen to you, and soon.”

But Sir David wasn't listening. He was feeling confident, almost invincible, on this particular day. He was in an upbeat mood, his energy even more exuberant than usual; his body language animated and ebullient, reflecting the exhilaration of his recent political victory.

“Come now, my friend. We've known each other ever since we were kids on the Kibbutz. Remember when we daydreamed about this? When we used to feed the chickens and talk about the day there would be peace between our peoples? Now our dream has come true! Stop focusing on the downside, John. It's a whole new era! We won, *again!*”

Still, the adviser could not shake his niggling doubts. “I know, David, but I just—”

Sir David didn't want to hear it. “John, you know I love you like a brother, and I have always taken the time to listen to your hunches. God knows you were right when you had that hunch about that attempt on my life—what was it now—eighteen months ago? If we had not changed my itinerary, I'd probably be dead now, and the region would not have the peace today that it has enjoyed for the last forty-two months. Do you really think Abdullah Hasan of Hamas and the Islamic Jihad would try something now, after all this time? I don't think so, John. Think about it—

we have given in to their demands, and Jerusalem is now the capital of Palestine!”

“And *Israel*, sir!” John interjected. “David, you know Hamas and the others will never rest until our people are driven from the Holy Land, and the Holy City of God?” Sir David answered the doubt. “Yes, yes, I know John, but we live in hope, and we are compelled to live in peace. They made compromises, too, remember, and isn’t that what politics is all about? Compromise?”

John kept pressing the issue. “David ... *please*, listen to me! You could always do this on another day. There is something extremely unsettling about today. I don’t know what it is; I can’t put my finger on it exactly. I didn’t want to tell you before, but I—I had a bad dream last night. It was about you ... it was so vivid! Like a—a premonition!”

Reluctantly, Sir David gave in. “All right, my friend,” he said, placing a hand upon his adviser’s shoulder. “Tell me quickly. We’re almost there.” The limo drew alongside The Wall.

Seeing his chance, John continued. “You were frozen ... in a—a block of ... ice! I *saw* you! Your face was—it was so blue; so *cold*! David ... it was eerie. I woke up *freezing*!”

The Prime Minister had heard enough. “For God’s sake, John, it’s over a hundred degrees outside! Anyway, we’re here now. Come on, buddy, it’ll be fine.” He smiled confidently, giving his hand a quick squeeze. “Trust me,

it'll make for good press. All right, John, let's go, okay?" Pointing to the throng of journalists waiting for him, he quipped, "Let's go feed the chickens!"

Just then, the limousine pulled up at the drop-off point near The Wailing Wall. The chauffeur opened the door and Sir David emerged, his adviser shadowing his every move. He was as nervous as a fox; not worried about the chickens so much as the smell of the hounds nearby.

The sound of brakes squealed and doors slammed as the rest of Sir David's entourage arrived. One by one, highly-trained security men stepped out quickly. Sporting military haircuts and expensive designer sunglasses, they looked sharp in their well-cut Italian business suits, the slight bulges of the heat they were packing protruding from under their breast pockets. Shoulder-slung Uzis swung out from under a few open jackets as well-shod feet hit the pavement.

John Feldman barked orders to the team as they began to assume their positions around the site. "Ruben, I want you and Marty to stay close each side of the Prime Minister, and Ben, you stay right behind him! You two, there! Keep an eye on any high ground vantage points. I am deadly serious today, men; if anyone so much as *sneezes* in the Prime Minister's direction without my permission, shoot to kill! If we get through this to my satisfaction, tonight's bash will be on me. Be on your toes today, boys!"

Experienced eyes scanned all points as they made formation with military precision, hands instinctively on weapons; years of training second nature in the heat of the moment.

Ruben Mostel, the senior officer, lifted his RayBans up to his forehead, nudging his Uzi inside his jacket. He eyeballed his superior. "Excuse me, sir. Do you suspect an attempt?" he asked. "We haven't had any recent reports."

Squinting around, Feldman replied anxiously, "No, Ruben, there haven't been any official reports; just a tight knot in my guts." That was good enough. "Understood, sir." Mostel knew that tone. Turning to his charges, he shouted urgently, "You heard the man! Now *move!*"

The next ten minutes were uneventful; the customary public display. Sir David Solomon prayed at the Wailing Wall with the rest of his countrymen, his head just below one of the many plants sprouting from a crack between two stones.

His upper body rocked back and forth in the intensity of the Jewish entreaty to his God, Jehovah; the usual crowd of old men with their flowing beards and prayer books doing the same nearby. The journalists' cameras clicked away at a respectful distance; Sir David's guards were a little closer, their eyes peeled for any assassination attempt, not really believing there would actually be one.

SUDDENLY, there was a loud *CRACK!* The Earth shook violently, tilting to the left, then sharply to the right. People were thrown to the ground in all directions. ##

The shock wave seemed to radiate from the very Rock of the holy site itself, as if the epicenter of the world had been woken up suddenly from a dull dream.

As it raced towards them, the rumble of the surge sounded like a mixture of a thousand stampeding horses, echoing over the top of a runaway train. The earth turned to liquid under the crowd's feet; wave after wave of dirt moving precariously up, then down, like a rug being shaken. The motorcade bounced around like children's toys; the very earth beneath it seeming to roll against the bright blue sky. Several of the vehicles began disappearing into the gaping holes now opening up below them. Those who could still manage ran screaming, away from the collapsing Wall. From its very top, a large stone fell to the ground, just missing Sir David by inches.



Pieces of The Wall were raining down all around John Feldman as he tried to pick up Sir David in the growing dust cloud and confusion. “Come on, David, I’ve got you! We have to get you out of here, *now!*”

Glancing up, Sir David thought he saw a gigantic, brutish man-like creature upon The Wall above their heads, tearing up a large stone with its clawed hands, then nothing, except a stone plummeting towards him. “Watch out, John!” Sir David shouted.

As John tried to lift Sir David, a huge stone came hurtling down onto the pavement to his right, shattering into pieces. A large piece broke off sideways, hitting them both across the head and chest. John Feldman died instantly, having borne the full brunt of the projectile. More stones came crashing down around Sir David and the now lifeless body of his dear friend.

In a state of total confusion, the security guards were dealing with their own problems. Many of them were already dead or severely injured, crushed by the collapsing Wall—a wall now split into two distinct pieces.

Still dazed by the blow, Sir David tried to get to his feet, a large, open gash bleeding across his forehead, soaking the front of his clothing. He stumbled around in bewilderment.

Without warning, two diehard renegade Palestinian assassins from the old Al Aqsa Martyrs’ Brigades were upon him, taking advantage of the first few moments of the

chaos, attacking like wild lions on a downed zebra. Planted there by Hamas, the assassins had been masquerading nearby as religious Jews.

Oh, my God! thought Sir David, as his adviser's words, uttered only minutes earlier, came flooding back. His poor friend had been *right!* There *had* been a plan to assassinate him!

The killers could not believe their good fortune, praising Allah at the top of their voices. Surely the great Allah was now divinely assisting them through the earthquake! One of them picked up a large rock and hurled it at Sir David, all but knocking him down again. As he stumbled, short, curved knives stabbed at him repeatedly in his upper chest and back.

He tried to turn and make a feeble run for the cars but it was no use. Another rock found its mark, landing squarely on the back of his head. He fell forward, rolling flat onto his back, unable to move. Sir David stayed motionless, obviously dying as thick, red liquid oozed from his body onto the dusty ground, but just to make absolutely sure, one of his assailants stood over him and slammed a heavier stone directly onto his head, crushing the frontal area of his skull.

Sir David lay deathly still at the foot of the collapsing Wall, more stones falling around him. The job was done; Allah would be pleased. Both assassins bolted away.

Convinced he was dead, their mission was accomplished. In their minds, whether they survived or not, the glorious rewards of an Islamic paradise—the fleshly pleasures of the promised virginal harems—awaited them in the eternal heavens of their warrior god, Allah—the Prince of Persia.

It was terrorism, assassination and murder—all for sex. Some *religion!*

RUBEN Mostel tried to make himself heard over the deafening noise of the surrounding disaster. “It’s a hit! They got Sir David!” he yelled at the top of his lungs, pointing to the fleeing assassins. “Don’t let those bastards escape!”

He pulled out his Uzi and fired burst after burst in their direction. From a semi-prone position, another injured agent did the same. They emptied their clips into the killers as they tried to make their run for safety. Both assassins fell to the ground, their bodies riddled with every last bullet from the Uzi’s; their blood, some of the first to flow from the ensuing pandemonium.

The tremors subsided for a moment. Ruben picked his way over the rubble to Sir David’s body. “Keep those damn paparazzi away from him!” he hollered. “If any of them come within fifty feet of him, shoot ’em!” Heeding the

warning, the press kept their distance. After all, there was plenty of other news going on elsewhere to report.

THE SENIOR officer immediately called in the incident to Command Control. Diverting an ambulance, the vehicle was there in less than a minute. Sir David Solomon was whisked away as the next shock wave, even stronger this time, hit the area.

The rest of The Wall and remaining portions of the Dome came crashing down, collapsing onto the injured Muslim leaders inside, killing them instantly. Outside, the rioting Muslim multitude was now chanting, “The Dome has been destroyed! Jihad! Jihad! Jihad!”

The rest of the population panicked—the result, total anarchy! Chaos reigned supreme, well and truly setting its spirit down upon the city of Jerusalem.

Fortunately, unbeknownst to the paparazzi and press, The Wall had simply crumbled around Sir David, not onto him; some stones having only partially fallen onto his lower body, the resulting confusion providing a perfect cover.

In the midst of all the insanity, the Prime Minister’s near-lifeless body had been rushed to a secure medical facility. The very best doctors in Israel worked tirelessly but in vain, struggling to restore his deteriorating vital signs. In desperation, they decided to try something new.

DR. CARL Weinstein, the world's leading authority on cryogenics, just so happened to be at the university only a few miles away, delivering a lecture on recent scientific advancements in the field. An immediate call was patched through to the auditorium, and within minutes, Dr. Weinstein was speeding off to the nearby facility.

As he marched into the operating room, the medical team working feverishly to save Sir David were resigning themselves to the inevitable.

"Listen to me, doctors!" he shouted. They all turned to look at him. "We have to do this now, while we still have signs of life, no matter how feeble! If we pack him in ice immediately, we can take him to my cryo unit at the university and submerge him in my quick-freeze solution, preserving him in this state. We have no other choice!"

One senior physician argued, "But Dr. Weinstein, even if Sir David did survive this," motioning to the horrific injuries, "which is doubtful, he would end up a vegetable in any case!"

"Then what do we have to lose?" Weinstein countered. "For all intents and purposes, he's dead already! But it's your call, doctors; he's your Prime Minister."

"No, Weinstein, it's *my* call!" General Conrad Stone's voice boomed out over the intercom, interrupting the

debate. They were all surprised at how rapidly the General had responded to the news of Sir David's attempted assassination. "I have to present a report shortly to the G-10 group about this whole damned thing. This is one god-almighty mess, and it's only going to get worse if we don't take drastic steps at once! We haven't got time to pussy-foot around, doctors, you hear?" The team exchanged nervous glances.

Without waiting for a response, the General continued. "Carl, you have my permission to do whatever you need to preserve that man's body until we can figure out what to do with him. I've got more pressing matters to take care of here in Washington. Can you do it?"

"Yes, sir, I believe I can," the doctor answered guardedly. General Stone snapped back, "You don't sound very sure about that, Weinstein! I need a confident surgeon who has no doubt as to his skills. Are you that surgeon, Carl? I'll ask you again—*can you do it?*"

Dr. Weinstein inhaled deeply. "Yes, General Stone, sir," he replied more assuredly. "I *know* I can!" "Good! Then I won't have to tell you what will happen if you don't!" General Stone ended the call abruptly.

"I don't like threats," Dr. Weinstein snorted, "especially from that blowhard!" The rest of the group snickered. "Well, you heard the man—let's go ... *move!*" Despite his patient's critical condition, the lone doctor still hoped against hope that his technique could perform a miracle.

The team set to work. Within minutes, the Prime Minister's body was packed in ice, inside, ironically, a coffin from the morgue. As fast as they could, they transported it to Dr. Weinstein's laboratory, which had been designed and constructed at the university specifically for his lecture. By the time his body had been transferred from the coffin to Dr. Weinstein's cryogenic machine; Sir David's vital signs could not even be detected.

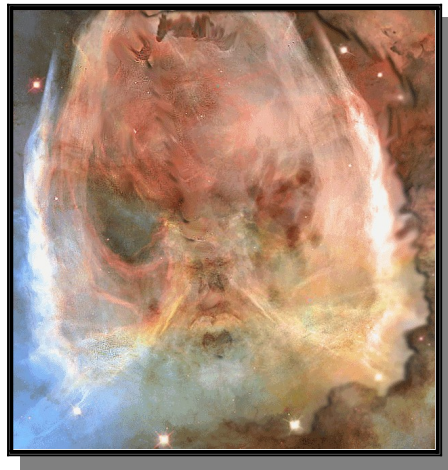
All the doctors were convinced he was flatline; all except Dr. Weinstein, that is. Here was the opportunity he'd based his whole life's work on—the chance to finally prove his theory! There was more at stake here than just the life of a prominent politician. The concept of sustainable life itself was about to go on trial!

This was his moment of truth.

Lying Wonders

“The coming of the lawless one is according to the working of Satan, with all power, signs, and lying wonders...”

2 Thessalonians 2:9



IN 1997, when Scottish scientists cloned a sheep named Dolly, the potential of cloning for human consumption made an impact on the entire thinking world. As usual, greed overcame the need, and the scientific community went wild with the promise of the glory and the gold.

The nations of the world, represented by their leaders of all persuasions, debated the process for an entire decade; in particular, its legal and ethical implications, until the whole world became tired of the constant barrage of it all.

The U.S. Food and Drug Administration finally prohibited the cloning of humans, effectively bringing to an end the lead of the scientists heading the field. The United States and most of its allies reflected the generally-held western view; as a result many countries, following the American example, had also banned the practice.

After a while, the European Union really didn't care any more, tired of the whole debate and finally acquiesced, allowing their scientists to have their way, providing they kept it all to themselves; out of sight, out of mind, as the saying went. Their media propaganda worked the perfect deception—tell a thousand different truths until the lie slips through the cracks undetected.

The European scientists, especially those in Italy, loved the status quo. As early as 2011, the newly-established *Il Nuovo Mondo* newspaper, the 'New World', reported that these scientists had successfully begun cloning in Rome.

Through advanced stem cell research, new organs became the staple of the *nouveau riche*. They were easily obtainable, if you were wealthy enough. No more harvesting of 'used' organs for transplanting—that was now considered gauche.

But only after the death of the old Pope and the election of its progressive new pontiff, Pope Lexuter I, did the ‘city within a city’ allow the practice. Lexuter I was the first Catholic pope of Jewish blood in the modern era, and knew that to capture this power would be the ultimate triumph, not only for his beloved city, but also for himself. Rome would again become the center of the world, and as all roads led there, with him at the helm, he could rule the world from her. It was brilliant.

His colleagues didn’t take much persuading. They could see for themselves the glory that would be Rome’s, as well as theirs, once more, by giving this controversial proposition their blessing. The Vatican readily backed their Pope’s pronouncement that cloning *was* the cure-all for the world’s problems.

In 2012, following the historic unanimous vote, Pope Lexuter I made his speech from the portico of the Basilica:

“Our gracious Father in heaven, in His infinite wisdom, has deemed it appropriate to give unto mankind the gift of enlightenment. He has illuminated our minds, and especially the minds of our scientists, that we, through the grace of His heavenly provisions, may provide for ourselves the means to eliminate the suffering that plagues this world. The mother church embraces any philosophy that may be of assistance in obtaining this new and divine hope for the elimination of the

suffering of the multitudes. God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit, bless the work of these scientists, our great enlightened ones!”

BY 2015, THESE ‘enlightened ones’ were publicly predicting an extension of fifteen to twenty years longer than the average human lifespan in a first world nation. Estimates were effusive and optimistic, boasting that an engineered life could go on forever, if its owner had the resources to maintain it.

Now the lives of the filthy rich were even sweeter than before. Unlimited access to all enjoyable, indulgent things—fresh unlimited body parts, clean drugs, clean sex with reckless abandon—and their way became ‘The Way’. It was heaven on Earth!

How they loved their money and the things it could now buy them. Mammon became their one true god, for he gave them the assurance of a near-eternal life, not some vague possibility that it might come ‘after’—no maybe, no ‘someday’ ... *now!* Right here, on Earth, today! Surely, this must be Paradise!

Those in control quickly realized the potential of this groundbreaking technology, and quietly began to implement a massive funding of research and development-

based groups specializing in those fields. Technology and the forces that controlled it were their gods, for these things delivered to them what they desired; the world's wealth, and the control of those who created it, the masses!

Since 2004, the rulers of the financial world had begun to implement the marking of human beings for tracking and security purposes via an implanted computer chip in the body's hand or head. This process had slowly accelerated until late in 2011 when the ultimatum to join the new financial order became law. Those who refused were now 'on their own', and by late 2012, over four billion human beings had been marked. It worked; and it worked well—a little *too* well.

The G-10's wealthiest banks set up a completely debt-free, untraceable credit line specifically for this purpose. It was named the 'Methuselah Link'—'M-Link' to insiders—based on the very real prospect that one day soon, man could live as long as, or even longer than, the great Methuselah himself; their ultimate goal—one *thousand* years!

These R&D groups were funded through infinitesimal percentage-rate bleeds of all the world's bank accounts, both large and small, via a sophisticated, undetectable code developed by leading software manufacturers.

All the governments and banks reasoned that they had created the credit out of nothing and had effectively

managed the world's economies through lending and taxes anyway, so it was free wealth for them.

This was the usual justification of the most powerful. As far as they were concerned, it was theirs to do whatever the hell they wanted with it. Clear and rational thinking gave way to impure self-interest, but it was the poor who always paid the price.

Some things never change.

BY 2017, THE M-Link had stimulated progress from stem cell to body part geneses. The success rate of geneses was so prolific that the boast became the fact.

By 2018, anyone who could afford it could now live another thirty to fifty years and have any new body part they wanted at any time.

Due to quantum leaps in nano-chip and bio-computing technology, this new and exciting industry progressed even faster than the first computer chip revolution, with a myriad of new and significant developments every three to six months. The bonus was that now the entire world's scientific community could talk the same language via one source code, hyper-broadband, solid-state super laser link, the multiplication factor of knowledge and communication accelerating at a phenomenal rate.

Before long, the backbone of the M-Link covered the entire planet. The maintenance costs alone were so colossal, it was dubbed 'The Beast'—but it was worth it, because it worked!

Somehow, they had made it all work. Like some divine manifest destiny, the curse of the Tower of Babel had been reversed. Instead of a multiplicity of languages, all languages had now become one ... again.

Everything had finally come full circle. The beginning had met the end, and unbeknownst to mankind, it was right back where it started.

The whole world was now under the complete control of its most powerful forces. Albeit, unseen forces!

The Mystery of Iniquity

“For the mystery of iniquity doth already work; only he who now letteth will let, until he be taken out of the way.”

2 Thessalonians 2:7

THE PEACE that had lasted for over forty-two months, brokered by the re-elected Israeli Prime Minister, Sir David Solomon, was now over. He was dead—and as a consequence, so was his peace.

According to the media, a giant slab of ancient stone from the Wailing Wall where Sir David had been praying had fallen right on top of him, completely crushing his head and chest. The Prime Minister had been killed instantly. It was the story of the century, ricocheting around the globe within moments of its release.

As had been ordered, however, no mention was made of the attempt on his life. If the real truth had been revealed, it would have sent the Mid-East region into an even worse tailspin of chaos, resulting in total obliteration. The media and those who control it have always known that it is not how things *are* that is important, it is how they are *perceived to be* that is the key. Perception is everything when it comes to mind control.

The world mourned Sir David's death for six weeks. He was an English-born Jew of mixed blood—half-Jew and half-Arab—who had returned to Israel at an early age. It was rumored amongst the elite that his mother was from royal European stock, her bloodline traceable back to the throne of King David. Some ventured even further, to the very seed of Abraham, 'The Father of the Three Faiths'.

SIR DAVID Solomon had curried the favor of the civilized world; his voice and his gift of persuasion were renowned, his look handsome, his demeanor articulated one highly born. He was a phenomenon of his time; loved by millions, respected the world over by both its people and its leaders.

The loss felt was great, and the whole planet mourned his passing. Dignitaries from all corners of the globe attended his mock funeral—a dead double, sufficiently disfigured, lying in the open coffin.

Although traditional enemies, the new, progressive, peace-loving leaders of the Arab nations came to pay their respects to the only Jewish man they had ever trusted; in their memory, he was the only one who had ever secured a lasting harmony between their peoples.

The papers quoted them, and other world leaders, as saying, "Give us a new Solomon, and be he man or devil, we will follow him. Only a man of spirit like he, and he alone, can

lead the world to long-term stability and lasting prosperity for all mankind to enjoy.”

They were about to get their wish.

PERCHED atop a mountain crest in the Alps of Switzerland, the huge castle dominated the landscape.

Known to the inner circle as ‘Sesha Naaga’, it was named after the Hindustani’s seven-headed serpent entity, and had once been owned by one of Europe’s royal families before World War Two. It was whispered to possess tremendous occult power, both in and around it, and locals often testified, after a drink or two, that it would disappear and reappear without warning.



Sesha Naaga was an imposing structure. With her peak-roofed towers and numerous balustraded balconies, she seemed ripped straight from the pages of a children's fairytale. She boasted grand gardens and immaculate lawns, and a stable that boarded some of the finest thoroughbred racehorses in all of Europe, none of which could be seen by the casual eye as they were hidden behind the fortress. For her guests' added convenience, a helipad had also recently been installed, allowing quick and easy access for the most affluent. She was indeed a magnificent sight to behold.

Beneath her beautiful facade, however, was constructed a top-secret facility that had been in continuous operation since the time of the Nazi Third Reich. Who knew what mysteries her walls might reveal if they could speak?

From time to time, local servants and groundskeepers claimed that they themselves had heard wailing voices coming from the castle's direction; fleeing terrified back to the adjacent village, swearing in hushed tones to their friends they had heard the very sounds of hell itself screaming from the old walls and corridors.

There was talk amongst the villagers of how many, many people over the years had been seen heading towards Sesha Naaga, but, strangely, very few ever seemed to return.

THE STRETCH Mercedes-Benz limousine glided smoothly up to the old castle's grand front entrance.

The chauffeur emerged, and with a white-gloved hand, opened the rear door. One by one, four of the world's most distinguished scientists—Doctors Antonio Scallini, Carl Weinstein, Grace Hollingsworth and Professor Michael Collins—stepped out onto deep, blue carpet.

Dr. Antonio Scallini, a pioneer in the field of genetic nanotechnology, and Dr. Carl Weinstein, the bio-physicist who had initiated the cryogenic freeze on Sir David Solomon's body at the university in Jerusalem, exited first.

Dr. Scallini turned to offer his hand. "Doctor?" Dr. Grace Hollingsworth, a brilliant and highly-skilled cranioplastic surgeon, gratefully accepted. "Thank you, doctor," she responded, as a shapely leg appeared from under an immaculately-manicured hand. "It's refreshing to see that chivalry is not yet dead in this crazy, decadent world we now find ourselves."

"My pleasure, doctor," Dr. Scallini grinned cheekily, clicking his heels as she elegantly exited the car. Turning back to the cabin, he extended his hand again, to his rather rotund colleague. "Professor Collins?" he grinned.

"Ah, that's okay, Tony; I think I can still manage to get out of a car without help," and with a heavy grunt, the rosy-cheeked Professor pushed himself out onto the pavement. Finally upright, he quickly pulled a white handkerchief

from his breast pocket, trying to discreetly wipe away the beads of sweat leaking from his brow. Despite being the world's leading authority on microneurology, having performed the first-ever successful spinal cord repair on a quadriplegic, he couldn't help thinking to himself that maybe he should go on that diet after all. It was getting harder each year to make the lecture circuit and the kickbacks alone made it worth the effort.

Together, the group began walking slowly up the wide, gentle steps. Taking in the luxurious surroundings, Dr. Weinstein's eyes were bright with excitement. "Wow! G-10 really pulled out all the stops on this one, Tony!" "Oh, yeah, Carl," Dr. Scallini replied casually. "Gushed like a severed carotid artery—profusely!" Dr. Weinstein exclaimed, "Outstanding! Sir David Solomon was priority one! What was that figure you mentioned, Gracie? Five hundred million a week to the Resurrections Fund? When this is over, my friends, we can all retire to the Caymans; maybe even *buy a few of 'em!*"

Despite his breathlessness, Professor Collins was also energized. "Thank God for the Res. Fund, eh, Carl? They raised over three billion in just six weeks! Got to love a super-secret fund set up to conquer death itself, and by God, I think we're actually going to do it!" Almost at once, his three colleagues chimed in, "Hear, hear!"

Dr. Collins joked, “Besides, if we pull this one off, there’s our fifteen minutes!” They all chuckled. “Maybe even twenty!” Dr. Hollingsworth added.

Their jovial laughter echoed throughout the spacious lobby as they entered through the massive, ornately-carved double doors. Heads turned to look. Dr. Weinstein lowered his voice. “But what are we going to do with nearly seven billion people that can potentially live for a thousand years?”

Dr. Collins turned to Dr. Weinstein. “What do you think, Carl? Those in the inner loop have told me that there is a plan in place to eradicate the weaker strains of humanity, so that the superior races can continue. After all, only about six percent of the world’s population has the financial resources to afford it. How they’re going to do it, I’m not exactly sure. The only two things I know of that are effective are either a biological cull, or war. Perhaps—”

Dr. Weinstein interjected. “That means World War Three, Michael, and viruses! They also say bankruptcies in all the G-10 nations will be rife this year.”

“I know, Carl,” Dr. Collins answered. “But who cares if interest rates around the world shoot up by twenty percent? Okay, so the secret taxes of the Methuselah Link tapped the resources of all the G-10 nations to fund the ‘Resurrections Fund’, as we doctors so affectionately call it. But the G-10 didn’t care; they had another agenda. And their agenda is

our agenda. Carl, just think of the possibilities! It will return *ten* times that much in a couple of years!”

Dr. Scallini agreed. “You’re right, Michael. Not only are we going to make even *more* money, but we’re going to be able to enjoy it *longer*.” They exchanged hungry glances, appreciating the double entendre. “Doctors, how’s another century sound to you?”

Grace Hollingsworth raised her hand in a mock toast. “Here’s to Sir David Solomon, the best thing that ever happened to us. God, I love the death business!” “You mean the ‘resurrection business’, don’t you, Gracie?” Dr. Collins corrected.

Dr. Hollingsworth winked. “That’s right, Michael. It’ll make us filthy rich in a matter of months! We’ll make small fortunes just off the lecture circuit alone. The breakthroughs we have made will enable us to become legends in our own time!”

Dr. Scallini’s ego needed stroking. “Speaking of *Time*, did you see the piece *they* did on me last week?” Dr. Weinstein obliged his friend. “Brilliant, Tony! And well written, too, I might add. I loved the section on your culturing of new body parts using advanced DNA sequencings, regenerating them *in vitro* via your recent stem cell advancements, and then accelerating it all through the nano-knitting machines that assembled the molecular structures. They did a reasonably good job of putting it in layman’s terms, don’t you think?”

Dr. Scallini returned the favor. “Absolutely! And Carl, I note your cryo work has been wonderfully successful. That early freeze you secretly performed on the Solomon body was deemed superior to any attempted previously. Thank God you zapped his body as early as you did, or we wouldn’t even be having this conversation.”

“Or be as rich!” Dr. Collins quipped. “Do you think it will be the Nobel for us this year, gentlemen? Oh, and *lady*, of course,” he smiled, politely tipping an invisible hat to his female colleague.

As their friendly banter subsided, the foursome headed down the dimly-lit corridor leading to the surgical suite. With the sounds of their heels echoing around them, an awkward silence suddenly fell upon the group. A strange sense of unease began to envelope each of them as they approached the massive metal door, but it was too late to turn back now.

The Resurrection of The Beast

“And then the lawless one will be revealed, whom The Lord will consume with the breath of His mouth and destroy with the brightness of His coming.”

2 Thessalonians 2:8

THEY had arrived at their destination.

Dr. Scallini held open the large, heavy door to the state-of-the-art operating room, directing his three colleagues into the initial sterilizing chamber between the corridor and the O.R. The air rushed loudly all around them, vacuuming off any unwanted particles through thickly-filtered vents, while various purification indicator lights flashed and strobed over their bodies and clothing.

Dr. Scallini had to shout over the top of the din to be heard. “It’s in the stars, Gracie! Now all we have left to do is unfreeze him and replace his damaged prefrontal lobe!” Dr. Hollingsworth assured him, “That’s where your specialty comes in, Tony. Good luck. We’re all here for you!” Dr. Scallini smiled. “Thanks, Gracie,” he said, pushing open the inner door as the ‘clear’ alarm sounded. “Now, let’s *do* this!”

There he was. Sir David Solomon, the world's most important person and the focus of everyone's attention, lay on an operating table in the middle of the room, while the support team of military doctors and nurses buzzed around him, engrossed in their own allotted tasks. No-one noticed the group's entrance.

In a corner, partly obscured by shadow, sat General Conrad Stone, his six-foot-plus frame cutting a commanding figure in his blue and gray uniform; his black, highly-polished boots reflecting the light of the bank of operating lamps. Next to him, also in shadow, sat the President of the United States, Rula Meyer, her bearing authoritative and calm, yet concerned.

Posted alongside the body of Sir David, and at each side of the doorway, stood six well-armed agents from the Prime Minister's own elite security service, hand-picked by General Stone himself from another of his top-secret projects. Their eyes stared sternly, like ice-cold fire, carefully monitoring every movement.

Grace Hollingsworth spoke first. "General Stone, I trust you are well on this historic day?" "Dr. Hollingsworth," the General acknowledged with a half-nod of his head. "Doctors, I trust you and your team are thoroughly rested and prepared for this?"

Dr. Collins tried to sound confident. "I am a little anxious, General; anxious, but positive that your money is being well spent."

Dr. Scallini then chimed in. “General Stone, I hope you are also rested and in the mood for a little miracle today?”

General Stone was certainly in no mood for levity. “A *little* miracle? It better be a *big* one, Tony!” he barked back. “After all the trouble my people and I have gone to just to set this whole damn thing up, it’d better work! And no, damn it, I am *not* rested! Haven’t rested since those bastards tried to kill him! It was a pleasure frying those little camel jockeys’ butts, I can tell ya!

Those sons of bitches set us back six weeks and over three billion dollars to get to where we are today. We can’t afford any more delays! All I have to say is, this better work or some heads are going to *roll*, y’hear?” The General scowled at each of them individually. “Yes, sir, we hear!” the group responded in unison, knowing exactly whose heads he meant.

It was time to get down to business. They scrubbed up. “Robes, gloves and masks, please, nurses,” ordered Dr. Hollingsworth.

The surgeons quickly donned their scrubs fresh from the sterile laundry booth, and set to work immediately.

THE plastic surgery previously completed on the patient’s face was perfect; as was the work done on his back and chest, attained by partially thawing the body only where

necessary. The highly advanced and complex procedure on his head alone had taken seventy-two hours to reach this stage; a feat accomplished by the surgical team working in shifts, non-stop around the clock.

This time, the team initiated a complete thawing sequence, and his whole body was now slowly warming. After six weeks of being partially frozen, Sir David's body was finally starting to show healthy vitals, so he was deemed ready for the lobe replacement.

Sir David's brain regeneration was the most difficult. The prefrontal lobe region had been severely mutilated by the final savage stoning it had received. The damaged tissue had to be removed, and new brain tissue grafted onto the area. Scientific advancements had come so far by this stage that the medical team could have replaced the whole brain if necessary, but who would Sir David have been then? Something about the spirit of his mind, or so the argument went; the consensus was that those within the 'inner sanctum' of kings, queens and other noted dignitaries would definitely not accept a Sir David with a totally new brain.

Although the process required great concentration and precision, the removal of the damaged tissue went smoothly. Dr. Scallini lifted the replacement lobe into the cavity left by the surgery, and the fast-acting 'nano-knitters' went to work grafting it into place. A few hours passed by,

and they waited anxiously for the micro-machines to complete their tasks.

Once completed and cleared, Dr. Weinstein began to calibrate the cryo machine and the other advanced equipment needed to finish the job.

JUST AS the equipment was being programmed to regenerate Sir David's body, unbeknownst to those present, the spirits Luaquiss Sama-el and Imrod entered the room. The only thing the medical team noticed was how extremely cold the operating room had suddenly become. The feeling of foreboding was tangible, unmistakable, but assumed by all to be simply a mechanical problem.

"Brrrr, it's cold in here. Is there something wrong with that cryo machine, doctor?" shouted Tony Scallini. "No, Dr. Scallini," came back the reply. "The cryo appears to be working perfectly. I can't understand it. We're all very tired, so it could be fatigue."

Dr. Scallini ignored the irregularity. "You're probably right. We *are all* very tired, and have been under a lot of stress these last few days. But we're on the home stretch now, people, so let's get this done, yes?" He waited in silence. Without moving his head, he looked up over his glasses and smiled, his piercing brown eyes darting a quick, crinkled glance around the group. "Yes?" "Yes, *sir!*" came

the immediate unanimous reply. The group shared a welcome chuckle and the mood lifted.

Once connected, the combination of the regeneration-acceleration equipment and anti-rejection drugs renewed the graft at an alarming rate. It was like watching a time-lapse photography sequence, only this one could be seen with the naked eye, almost as if some supernatural force were aiding in its progress. Within minutes, Sir David's grafted tissue could not be distinguished from the original. It was as if the horrific injuries had never happened.

Subsequent tests proved that all bodily systems could function normally. To all intents and purposes, Sir David could be resurrected from the dead.

It was the moment of truth.

Dr. Scallini spoke first. "General Stone, we have done everything humanly possible. It is now in the hands of God." The medical team removed their masks, sighing with relief and exhaustion.



IMROD spoke silently to Luaquiss Sama-el. "Out of the mouth of a fool. On the contrary, it is now in *your* hands,

master!” he hissed. “Very soon,” Luaquiss Sama-el replied, “the body is yours!”

Turning to the spirit Zbel, posing as President Rula Meyer, he telepathically congratulated her on her handling of the Mid-East problem.

Then turning to the spirit of Krush, Luaquiss Sama-el snarled, “You have pleased me, Krush, for you have controlled General Stone and this deception with great skill. *Now give the order!*”

The General stood up. “At my order, regenerate the activity of his brain and body, and bring that man back to life!”

The entire medical team inhaled and held their collective breath, gazing at one another with the same thought; their unwavering faith in their science, struggling with their remaining unbelief—they had never actually brought anyone back from the dead before.

General Stone glared around the room. “Well? What in the *hell* are you waiting for? Zap that son of a bitch *now!*”

AS SIR DAVID’S BODY lay convulsing on the operating table, two things happened, almost simultaneously. He awoke fully, sitting slowly upright and staring blankly at the wall before him, his body jerking spastically as his

spirit came rushing home to its flesh, adjusting to the filling.

In the spirit realm, Luaquiss Sama-el and Imrod hovered, watching as the silver cord connecting Sir David's spirit to its fleshly vessel, once thinned out and stretched to breaking point, thickened and snaked back into the area of his heart, snapping back into the vessel that was the body of Sir David Solomon.

At that very same moment, imperceptible to the human eye and inconceivable to the natural mind, the second thing happened. Luaquiss Sama-el and Imrod forcefully entered the body, following the path of the cord, murdering Sir David Solomon's own spirit, cutting the silver cord at the instant of his reawakening and instantly inhabiting the revived body that was so vital to the next stage of their plan.

Strangely, Sir David Solomon let out a mutter and then a hiss. "*Luu-aaa-quissssss!*" No-one in the room recognized it—no-one except the three evil princes and their master, of course—the humans dismissing it as a mere aberration.

General Stone let out a holler. "Well, I'll be damned! It *worked!*" He started towards the operating table. President Meyer held up a previously concealed glass of champagne. "To our God, and the New World Order!" she proclaimed jubilantly.

Sir David swung his legs off the bed and stood slowly upright, turning his head robotically from side to side. The room was filled with doctors, select dignitaries and secret servicemen. The entire room gazed in awe at what they were witnessing. There was a collective gasp. How far science had progressed!

But quietly, they noticed something else. Something they couldn't quite put their finger on. Was it his eyes? With a mixture of astonishment and dread, they could each tell that Sir David was now different somehow; more commanding, beguilingly powerful!

The Prime Minister spoke for the first time. The voice was also different; deep, unearthly. *"It is time. Let it begin!"*

Knees buckled, suddenly feeble at the sight of the man now alive—terrifyingly alive—before them. All except General Stone and the President fainted, slumping to the ground at his presence. Sir David turned to the General. Dead eyes locked. "Well done, Krush," he whispered. The General nodded his head slightly, unblinkingly holding Imrod's steady gaze.

Luaquiss Sama-el then departed back to Ha'Ides, leaving the regenerated body of Sir David to his chief prince as promised.

RECOVERING from their faints, the surgical team congratulated each other with hearty handshakes, hugs and slaps on the back. Regaining their composure, the team let out a loud cheer at their unprecedented success.

General Conrad Stone, in an uncharacteristically jovial mood, personally congratulated each and every member of the operating room staff for their exemplary achievement.

Then, in a moment of uncommon gratuity, the General spoke loud and boisterously, “The celebration is on me tonight, people! Whatever you want! I’ll spare no expense to show my appreciation for this astounding and momentous result! Whatever it takes! Even if I have to fly it in myself—you name it, you got it!”

“Hear, hear!” the President concurred. “As the good General said, anything at all, doctors; you name it, it’s yours! Marvelous job! Simply *marvelous!* We are well pleased indeed! The New World thanks you!”

Not that he looked like he needed one, Sir David allowed himself to be escorted to a waiting wheelchair. As Dr. Hollingsworth wheeled him down the corridor to the elevators, the Prime Minister addressed his entourage. “We need to set up a press conference *immediately!* We must announce that peace will return once more to Israel, and to the rest of the world, for I have *risen* from the dead!”

IMROD WAS enjoying all the attention, and he knew there would be more. The media—the whole world—was going crazy at Sir David's 'reappearance' ... in this stolen vessel! And this was just the beginning!

He laughed quietly to himself at the irony. The world was about to follow a dead man! He laughed again, out loud this time.

Exchanging quizzical glances, Sir David's personal staff joined in the laughter, not quite knowing what the joke was.

The Beast Legion

“And the beast which I saw was like unto a leopard, and his feet were as the feet of a bear, and his mouth as the mouth of a lion: and the dragon gave him his power, and his throne, and great authority. And I saw one of his heads as though it had been smitten unto death; and his death-stroke was healed: and the whole earth wondered after the beast; and they worshipped the dragon, because he gave his authority unto the beast; and they worshipped the beast, saying, Who is like unto the beast? And who is able to war with him?”

Revelation 13:2-4

THE UNSEEN armies of darkness that served Luaquiss Sama-el had tried this before, thousands of years ago, warring with the Archangel Micha-El and his angelic Army of Light over the body of Moses.

They had lost against the Angels of Light then. Moses was a revered man of God; some say a powerful sorcerer, renowned amongst the people of his time. He had left behind the keys he had learned from The Elaquohim, in a book called ‘The Sword of Moses’. His name was great even then, and could have been used to delude the masses of that time most effectively.

If the evil hordes had succeeded in capturing and resurrecting the holy man’s body, they could have implemented their plan from that moment, ruling the world

much earlier. If they had prevailed, it would have saved them thousands of years of toil.

However, The Elaquohim had succeeded in foiling their attempt; the angels He had sent far too strong for them. It niggled at Luaquiss Sama-el' mind as to why he and his forces were triumphant this time, but only briefly. He didn't care. This time, he was victorious!

Luaquiss Sama-el was ecstatic with diabolical glee. Finally, he was going to have his way!

THOSE surrounding Sir David commented at how great he looked. Imrod basked in the glow of adoration the attention brought, receiving the measure of worship that Luaquiss Sama-el had promised him—that was his due.

The dragon was not concerned about Imrod being seen as the savior of this world. He had not set his sights so low. He had bigger plans. He was after the entire universe, then all of the heavens. But Earth was the key to it all, and he was now almost there!

Luaquiss Sama-el reminisced about the glorious days before Noah, when, for a short period, he had become the creator; his new creation just far enough removed from the natural order that a new order could be proclaimed—a new and far more superior order, in his mind at least.

He was again recreating the world in his image, and knew that if he was successful this time, he stood a very good chance of recreating the whole of existence. After all, a third of it had followed him once before, and was now in chaos, looking for a home. It *was* possible, he mused.

The Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil had again been blown to the left by an ill wind of unseen origin. Hidden things, conceived and completed in darkness, were materializing once more.

Many of the tabloid magazines began featuring photographs of strange creatures, countless demons living within, glorying in their newly-formed hosts and their newfound fame. Their egos could not resist the impulse to be seen; their posing often reported in the tabloids of the pulp fiction or exposure varieties. The sightings were rarely believed, except by those, such as the trash magazines, who took the time to delve deeper, and also by those to whom The Elaquohim had given insight, and a warning.

The technological eyes of Echelon never slept, always watching from on high, monitoring everyone, no matter how great or small, from the numerous super-satellites orbiting around the planet.

After the HiFire Array subdued the nations, those in the know talked privately of a brute, 'production line' type of army, established by the G-10, of at least six thousand men known as 'The Beast Legion', named after the highly

complex bio-computer system that helped design them; a complete army that could be nano-technologically regenerated in only one to two weeks if damaged. The Methuselah Link funded the regeneration.

The Legion was a horde of soulless, mass-produced men of superior force, strength and will, equipped with the latest weaponry, both technological and biological, comprising various cutting-edge designs and advanced types of ammunition. They were General Stone's elite group—the very finest. No known disease or military armaments, short of total annihilation, could defeat them. The bonus was that they never disobeyed orders, and could 'rock and roll' without conscience.

Since 2009, unbeknownst to the general public, the G-10 had installed smaller forces of this army into recalcitrant countries to control insurrections, revolutions and acts of terrorism. If any of these factions were accidentally televised, they were never recognized. Being uniformed as standard troops, they were taken for just 'some of the boys', so to speak.

Unfortunately, the anti-terrorists had now become the terrorists, eliminating enemies of the growing one-world state. The world was changing fast. There was a new pack of dogs in the neighborhood—a big, ferocious pack!

It was what the G-10 *didn't* know about these warriors that was the problem. Within each of them dwelled one of Luaquiss Sama-el' strong men, a power that had fallen with

him in the beginning. Their leaders were even more important; they were inhabited by Azazel and Gadreel, two of the original fallen watchers who had introduced war, and the weapons of war, to mankind.

THE BEAST LEGION belonged to Luaquiss Sama-el, the ‘ace up his sleeve’ in the natural realm, which he could use whenever necessary. Now that Sir David Solomon had been resurrected from the dead, not only did Luaquiss Sama-el have spiritual control of the Legion, but also an ever-increasing political control of the world itself—and he was about to exert that control to his best advantage.

However, a few more important chess moves had to be played out yet. The checkmate of the ages would have to be made before Luaquiss Sama-el could sit upon his most coveted prize—his earthly throne upon ‘The Rock’.

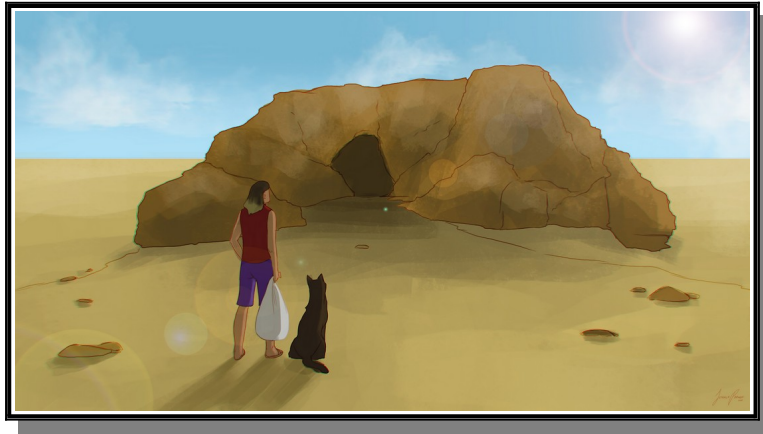
He stepped up the pressure on his spiritual forces, ruthlessly driving his servants upon the Earth to a higher standard of obedience, demanding total focus for the ‘End Game’.

Failure would not be tolerated.

The Cave of Adullam

“And from the days of John the Baptist until now, the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent take it by force.”

Matthew 11:12



CHAD and Boogie picked their way slowly up the ravine to the Cave of Adullam, careful not to stumble on the rocky ground in the failing light. As usual, Boogie ran ahead, sniffing everything out before Chad could get there.

As they neared the entrance, Boogie stopped suddenly, the hair on his back standing on end. He was growling low and menacingly at something ahead. Chad could feel it too.

“What is it, Boogie? I don’t see anything. You okay, boy?”

The voice spoke again. Chad heard it this time. ***“You have eyes but you do not see; ask and it shall be given.”***

“Okay, I’m asking!” Chad responded, smiling. “Give me the kind of eyes that *can* see!”

The veil of the shadow of darkness gradually lifted from his eyes, like the rising sun slowly burning off a heavy morning fog. The natural world, the world always before his eyes, the one Chad could relate to, began to reveal another world that co-existed with it, and the creatures living within it.

There, at the entrance to the cave, stood a terrifying creature. It was unlike anything Chad had ever seen, except in his nightmares. Its form was like that of a ferocious bear, large and mean. It seemed to be part of both worlds, springing quickly from rock to rock as Chad and his dog approached.

Boogie’s fangs gleamed in the light. He could smell the evil emanating from within the beast. Chad could smell it too, and was frightened by what he saw. Yet he was somehow emboldened by the Spirit of Santi in his heart, and stood firm before it, not moving a muscle.

Chad decided to challenge the monster. “Who are you?” he demanded, “and what is your name?”

The beast replied in an echoing, guttural growl. “I am Arktos! I am here to withstand all who attempt to enter this cave of ours!”

“I’m coming in anyway!” Chad shouted in anger. “So get out of my face!”

“I think we know of you,” the demon responded calmly. “Yes, you must be the one prophesied to come and claim this place. We knew you would appear someday. This portal is *mine*. You will not cross the threshold, little one, for today you will *die!*”

The Word came to Chad again. “***Greater is he who is in you than he who is in this world! He who contends with you, I will contend with!***”

Chad exclaimed boldly, “No, it is *you* who will die today!”

Instantaneously, two swords appeared in Chad’s hands; one in his left, and another in his right, both short and gleaming like fire. Arktos snarled at the sight of them, running back into the cave entrance. Chad chased after him, full of power, shouting in his new tongue.

Chad pursued the creature down a dark, narrow passage that led to a small cave, his swords lighting the way. From there, a winding tunnel took him to a gigantic room. It was enormous; about five thousand square feet, with a cathedral-high ceiling. In the shadows, Chad could barely make out further narrow passages appearing to lead to other rooms, a throaty snarl rumbling from one.

Arktos leapt unexpectedly from the darkness. Chad immediately dropped everything to the cave floor, leaving only the swords in his hands. He turned just in time to

slash at the creature's claws as they nearly caught his left leg, the sword lighting the air as it passed through.

Chad mocked the bear as it moved backwards in the semidarkness of the rock arena. "Come on, you ugly piece of garbage! Is *that all* you got?"

Arktos never took his fierce, glowing eyes off the two swords. Chad could smell the fear the demon had for the swords, and the tongue in which he was now praying.

The demon challenged his faith. "You know nothing of this warfare! You are only a novice, you foolish boy!" he snorted. "I have prowled these lands for millennia, from the time of Rehoboam, the son of Solomon, and I have destroyed thousands of men far greater than *you!*" He began pacing left and right. "Do you honestly believe you can defy Arktos and win? In me is genuine power; soon you will know my meaning!"

Arktos rose up on his hind legs. Stretching out to his full height, he towered at least three feet above Chad's six-foot plus frame. Lifting his huge, powerful forelegs into the air, he added another six feet.

The creature roared, the very walls of the cave shaking with its power. He leapt at Chad with fangs bared and claws drawn. Boogie growled back and pounced, valiantly trying to attack the impossible. Chad jumped forward, rolling onto his back with both swords thrusting upwards, crossing them in an 'X'. As Arktos arced his dive over Chad, the

hot tips of the swords seared two short tracks of fire into his belly.

The bear let out a yelp of surprise and tumbled into the cave wall, the heat of the swords easily slicing open two small wounds. As Chad sprang to his feet, Arktos turned quickly, slapping him with the back of his massive paw, knocking him sideways. Chad bounced off a rock and rolled in the dust of the cave floor.

Boogie charged for the creature again; he, too, being knocked sideways, whimpering at the blow. Chad was stunned, but worse—he had dropped one of the swords.

Arktos flew through the air, positioning himself between Chad and the fallen weapon. “So you cut Arktos, you little man!” he sneered. “Arktos has suffered much worse, and from angels, beings far more powerful than a mere boy. What are you going to do, now that you are reduced to just one blade?”

This time, he looks really pissed! Chad thought, the feeling of fear flooding his tiny heart.

“Take up the shield of faith, and you shall prevail. Nothing is impossible to them that believe.”

Chad took a deep breath, his courage returning, his tongues growing angrier. He stepped out in faith and commanded a shield to appear. Almost instantly, a magnificent golden shield materialized in Chad’s left hand, replacing the

dropped sword. At this, Arktos became even more incensed with rage.

He roared as he spoke. “So, the little one has learned quickly to use the keys of The YahuWah! You appear to be a natural

with the ways of the supernatural. But is this just your good fortune? I will test that now. No more mercy for you, or your dog!”

Arktos leapt again, this time lower, his spiritual weight pinning Chad to the cave wall. The bear’s fangs only inches from Chad’s throat, his foul breath reeking with the stench of death, his front claws raked the shield. The sound of bone on metal pierced the air, the beast’s back claws digging in the ground for one final push of his colossal weight.

All that stood between Chad and certain death was the shield. Chad’s natural instincts told him to increase the intensity of his tongue, and as he did so, the shield began to push Arktos back just enough for Chad to lunge the point of the sword in his right hand into the beast’s belly.

The look in the demon’s eyes rapidly changed—from psychate to absolute terror—as Chad rammed the sharp steel as hard as he could into the creature, twisting it with the thrust of his muscular arm. Arktos screamed in pain as the white-hot flames of spiritual light and fire penetrated deep into his monstrous body.

His eyes wide with surprise, the demon threw himself backwards against the wall, incredulous at what had just happened, wincing at the gaping wound that now lay open and gushing the black blood of hell. Arktos circled painfully around until the cave entrance was now at his back.

Still growling, but with his first inkling of fear clearly discernable, Arktos snarled, "So, you don't die today, little one. But you will in time, for I will be back with one greater than I. You should have struck again when you had the chance, but you didn't. That will prove to be your downfall, for in this type of war, there can be no mercy, when it is all of eternity that is at stake."

Groaning in pain, Arktos turned and ran limping out of the cave entrance. He disappeared in a flash, leaving behind the putrid odor of rotting evil.

Chad spit dirt onto the cave floor and picked up the dropped sword. He ran after Arktos, ready to finish him off. But the demon had already vanished.

The Gap

“For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the powers, against the world-rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places.”

Ephesians 6:12



CHAD made his way back into the cave. Now the evil spirit had departed, the veil returned like an invisible fog. The natural light also returned, shadowing; hiding the ‘other’ world once more, as the two swords and the shield slowly faded from view.

Chad noticed that the sun was beginning to sink slowly behind the horizon. It was almost dark.

He suddenly became aware of how physically fatigued he was from the fight; and yet high as a kite on the spiritual

joy that had come from his victory over the demon. He was surprised at the exhilaration his spirit was feeling after such an ordeal. But his body needed to rest.

Seeing the sack, he found the nearest flat rock, and sat down with a grunt. The glow ball had rolled out and was now lying on the cave floor. Picking it up, he clicked it twice and the cave was instantly bathed in light. As comforting as it was, he wondered if he would survive the night. He set the ball down beside him.

Exhausted and buzzing, Chad sat there quietly, Boogie licking his hands and feet, thankful to his master for driving the nasty animal away.

Chad grabbed the water container ZZ had given him and gratefully gulped down a big swig of the sweet, refreshing liquid. He began to feel his natural energy replenishing. He also realized how hungry he was. He had forgotten all about food! He could use something to eat.

Chad rested for another few minutes. Then picking up the sack and its contents, he pushed himself to his feet. "Come on, Boogie, let's check this place out!"

Scanning the large central cavern, Chad could clearly see several passages, some leading down to lower levels. "It's your choice, Boogiemán. Which one, my dog?"

Strangely enough, Boogie seemed to already be sniffing around the very same passage from which Arktos had

sprung. “Whaddaya think he was trying to hide from us, Boog? Let’s check it out then, eh, boy? Come on!”

Chad lowered his head and they made their way down the narrowing passage, the glow ball lighting their way.

A musty dry, primal human smell seemed to permeate the walls, as if numerous people had used this same route over the centuries. The path was well worn and the walls shined, probably rubbed smooth from the many hands needing support as travelers balanced themselves while carefully making their way down the narrow corridor.

Suddenly, the passageway opened up into another enormous room. Chad had a good feeling that he and the Boogiemans had made the right choice.

There wasn’t anything exceptional about this room—a floor of soil, packed down from thousands of footsteps, lightly covered with dust. The walls were dry and solid, a few low ledges around the perimeter close to the floor like randomly thrown stone sofas. Chad selected one and placed the glow ball upon it, throwing the bedroll and sack down on the floor beneath him. Boogie lay down next to Chad’s things and began to nap, as dogs so easily do.

Chad decided to walk around the cave room, just to see what he could see. He began to pray in the spirit, easy and low, working out the day’s events in the spirit of his mind as he went. “Adamahsanti, AdamahYah, Adamahdi. AdamahYah, Adamahdi, Adamahsanti.”

Chad started pacing back and forth across the floor as he prayed, the spirit working up its fire deep within his being. His tongues became stronger, changing in type and tempo as he moved into a new feeling in the spirit of his prayer.

Chad was enjoying this; marveling at how the words coming out of his mouth, while totally strange, were oddly familiar at the same time. It was as if he had just arrived from another planet and was speaking in his own language, but his message was being conveyed strong and clear. He couldn't understand it with his natural mind, yet his spirit was giving him the gist of it somehow.

He found himself becoming animated in the prayer, fervent and intense as it strengthened in his spirit. He began to praise God like he had never praised Him before; the anointing seeming to lift him higher as he moved in a trance of ecstasy, his arms raised in the air in worship of The Elaquohim.

Then the vision came. As he looked up towards the roof of the cave, another dimension appeared, matting out the solid rock of the ceiling above him. Chad's spirit carried him even higher. *Weird!* he wondered to himself. *My feet are still on the ground, yet I seem to be floating up?*

Then, from somewhere way up in the unknown heavens, a ladder began to descend. Slowly it came down, lower and lower, until it reached the ground a few feet from where Chad was standing. The moment it touched down, Chad felt his spirit begin to accelerate upwards, step by step.

With every word he spoke, he elevated further and further into the realm of the Spirit.

“What are these steps, Lord?” asked Chad. Yah gave him another key. ***“I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. No-one can come to the Father but through me. This is your way.”***

Chad grabbed the ladder with both hands, placing his right foot on the first rung. He felt a powerful energy surging through his arms. It was surreal, unbelievable; nevertheless, Chad could feel his spirit brimming with overwhelming joy and he loved what was happening to him. A little apprehensive with the newness of it all, he still pressed on, for he had to know where the ladder was taking him. For a few moments, he was full of faith, reveling in the new sensations, the worries of the world being left far behind.

Then strangely and unexpectedly, he seemed to hit a wall. He couldn't comprehend why he was suddenly experiencing an ominous sensation of darkness and oppression. Chad was confused. “Can this be right, Lord?” he asked.

He persisted, still praying anyway, but the menacing seemed to only get worse. He felt as if he was slowly moving into the presence of malevolence, totally unlike the peace and elation he had enjoyed just moments before. Becoming more perplexed with every second, a dark cloud began to blacken Chad's mind with thoughts of defeat and

failure. *“Time to turn back!”* Chad could swear he heard the voice coming from somewhere far off, like a terrible delusion lingering on the periphery of his subconscious. He was considering it.

“Break on through to the other side!” the Spirit encouraged him again. Chad laughed to himself. Funny how it had used a line from that old ‘Doors’ song; the same one that Bear used to play all the time to psych himself up before surfing a big swell.

This stuff is weird! Chad thought to himself. He decided that if the Spirit was going to quote from his best friend’s favorite song, he was not going to disappoint it. So he proceeded on.

Mustering up the energy, he prayed even harder this time, his tongue becoming commanding and angry, but the oppression only became heavier; so heavy, in fact, that Chad could feel his spirit suffocating, like it was drowning in a pool of quicksand and black oil. He was ready to turn away, when The Word came to him again.

“The kingdom of heaven suffers violence, and violent men take it by force!”

The new words inspired him to press on. Focusing all his faith and strength of will, Chad prayed even more intensely. But again, the dark feeling only seemed to get worse.

IN THE Unseen World of Ha'Ides, Arktos came before Luaquiss Sama-el, wounded, and pleading for his master's help. "Master, the boy has wounded me and taken the cave. Even now, he assaults our world. Help me to defeat this insolent one!"

The dragon responded in anger. "So he has taken the cave of King David, our great adversary of old! Now he thinks he can break through The Gap into the Unseen World. We must stop him! As I speak, he is learning how to cross the lower realms of our defenses. He has finally found the way of the ancient prophets and sages who once made use of this secret understanding. He cannot be allowed to pass through my kingdom unto the Kingdom of Light.

If he is permitted to cross my kingdom, he can then bind, hold fast and control my strongmen, my lower forces, and my demons. He cannot be allowed to continue to climb the ladder; the ladder by which one ascends to the higher prophetic levels, where words are spoken and become facts! Who knows what havoc he can then wreak upon Ha'Ides if he masters this key and rises above my princes and powers?"

Luaquiss Sama-el turned to his left and commanded two of his generals standing nearby. "My fourth prince, Qasfi'el, take your retinue, spirits of depression, and my fifth prince, Ragzi'el, take your spirits of oppression! Go unto the boy and dissuade him from this vanity with your spirits of

heaviness and confusion! Stop him before he comes before
The Elaquohim and The YahuWah!”

Not daring to disobey, they bowed obediently, retreating
into the blackness.

WHEN THEY CAME, they came hot and hard, blindsiding
Chad with their words.

“You fool!” Qasfi’el hissed. “It’s all in your mind, young
one! Only insanity and never-ending madness wait for you
along this path. You cannot come this way. This is the
approach to darkness; the path of those that follow the
ancient secrets of the occult. You practice witchcraft, fool,
and your sins will go before you if you continue to pursue
this course. If you continue to delve into the secrets that lie
along this way, you will *die*, and then stand before your
God, condemned and lost *forever!*”

It was Ragzi’el’s turn. “Aren’t you tired, boy? Aren’t you
weary of this folly? Trust your senses, child! Does not
your own flesh and the very blood that flows within your
veins scream for you to turn from this path? Does it not
beg you to return to the safety of your bed that awaits you?
Leave now, while you still have the chance! If you do,
sweet sleep will come, and you will be at peace once
more!”

The YahuWah's words rang inside Chad's head. ***“Stand! Then withstand!”*** Yet again, the evil princes' words of fear attacked him. “This is not for you! Turn away! Flee! You are on the wicked path that leads to death! Can't you tell from the way you feel? This is not of God. *Your* God would never let you go through this! Turn! Turn! Turn away, before you are lost forever!”

Chad stood firm. “Get *behind* me, Satans!”

Unrelentingly, they continued. “So you choose to stand against us? So be it! Now, see your judgment, little one, and what lies before you!”

One after the other, the visions of darkness came. Snakes appeared before his eyes and began striking out at him in mid-air, their hisses a precursor to the dripping venom of their fangs; so close to his face, torturing the spirit of his mind. Every manner of fear came with each strike—the fear of pain and suffering in all its degrees; the fear of death by every possible means that could befall a man.

Thousands of spiders and scorpions crawled along the cave floor towards him, poised inches from his feet ready to deliver their deadly poisons through the stings of their bites and the barbs of their tails. Appearing from out of nowhere, bats attacked Chad from the air, their wings and sharp teeth striking out at him with fierce and relentless vengeance. Frogs materialized, hopping at his feet, leaping onto his legs, infecting him with the warts of insecurity and doubt.

A depression Chad had never known before enveloped him like a swamp-soaked blanket, putrid from the stagnation of things long dead.

He had to admit, his mind was totally blackened out, and his body petrified to the point of death. Terrified at losing the spark of hope that kept it alive, Chad's knees weakened from the onslaught, and he nearly fell.

“Greater is He who is in you, than he who is in the world! Withstand!”

Just then, the two evil spirits emerged before him—large



and dominating Draco, giant psychic vampires, each of their forms like a black, milky fog in the already dark world of The Gap,



oppressing and depressing him with the spiritual forces of heaviness.

It was too much. Chad was ready to turn back and leave this madness. He was confused, frightened and greatly disturbed by what now stood before him. His breathing suddenly short and shallow, he felt faint. He shook uncontrollably from fear, the stress causing a haemostatic reaction. Mixing with perspiration, tiny drops of blood oozed from dozens of small capillaries hemorrhaging under his skin. His mouth went instantly dry and his tongues began to wane as he felt himself start to descend the ladder.

Chad rubbed his eyes, the cave still there in the natural world. He closed them, hoping it would all just go away, but even with his eyes shut, the vision remained, and so did his terror, his legs weak from panic.

***“Get mad, Chad! AND GIVE THE DEVIL HELL!
Greater is He that is in you than they that appear before
you, for the devil is a liar! Turn your righteous anger on
to them, and then give me the glory when you BREAK
ON THROUGH!”***

Inspired by The YahuWah’s words, a small seed of faith re-sprouted in Chad’s terrified heart. The feeling of doubt backed off a little, diminishing slightly. He decided to get mad at the things that were before him, blocking his way, lying to him, trying to deceive him.

Turning to confront them, Chad spat his words at their faces, rebuking them with weak but angry tongues. With every utterance, the tongues grew slowly stronger, more hostile than any words Chad had ever heard himself speak before. **“Rhaba sĕkĕbŏ vrandā haht kedyonh vredeyah! Karabŭ shĕtĕyah!”** he shouted at the evil princes in their own language. **“Karabŭ sĕkĕyah bratŭ dĕshatah kamŏh! Hatŭn dyŭdŭ yhatŭ dĕbaka jĕshĕta!”**

In the spirit of prophetic tongues and understanding, he roared powerfully and enraged at his spiritual enemies; his commands that of judgment and damnation towards them.

“How *dare* you stand in my way? If The Lord Yah wants me to go this way, then who are *you* to stop me? You think you can come to me and tell me that this is not the way I can go? You are *liars!* If Yah wants me to go this way, then I will go, even if I have to fight you to my *death!*”

Even as he spoke, Chad could feel his confidence strengthening. “You come to me and try to confuse and depress me with your words of doubt and visions of evil? Hah!” he scoffed defiantly. “You are *liars!* A curse on you and your words of defeat! In the name of Yah El, get *behind* me, Satans! I am going *through* you!”

Glaring with incredulity, the two Dracos ran at him in a rage, vanishing right before his face. Chad’s darkness lifted, and with it, the tormenting illusions that had been in his face and at his feet.

Continue the adventure...

Find out ***what happens next!***