

The  
**CLASH**  
of the  
**KINGDOMS**

— Harry Connor Jr. —

**PART 2**

**CHAPTERS 16 TO 28**

THE  
**CLASH**



OF THE  
**KINGDOMS**

# E-Book



*REDUX*

*SECTION 2*

*CHAPTERS 16-28*

## 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.

Cover designs and various artworks by Harry Connor Jr.

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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 2**

**CHAPTERS 16-28**

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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 ...

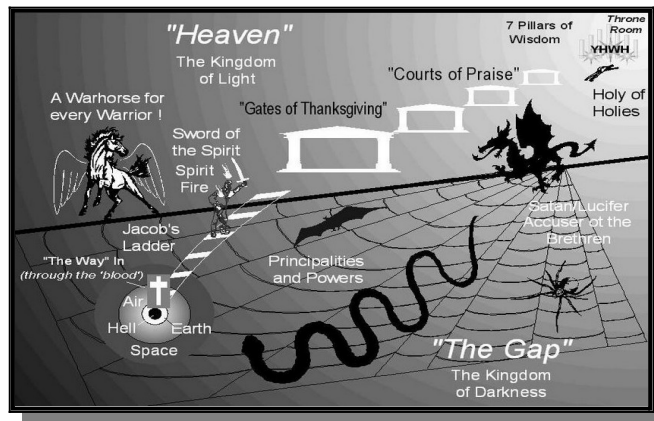
***“It is time. Let it begin!”***



## The Way

*“For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.”*

2 Timothy 1:7



CHAD found himself moving upwards once again.

***“You see, Chad. Fear is a liar, but I AM higher than anything that can come upon you.”***

He could feel the flames of Holy Ghost fire begin to burn hotter and hotter in his heart and on his head. His tongues were now evolving from a fighting mode to a praising one. As they changed, Chad seemed to transcend into a totally new realm of faith and light, the brightness of the light as

intense as the one that had hit him on the beach the night before.

He was no longer ascending but had leveled off. He felt sure he was walking towards something new, something marvelous, something miraculous. He looked around the cave with his natural eyes for a reality check, just to see if this was really happening—the rock walls and dirt floors still surrounded him, Boogie was still sleeping in the corner of the ledge near his gear—only now, there was an extraordinary tranquility in the atmosphere.

Returning to the vision, Chad's movement continued, upwards again. Directly before him stood a gate, a gate not of this world. It was massively built, of substances unknown, surrounded by unending luminous rainbows, brighter than any he had ever seen on Earth. Chad could only stand and gaze in childlike wonder. For the first time in his life, he felt completely safe, unconditionally loved, and totally at peace. The gate was welcoming him.

As Chad approached, a flame, in flight, gently brushed his face and body, caressing his spirit with the fire as he moved closer. Entering the gate, an incredible feeling of thanksgiving flooded Chad's spirit, his tongue reflecting humble gratitude for the tremendous privilege of being in this hallowed place; he began to sing in the spirit, "Ad-a-mah-Yah." Then—"AdamahYah, Ad-a-mah-Yah, AdamahYah." Then—"Adamahdi, Adamahdi, Adamahsanti, Adamahsanti, AdamahYah, Adamahdi,

Adamahsanti!” “Oh, Hallelu *Yah!* Thank you, Lord! Thank you, my King!”

Unfettered, the words flowed from Chad’s mouth as he passed through a second gate, far more beautiful than the first, as if that were conceivable. It was surreal, yet it was so real! A sense of joyous *déjà vu* washed over Chad. Remembering happier times when his Mom was still alive, he began to re-experience the innocence of his childhood.

It was blissful. Memories of a previous life, long thought buried, flipped through his mind like a series of old, still photographs, only he was there, in full-color and 3-D surround sound.

He could still hear his mother’s familiar, hysterical laughter the night of New Year’s Eve 2011, when he accidentally tossed a firecracker into the garbage bin, sending old coffee grounds, eggshells and potato peelings flying over the fence into the neighbor’s back yard. He loved her laugh. He loved her.

Feeling happier than he ever had, Chad found himself before a series of magnificent and expansive courts. Appearing to be constructed solely of brilliant white marble, the sheer size and grandeur of these unearthly structures were almost too spectacular for Chad to comprehend. This was obviously the palace of the one, true King!

Immediately upon entering, Chad began to praise The Elaquohim with all of his heart. Might Els, angelic beings of innumerable shapes and sizes filled the air, gazing at him affectionately with looks of compassion and admiration, spirits of refining fire passing through him as he continued on. Chad could hear the angels whispering to him as he proceeded. *“Yah El awaits you, favored one.”*

As he proceeded towards another set of structures, exquisite colors that Chad could never have imagined danced all around him; vibrant, multi-hued sparkles of light playing upon his body, changing it as they teased. He was becoming transparent, cleansed of all impurities, transforming into pure and perfect essence.

He entered the first court, a building of indescribable beauty. The spirit of praise enveloped his being once again. Chad felt such overpowering love and joy that without thinking, he found himself praising God for lifting the burden of his sins, purifying him, allowing him the ultimate honor of being in this heavenly place.

As he entered the second court, an immense angel came towards him. Chad gasped suddenly, his body stiffening as he tilted his head backwards in awe. The angel was at least ten feet tall, muscular beyond any human possibility; his chest deep and wide, his body perfect and powerful.

“Chad, I am Calrission, your Guardian,” the angel’s voice boomed, deep but tender and reassuring. Chad let out an audible sigh of relief. “Come, Chad, take my hand, and I

will lead you to The Elaquohim. Father Di, Holy Santi and The YahuWah await you.” Calrission smiled kindly, extending his right hand.

Chad stared into the angel’s deep, sky-blue eyes, seeing all of time and space in a twinkling. Calrission’s hair was like a mane of sculptured white gold, gleaming in the rarified celestial light, his jaw set like an immovable rock. Although appearing in the form of a human man, Calrission was absolutely beautiful.

Chad took his guardian’s hand. It seemed to him like he was flying, even though he knew in his conscious mind he was walking. Everything instantaneously moved faster beneath them, yet still like a lazy dream. They passed through the Courts of Praise into a dazzling light, warm with total goodness and pure, perfect love.

Still a ways off in the distance, Chad could barely make out three misty yet majestic figures in the light. It seemed as if all the love that could ever be was in that light, emanating from a wide and wondrous place that lay directly before them; irresistible, drawing them both closer.

All kinds of angels and spirits hovered about them as they walked ever closer towards The Throne. Seraphim, Cherubim, Archons and Aeons, the lights and virtues, thrones and dominions, principalities and powers, Kings and Lords—archangels all, flew around them as they approached The King of Kings and Lord of Lords, the Creator—King Yah El. They touched Chad as if they

needed to know him intimately, also imparting a little of themselves into their new guest as they passed by. To the young surfer, it was such an incredibly liberating experience, for the higher thoughts of God were in these spirits and angels, every touch cleansing his mind.

Chad was perplexed. “Calrission?” he asked, a worried crease forming between his brows. “Yes, Chad?” the angel answered gently. “Am I dead?”

Smiling, Calrission spoke to him kindly. “No, Chad,” he reassured, “you are not dead. You are very much alive, and about to meet the presence of The Elaquohim.” Looking down through his new spirit body, Chad was still confused. “Then where is my real body?”

Knowing he had some explaining to do, Calrission took a deep breath. “In the cave, Chad. You are in your spirit body now, for no natural form can see The Elaquohim and live. They are pure spirit and pure love, and nothing corrupt can come before them, except The Accuser of the Brethren, and even he must come cloaked. The Elaquohim are they who make their thoughts, Chad; thoughts of love and peace, of hope and faith in all things good and true, and all things that are come into being by their word.”

Innocently, Chad questioned the angel, “Even the bad things, Calrission?” The angel smiled softly. “You can call me Cal if you like.” Chad accepted gladly. “Okay, Cal.”

“No, Chad, not the bad things,” the angel continued. “They became bad of their own free will. They choose to follow the adversary who contends with all that is good.” Unsure, Chad ventured, “Who is that, Cal?”

His expression changing from a smile to a frown, Cal explained, “We know him as Luaquiss Sama-el—‘*He Who Makes Lies*’. You know him as Satan, the devil. He has many names and appears in many forms. He is the sly one who tries to deceive all of Creation, and the one whose servants opposed you in The Gap when you ascended The Ladder.”

Chad wanted to know it all. “How could he deceive all of Creation, Cal?”

Cal continued to explain the mystery. “He was once greater than all that are like me. But unlike me, his wisdom became corrupted. He trusted no more The Living Word, but followed after his own word; the vanity of his beauty and the depth of his wisdom and knowledge, corrupting his way.”

Realization dawning, Chad asked, “Hey, is he ‘the serpent’ in The Garden The Bible tells us about?” With a mixed look of agreement and regret upon his face, Cal shook his head slightly. “Yes, Chad, he is the spirit of the serpent. Ever since the deception in Eden, he has ruled your world, and deceived many more worlds.”

Chad felt the same and looked down, shaking his head also. “He has done so much wrong.” Stopping for a moment, he raised his eyes. “Can he ever change?” he asked.

“No, Chad,” the angel responded with a tone of resignation, “his fate is set.” Suddenly, Cal’s face lit up with sheer exhilaration. “Chad, look ahead!” he exclaimed, pointing. “There—there before you, The Elaquohim!”

Chad turned. What he saw was so great, so awesome and inexpressibly beautiful, so breathtaking in its majesty, that he lost all strength, his knees folding as he made his final step.

Before him were three infinite beings of unimaginable and intense light; in one vast spectacular rainbow aura, too glorious to portray, who sat upon three never-ending thrones in perfect harmony with one another, for the three were one. Spread out before the thrones were the multitudes of angels and the saints who had gone before, all laying face down, crying “Holy, Holy, Holy!” in worship of Those Who Sat Upon The Thrones.

There was The Father, Di, high and center; then on His right hand, Jesus, The YahuWah; and on His left, Santi, the Holy Spirit. Chad let go of Cal’s hand and dropped to the floor. It felt like a sea of glass mingled with fire. He fell flat onto his belly, lying prostrate and powerless before his God, his face pressed flat against the unfamiliar surface.



Chad's mind was on one thing and one thing only— forgiveness for the many sins of his mortal life, that he might share in this joy forever, in immortality. Before him sat The Judge of All Creation. It was only His judgment that mattered. Chad trembled in reverence and awe.

A gentle but authoritative voice spoke to him, like a powerful sound of many waterfalls echoing in a panorama of lush valleys. Chad recognized the voice. It resonated through his spirit and soul, shaking all that could be shaken within him, in the great and powerful unending love that was their being. It was the same voice that had spoken to him as he lay drowning on the sea floor; the same voice he had been hearing for the past few days.

***“Arise, Chad. Ask anything, and it shall be done.”***

As Chad stood up, gazing upon his God, another voice, unfamiliar this time—vindictive and accusing—rang out above the choir of worshipers as they parted, spreading out to make way for the creature that spoke. “This sinner cannot come before The Elaquohim! He is not worthy of His honor, for his transgressions are many!”

There, to Chad's right, now stood Luaquiss Sama-el, cloaked as a magnificent Angel of Light, a prosecutor in the highest Court of Creation, accusing Chad of his sins—and he was guilty of all of them! Chad was shocked and humiliated. He fell upon his face once again, this time shaking his head in shame.

Luaquiss Sama-el ruthlessly listed every single one of Chad's sins, both great and small; throwing them in his face in a deluge of evidence, one after the other, weakening his hope. The list continued without mercy; all of Chad's sins from his birth to present day, his rebellion clearly exposed in full view—from the time he stole some gas to go surfing at the other end of the island, to the many parties, drinking and getting high with the crew.

Luaquiss Sama-el accused Chad of his sins of fornication, reminding him of the numerous times he had seduced pretty young girls he had met at the beach and at all-weekend *luaus*, with no intention of ever calling them again. He pointed out Chad's sins of conceit, especially the enormous pride he took in his surfing ability and how he loved to show off. It was all so embarrassingly accurate!

Every single transgression was expertly laid bare for all to see. Every lie, every unclean thought; every blasphemous word Chad had ever spoken—all echoing in his ears as the master accuser railed against him, crushing him repeatedly with every indictment.

All the times Chad had not forgiven those who had hurt him, and the countless times he had cursed others in his heart and slandered them to their friends; every malicious act he had ever committed, and every good act he had omitted to do when he could have. Chad had broken nearly every Commandment, and several more than once!

The accusations went on and on, every one of them truthful, cutting right through Chad's heart. He was ashamed. Luaquiss Sama-el spared nothing, reminding Chad and The Elaquohim of how much ground that he, Luaquiss Sama-el, had conquered in Chad's mind, body and soul.

Now Luaquiss Sama-el claimed Chad for himself and the spirits that he had served, and also those to whom he had surrendered himself throughout the years. Chad knew he deserved whatever was his due.

Luaquiss Sama-el shouted out his last condemnation. "The evidence is clear! This boy cannot be included in The Book of Life! I am his master, his soul belongs to me, and he must come with me to The Lake! The Lake of Fire is his reward!"

It had all been like a cruel joke. The judgment was true, impossible to dispute; the truth of his life convicting him before The Supreme Judge. He was going to The Lake of Fire. Chad knew it; it was his unpaid punishment, and now, like a debt collector, Luaquiss Sama-el was demanding his rightful settlement.

Ready to accept his fate, Chad waited. Just then, The YahuWah stood defiantly, shouting from His throne, suppressing Luaquiss Sama-el with His words of command.

***"SILENCE! HE IS MINE! HE WEARS MY BLOOD,  
THE BLOOD THAT YOU SPILLED! IT IS  
FINISHED!"***

***Stand up, Chad, for you are wrapped in my love, and belong to me. Father, he is mine and written in my Book, in my own blood. I have called him according to your purpose and the destiny you have set before him.”***

The Father spoke again. ***“Rise, Chad. Ask anything, and it shall be done for you.”***

Trembling, Chad humbly rose again to stand before his God and his accuser. Weeping, yet grateful beyond expression, he spoke timidly. “Not my will be done, my God, but yours, for I am not worthy to ask for anything. May your kingdom come, and your will be done on your Earth, as it is done in these, your Heavenly Places and Domains of Light.”

***“You have answered wisely. Ask anything, and it shall be done for you!”***

“Thank you, my Father,” Chad answered meekly. Looking to Yah with tears of thanksgiving in his eyes, he slowly turned, pointing a shaking finger at Luaquiss Sama-el. Chad spoke, shakily at first, then with sturdy resolve and deep passion, hot with a righteous anger drawn from The YahuWah. “Give me the strength, the power, the knowledge and the wisdom to fight the dark one!” he shouted. ***“Again, you have answered wisely. Let it be so!”***

Suddenly there was a flash, then a loud *crack!* Like lightning, Luaquiss Sama-el was cast down, falling from

the highest heaven back to Ha'Ides, his shape changing back into that of a dragon as he fell. Screaming curses, he dropped and tumbled through all four levels of the upper heavens down into the fifth.

As he reached the fifth heaven, the seat of his power, a door—a five-pointed portal in the shape of a pentangle—opened up to receive its king. Luaquiss Sama-el, the king of the fifth heaven, stopped when he reached this lower and darker dimension of the heavens, known as 'The Gap' in The Word of God upon the Earth. The thunders of his fall echoed throughout The Throne Room of The Most High. Myriads of holy angels began to sing their approval at the marvelous grace of God, their blessed harmonic reverberating across the expanse of eternity.

Chad, too, was amazed at the benevolence of his God. As the cacophony of angelic praise began to abate, he suddenly found himself moving back down, this time to the reality of the cave floor. His spirit and soul re-entered his body, which was now lying close to his gear, the taste of dust earthly and familiar. Grabbing the water canteen, he ripped off the top, gulping huge mouthfuls of cool, cleansing liquid.

As Chad regained his strength, he opened his eyes. Before him, still fast asleep, was his trusted friend, stretched out on the ground. The Boog's legs were twitching—he was having one of his 'doggy dreams' again, probably chasing squirrels up the palm trees. Chad smiled contentedly.

He pulled the bedroll out of his sack and, crawling in between the soft layers, curled up next to his faithful companion, gratefully succumbing to sleep; a sleep long, deep and sweet. He was going to need it.

## The Invocation

*“And forces shall stand on his part, and they shall profane the sanctuary, even the fortress, and shall take away the continual burnt-offering, and they shall set up the abomination that maketh desolate.*

*And such as do wickedly against the covenant shall he pervert by flatteries; but the people that know their God shall be strong, and do exploits.”*

Daniel 11:31, 32

**S**IR DAVID Solomon led the invocation in the secret bowels of the nearly-completed temple.

After the destruction of the Dome of the Rock, reconstruction had started immediately, and due to the prefabrication initiated earlier, progress had been remarkably swift. Money had flowed in from the M-Link like a waterfall, to aid in its completion.

In less than six weeks, the temple stood almost finished; all but ‘The Holy of Holies’. The sign of resurrection had come, and the leaders of all the New World nations submitted to Sir David Solomon, the man who had conquered death!

Those who could read the signs in the stars and the moon had come with great expectation, seeking him out,

acknowledging him as The Ancient One who was prophesied in the arcane texts to come at this time.

With him in the darkened area of the Tau were General Conrad Stone, President Rula Meyer, the new Pontiff, the White Pope Lexuter I, and the Black Pope of the Jesuits, Count Balzac Deeder.

The world's religious leaders of every persuasion; the political leaders of the G-10; a procession of kings, queens, and other royals—all gathered to worship. Magi, sorcerers, wise men from the Near and Far East, mystics and psychics, and followers of Wicca, both witch and warlock; all came to pay homage and participate in Sir David's supplication to the god of this world.



In a spotlight of the gloomy room glowed an idol of a god, in his hand the holy lance—the very spear that had pierced the side of Christ, treasured by all conquerors since its use.



There, in the secret chamber, under The Holy of Holies, Sir David, inspired by the Archangel Imrod who lived within, controlling him, cried out to Luaquiss Sama-el, summoning the Dreaded One.

“Come, O son of the morning, come! Come to us Lucifer, our light bringer. Come Kingu-Tiamat, you ancient serpent of the cosmic old, come to us! Come to us Cthulhu Mythos, you primordial worm, originator of the cosmos and worlds within worlds. Come to us Azag-Thoth, *‘He Who Holds The Secret Keys’*, and the authority to enter the gates of the dimensions of time and space, and the everlasting passageways to the ages! Come to us, O great god of Dagon and Moloch, godsons of their father! Come to us that we may hold the keys of darkness and light, and enter the gates without fear!

Come Sama-El Semyaza, withholder of secrets, recreate us in your image, and illuminate our minds with yours, that we may gain esteem from the gods that serve you and cooperate with your eternal purpose. Come to us, that your will may be done on earth, as it is in your sovereign unseen realms!”

A murmur of welcoming agreement swept through the assembly.

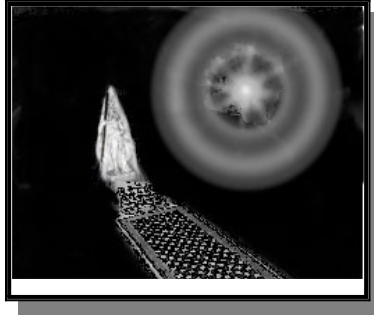
Sir David’s incantation continued more fervently. “Come to us, for we build for you the institution of the Lex Lucifer Ordo Opus! Come look upon the works of our hands, and the blood sacrifices we have made to you, that you might

bring about the Lex, the new covenant of law from you, O Lucifer, our light bringer! That you might bring about the Ordo Opus, the New Order of your inspiration and composition, which of necessity must be obtained for us to reach your dwelling places in the heavens!” Enthusiastic pleas for the dragon’s materialization echoed around the room.

The Prime Minister’s eyes were glazed as he outstretched his arms towards the ceiling, his face eerily shadowed by the hundreds of flickering candles. “Come and fulfill your original purpose that you started in Eden and at the Tower of Babel. Come help us reach the highest points of the heavens! Grant the world the peace that can come only through your presence, and the cosmic knowledge that you promised would be ours!” “Come, O great one! Your servants await!” the crowd responded.

Sir David was breathing deeply now, his voice booming into the blackness. “Come to us, O master of this world, that we may gaze upon you, for we prepare a place for you to receive your just devotion. Come, that we may esteem you and worship you as our *god!*” A hideous roar erupted from the gathering; the noise in the chamber was deafening.

At first, in the very center of the room, there appeared a tiny globe of light, a small bubble, like an eye looking upon the idol of its desire. Then slowly, the chamber began to fill with a beam of luminosity, radiance mingling with a spectrum of colors in a swirl of occult high magic.



With every passing second of time, an emerging figure could be faintly distinguished in the illuminations that shone forth.

A supernatural being of immense size and splendor began to appear before the throng, in a visage of mock godliness and goodness. Imrod laughed to himself, marveling at how brilliant was his master at this kind of deception, for what now stood before them was an angel of light—no, a true anti-God!

He laughed again as every being bowed, fawning in deference before him, while he, in the body of Sir David, bowed with them. *If they only knew*, he smirked silently.

Luaquiss Sama-el the dragon, now in the form of a god-man of light, lapped up the adoration like the dog he was, and likewise, he, too, laughed cynically at the foolishness of these mere mortals. *How easily they are deceived*, he thought smugly to himself.

Once The Holy of Holies was completed within the Tau, and his image and throne were set in place above the power source of The Rock, Luaquiss Sama-el would then receive the worship of the nations; first the whole world, then the Gibborim star gods who awaited the signs. After that, all of Creation would be his, as the portals to time and space would open for the final return of his great ones, the Grigori!

Who, or *what*, could possibly stop them now?

## Old Bones and Roses

*“And he came thither unto a cave, and lodged there; and, behold, the word of Jehovah came to him, and he said unto him, What doest thou here, EliYah?”*

1 Kings 19:9



**F**OR FORTY days, Chad remained in the cave. For forty days, he fasted and prayed in the spirit, he and his dog living only on the water ZZ had left them plus the small pieces of bread he had found in the bag.

During this time, The YahuWah taught him by the spirit the keys to the kingdoms in dreams and visions, imbuing Chad

with the wisdom and knowledge of Yah, according to his faith.

It was the forty-first day. Chad stumbled over a loose stone on the ground, the ground over which he had been pacing back and forth these past forty days as he prayed, that was now worn into a shallow rut. He kicked the stone aside.

As the dust settled, he noticed what looked to be the edge of an earthen jar jutting out of the surface of the cave floor. He removed more of the dirt from around the protruding object. Gradually it dawned on him that this was a grave, ancient and holy. All this time, he had been praying and walking over a tomb!

Chad fell to his knees, crying with the shock of realizing that he had defiled a sacred burial place. He humbly begged Yah El to forgive him. The Word came.

***“Grieve not, you mighty man of Yah! Dig up the earthen pot, for it contains the bones of my servant, the prophet Elisha, and he has a great gift for you, and an even greater gift from his master, EliYah.”***

Chad obeyed, and began scooping up the soil with his hands. He was surprised at how loose it was. He felt some spiritual force helping him, for the earth seemed to separate easily from the jar, which was lying on its side. He gently lifted the urn upright onto the cave floor, delicately brushing and blowing the remaining dirt away.

The pot was nothing to look at; plain, hand made, and very, very old. The top, an opening of about fifteen inches, had been sealed with a slightly smaller stone lid using some form of wax. Beeswax, maybe, he wasn't sure. Finding a stick, Chad carefully scraped the soft substance away from the sides of the lid and pried it open.

As the seal broke, the sound of a gasp mixed with a sigh seemed to come from far, far away, followed by whispers and murmurs at the limit of his hearing. He slowly lifted the stone away from the opening and peered inside.



The smell of old bones and roses filled the air. Chad found the aroma curiously pleasant. In the half-light, he recognized a skull and other fragments of human skeleton. He jumped, shuddering slightly, his skin erupting in goosebumps; a natural reflex. He could also vaguely make

out what seemed to be some sort of material peeking through.

He wasn't quite sure what he was supposed to do with a find such as this, so he stared at the objects for several minutes before The Word came again.

***“Take the mantle and the oil; the gifts are yours from the prophets of old.”*** Chad took a deep breath, and careful not to disturb the ancient prophet's remains, he obeyed, gently taking the fabric from the jar.

He noticed it was tied in a bundle. As Chad lifted the cloth, the back of his hand accidentally brushed against Elisha's skull. A strange power surged up his arm and throughout his body, throwing him backwards.

Shaking his head, he pushed himself to his feet, staring at the mantle, wondering at its purpose and power. His eyes transfixed, he gingerly stepped forwards and held his breath.

There it was—the mantle—hanging over the rim of the jar, still neatly bundled and tied. He cautiously removed the precious package, lightly placing it on the ground nearby. He reset the stone lid, re-melting the wax with a strange and unusual heat that now radiated from his hands, re-sealing the sacred resting place of the blessed holy man. He quickly returned the jar to its cavity, praying in a soft, reverent tongue as he re-covered it with soil.

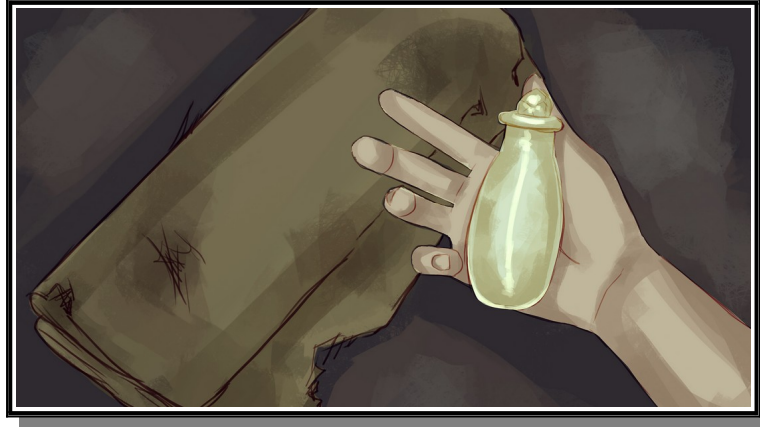


Chad untied every knot that bound the mantle, each one meticulous. This was obviously the work of someone's loving hands. He slowly unwrapped the mantle as it lay upon the floor. Inside was another, much smaller jar, approximately three inches long by one inch wide. It was made of alabaster; a soft, cream-colored mineral, its smooth surface cool and soothing against Chad's warm hand.

The jar was such a simple piece, which only enhanced its natural, elegant beauty. Chad sensed this must have once belonged to a holy man; a man of modest but tasteful possessions. It, too, was sealed with a small, shaped stone. *This must be the jar that contains the oil*, Chad thought. He popped the seal and removed the plug. A beautiful aroma wafted under Chad's nose. He could detect the faint presence of cinnamon and olive oil, and another scent which was vaguely familiar.

But there was more. When Chad looked at the fragrant oil, his spirit began to ignite. He felt the expectation rising within.

The mantle caught his eyes again. He placed the tiny bottle in his bag for later examination.



Chad was surprised to find that the mantle was actually quite dull to look at—plain in design and irregular in weave; roughly made, obviously by hand, of natural wool and horsehair, interwoven with a variety of other fibers. It was now matted and obviously very old, the whole piece dirty and marked with use.

Spreading it out on the cave floor, Chad observed that the mantle was nothing more than a flat, rectangular garment that had been partially sewn together at each side, with openings left at the top for armholes and a hole cut out of the center to allow the head to pass through. The neckline was tattered with wisps of thread fraying at the edges. It was rough and coarse to the touch, smelling of a pungent tinge of old bones and roses—and that strange oil.

But there was something more powerful about it. Each time Chad touched the mantle, a tingle of electric fire

rushed up through his fingers to his spirit, burning a hot flame brightly in his chest.

***“Unto you I have given a triple portion of The Spirit of Faith. Wear the mantle, for her name is ‘Faithful and True’. Use the oil on those I have called to assist you, for it is the ‘Anointing Oil of War’, given to empower your servants.”***

“Thank you, my King Yah,” Chad said gratefully. “What would you have me do now?”

***“For this task, I have set aside one of mine who has not bowed his knee to Baal; a tribal person who hears my voice. To Aus—only there will your mission be revealed.”***

“To Oz? What tribal person? Where?” Chad quizzed.

***“Wear the mantle. The people who know their God display strength and take action. All will be revealed.”***

Chad obeyed, all of his doubts immediately dissipating as the primitive garment fell upon his shoulders; such a rough, thick fabric, yet remarkably light to wear.

“Boogie, let’s go! ZZ! ZZ! ZZ!” he called, summoning ZZ to come and get him.

AS HE TURNED, a low, malevolent growl reverberated through the air, and the hair on the back of Chad’s and Boogie’s necks stood straight up on end. There, in the shadows, were two pairs of illuminated eyes—one pair glowing red, the other a venomous green—staring

menacingly, intent on death. Chad guessed one pair belonged to Arktos, but there was more, he could feel it—and then there were those eyes, projecting pure terror and demonic psychate.

Another growl emanated from the shadows, and Chad could vaguely make out the second form. It seemed his new-found rival had kept his word. Arktos stepped out into the light.

With renewed confidence, Arktos spoke. “So, little man, I told you I would be back, and this time, as I promised, I have brought another greater than I. Didn’t I warn you that there can be no mercy in this type of fight?”

Fearless now, Chad challenged in response, “Have you come to feel the pain of my swords once again, Arktos?” As he spoke, his two fiery swords reappeared in his hands.



“Poor boy,” Arktos sneered condescendingly. “This time I have company—Zavebe, the poison dragon, whose very breath can kill you.” Chad smirked at the double dose of death standing before him. “Yeah, I know. I met him at a party once!” he joked.

Zavebe spoke with a voice that slurped as he inhaled and growled as he exhaled. The creature was incensed; he was not used to being mocked. “You insolent fool! You dare jest with *Zavebe*?!”

Zavebe stepped out of the shadows, joining Arktos. He was indeed a ferocious and frightening reptile, like something reawakened from prehistoric time. Zavebe spoke again, even more threatening. “Time for you to *die*!”

Chad did not wait for them to attack. The Spirit of Santi rose within, leaping immediately and taking him with it. They both jumped through the air towards Arktos, a growl of enmity resonating from the beast.

Chad landed right on Arktos’ thighs as the creature rose up on its hind legs. He drove both swords deep into the creature’s belly once more; this time, using the leverage of his own legs against his enemy’s. Chad angled his swords upwards, lunging them forcefully into Arktos’ chest.

Shouting in tongues his foes seemed to understand, Chad thrust the points home, deep and fatal, staring with righteous anger straight into the demon’s disbelieving eyes.

Arktos died instantly, a look of total astonishment etched upon his hideous countenance.

Stunned at the immediate defeat of his companion, Zavebe turned towards Chad with lightning speed to prevent an attack from behind. But Chad was far quicker. Now Zavebe was cornered in the middle of the room, his tail flicking in fitful, nervous jerks of real and tangible fear. The creature's eyes glazed over with the psychate veil of hell fire, Boogie growling courageously from the sidelines at the repulsive demon lizard.

With his back facing the passageway, Chad realized Zavebe was now trapped. Before and between them lay Arktos, his massive bulk already beginning to decompose from the corruption of eons of evil deeds finally reaching their horrifying conclusion.

Zavebe snarled, his tongue spattering poison around the room as he spoke. "Who *are* you? You have destroyed my companion! For millennia we have roamed upon this planet, masters of all we surveyed, devouring all that we desired. Arktos was great amongst our forces, and now you have killed him. Our king, the great dragon, will reward you for your folly!"

Chad proclaimed loudly and defiantly, "I am Chad Raxx! My King is Yah El, and He will reward you for *yours!* Prepare to die!"

Boogie leapt at the lizard first, running towards the reptile, barking his anger. The beast, scaly like a komodo and much larger than Chad, turned quickly to face the dog. “Boogie!” Chad yelled. “Back, Boogie! Get *back*, boy!”

Too late, his friend leapt forward, only to be bitten on his shoulder by the creature as it spun around to confront the brave little animal. Boogie fell to the ground, the poison of Zavebe’s bite killing him instantly. “Boogie!” Chad cried out, rushing to his buddy’s side. “You’ve killed Boogie! You evil freak!”

Zavebe rejoiced in his deed. “Ha! Now I have destroyed *your* companion! How does it feel?” he salivated, venomous slime dribbling down his variegated, deeply-ridged fangs. “Now it is *your* turn to know my rage and power, boy!”

Chad glared at the monster, consumed with anger. “He was just a little dog! I am not! Come on you halitosis-puking piece of vomit! Let’s get this over with!” Eager for the kill, Zavebe proclaimed his victory and reward in advance. “Yes, let us finish this, young one. My master will reward me with many privileges for bringing about your death.” “We shall see!” Chad shouted, challenging the pride of the lizard demon.

Crossing both swords in an ‘X’ above his head, Chad drew each of them across their edges. Bright sparks of light rained down around him, momentarily distracting his

enemy. The creature jumped. Bringing the swords down to his sides, Chad positioned them for attack.

Chad and Zavebe ran at each other, Zavebe taking the first strike, grazing the mantle with his massive claws. As they struck the fabric's surface, a flash of electricity arced at the point of impact. Zavebe jerked his leg back from the shock. As the beast withdrew, Chad took the sword in his right hand and hurled it like a javelin with all of his might.

Zavebe barely dodged the sword, it passing his neck within a fraction of an inch. Instead, the tip of the sword pierced his tail, pinning the reptile to the cave wall. Zavebe quickly turned his right eye, observing the worse trap in which he now found himself, keeping his left eye on Chad for his next move.

"I'm going to make you pay for killing my dog!" Chad roared, tears of sadness and rage welling up in his eyes.

Chad took the mantle and pulled it up high to cover his head. Holding the remaining sword low under the mantle, he rushed at the lizard. Zavebe saw him coming, and spat at Chad just in time, hitting the mantle with his putrid discharge. The spittle sizzled like a cold piece of rotten meat on a hot grill as it evaporated from the heat, producing a stench too vile to imagine.

The demon lifted its body higher to meet the rush, mantle and fangs colliding. As the beast reared up on its hind legs, Chad gripped both hands tightly around the sword's handle



and thrust its point forwards as hard as he could. A great explosion of light filled the room as Good met Evil; the shockwave hurling Chad's body backwards several yards towards the passageway. Downed, but not out, he sprung to his feet, ready for the beast's next move.

Zavebe himself was leaning against the far wall, shaking something off. He looked down and began to laugh at the sword dangling precariously from his chest. "Aha! Now you have lost your *other* sword, little one," he sneered mockingly. "I warned you that you would die today!"

"And?" Chad challenged, glancing at his sword. Belittling the wound, Zavebe scoffed, "This? *Humph!* A small graze, like the first one on my tail. I am *much* stronger than Arktos," he boasted, "as you will soon realize. And now I have *both* your swords, and you have *nothing!*"

Returning the favor, Chad yelled, "Oh, yeah? Swords of Righteousness, return to me, *now!*" Immediately, both swords began to quiver and twist. The lizard grunted in pain. Within a flash, the weapons reversed out of their wounds and soared through the air back to Chad's waiting hands. The miracle enraged Zavebe, but now freed, he charged at Chad with all the speed he could muster.

As Zavebe lunged, Chad leapt into the air, flipping three hundred and sixty degrees with a hundred-and-eighty-degree twist, landing directly in the center of the dragon's back. Stunned at the bold move, Zavebe snapped his head back quickly to bite his unwelcome passenger, only to

receive a white-hot sword in his right eye. The monster bellowed with the intense pain, interrupted only by the second sword slicing through his throat. Raking the razor-sharp metal edge across foul, yet yielding, tissue, Chad opened up the beast's neck as expertly as a surgeon using a laser blade on rotting, cancerous flesh.

Black blood mingled with hell fire as a Pandora's Box of bacteria and toxic sludge gushed out of the demon's body, spurting in all directions over the cave floor. The great Zavebe died violently, gurgling in the shock of its defeat as Chad plunged the sword a second time deep into the back of the reptile's neck, just for good measure.

"That's for Boogie, you slobbering sack of evil!" Chad yelled at the top of his lungs. It was sweet revenge. The blood of the beast sizzled and smoked as it evaporated from the white-hot blades. Zavebe's death throes tossed Chad from his scaly back. An eerie, unnatural wail ricocheted off the walls of the cave as the creature finally expired, hissing one last cloud of toxic, suffocating fumes as it collapsed motionless on the dirt floor.

Chad stepped back from the scene, rubbing his eyes. It couldn't possibly be true! Lifting his eyelids slowly, he sighed with resignation. There before him lay the two, rotting demons, and over near the wall, there he was; Boogie, his best friend in the world—all three, now dead.

Still breathing heavily, Chad fell to his knees. His shoulders slumped and his chin dropped to his chest.

Unable to contain his grief, he broke down and allowed himself to cry deep, gut-wrenching sobs for the untimely loss of his lifelong friend.

IT SEEMED like an eternity of sadness had passed as Chad grieved for his cherished companion. He realized he was totally exhausted. About to give in to the exhaustion, something out of the corner of his eye caught his attention. He noticed the room slowly becoming misty.

Suddenly within the mist, there appeared four ethereal beings of great size and strength, wearing official-looking garb of some strange, supernatural design. Chad somehow knew he was in no immediate danger. “Who are you guys?” he sniffed, wiping his nose with the back of his hand.

The leader spoke. “We are the Sheriffs of The Elaquohim Judgment and are here to take away the offenders. Their sentence awaits them, as it has done for millennia.”

Chad was emotionally exhausted. “Take them,” he sniveled. “I—I hate the sight of them. They killed Boogie. He—he—was just a *dog!*” Chad covered his eyes, his chest heaving.

One of the sheriffs paused from his task. Empathizing with Chad’s grief, he reminded him, “Have you forgotten the prophet’s mantle that you wear, Chad?”

As if emerging from a fog, a minutia of hope returned to the weary young warrior. “Wha—whaddaya mean?” he stammered.

“Use it on your friend, for it is ‘Faithful and True’, and nothing is impossible to those who believe,” replied another. The officials disappeared with their last words, taking the demons with them, but not the lingering stench.

Chad walked over to the dog’s limp body. Choking back tears, he removed the mantle and laid it gently over the canine’s lifeless form, covering it like a shroud. He then placed his hands gently upon the coarse fabric and prayed like he had never prayed before, begging Yah El to heal his beloved companion.

Within moments, Chad could swear he felt slight movement. Not daring to breathe, he left his hands upon the cloth. Yes, there was definitely a twitch! As he precariously lifted the mantle to peek underneath, Boogie jumped up, panting heavily, his intelligent, brown eyes sparkling. Chad could have sworn his friend was smiling. “Yes! Hey, Boogiemán!”

Chad cheered with joy. “Come here!” The animal leapt into Chad’s arms, feverishly licking the dried, salty liquid off his master’s cheeks. Chad laughed and hugged his friend, his face dripping with dog slobber.

Chad checked Boogie all over—not a sign of the wound that had killed him. They were back! “Thank you, Yah!

*Thank you!*” Chad shouted ecstatically with thanksgiving and praise. “Come on, Boogie; let’s get *outta* here! I’ve had enough of this place, haven’t you?” Boogie barked an affirmative response, bouncing in circles with excitement.

Picking up his meager belongings, Chad sprinted towards the entrance of the cave, Boogie racing ahead. They emerged from darkness for the first time in over forty days, the light of the sun hitting their bodies, gently warming them with its welcome heat.

Squinting in the brightness as his eyes gradually readjusted, Chad shaded them with his left arm and breathed an audible sigh of relief. ZZ and his craft, XiX, were slowly landing, setting down in front of the duo only inches from the ground. A large hole opened up in the air. Chad and Boogie jumped right in.

Chad was so happy to see ZZ again. “Hi, ZZ!” he shouted as they exchanged an affectionate hug. Boogie barked a friendly hello. “Hey, ZZ, you got anything to eat?” Boogie barked again. Both of them were starving.

ZZ simply smiled as he closed the outer door, accelerating into the sky.

AS THE CRAFT leveled off, Chad grabbed his mentor’s hand, shaking it warmly. “Great to see you, ZZ!” The

feeling was mutual. “Great to see *you* again, Chad,” he replied sincerely.

Chad’s eyes were gleaming. “The most *amazing* things happened to me while I was in that cave, man!” he gushed animatedly.

ZZ nodded. “I can imagine, Chad,” he responded knowingly. “Where to now, son?”

Surprised he wasn’t begging for the story, Chad had to think for a moment. “Um, *Oz*?” he replied, quickly trying to recall the name. “I think He said go to somewhere called ‘Oz’?”

“Oz? Oh, *Aus!*” ZZ corrected. “You mean Australia?”

“Um ... I s’pose ...” agreed Chad, not wanting to sound totally ignorant. “He said *something* like that.”

ZZ took an educated guess. “That’s likely to be the place, Chad,” he said with conviction. “Let’s go see if it is. And even if it isn’t, it won’t take long.” Chad nodded dumbly.

ZZ said something to XiX and she took off at a gentle pace. Chad sat quietly, stroking Boogie’s head in contemplation. Taking advantage of the moment, ZZ asked, “If we are right, Chad, where in Australia do you think He wants you to go?”

Chad was lost in thought. He blinked. “Sorry? Umm, I’m not sure, ZZ.” Chad paused, closing his eyes as if he was listening to someone. “I know! The *Rock!* ZZ, is there a

big rock in the middle of Australia that just sticks out of the ground? I keep seeing one!”

“Yes,” ZZ confirmed. “It’s called ‘Ularu’ in the language of the Aborigine, the native tribal people of Australia. The English-speaking people call it ‘Ayers Rock’.” Chad was delighted. “Then *that’s* where we have to go!” he announced confidently.

Chad looked hungry and had probably forgotten his earlier question, so ZZ motioned to a small table laden with a banquet of delicious-looking food. “Chad, you and your dog had better have some food,” he suggested with a smile.

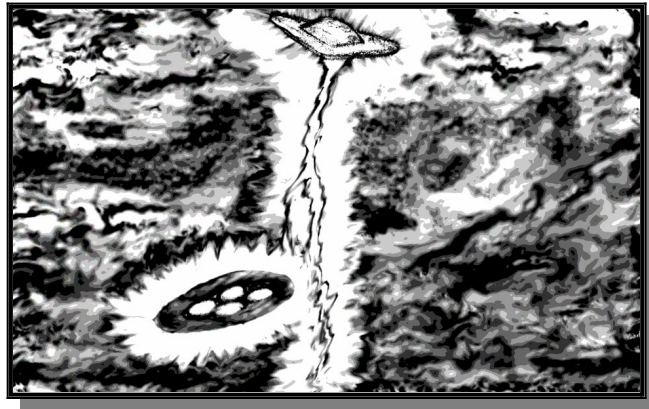
Chad’s eyes nearly bugged out of his head—he didn’t have to be asked twice. He gratefully grabbed handfuls of meat, bread and some fruit, throwing Boogie a large chunk of what looked like ham on a bone. Boogie caught it on the fly, stealing off to a dark, quiet corner to feast undisturbed. The two were ravenous and voraciously wolfed down their meals.

After their bellies were full, the food hit the spot. Worn out from their ordeal, they each took a long, much-needed nap.

## Bad Company

*“For the gifts and the calling of God are irrevocable.”*

Romans 11:29



**W**HEN CHAD awoke some time later, everything was perfectly still; not a sound to be heard. He sat up yawning, rubbing his eyes. “Where am I, ZZ?”

“It’s okay, Chad,” ZZ said reassuringly. “You’re still with me on XiX. I’ve been hovering off-world for a while so you could rest. I can take you to Ularu in a moment or two. Are you ready to go there now?” he asked.



Chad knew it was time. “Yeah,” he agreed. “Why not?” ZZ gave his craft the command and she dipped towards the Earth. Australia—the world’s largest island—lay directly below.

Within seconds, the gentle glide was abruptly interrupted. Suddenly, the travelers felt a powerful bump. XiX was immediately sent spinning out of control, away from Earth and into space. “What the hell was *that*?” Chad asked.

ZZ quickly regained control of his craft, righting the spin and stopping in mid-space. “We’ve got company, Chad—bad company! *Hold on!*”

In his native tongue, ZZ gave XiX the order and she immediately accelerated, shooting off in a zigzag pattern at great velocity. XiX maintained the evasive maneuver until ZZ commanded her to hold. Chad now had no idea where they were. He couldn’t see Earth any more.

“What bad company?” he asked, bewildered. “I don’t see anything.” “This should help you, Chad.” ZZ spoke again in his language and a filtering effect passed across XiX’s entire outer skin, altering the way things appeared outside. There, off to the left at about ten o’clock, floated the aggressor’s craft, its cloaking shield negated by the filtering.

“*Wha—!*” Chad had never seen anything like this before in his life, not even in a B-grade sci-fi movie. It was an odd, oval-shaped vehicle. With its armor of bony plates

covering its exterior, Chad couldn't help thinking that it resembled a giant armadillo, but he kept that thought to himself. "Nothing to worry about, Chad," ZZ said calmly. "They're just Gibborim." He caught the look on Chad's face. "I'll explain later."

ZZ addressed the craft's occupants. "I am Zeezeefer Zexexed of a Qadash civistelle, as evidenced by my ship's insignia. That was an act of war! What right have you to strike an Observer?" he demanded sternly.

Amazingly, Chad could hear voices resonating inside his head and all around him. "We are told it is *you* who has committed the act of war! *You* carry the one who has caused trouble in the Unseen World," came the response. "We have with us General Stone, commander of the G-10's military forces. Prince Krush has demanded that you hand the troublemaker over to him *now!* The Prince will guarantee his safety until his trial."

"*T-trial!?*" Chad sputtered. "Wha—what do they mean, my *trial?*" "Don't worry, son," ZZ assured him. "There isn't going to *be* any trial! Hold on ... XiX! *PANA!*"

Just then, the craft flipped like a coin in the air. A magnetic light pulse of intense concentration shot from her bow, striking the alien ship with such a gigantic and powerful force of energy that it spun off into the blackness, disappearing from view. Chad was impressed. "How did you do *that?*"

“It would take too long to explain to you, Chad,” ZZ replied matter-of-factly. “It will be quite a while before they control that one, but they will definitely be back once they recover. Let’s get you to the Rock now. You have a mission to complete.” Concentrating on his control panel, ZZ gave his craft the command.

XiX powered up for the trip. As she did so, they were jolted by another bump—this one, much worse than the first. ZZ regained control, but now he was really angry.

He located the other craft, immediately locking on. He was about to fire another PANA pulse, when a voice from the second craft filled the room.

“We will not let you assist this renegade! Already he has destroyed some of our forces. The Councils of the Unseen World have now decreed that he be neutralized!” “To hell with you, and the craft you rode in on!” yelled Chad defiantly.

“*Chad!*” ZZ cautioned. “I’ll take care of this!” Turning his head back towards the voice, ZZ inhaled deeply. “Like he said—to *hell* with you!” Chad couldn’t help grinning.

ZZ hit the PANA hard. Another powerful pulse blasted out, but this time, the target was expecting it and dodged. Passing just to the left of the ship, the shot missed its hull by only inches. Instead, the force hit a small asteroid in the far distance, shattering it into nothingness, adding to the chaos of the universe.

The pursuers fled as ZZ made chase. Both craft flew at blinding speed towards a black hole. For a moment, it looked like ZZ would catch his attackers, when suddenly, *pop!*—they were gone, disappearing down a wormhole.

ZZ pulled up quickly, trying to reduce XiX's speed before it was too late. "Why stop now? Let's *get 'em!*" Chad shouted, the exuberance of youth taking over. "Come on, man—let's *go!*" He was eager to get into the fight.

ZZ checked the enthusiasm. "No, Chad, that's exactly what they *want* us to do—to get distracted in some other space and time. If we followed them through that hole, we could be delayed for eons. No, your mission here is much more important than anything we could possibly achieve there." "Who in the *hell* were those guys?" quizzed Chad.

"Funny you should say that, Chad. They certainly weren't from Earth, I can tell you that much!" ZZ looked a little agitated, having to concentrate on controlling XiX's hyper-flight. "They were the 'terrible ones'," he continued, "the Gibborim dog soldiers of the 3-D rebellion; creatures who do not wish for anyone but Luaquiss Sama-el to rule over them. Since the beginning of this long and tedious conflict, they have co-operated with the Grigori, otherwise known as 'The Watchers'."

Chad's expression was like that of an inquisitive child. "The *Watchers*? What are they?" Knowing this question would open up an uncloseable can of worms, ZZ took a

deep breath, as a loving parent does with a relentlessly probing offspring.

XiX gradually began to stabilize. It was time for the pupil's first lesson.

“OKAY, CHAD,” ZZ said inhaling deeply, his expression becoming serious. He sat back in his chair. Chad got himself comfortable as Boogie settled down in his usual spot, sighing his usual heavy, one-snort sigh.

ZZ continued, “Yah El once told His disciples that He had ‘sheep not of this fold’. He also said that He had ‘many more things to say to them’, but they would ‘not be able to bear them’ at that time. Chad, in a cosmoverse of hundreds of billions of galaxies, with each galaxy boasting hundreds of millions of suns, isn't it obvious that there would be myriads of civistelles from which countless creatures originate? Your Scriptures point this out in saying: ‘The *heavens declare* the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork.’ Just because the men of Earth only look in their own ‘back yard’ and find no sign of life apart from their own planet, does not mean that life outside of mankind's limited reach and narrow view does not exist.

The Elaquohim's thoughts are far higher than our thoughts, Chad, and when He does something, it is truly *big*. Now the cosmoverse is all the natural worlds, and it is three-

dimensional—this is why I refer to the creatures from it as ‘3-Ds’. Over and above the cosmoverse, in the heavenly realms, are myriads of spiritual rulers who were appointed by The Elaquohim as ministers, to care for the cosmoverse, and are of a 4-D substance, or spirit.” Chad was transfixed.

ZZ went on. “These ministers are called the Kosmokrators. The Grigori/Watchers are the rebellious 4-D princes of the spirit realm who once ruled over creatures from the natural 3-D worlds—the Alien/Gibborim, like the ones we just encountered. Just like Luaquiss Sama-el rules over this world. Now, Chad, there *are* righteous Grigori/Watchers as well, but I am speaking of the *unrighteous* ones at the moment.”

The realization of it all was slowly beginning to dawn upon Chad. His eyes widened. “You mean that the Watchers were in cahoots with Luaquiss Sama-el?”

“Exactly,” ZZ acknowledged, turning XiX back towards Earth. “And still are. But Yah El and His armies defeated Luaquiss Sama-el and His angelic Watchers prior to the containment. Most of those defeated 4-D princes have been bound inside desolate planets for a great many millennia.

Luaquiss Sama-el and some of his surviving princes and powers were cast down from their former positions in the higher heavens to the lower heavens nearer to Earth, to work out his challenge to be like God. The Elaquohim contained the entire fight in the natural realms to this planet

of yours. Earth is the most extraordinary planet in all of the cosmos, Chad. Some even say it is a cosmic key.”

“Wow! That guy Luaquiss Sama-el sure seems to get evicted from heaven a lot—he was even thrown out when I was there!” Chad exclaimed.

The disdain for Luaquiss Sama-el evident in his voice, ZZ proceeded with his story. “Yes, but he can only come back to the highest heaven to accuse souls of their transgressions. He can then claim the accused for himself if they remain ‘unforgiven’ by The Lord, by rejecting the free gift of forgiveness that The Elaquohim offers.” “Like a prosecutor?” Chad interjected.

“Yes, Chad,” ZZ replied patiently. “And if they don’t accept the free gift, they go with Luaquiss Sama-el into judgment; the same judgment reserved for Luaquiss Sama-el, to be exact. You see, Chad, The Elaquohim has made a way for mankind to escape the same judgment that their god, the god of their world, will receive. That god is Luaquiss Sama-el, the adversary—or ‘Satan’, as you call him.”

“Wow!” Chad was awestruck. “So what’s the free gift, ZZ?” he asked, his curiosity piquing.

ZZ explained it this way. “The Bible—the ‘Holy Word’ to your planet—says that if you confess with your mouth that The YahuWah, as said in our language—‘Yeshua’ in the Hebrew language, or ‘Jesus’ as you know him in your

language—that if you confess openly that He is Lord and you really believe in your heart that The Elaquohim, or God, raised Him from the dead after Luaquiss Sama-el had tortured and hung Him on the tree pole, and spilled His sinless, innocent blood, then The Elaquohim will agree to save *you* from *your* sins.” ZZ paused. His audience was quietly captivated. With no interruption apparently forthcoming, he took another deep breath.

“You see, Chad,” he went on, “The YahuWah willingly gave up His natural life so your spirit could be re-energized, as every man’s spirit has been born dead ever since Luaquiss Sama-el usurped your world out from under you, bringing death upon it—and not only your world, but into the universe at large. The YahuWah did touch on this by saying ‘*Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold.*’ Because of Luaquiss Sama-el, men are deaf and blind to The Elaquohim, for His spirit cries out to their spirit, and being dead of spirit, they can’t converse with Him. Luaquiss Sama-el was once a ‘light bearer’, but is now a *light blocker!*

Because The YahuWah gave up His perfect life for us, and conquered that death force, you can now have the free gift of Life, just by faith and believing that The Elaquohim is the ultimate authority and does not lie—He *will* keep His promise to you. Now, saying that The Elaquohim can lie is the very first thing Luaquiss Sama-el whispered, and he used the hiss of this first lie to the Hadamahdi and his



Woman to undermine the authority that The Elaquohim had given to man in the first place.

If you accept the free deal, Luaquiss Sama-el the prosecutor cannot argue his case in the highest court of the highest heavens to demand your life as belonging to him any longer, because The YahuWah has already paid the price! He's let you off the hook. So why stay 'hooked' if you don't have to? Good deal, huh?"

Chad was silent, staring wide-eyed for a moment. Then, finally grasping the revelation, he blurted, "So *that's* what I did when I 'got saved' a while back?" "Yes," ZZ confirmed. Chad was jubilant. "Cool! *Super* cool! What an *awesome* God The Elaquohim is!" "He sure is, Chad," ZZ agreed wholeheartedly with a broad smile. "He *sure* is!"

Now bursting with curiosity, Chad needed to know more. "Tell me all about these Watchers, ZZ!" he urged. ZZ realized he wasn't going to be allowed to veer off the subject quite so easily. He decided to tell Chad only as much as he thought his young mind could absorb at this early stage, although he was encouraged by the boy's thirst for knowledge. At least he had a willing pupil.

"Rumor has it that Luaquiss Sama-el is now trying to find a way to release the Watchers from their bindings. Some say he has succeeded in finding the only way possible—he calls it 'The Descent'—and even now he is working to implement it. If he prevails, there will be another great war

in the spiritual and natural heavens, *especially* here on Earth!”

“Let me get this straight,” Chad pondered, the enormity of ZZ’s last statement sinking into his newly-awakened mind. “You mean, these Watchers were powerful angels that sided with Luaquiss Sama-el against The Elaquohim, and started a war in heaven to take it over?”

“Yes!” ZZ replied with relief that Chad was on the same page. “At one time, they were powerful angels of light. But once they rebelled, they became eternally darkened, never again to return to their former state!” ZZ paused for a moment. “It gets worse, though. You see, Chad, ‘*As it is in the spiritual, so it is also in the natural.*’”

This revelation continued to broaden Chad’s ever-widening perspective. “You mean, what happens in the spirit world causes things to happen here on Earth?” The teacher was finally connecting with the student. “Now you are starting to catch on, Chad!” ZZ nodded, grinning widely.

Chad was hungry for more. “Are any of these fallen angels on Earth with Luaquiss Sama-el?” “Most definitely! While you were in the cave, Chad, did you come across any spirits?”

“Oh, yeah, ZZ! I had an encounter with one calling himself Arktos, a gigantic bear, and Zavebe, a poison dragon!” Chad recalled with excitement. “Zavebe was the one that

got the Boogiemans! But I killed them *both*, ZZ!” he declared, beaming with delight.

“I knew you would, Chad,” ZZ praised with a smile. “You did well, son.” He patted the young warrior on the shoulder, like a proud father acknowledging his Little Leaguer’s first home run. “They sound like they were only of a lower rank,” he explained, “maybe spiritual forces, possibly demons. Their kinds are many, and are another story. Did you ascend The Ladder of Yah El and go through The Gap?”

Chad remembered the fear. “Yeah, I did! Now that sure was some *freaky* stuff!” ZZ prompted him further. “Did you encounter any powerful spirits there?”

Chad’s body language was now posturing, as if ready for another struggle. “Oh, yeah! Two real bad guys who tried to keep me from going on up the Ladder. They dropped some really scary visions on me. They even tried to *kill* me with the worst kinds of fears I have ever experienced!”

ZZ turned his head towards Chad. “They could be rulers, one level above the forces. The hierarchal levels go even higher,” he said, studying the boy’s face to gauge his reaction. Chad’s stance now changed to one of apprehension. “You mean to tell me there are ones that are worse than what I’ve come across so far?”

ZZ looked Chad right in his eyes as he spoke. “Most definitely, Chad. There are levels upon levels in Luaquiss

Sama-el' kingdom of darkness. There's Luaquiss Sama-el, his Three Chief Princes or generals, then principalities, powers, rulers, authorities, then finally spiritual forces—his demonic dog soldiers. He will throw his lower ranks at you first, sacrificing them for his cause.

Not all the Watchers have been bound inside desolate planets; some are right there on Earth with Luaquiss Sama-el, in the spiritual realms of the air or atmosphere of thoughts and imaginations that surround it, and they are very, very powerful. I hope you never have to deal with them!”

Chad was still full of questions. “Okay, then, what does all of this stuff have to do with the aliens?” ZZ knew he wasn't going to get off that easy. “*‘As it is in the spiritual, so it is in the natural,’*” he repeated.

“For every natural 3-D civistelle that The Elaquohim created, he also created and appointed a spiritual Watcher, or ministering angel, to govern and rule that civistelle—a spiritual/natural power connection, if you like. Those same Watchers that rebelled with Luaquiss Sama-el also led astray the 3-D natural worlds they once governed on behalf of The Elaquohim, just like Luaquiss Sama-el is doing with your world. And guess who it was they reported to?”

As further realization hit Chad, he exclaimed, “I get it! The Unseen World rules over the Seen World; the spiritual over the natural! And I bet it was Luaquiss Sama-el they reported to ... right?”

“Well done, Chad! Now you are really ‘getting with the program’, as you say. And yes, it *was* Luaquiss Sama-el.” ZZ was extremely pleased with his student—thankfully, the boy was a quick study.

Still, Chad wanted further clarification. “Okay, wait a minute. For every alien civistelle, as you call them, there is, or was, a Watcher appointed by God to keep an eye on them, right?”

“Exactly!” ZZ confirmed. “The alien interferers, the Gibborim that we encountered, are not *for* God, but *against* Him, and are helping Luaquiss Sama-el accomplish his diabolical eternal plans,” he explained. “ZZ—um, are you ...?” Chad began, needing reassurance.

ZZ cut him short. “No, Chad,” he snapped, frowning slightly. “I’m a Qadash, an obedient Observer from a natural world; ZexEd, to be exact. I am *not on* the side of Luaquiss Sama-el! I’m on the side of The Elaquohim. Don’t get me wrong, I’m not perfect, but I’m still on the side of truth, righteousness and ‘The Elaquohim Way’.” Chad snickered to himself. “The ruling angel over our world did not join in the rebellion. We were fortunate.” Although a little miffed that Chad had ventured in that direction, ZZ was still glad the boy had asked.

“So *that’s* what all those UFO sightings and abductions on Earth are all about!” Chad guessed correctly. He took ZZ’s silence as agreement. “I s’pose you must’ve been seen at times too, eh, ZZ?”

“Yes, and no. Some of the UFO sightings are legal observers like me who don’t interfere in the affairs of mankind. Although I’m sure XiX and I have been sighted many times. But it goes even deeper than that,” ZZ explained. “What do you mean, ‘deeper’?” probed Chad.



ZZ thought back through the many centuries into the dark, dark past of the Earth’s history. He answered carefully. “You see, Chad, there are three categories of sightings. Many of these sightings are really man-made antigravity craft that your governments have kept secret since the middle of last century. The majority of these types of sightings have been over the homelands of the allied nations that defeated Nazi Germany at the end of World War Two.

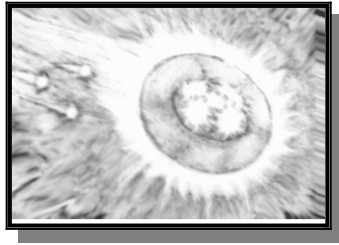
When they invaded, the allies captured the basic science of antigravity drives from the Nazi scientists; scientists who were originally developing the technology from insights given to them by the Grigori/Watchers and the

Alien/Gibborim. The angelic/alien alliance was attempting to implement their devious plot at that time, but the Forces of Light and the allied nations under them thwarted their scheme.

Many times throughout the history of this world, the evil ones have tried to establish complete control over mankind, and every time, The Elaquohim has frustrated their plans. But it is only at this time in history that mankind has been able to develop antigravity craft, for The Elaquohim had prevented it in the past. After all, The Elaquohim did say that the ‘last days’ would be the time that *‘knowledge would increase and men would run to and fro’*. For that reason, we are in those ‘last days’ now.” ZZ paused, allowing Chad a moment for the significance of this information to permeate. He took a deep breath, and pressed on.

“Then there are the alien craft that are seen from time to time. These are the craft of the Qadash and Gibborim. The Qadash are the ‘Sanctified Ones’, like myself for instance, who proudly declare their allegiance to The Elaquohim.

The Gibborim are the ‘terrible ones’ who have rebelled and sided with the Watchers, the fallen angels of the kingdom of darkness, which is, in effect, a kingdom where they teach all kinds of false knowledge to raise up against the true knowledge of The Elaquohim—‘vain imaginations and false dreams’, the Scriptures call them.



The third types are fallen angelic manifestations and they often accompany the craft of the Gibborim when they move about, for they are in collusion with one another under the supervision of the dragon; they are the dragon's servants who direct the Gibborim. These manifestations are the smaller spiritual orbs of light that are often observed with the larger natural Gibborim craft, and are similar to the orbs seen around the haunted places on Earth, like graveyards and houses where lower demonic forces dwell."

This further revelation began to stagger Chad's already blown mind. "ZZ, there is just so much to all of this. Tell me, do you mean there really are other Observers out there like you?" he asked.

"Yes, but different," ZZ replied. A contemplative expression crossed his face as he recalled all the different life forms that he had seen over the ages. "Still, they are only observing. The others, especially the ones that are conducting the abductions, are illegal. Their dog soldiers roam the universe causing trouble. They are the ones that



commit all the abductions you read about; you know, like the ‘Grays’ and the ‘Saurians’, which you may have heard about. They have even been shot down by your military a few times while being chased by them.”



“Like the Roswell incident just after World War Two?” Chad suggested, remembering some old TV documentaries. “Precisely, Chad.



That’s when your governments first started to accept their presence,” ZZ acknowledged, nodding his head. And then shaking it, he said, “Yet, they still kept it all a secret from the general population whilst reverse-engineering the devices found on their downed crafts. This is where the technological revolution started; where your world came into the knowledge of integrated circuit chips, which accelerated the computer revolution, lasers, night vision, microwaves, and sophisticated pulse weapons.”

Chad thought he was on to something. “The ones shot down at Roswell—was it their technologies that started it, and were they the interferers, and not your friends?”

ZZ sighed as he spoke. “Yes, luckily, for they were enemies of The Elaquohim; Gibborim, not Observers like me, but from another distant civistelle, who have hybrid relatives of their own kind living within the Earth. Many of the Gibborim have breeding ‘hives’ deep beneath the oceans in subterranean worlds; hives of hybrid creatures

known as the 'serpents and scorpions'. This is a natural reflection of Yah's words when He said; '*Behold, I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy: and nothing shall by any means hurt you.*' The spiritual meaning of these words you have already begun to experience in your wrestling with the demons in the cave. I have been at odds with the hybrids many times in the past, for they have also sought to interfere with my mission."

Chad lowered his eyes. "I'm real sorry about that, ZZ. So bad things do happen, huh?" "They sure do!" ZZ replied, thinking back to the many previous encounters he had had with them and the other Gibborim. "The Gibborim interfere whenever they can. The Qadash can only stand by and observe what is happening here on Earth, and then simply report the results of Luaquiss Sama-el' works and the state of the cosmic struggle back to their civistelles."

"Are they also really bad guys, ZZ?" asked Chad. "The serpents and scorpions; you know, the Grays and the other one you mentioned ... the Saurians?"

ZZ face became stern. "Yes, they are, Chad. The Grays, the Saurians ... and there are the others as well, like the Draco; all Gibborim. The Grays lack body fluids and need bovine; that is, cattle blood—even human blood—and glandular fluids to survive. They also stink like sulphur when they are running low. This is one of the reasons for all the abductions. They need the fluids.

Their masters come from Zeta Rectili, a star system in the belt of Orion. The lie they tell is that they themselves, and not The Elaquohim, created mankind, through enhancing existing primates with DNA restructuring! They have been interacting with your planet throughout its history. For centuries, they have been abducting people from the surface, conducting experiments on humans that are not part of their rebellion, to test the genetic theories of Luaquiss Sama-el, and assist him in the implementation of the final stage of his scheme to recreate this world and the universe in his own image by polluting the human genome through hybridization or cross-breeding.” Chad’s eyes were almost protruding out of his head.

“By combining different strains of the rebellious species of Gibborim with members of your species, they have reinvented mankind in their own image. But this is nothing new. Oh, no. For at least three thousand years, even man has been ‘hybridizing’, breeding female horses with male donkeys to produce mules, and male horses with female donkeys to produce hinnies, to use as work animals.”

“Luaquiss Sama-el—I hate that guy already!” Chad snorted, punching a fist into the other hand. “So what you’re saying is, there are lots of different aliens who are helping him to complete his plan?” “Absolutely, Chad! That is *exactly* what I am saying!” ZZ tried to encourage Chad to think for himself more deeply, by asking questions that must be asked. “How else could he create after his own likeness, without the help of natural beings who agree

with his plans? How else could he be worshipped in the natural realm unless his image is seen to be alive, and his seed grow unless it is procreating in that realm?”

A look of confusion crossed Chad’s face. “I don’t understand.” ZZ tried to explain it more thoroughly. “The Elaquohim created all the realms, both natural and spiritual, for His own pleasure. But then Luaquiss Sama-el became jealous and rebelled. He lost two thirds of the spirit realm in his first war with heaven, and is now determined to regain it all. One third of the alien creation decided to follow Luaquiss Sama-el in the rebellion. Their worlds were destroyed as a result; their spirit princes bound in chains inside the very stars they once ruled, some stars imploding with the gravity of their evil creating ‘dark stars’ or ‘black holes’. Haven’t you ever wondered why this part of the cosmos is in such ruin?”

“Yeah,” Chad replied musingly. “Everything does seem to be pretty ruined around Earth, as far as we can see with our instruments at least; everything *except* Earth, that is!”

“That’s because The Elaquohim recreated Earth, resurrecting it from the very bedrock that cracked at the Dome of the Rock in Jerusalem,” ZZ continued, “so that He could unveil His plan, which is that the final conflict can be contained and resolved without destroying the rest of Creation in the process. Obviously, Luaquiss Sama-el and his followers hope to settle the final conflict in their favor

and repopulate their civistelles according to ‘The Luaquiss Sama-el Doctrine’.

“The Luaquiss Sama-el Doctrine? What’s that?” quizzed Chad. ZZ explained. “Luaquiss Sama-el has boasted to The Elaquohim that he will be like The Most High and have all of Creation worship him instead. He wants to be the father of all Creation through the ‘seed of the serpent’. That’s what everything is about.” ZZ stopped speaking for a moment. The young surfer was hanging on his every word.

The teacher continued. “First, let me show you something that The Word of The Elaquohim says about Luaquiss Sama-el.” ZZ directed Chad’s attention to the screen above their heads. “Watch the monitor just there.”

As Chad looked up, ZZ spoke a few words in his own language, and what looked like passages from The Bible slowly began to scroll up from the bottom of the screen. “There, Chad!” ZZ pointed with excitement. “These are the words of the seer, the prophet Isaiah ... Chapter Fourteen, to be exact. Let me read them to you.”

As ZZ began to recite the prophet’s words against Luaquiss Sama-el, his voice took on a measure of power, his eyes glowing with exhilaration.

*“That thou shalt take up this proverb against the king of Babylon, and say, How hath the oppressor ceased! The golden city ceased! The LORD hath broken the staff of the wicked, and the sceptre of the rulers. He who smote the*

*people in wrath with a continual stroke, he that ruled the nations in anger, is persecuted, and none hindereth. The whole earth is at rest, and is quiet: they break forth into singing. Yea, the fir trees rejoice at thee, and the cedars of Lebanon, saying, Since thou art laid down, no feller is come up against us.*

*Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming: it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth; it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations. All they shall speak and say unto thee, Art thou also become weak as we? Art thou become like unto us? Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols: the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee. How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! How art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations!”*

Chad needed to know he was on ZZ’s wavelength. “ZZ, this is speaking of Luaquiss Sama-el, isn’t it? I just want to be sure—Luaquiss Sama-el is Lucifer, and this is his destiny, then?”

“Absolutely!” ZZ smiled, motioning his finger to the appropriate verse. “Listen to his boast here. Luaquiss Sama-el was so full of his own beauty and self-importance that he actually believed he could overthrow the very one who made him. I call them the ‘Five I’s of Pride’.”

*“For thou hast said in thine heart,  
I will ascend into heaven,*

*I will exalt my throne above the stars of God:*

*I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north:*

*I will ascend above the heights of the clouds;*

*I will be like The Most High!”*

“Now listen to what The Elaquohim says of Luaquiss Sama-el.” Chad’s eyes were glued to the screen.

*“Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit. They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms; That made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof; that opened not the house of his prisoners? All the kings of the nations, even all of them, lie in glory, every one in his own house. But thou art cast out of thy grave like an abominable branch, and as the raiment of those that are slain, thrust through with a sword, that go down to the stones of the pit; as a carcass trodden under feet. Thou shalt not be joined with them in burial, because thou hast destroyed thy land, and slain thy people: the seed of evildoers shall never be renowned. Prepare slaughter for his children for the iniquity of their fathers; that they do not rise, nor possess the land, nor fill the face of the world with cities. For I will rise up against them, sayeth the LORD of hosts, and cut off from Babylon the name, and remnant, and son, and nephew, sayeth the LORD. I will also make it a possession for the bittern, and pools of water: and I will sweep it with the besom of destruction, sayeth the LORD of hosts.”*

“Wow, ZZ!” Chad exclaimed. “I never knew *that!* This is amazing stuff! Is this why The Elaquohim has called me? To help fight against this boast?” “Yes, Chad,” ZZ confirmed. Not missing a thing, Chad hadn’t forgotten where they had started. “Well, what about the doctrine you were going to tell me about?”

ZZ smiled, not only at the boy’s keen interest, but the fact that he had been paying attention. It was gratifying. “Let’s see ... how I can explain this to you?” ZZ pondered, thoughtfully stroking his chin. “Okay. Remember Noah from The Bible?” “Yes,” Chad answered quickly. “I remember hearing about him at Sunday School. He was the guy who built the Ark, right?” “Correct!” ZZ nodded.

His face became serious again. “‘*As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be in the end.*’ Back then, like now, aliens were also interfering with the genetic codes of all flesh. It was the first time Luaquiss Sama-el had tried to remake the world in his image.

Have you ever read about mythical creatures and giants, like unicorns, the horned horse, and Cyclops, the one-eyed giant?” “Yeah!” replied Chad enthusiastically. “Then there was Goliath and his four brothers,” ZZ continued. “Goliath?” Chad interrupted. “The giant that was knocked out by that kid ... what’s his name ... oh, yeah, David?” “Exactly,” sighed ZZ patiently. “These are all legends from that past age before the flood, and some even



after the flood, like Goliath, because Luaquiss Sama-el did not stop there.”

Chad’s childlike excitement was overflowing. “Yeah – oh, yeah, I get it! Are you saying Luaquiss Sama-el made them?”

“Yes,” ZZ went on. “He and his fallen angels—in collusion with the Gibborim, the aliens—that was just one of his attempts. And now he’s doing it all over again. Even before the flood, man was commanded by The Elaquohim to destroy the genetically-manipulated children of the Watcher/Gibborim collusion. They were the giants of old legend. Some of their disembodied spirits remain, like those two bad, truly evil spirits you encountered in the cave; Arktos and Zavebe.” Chad interjected, “Evil, yes, but *dead* now!”

ZZ continued the thought. “That was the other story I mentioned. The Elaquohim thwarted Luaquiss Sama-el’s first effort when He caused the flood to destroy the whole world, except for Noah and his family, and certain animal life forms that were still untouched by Luaquiss Sama-el, of course. That’s how The Elaquohim preserved the coveted genetic code of humanity upon the Earth, for there are creatures under the Earth, upon the Earth and above the Earth. However, remnants of the corrupted ones fled underground, and exist to this day.” ZZ stared at his pupil intently.

“Wow, I didn’t know that!” Chad exclaimed. “Do you mean that when God created man, He made our genetic code important?” Chad asked, puzzled. “Exactly!” ZZ responded with a smile. “The first men He created for your world, your forefathers, the Hadamahdi—that is, Adam and his wife, Eve—were cleverly deceived by Luaquiss Sama-el in The Garden and fell, thereby beginning the corruption of the human genome right from the very start.

That’s why The Elaquohim sent the new Hadamahdi, or ‘the new Adam’, His only Son, in the flesh to save it all. Yah El’s son, Yahushua, or Yeshua—or ‘Jesus’, as you call Him—is now the resurrected and all-powerful YahuWah who sits at the right hand of His Father.”

Chad had to clarify this. “So Jesus is really Yeshua?” he asked. ZZ couldn’t resist. “*Yeshua* right, Chad,” he said cheekily, lifting an eyebrow. Chad rolled his eyes in mock contempt. “Yeshua—that is, Jesus—did not fall like Adam when He was tempted. Therefore, He was able to triumph over Luaquiss Sama-el’ efforts to corrupt Him. Even death could not hold Him for long. When all of this is over, those who believe in The YahuWah will be recreated into His likeness, into perfected men. Faith, like thoughts, ultimately bears fruit, if maintained.” A big grin broke out on ZZ’s face as he finished his statement.

Trying to sound smart, Chad posed a question. “So this is the ‘mystery of the ages’ The Bible talks about?” ZZ grinned again in appreciation as he continued to speak.

“Yes, Chad, but it goes even deeper. That’s why it is called a ‘mystery’—a mystery of genetic master planning that, in the past, has successfully been stalled by countermeasures brought on by The Elaquohim.

But this time Luaquiss Sama-el has managed to accelerate the decoding of the human genome, thanks to the incredible advances in science and medical research, and the various alien races assisting him. The Gibborim are working overtime right now, for they, like the fallen angels, sense that their time is now short. What do you think all the abductions are about? For thousands of years, the Grays and the others have been co-operating with him. They are not Observers like me. They are interferers—extraterrestrial terrorists!”

This last statement worried Chad. “But why would they want to know about our genetic codes, and why would they want to corrupt them?”

ZZ attempted to put it as simply as possible. “For mankind is made in the image of The Elaquohim, and in it, The Elaquohim has established the secret keys of all natural man-like creatures throughout the cosmos; including me and others like me, who are also observing the struggle that is now working itself out on your tiny planet. Once they are able to unlock the genetic code and then replicate it, Luaquiss Sama-el’ followers will corrupt it and recode it again into their master’s terrifying image.

Humankind's scientific knowledge is right at the door of this disturbing breakthrough. When it finally happens, the angels that are behind this conspiracy will be able to corrupt all human flesh, basically high-jacking the entire human race—the very race The Elaquohim has tried to preserve; the very race that Yah El, The King of Kings, is prophesied to draw from, to appoint the many kings who are to rule under Him and alongside Him over all of His Creation, for all eternity.

By corrupting the genetic code, Luaquiss Sama-el intends to buy time. He knows that ultimately he will be judged, but, in his mind, he believes that if he is successful in corrupting the code, he can delay the inevitable, thereby enabling him to gain tens of thousands of years to continue his reign of fear and false worship. Perhaps this would give him enough time to even formulate another plan?" Chad shook his head slightly, his expression turning to one of consternation.

ZZ pressed on. "He was at this very point in your history once before, just prior to the worldwide flood. But, as always, he overplayed his hand, corrupting all flesh then, except for those that The Elaquohim saved upon the great boat of Noah. Still, he did gain a few thousand years, and now look what he is up to! He has even managed to create after his own image subterranean hybrid races that live underground in the recesses of the Earth's surface, and also hide them from humans quite effectively over the ages."

“No way!” Chad exclaimed with alarm. “So he has already succeeded in corrupting the code? You mean, like *sin* or something?” he ventured. “Does that corrupt human flesh?”

ZZ nodded his head approvingly at Chad’s naïve wisdom. “*Exactly* like sin. Just as it was in The Garden of Eden, sin is still crouching at the door.” Chad’s body began to tense, in readiness for fight. “Crouching? That sounds like evil spirits to me!”

There was much more ZZ had to teach his eager pupil than he was divulging at this time, but ZZ felt what he had told Chad so far was enough for now. He searched for a conclusion to the lesson. “Every single one of the hybrids is full of them! More than you know right now, Chad. However, from your responses, I am sure that you will soon be ready to learn more.” Chad wasn’t going to let him off the hook just yet. “But why has God let all of this happen to us?”

Patiently, ZZ continued. “The Elaquohim has chosen the very least in Creation to take the place of the very greatest. Those who follow Him are called ‘The Sons of The Elaquohim’, or in your language, ‘The Sons of God’. Their destiny is to become the kings whom Yah El, ‘The King of Kings’, will appoint to help Him rule over all of His Creation, once this final conflict is settled.” “The last first and the first last, sort of thing?” Chad quipped.

Recognizing the insight, ZZ smiled. “The Holy Spirit Santi must have given you that revelation, son,” he answered, “because that is *exactly* my meaning. This notion of mere man ruling over him is an insult to Luaquiss Sama-el, for he was once the Anointed Cherub, or Angel; the chief of all the other angels, so highly exalted that he covered their eyes so the glorious light of The Elaquohim would not blind them. If he had not rebelled, perhaps The Elaquohim might not have created man, for who really knows the mind and plans of The Most High?

Maybe The Elaquohim knew all along what was going to happen, even way before He made anything. Maybe He decided it was all still worth it just to love His Creation, and to have that Creation love Him. The mind boggles, Chad, the mind boggles.” “Far out!” Chad gasped in amazement. “That’s *awesome!*”

ZZ continued, “That is why Luaquiss Sama-el has hated mankind for so long and tried to kill humans throughout history. He knows that he has lost his position at The Elaquohim’s side and will be replaced by ‘The Sons of God’. That is something the rebellious ones elected to resist when they sided with Luaquiss Sama-el at the time of the uprising. They could not stomach the thought of a lower form of life such as *mere man* ruling over them!’

Chad interjected again. “ZZ, I think The YahuWah just cracked a little joke. I just now heard Him in my head. He said, ‘*I have chosen the foolish, to confound the wise.*’”

ZZ laughed. “Yes, I think He did, Chad. That was witty, but also true. You see, there are thousands of different alien races in the 3-D, or natural worlds of the cosmos, that have sided with Luaquiss Sama-el to help him set up his new creation. When he has completed his work, in his mind, he will have become like The Most High. That’s his insane goal. But The Elaquohim has chosen the foolish creation of man—‘The Sons of God’—the lowest creation of all, to bring down the mighty Luaquiss Sama-el, the wisest of the Creation.” “Man, that’s freaky!” Chad exclaimed.

“Freaky, all right!” ZZ agreed. “The greatest paradox of all the ages! What’s even freakier is that you have an important role in these ‘end times’, Chad, helping The YahuWah slow Luaquiss Sama-el down ... somehow.” A stunned look crossed Chad’s face. “Me?” he gulped, the full impact of ZZ’s words hitting him. “Yes, Chad,” ZZ replied, “at least until the time of Fulfillment.”

“Oh, I get it! The YahuWah chose me because I am the biggest fool He could find, right?” Chad joked. ZZ smiled. “You said it, Chad.” “Aw, come on, ZZ!” Chad sniffed. “I was only kidding!” ZZ laughed, patting him on the shoulder. “So was I, Chad. But The Elaquohim does work in mysterious ways; maybe there is some element of truth in our humor.”

“Wow! Doesn’t that beat all!” Chad reflected, the gravity of all this new-found knowledge and understanding suddenly weighing very heavily upon him. “And all I ever

wanted to be was just a surfer,” he sighed, slumping down in his chair.

Chad fell silent and introspective as the burden of his task absorbed deeper into his soul and spiritual mind. He began to see the reality of the situation; for the first time, truly seeing it and his part in this entire mess. A mixture of anticipation, awe and apprehension raced through his young heart as he became lost in contemplation of what the future may hold.

He turned his head and gazed towards the stars. The vast array of endless possibilities gave him strength—and he needed plenty of it! He closed his eyes, muttering softly to himself, “*I need hope, Yah; heaps of hope,*” and drifted off into a deep, restful sleep.

As Chad slept, ZZ turned to Boogie and whispered, “It’s off to Ularu now, dog, for we have a very important package to deliver!” Boogie gazed up into ZZ’s eyes and panted, wagging his tail expectantly.



## Roo

*The kingdoms clash in the 'Unseen World'  
When the warriors of light, resolve to fight  
Their fight, against the evil and the dark  
The heavens will shake, and endure a violent fate  
Final judgments, bitter, cold and stark!  
The very gates of hell will fail, and not prevail  
Against the riders, on majestic white warhorses  
The councils of the Unseen World are shaken  
And the captives of their strong men are taken  
By Yah El's mighty men, who bind their evil forces!*

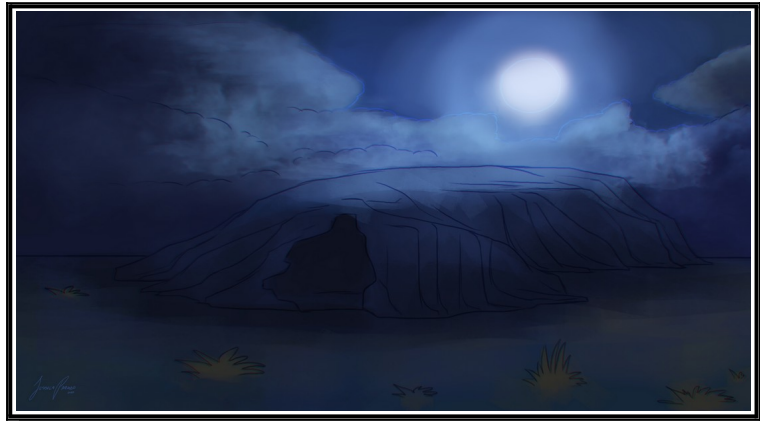
ZeeZeefer ZexZexed



**C**HAD found himself in the middle of the Australian outback, standing before the 'Big Rock'—called 'Ularu' (pronounced Oo-luh-roo) in the native Aboriginal

language—and he could not believe his eyes. It was enormous! It looked like something that had fallen from space.

There it was, set against the backdrop of a full moon, the silhouette of a gigantic monolith that must have been here for millions of years, just sticking out of the ground as if it had been intentionally dumped on the earth like a lump of raw clay on a potter's wheel. The edges looked rounded at the tops of its near-vertical walls, and it had what appeared to be grooves cut into its sides from the sporadic rains that had eroded it over the ages.



*There must have been a recent rain,* Chad thought to himself, noticing a large pool of water that had collected at the base of one of the grooves. It reflected the full moon and the evening stars, giving the pool and the night a strange eeriness.

A shiver ran up Chad's spine. There was a definite chill in the air, but he also had an ominous sense of foreboding, as if something bad had happened here, or at least was about to. Chad was thankful he had talked ZZ into leaving Boogie on XiX. He didn't want to risk losing his best friend again. God only knew what awaited him here in this weird and wonderful land.

And weird it was. The otherwise featureless landscape contained very few tall trees; mainly short saltbushes and strange tufts of something that looked like small, grass-capped palm trees, about two to three feet high. What struck Chad immediately about the place were the scores of spider webs attached to every plant, shimmering in the moonlight like millions upon millions of fine diamond necklaces, the cool evening dew glistening on the gossamer strands.

He also quickly noticed the dozens of flies buzzing around his head, despite it being nighttime. He instantly learned 'The Great Aussie Salute'—flapping his hands animatedly around his face to keep the pests away from his eyes, nose and mouth. It wasn't very effective.

Chad looked up towards the night sky and marveled at how spectacular it all was. He had never seen such a clear and dazzling array of evening stars. The detail was amazing. It hardly seemed possible, but Chad had to admit this was an even more magnificent display than any he had witnessed over his beloved Hawaii. The evening air seemed

unbelievably crisp and pure as he inhaled its surprising freshness. He figured it must have been the absence of city lights and pollution that afforded this land such a breathtaking sky and such sweet air.

Turning his head in all directions, Chad couldn't recognize any of the celestial displays. It dawned on him that for the first time in his life, he was experiencing the night sky as seen from the southern hemisphere, and it was absolutely beautiful. He could swear there was even one group of stars that looked just like a cross.

There was a soft sound at his feet, and a small furry creature that looked like a giant mouse, hopped off into the scrub. "*There sure are some strange animals here,*" he muttered to himself.

*KAAA, KOOO, KA, KOO, KOO, KA, KA, KAAAAAAA!* Chad jumped. "What the hell was *that?*" he exclaimed out loud.

A deep but friendly voice came out of the night. "It was a kookaburra, mate." Startled, Chad spun around to see who was talking to him in the middle of nowhere.



What stood before him only a few feet away was a dark, weird-looking little man, slightly shorter than Chad, of around similar age. He was bare-chested, bare-footed, with the skinniest bow legs he had ever seen on a person—like a living caricature. His entire wardrobe consisted of a small loincloth arrangement that looked a little like a diaper with flaps. His body was extremely lean, but sinewy and strong. His hair was black, thick and curly, with what appeared to be mud or dirt matted through it. Chad noticed with some concern that the man held a long spear in one hand and some sort of curved, flat piece of wood in the other.

Turning his attention to the stranger's face, Chad observed what must have been the widest nose God could have ever bestowed upon a human being. On either side of the massive protuberance was a pair of soft, dark brown eyes. What struck Chad most about these eyes was their naïve

innocence, like they belonged to a man who was without guile, containing a natural, gentle wisdom that immediately put him at ease. Chad felt his muscles relax.

It was then that the stranger smiled. His was a broad, warm smile that seemed to light up the very desert around them; the large, white teeth reflected the moonlight like the comforting beam of a lighthouse to a boat on a stormy night—Chad instantly got the feeling they were going to become good friends.

“A kooky what?” Chad asked, perplexed. “Kookaburra,” the primitive man answered. “It’s a big, ugly bird, mate.” His accent was thick, simple and hard to understand, but at least it was in Chad’s own language. “So what brings you to Ularu, fella?” “I have something important to do here,” Chad replied, eyeing the little man up and down as he spoke.

The black man pointed to the sky. “No, fella. What was dat spirit dat brung you to dis place?” Chad was puzzled. “What do you mean?” he asked. The stranger moved his pointed finger across the sky. “Been watching you since dat spirit bird gave birt’ to you.”

It dawned on Chad what this unusual man’s question was really about. “Oh, you mean XiX!” Chad replied. “Geez, man,” he said thoughtfully. “How do I explain *that* to you?”

The little man spoke again in the accent of ancient tongues mixed with broken English. “Well, mate, I bin gone walkabout for long time now. Dis fella want to know if you’re part of me dreamin’ or not. Are you real man, or are you spirit man from dis fella’s walkabout dream?” Chad smiled as he tried to answer. “I’m a real man, *from* the spirit man.”

The giant nose on the little black face screwed up, its owner scratching his head. “Now you make dis fella’s head bloody mixed up, mate.”

Chad had to know the stranger’s name. “What’s your name, mister?” “Me name’s Andrew Wanganeen,” the little man replied. “Me mates call me Roo, instead of And-rew. Get it?” Chad decided to use the nickname, “OK, cool ... ‘Roo’, yeah, I get it. Hey, Roo, how’d you sneak up on me like that?”

“Us blackfellas, we pretty good trackers,” Roo winked. “We could sneak up on the bloody devil, mate!” He grinned broadly. “Are you an Australian?” Chad wondered out loud.

Roo jabbed his spear in the dirt and thumped his chest with a closed fist, emphasizing each point with a punch. “Too bloody right, I am!” he declared proudly. “I’m an Aboriginal, mate—de *original* Aussie! Dis here fella’s from da *Pitjantjatjara* (pronounced Pīt-chän-ch-chära) tribe, and we own dat big rock over dere.” He stabbed a bony, deep brown finger in the mound’s direction. “Dat’s a

sacred rock, mate, and many, many tings have happened at dat rock! We bin here for fousands a years, mate. Dis land here's bin our land from da time da rainbow serpent made it in da dreamtime."

Chad was impressed with the little fellow's patriotism. He held up his hands in mock defense. "Okay, man, it's *your* rock! Why are you here now? Are you tracking something—hunting, maybe?" Roo's blood cooling, yet still a little warm, his smile faded. "I told you, mate, I was on walkabout. Da dreamin' I had on me walkabout told me to come here. Den I saw you come out of da sky just dere. Roo knew you must be da one da dreamin' told me 'bout."

***"I have chosen this one for you."*** Chad was relieved by The Word.

"Okay, you're cool, man. Yah just told me you and I will be friends." "'Yah'? Who's dis Yah fella, mate?" quizzed Roo. Chad cut to the chase. "He's the one that gave you the vision."

Roo knew immediately what he meant and gestured for Chad to follow him as he spoke. "Us blackfellas do dreamin' all da time. He also told me you gonna show me how to fight da bad spirits of da dream world. Dere plenty of dem out here, mate. We should go. Come on, folla me, mate, and step where I step. Dere's very bad snakes out back here." Chad stared at Roo's feet intently. The little man turned his back and started walking, Chad following



close behind, although he took some keeping up with. He decided to go easy on the newcomer.

Setting a steady, rhythmic pace to which Chad eventually adjusted, Roo turned his head towards Chad. “Hey, what’s your name, and where you from, fella?” he asked. Chad was impressed with the little fellow’s stamina. “Chad, Chad Raxx,” he puffed, trying to watch his step. “I’m from the Hawaiian Islands.”

They walked for miles. As they walked, Chad tried to recap everything that had been happening to him over the last forty-odd days, and why he was here. All Roo could do was shake his head, his eyes seeming to grow wider with every word.

When they came to a clearing, Roo turned to Chad. “*You* are da one da spirit told me ‘bout in me dreamin’!” he exclaimed, pointing in his direction. “I bin dreamin’ dis for *years!* You got to do someting to me, boss. You better do what He told you to do! Roo ready now. Bin ready and waitin’ for you to come for a coupla moons, ever since da light come on dis fella!”

Chad was surprised, but also relieved. “The light’s come on you, too?” he asked. “Yeah, boss,” Roo answered excitedly. “Just dere,” he pointed again, “on top of Ularu one night.”

Chad stopped. He reached into his sack and took out the small bottle of oil from the cave. He turned to Roo. “Yah

El told me that I have to anoint you with this 'Oil of War'. First of all, do you know who Jesus is?" "Yeah, boss," Roo replied with a big smile. "Da missionaries told me 'bout Him up there in Darwin in da Sunday school classes, you know, when I was just a little tacker." "Tacker?" Chad quizzed. Roo held out a flat hand about mid-thigh height. "You know, just a little fella."

"Oh, I gotcha! When you were a kid!" Chad smiled. "Okay, then, good. Do you believe in Him and accept Him as your savior?" Roo was anxious to get on with it. "Yeah, boss! Did all dat when I was a little tacker. Dey even gimme a dunkin' in a pool!"

Chad knew he had come to the right place. Pointing to a spot on the ground in front of him, he said, "Okay, Roo, stand there and look at me." Roo did as he was told, grinning like an excited child. Chad took the little stopper out of the bottle. "Now, tilt your head back a little and close your eyes." As Roo obeyed, Chad gently poured three drops onto his forehead. As each drop fell, he prayed. "In the name of the Father (*drop*), the Son (*drop*), and the Holy Spirit (*drop*), I now baptize you with the Holy Anointed 'Oil of War'. May The Elaquohim empower you for the many battles that await you! AdamahYah, Adamahdi, Adamahsanti! Hallelu *Yah!* Bring the Spirit of Santi and the power of The Almighty Yah upon this man, *now!*"

Immediately, Roo was thrown to the ground face first by the power of the Holy Spirit of Santi as it entered his tiny frame. He lay there for a few moments, speaking in a strange and powerful tongue as his body shook like a man being electrified, the power surging through every fiber of his being. When it finally subsided, Roo got to his feet slowly. He looked around at Chad, tilting his head oddly to one side.

“What’s the matter, Roo?” Chad asked. Roo’s eyes were staring trance-like over Chad’s left shoulder, reflecting a rapidly-fading glow. “Who’s *dat* standin’ behind you, boss?”

Chad spun around, just in time to catch the visage of Calrission dissolving into the darkness. “Oh, that’s just Cal,” Chad smiled back reassuringly. Roo exhaled an obvious sigh of relief. “Phew! He’s a *big* fella! Hope he’s a mate of yours, boss; I’d hate to tangle with dat bloke!” Chad laughed.

“Don’t worry, Roo. Cal’s my spirit friend—my guardian angel—appointed by Yah El. You have one, too, you know. Maybe one day, Yah will show you also.” “Okay then, boss,” Roo beamed. “Boss?” Chad repeated, puzzled. “Why do you keep calling me ‘boss’?”

Roo took a deep breath, puffing up his chest. He let out a long sigh of acknowledgement and acceptance of his new status, pointing directly at Chad as he spoke. “You da boss man, now, boss. Spirit tell Roo. I follow *you* now, boss!”

he proclaimed loudly, pounding his spear handle into the dirt at Chad's feet.



Chad took it in his stride; there were more important things to think about. “Whatever you say, Roo,” he said, “but I’m more worried about those four behind you. Do you know who *they* are?”

Roo turned on his heels, his newly-enlightened eyes revealing four evil spirits that looked like men, but had long, black hair flying up into the air like demented witches. They had partially hairy bodies, and long, muscular arms and legs. Their faces were fierce and ugly with sharp, dirty teeth and bitter, lifeless, ginger-colored eyes that seemed to lust after Roo’s blood.

“Bunyips!” Roo screamed. He seemed genuinely terrified. “Run, boss, *run!*” The spirits spread out, attempting to encircle Roo. Chad raced past him, grabbing his arm. Holding on tightly, he turned the little man around to face his enemies. “No, Roo! Don’t run! That’s just what they *want* you to do! They want to feed off your fear, and once they get enough, they will then be able to defeat you!”

Roo wasn’t buying it. “If dey catch us, boss, dey will take us to da billabong and drown us!” Chad needed more information. “These must be Aboriginal spirits, huh, Roo?”

Both excited and afraid, Roo answered, “Yeah, dey bad blokes, dose Bunyips, boss! Dey bin messin’ with our people for fousands a years. Every tribe bin attacked by dem, boss. Very powerful spirits, Bunyips are—dey can kill us!” Roo had a panicked look on his face and was panting heavily.

Chad took control, holding both of Roo’s hands. “Look at me, Roo! Look at me!” The frightened little man dragged his eyes away from the ghostly predators and fixed them on Chad’s. “Stand fast, Roo, and pray with me in your new tongue!” Chad urged intently. “I got your back, brother, and Yah El has ours! Yah will fight for us! It’s time for you to get a crash course in spiritual warfare!”

Roo was neither put at ease nor impressed. He shook his head. “Dat’s what I was afraid of, boss. The dreamin’ told me dis would happen. It told me dat I would fight bad spirits from my land, and den go to anudda place. I don’t

wanna die dis time, boss. Dis fella too young to die!”  
Trying to sound courageous and commanding, Chad ordered him, “Pray, and watch what I do!”

As they prayed, two of the Bunyips started to rush at them, while the other two faded into the blackness. Chad had a sense that they were somehow going to attack from the rear. But his attention was drawn by the frontal assault of the first two.

“Swords of Righteousness, for the left hand and for the right, come to me now!” Chad shouted. Faithfully, the two weapons reappeared in each hand, their flames of brilliant, righteous fire illuminating the surrounding scrub, the horrible faces of the Bunyips, and the petrified face of Roo.

Roo dropped his spear and turned to run, when Chad shouted at him. “If you run, you’ll die! Stand fast, my friend! In the name of Yah El, I command a sword and a shield for Roo!” Roo was stunned at how quickly they appeared; a sword of flame in his right hand, and a shining shield of faith in his left.

Chad wasn’t surprised. Somehow, he felt more confident in the grace that Yah was now bestowing upon him and the weapons he was wielding. Roo’s face broke into a toothy smile. “Dat’s better, boss! Roo can fight now, too. Come on, you bloody Bunyips! Roo’s ready for you buggers now! Hey, boss! Dis fella needs a spirit *woomera*! Can da Yah El man get me one of dose, boss?”

Chad, anxious for the fight that was coming, quipped, “Come on, Roo, we haven’t got time to shop. These dudes are serious! Just take a look at their faces! Besides, what’s a *woomera*?” Roo translated. “Me spear, boss! Blackfellas need spears, and boomerangs too! Are my real ones any good on dese Bunyips, boss?” Chad was more preoccupied with the impending assault. “A what, dude? Look at them, Roo, they’re coming at us!” The Bunyips had encircled the duo, positioning themselves for an attack.

Realizing it was up to him, Roo gave it a try. He closed his eyes tight. “Yah, give me my weapons!” he demanded. Immediately, the sword and shield were replaced by a spirit spear in his right hand and a spirit boomerang in his left. Roo grinned a gappy, wide-toothed grin. “Ooo, you bewdy, mate!” He turned to face Chad. “Roo ready now, boss!” he shouted gleefully, dropping his earthly weapons to the ground.

As if it was a signal, the Bunyips headed straight for Chad and Roo, who turned back to back as the demons commenced their assault. Instinctively, the two warriors lifted their weapons to deflect the offensive maneuver. The Bunyips split—one to the east and one to the west; the other two were nowhere to be seen. Within seconds, as the first two parted, running their warpath, the second two came into view in the distance, racing towards the two mighty men of Yah El. This time, they were ready.

Chad realized that the second pair of Bunyips would soon converge, and their tracks would meet at the exact spot where Chad and Roo were holding their ground. He shifted his stance, shouting at Roo. “Let’s mess with *them* this time, Roo! *Now!*”

Chad spread both arms outwards, the points of his flaming swords at opposite ends of the compass. Each Bunyip grazed by them as they dodged the blades’ lethal power. “Good work, boss!” Roo shouted loudly. “Now it’s *my* turn!”

As the two wounded spirits flew off into the distance, Roo swapped the spirit boomerang over to his right hand. He raised it back behind his head, hanging on to the lower tip for the obvious recoil of the toss. His ‘sidewinder pitch’ was low and even, parallel to the ground, his release fast and furious.

Chad was transfixed by the power of the throw. It made a ‘*whoop-whoop*’ sound as its flaming spin sailed through the air, leaving a smoky, curling trail. It hit the first Bunyip at lightning speed, slicing the creature completely in two. A hissing, gurgling sound pierced the chilly night air. As both halves fell to the ground, they spun in whizzing circles like a Catherine wheel, with a dark, pyrotechnic display comically spraying out of both ends of the spirit as it expired, sputtering into nothingness.

The boomerang completed its arc, returning to its master’s skillful hand. Roo turned to Chad and smiled the ‘big



grin'. Chad was still dumbstruck as Roo took the *woomera* in his hand, a long throwing stick attached to the end. Aiming into the distance as the Bunyip ran, he let the spear fly, the throwing stick adding phenomenal power and speed.

Hitting its target right in the center of the back, the *woomera* passed completely through the Bunyip's grotesque body. A wild spark flashed and a delayed explosion followed—the spirit disappeared on the spot.

Chad jumped for joy, cheering. "Roo! You're *great* at this! I love those weapons Yah has given you! Man, you and I are going to get along just *fine!*"

The remaining two demons turned, floating slowly back into view. Observing their companions' smoldering body parts scattered on the ground below, they stared at them in stunned disbelief for just a moment. Exchanging nervous glances, they quickly scurried away into the darkness.

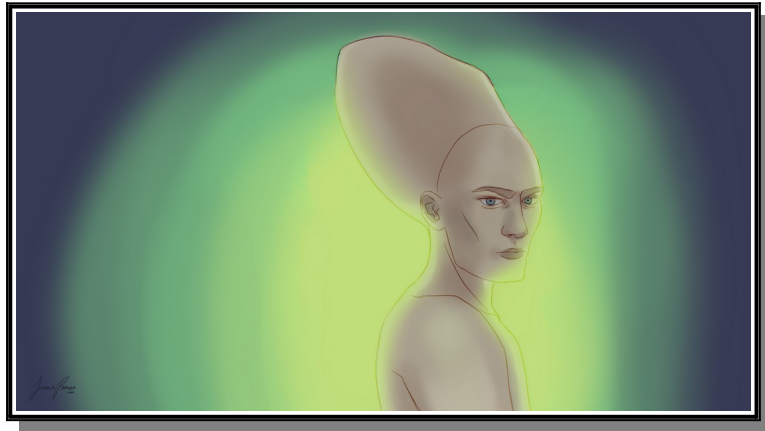
Chad was ecstatic that he now had a fellow warrior on his side. "That'll take care of them for a while, don't you think, Roo? Yeah! Run, you evil bastards!"

Not totally convinced, Roo narrowed his eyes towards the night sky. "I don't know, boss. What's dat up there?"

Chad turned, looking up to see a 'V'-shaped form melting out of the stars, about three hundred feet in the air, in the direction of the fleeing Bunyips. Glowing brighter and brighter in a display of alternating colors, the boys noticed

their own shadows silhouetting on the rainbow-dappled ground. The air hummed with static electricity, Chad's long, sun-streaked hair standing straight up on end. His and Roo's heads began to ache as the craft drew closer, touching silently down onto the red soil.

As the vessel made its landing, a large, vertical door opened and a beam of greenish-yellow light spilled out onto the earth before it. Chad and Roo stood poised, ready to fight whatever emerged.



“Hold fast, Earthmen. Do not move!” A voice of power and fear pierced the murky glow, as a figure at least fifteen to eighteen feet tall stepped forward. “Still your hands at my command, Earthmen.” They felt their wills subdued by the voice and the visage of the presence that stood before them. It was a giant! Its human-like body was tall and

muscular, with powerful legs and enormous arms, and hands that were nearly a foot wide each—hands that could easily tear a mortal man apart. Its head was strangely elongated backwards, the back of the skull at least one-and-a-half feet long with a crease that seemed to part it down the middle. The figure's face was white and flat, with narrow, close-set blue eyes, and a square jaw cut with a mean mouth.

The beast spoke, its voice one of pure dread. "I am Dagon, the son of Luaquiss Sama-el," it boomed, "and a god of this Earth! You will cease this foolishness! My whole army will be against you if you do not! Behold, and survey them now!" A horde of demon spirits materialized in and around the craft, aligned in their ranks; legion after legion of hatred-filled, diabolical beings. The sheer vastness of the forces was overwhelming to the young men. Above the army hovered their commanders, and above those, their generals, powers over rulers.

The two warriors went weak at the knees, the forces seemingly too great. "Bossssss! Is dis for real?" whispered Roo. "Dis black fella's goin' troppo, mate!" As Roo tried to turn, he realized he couldn't move. His steps were frozen to the ground by the mind control of the beast.

"Stay your place, and bow to Dagon!" he snarled. Roo's legs began to buckle at the evil god's command. He gripped his head in pain. Teetering on the brink of falling

down before the giant, Chad snapped at him, “No, Roo, *no!* Do not give in to this—this *thing!*”

Dagon turned his powerful and malevolent gaze towards Chad. “You dare speak against an ancient god? Taste my displeasure!” Dagon focused his psychate power on Chad. Roo slumped to the ground in relief. Chad could feel his mind starting to spin, a massive paranoia gripping it harder than Dagon’s powerful hands ever could. Feeling suddenly nauseous, Chad thought he would faint, when, almost imperceptibly, The Word of Yah El came to him, bouncing over the mind control.

***“When the enemy comes in like a flood, I shall raise up a standard against them.”***

Immediately, Calrission and another great and powerful El dropped down from the sky, the dust of the earth blowing into the beast’s face as they landed.

Calrission spoke, his voice booming. “You want a fight, Dagon? Think you can take on these two mighty warriors, *and* the both of us? Now *you* shall have a taste of the displeasure of The Elaquohim, and your soon coming judgment!”

Both angels formed fireballs in their right hands, raising them for the throw. Hurling them forcefully, the angels’ missiles struck Dagon on his chest simultaneously, jolting his body backwards with their solid, powerful blow. The twin spirit of Krush was momentarily ejected from the evil

vessel that was his body. Krush partially reentered the body of Dagon and promptly set him back on his feet.

Calrission spoke again. “So, we meet again, Abaddon Krush; the dual one, in both General Stone and this alien life form I see before me. What is it now? Ah, yes, ‘Destruction’ in Dagon this time, and, of course, ‘Death’ in the General. Tiring work, I am sure,” he smiled disarmingly. “I see nothing has changed in your mode of operations. We see that the seed of the Watcher has managed to continue down through the ages in this serpent. This vessel will soon receive the same condemnation of its fathers that has been set before it from the beginning!”

“I see you have brought Radian, your captain, with you this time,” Krush retorted spitefully back at the angel. “You will not win, Calrission. The Descent *will* proceed *and* succeed in line with the stellar clock. And when it does, the ancient Watchers *will* return for their seeds. Their Gibborim vessels ready themselves in the stars even now! The stellar races side with us for the culmination of the ages! They have chosen Luaquiss Sama-el and, after the inevitable completion of the temple and its devices, desire greatly the prostration of their chosen vessels before him! He will then release them into the natural worlds once again!”

Radian spoke, his voice booming like thunder. “You boast like your master, Luaquiss Sama-el. Not all stellar creatures follow the dragon’s plan, Krush. Many still side

with The YahuWah. You must like to follow fools, for Luaquiss Sama-el, too, was sure that the slaying of The Lamb would finally secure his position. All it did was strengthen ours. You will never understand the unsearchable plans of The Elaquohim. So, depart these men, and harm them not this day!”

Dagon turned, bellowing an irritated roar as Krush completely re-entered him. They disappeared back into the craft, making a speedy departure into the skies, taking their forces with them. The multitude faded into the darker of the dark that they had made.

Calrission and Radian turned to Roo and Chad. “Fear not, great ones,” they said reassuringly, “for your future is set. Wherever you go, there we are—above, before, beside and behind you!”

Chad and Roo both grinned widely at each other, sealing the bond.

## The Nico-Carne

*“And he built altars for ‘all the host of heaven’ in the two courts of the house of the LORD. Also he caused his sons to pass through the fire in the Valley of the Son of Hinnom; he practised soothsaying, used witchcraft and sorcery, and consulted mediums and spiritists. He did much evil in the sight of the LORD, to provoke Him to anger.”*

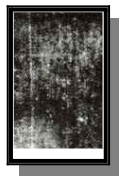
2 Chronicles 33:5-6

**B**ACK in the bowels of the castle Sesha Naaga, deep within her even more secret subterranean sanctorum, Sir David Solomon and his entourage were conducting a ceremony of high occult significance, the repetitious chant resonating off the cold, slimy walls.

He was following ‘*The Mysteries*’, the syncretistic magic of the primitive Sumerians, Babylonians and Egyptians, and the early wisdom of his namesake, King Solomon, the king who forsook the one true God for the ways of his foreign wives; the very God who had given him his insight and understanding. These gifts to King Solomon were intended for peace, and for him to bind those unseen evil forces. Luaquiss Sama-el, however, had other plans; Sir David was now unleashing those forces with that very knowledge, not for peace, but for *war!*

Solomon—the king who turned to the forbidden ‘foreign gods’ of his neighbors, and who compiled this occult knowledge into ‘The Keys of Solomon’—whose keys many had used throughout the ages to gain power and wealth for themselves; secret teachings of occult wisdom and power, and the mysteries of the ages. These were the keys used to manipulate the powers of the Unseen World; teachings followed by peoples of various incarnations who adhered to this evil way.

These were the secret, Satanic societies of the ancient and modern worlds who, like a virus, grew undetected beneath society, hidden over the centuries, and during this very night, neared completion of the final step to their ascendancy—all for Luaquiss Sama-el, the former exalted angel Sama-El Semyaza, Chief amongst the fallen Watchers.





Present at this secret, pagan ceremony were Imrod in Sir David, ZBel in President Meyer, and the schizophrenic dual one, Abaddon, called Krush, who controlled the recently returned General Stone and the god Dagon. Alongside them stood Count Balzac Deeder, the Jesuit Pope.

Also in the room were the lower gods who had manifested throughout time—major powers like Moloch, the Owl God, and one of the many Baals, Baal Peor, the ‘Horned God’; and, of course, Baal-Zebul, the ‘Lord of the Flies’, the King of the Demons, and his servant, Asmodeus, the Demon of Wrath and Strife..

There they were. The fallen angels Ezekeel and Azazel, and more—Amezarak, Armaros, Baraqiel, Kokabiel, Tamiel and Asradel. All were there at the beginning with Semyaza, the dragon Luaquiss Sama-el, in their fall from the highest heavens; gods, who had demanded worship to satisfy their pride and arrogance, captured and raped human women to quench their lusts for flesh, and demanded human sacrifices to satisfy their lust for blood.

Accompanying them were many minor powers, like Belial, Murmur, Sonneillon, Lillith, Hera, and Hecate, who bowed their heads to their inglorious princes who served Luaquiss Sama-el. Each of these had, in their own time, surrendered themselves over to Luaquiss Sama-el in exchange for worship and power. They forsook their allotted places in the stars for a taste of his promise. They now gathered

again at Sesha Naaga to complete the next step in the fulfillment of that promise. It was time to collect their reward.

Before them in a deep, rectangular pit pulsed a shimmering pool of honey-like liquid; a thick, viscous substance glowing eerily from beneath with a deep amber hue, illuminating the faces of the depraved star-gods encircling it with a dark, golden light. Larger silhouettes of much more hideous creatures danced on the walls behind them.

All present were on their knees, each one speaking the same enchantment but in a different language; some primordial, some modern, some of languages unintelligible to men, the words and phrases from homelands of distant solar systems. Also kneeling beside the pool were the diverse gods that had manifested across the ages upon this planet Earth. Each of these gods had taught mankind its secrets, most of these secrets forbidden by The Elaquohim. Still, in rebellion to Him, the gods had divulged them.

*Righteous Enoch, the ancient one, wrote of them, saying, "These are the leaders of the two hundred Angels, and of all the others with them. And they took wives for themselves, and everyone chose for himself one each. And they began to go into them, and were promiscuous with them. And they taught them charms and spells, and they showed them the cutting of roots and trees. And they became pregnant, and bore large giants, and their height was three thousand cubits. These devoured all the toil of men, until men were unable to sustain them. And the giants turned against them, in order to devour*

*men. And they began to sin against birds, and against animals, and against reptiles, and against fish, and they devoured one another's flesh, and drank the blood from it.*

*Then the earth complained about the lawless ones. And Azazel taught men to make swords, and daggers, and shields and breastplates. And he showed them the things after these, and the art of making them; bracelets, and ornaments, and the art of making up the eyes, and of beautifying the eyelids, and the most precious stones, and all kinds of colored dyes. And the world was changed. And there was great impiety, and much fornication, and they went astray, and all their ways became corrupt. Amezarak taught all those who cast spells and cut roots, Armaros the release of spells, and Baraqiel astrologers, and Kokabiel portents, and Tamiel taught astrology, and Asradel taught the path of the Moon. And at the destruction of men; they cried out, and their voices reached Heaven.*

*And then Michael, Gabriel, Suriel and Uriel, looked down from Heaven, and saw the mass of blood that was being shed on the earth, and all the iniquity that was being done on the earth. And they said to one another: 'Let the devastated earth cry out with the sound of their cries, up to the Gate of Heaven.'*

*See then what Azazel has done, how he has taught all iniquity on the earth, and revealed the Eternal Secrets that are made in Heaven. And Semyaza has made known spells, he to whom you gave authority to rule over those who are with him. And they went into the daughters of men together, lay with those women, became unclean, and revealed to them these sins.*

*And the women bore giants, and thereby the whole earth has been filled with blood and iniquity.*

*And now behold the souls which have died, cry out and complain unto the Gate of Heaven, and their lament has ascended, and they cannot go out in the face of the iniquity which is being committed on the earth.*

*Semyaza, who was their leader, Urakiba, Ramiel, Kokabiel, Tamiel, Ramiel, Daniel, Ezeqiel, Baraqiel, Asael, Armaros, Ananel, Zaqiel, Samsiel, Satael, Turiel, Yomiel, Araziel.*

*They swore an oath together saying, 'Let us all swear an oath, and bind one-another with curses, so not to alter this plan, but to carry out this plan effectively.' Then they all swore together, and all bound one another with curses to it."*

All of the gods named were among the many Watchers who had fallen to the lower heavens with Luaquiss Sama-el at the time of his rebellion ... great angels they had all once been. But the greater iniquity lay with Sama-El Semyaza and his three chief princes—Baal Imrod, ZBel and Abaddon Krush—the latter being the 'dual one'. It was these three who had conceived the plan and formed the rebellious alliance from the very beginning. It was they who had initiated the war in the heavens that destroyed all that could be seen with the natural eyes in this part of the cosmos. First among them was Sama-El Semyaza, the great dragon, called 'Luaquiss Sama-el' in their language, the Prince of all of these Powers of the Air or atmosphere.

Then Azazel, called 'Imrod', the Prince of War. Then Tamiel, called 'ZBel', the Queen of Heaven. The last, the twin spirits Amezarak and Armaros, the dual one, called 'Abaddon' in original Hebrew, the Prince of Death and Destruction. They were evil angels all, in mind and in will, reprobate and inveterate, forever without hope.

Bound by the words of their oath, all now combined their occult powers to bring about the prophecy of a long-awaited dread—the resurrection of the Devil's dead. It was known as 'The Curse of The Nico-Carne', a horror so unspeakable that it was only ever whispered among the evil gods; never spoken of for fear of the knowledge of it falling into the hands of The Elaquohim's warriors.

For thousands of years, the princes' ghoulish man-servants had been faithfully secreting away fragments of bone and marrow of the evil dead; the great conquerors, the men of renown who for centuries had committed atrocities against weaker nations, subduing them—a bone and joint here, a tuft of hair there. Contained within these remains were secrets only the dragon knew; secrets of science and the Unseen World that would not be revealed until the appropriate time.

Little did followers of the dragon know of his ultimate plan. Being primitive men ignorant of the higher disciplines, never in their wildest imagination did it occur to them that throughout history, the dragon had been merely waiting patiently for the fulfillment of the prophecy, which

stated that in the end, *'Knowledge will increase, and men shall run to and fro ...'*. After all of this time, these preserved and hidden artifacts, some encased in wax or peat for hundreds, and even thousands of years, were finally to play their part in his diabolical scheme.

Earthly science had progressed to the point where the very essence of life could now be extracted from one single cell, and the best of the knowledge of this world was now in the hands of the Dark One. Once again, the dragon had brought genetic knowledge to this point, just like in the days before 'The Deluge'.

The greatness of the Atlantian era had returned. The dragon's laboratories had cloned his great tyrants of history, reconstituting them from a single strand of their DNA into fully formed replicas of their original beings. All that was lacking was a life force—a soul. And he was now about to supply even that for each of his replicas, in the bowels of this secret place, in the evil rejuvenation pool of Sesha Naaga.

THE POOL was designed to function as a baptismal bath—shallow at the edges, deeper in the middle, with steps leading in one end and out the other. It was constructed entirely of black marble, surrounded by thirteen golden, jewel-encrusted lamps burning a fuel made from human fat

—fat wrought from the boiled and strained flesh of sacrificed innocents of old; children of all races, virginal and without guile, who had been kidnapped or offered freely by their Satan-worshipping parents. The heavy, pungent odor was perfectly pleasing to Luaquiss Sama-el.

The pool's amber liquid moved with the consistency of warm honey, heated by a furnace that burned below; a furnace fed by the bodies of missing men and women from all tribes and nations of the world for hundreds of years. This fiendish fuel had been re-ignited during the days of the Nazi concentration camps, being continually replenished by the fleet of invisible craft flying into the mountainside behind Sesha Naaga. Now a more rare and refined aroma wafted up from the liquid, even sweeter to the nostrils of the dragon.

The contents of the pool were of special importance to both Luaquiss Sama-el and those that gathered at the sanctorum that night, for it was of occult derivation—an ectoplasmic 'goop' strained from the blood cries of the souls of the tortured for millennia, each tormented soul exuding one drop as it expired. Every droplet was a pure delight to Luaquiss Sama-el, who supervised each and every extraction. The pool was 'alive' with the echoing death cries of the innocents. It hummed with an evil harmonic, the whole scene a twisted spiritual reverse to a Holy Water baptism, the rights of passage that The Elaquohim had set for the saints to pass through into life—this, this was a

rebirth in pure evil ... a resurrection into an even darker death!

The chant came to an end. Entering from the corridors of the adjacent rooms, the burden-bearers came two by two, carrying a small number of wooden chests bound by metallic bands secured with large, old brass locks. The chests were carefully set down before Sir David, the bearers deferentially retreating as they genuflected backwards.

Then the guards entered, each escorting creatures long hidden from the light; an assortment of beasts and grotesque minions, twisted beings, gargoylish in form. These powerful, perverse strongmen and spiritual forces had inhabited fleshly forms from time to time over the last several thousand years, their faces horrendously disfigured and ferocious. Their eyes were flame-red, grossly deformed, like squalid pockmarks of evil; their teeth, the fetid fangs of stinking beasts—things deemed accursed by God, forever condemned for sins too gross to imagine.

“My children, my children!” the Watchers cried out with pride. “Let them be baptized in the name of Luaquiss Sama-el!” Sir David proclaimed proudly. “Let their influence impart evil power to the pool as they pass through it!”

Hundreds paraded before their leader. Imrod was pleased at their forms as he acknowledged their passing, each one mindlessly lowering itself into the deep pool of dread. As



they emerged from the other side, the thick, glutinous substance dribbling from their misshapen bodies, they exalted, raising their heads and hands in worship as they cried out in orgasmic pleasure, the ecstasy evident on their hideous faces. Each one arose triumphantly, refreshed and invigorated with the captured sorrows of the innocents' pitiful, pleading screams, reveling in the gratification that could only come from baptism in the stolen life force of the uncorrupted ones now empowering them. The pool became more energized with each and every immersion of evil, an ethereal exchange of psychic sacrifices.

After the last creature had surfaced from the pool, Sir David issued another order. "Open all the boxes! Unleash the coveted remains and possessions of the men of renown that have been preserved for this resurrection, for the time has finally come for the 'Nico-Carne'—the 'Reincarnation of the Conquerors'!" A snarling growl of anticipation rumbled throughout the gathering.

Each chest was opened carefully, the sound of old keys turning in older locks. The clanging of metal bands and chains echoed off the damp, black walls as lids strained open and fell onto the black marble floor of the sanctorum. A stench of ancient dust filled the air. It was the stench of rancid flesh and putrid bones mixed with wax and tar.

"Now, take the remains of Cain, the first murderer," Sir David commanded, "and of Tubal Cain, his evil sixth son. Take also those of the great man Nimrod, that great

conqueror and builder of my tower, Babel. Take the remains of all the conquerors throughout the ages; Julius Caesar, and all the Caesars that followed. Take those of Genghis Khan, Attila, Alexander, Napoleon, and Adolf Hitler, and place them all into the pool!”

The bearers obeyed, carefully laying the contents of the boxes on the surface of the liquid; some mere dust, others actual skeletal fragments and pieces of decayed flesh. Old helmets, scabbards and breastplates began to sink into the substance as the wax and tar encasing them melted away.

Sir David commanded again, “Now, lead the earthly vessels, the freshly-cloned bodies of these great ones, into the pool!”

As the servants obeyed and escorted the vacuous beings into the liquid, those observing could see their perfectly formed bodies, young and powerfully made. Everything about them was flawless, everything except one thing. Their eyes were lifeless, empty and black, like the eyes of a dead, stinking fish or rotting dog carcass by the side of the road, staring into a vast hopelessness from the place of the eternally lost—a shell, of deliberate design ... from hell—vessels constructed solely for destruction; abodes prepared especially for demons!

Luaquiss Sama-el appeared suddenly, hovering over the pool, morphing into one of his true forms. The figure of the great many-headed red dragon suspended in the air, as all about prostrated their bodies before his horrendous

reptilian visage. The dragon's eyes searched all present for complete submission.

Satisfied, he inhaled deeply, the bellows of his lungs sucking in air like a vacuum. Without warning, gigantic combustions of fire burst forth from the pits of his jaws, blasting green firestorms from unknown hellholes, the conflagration blistering the surface of the pool.

The surface bubbled as the amber liquid began to swirl. Slowly, one after the other, each zombie, long thought dead forever, was now demonically charged, opening its mouth as it surrendered itself with a beastly, guttural howl. Evil spirits entered in a swarm, filling the voids as they collectively rose from their immersion in the pool.

First Cain, then his son Tubal Cain, and then Nimrod; each and every despot from Earth's history rising up from the sticky substance, fully infused with spirits of complete and utter hatred and wickedness. They stood naked before their god, Luaquiss Sama-el the dragon, the observers gasping in awe at the authority of their master.

The ritual continued for many hours as the pool, at the command of the dragon, successfully resurrected the many great tyrants of the ages—Nimrod, Genghis Khan, Attila the Hun, Julius Caesar and the other legendary Caesars, Alexander the Great, Napoleon, and the most reviled of them all, Adolf Hitler!—their bodies rejuvenated by the sacrifices of the innocents, and the transference of the spirits of rage and murder from the monstrous ones.

A hum of sinister expectation filled the room. The dragon spoke. Silence immediately fell. “Your forces await you, my privileged ones! Go into the sea of humanity, my sons, overcome them once again, and devastate all that oppose me. Bring this world once more to its knees and under my full control. Spill all blood that defies me through the carnage of war—I hunger for blood!”

A murderous roar erupted from the throng like Romans watching Christians being devoured by lions. Sir David Solomon called out to the conquerors, “Come, follow me!” They all bowed submissively down before him, shouting their praises again and again. “Hail, Caesar! Hail, the mighty Zar!” Sir David stood there for a few moments, allowing Imrod to bask egotistically in the worship. Amid the raucous cheers, Sir David turned, disappearing through a dark archway.

One by one, his loyal subjects formed ranks, and were led away to the fleet of waiting antigravity craft to be transported to their various destinations.

## The Contender

*“Therefore on that day he called him Jerubbaal, saying, Let Baal contend against him, because he hath broken down his altar.”*

Judges 6:32

**T**HE SPIRIT searches all things. That night while they rested, Chad and Roo were sent an open vision from The YahuWah. What He showed them chilled them both to the bone. They had witnessed everything taking place at Sessa Naaga, the castle of the many-headed serpent.

Awaking just before sunrise, Roo was deeply troubled. He had never seen anything like it before. Chad was already up, and by the brooding look on his face, Roo could tell he was thinking exactly the same thing. “Boss, what you reckon we gonna do, now that we seen those blokes?” he asked Chad, anxiously scratching an ear.

Chad was disturbed also, and not exactly sure how to answer him. “I don’t know, Roo. Perhaps the best thing to do is ask The YahuWah. Let’s pray for a while, okay? Maybe He will tell us.” “Sounds good, boss!” Roo agreed readily.

Chad began to pray in the spirit, pacing back and forth across the dirt. Roo decided to emulate him, pacing in step, speaking in his own unique tongues. They both prayed fervently, seeking the will and the mind of The Elaquohim. As Chad expected, the opposition of the forces of The Gap appeared in their mind's eye, a first for Roo.

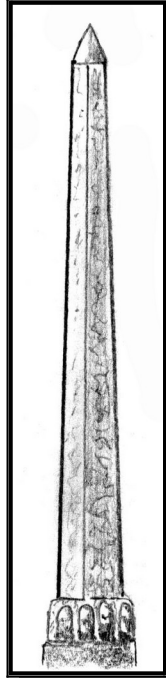
Roo questioned this new thing. "Boss, what's happening?" Chad tried to reassure him. "Don't worry, Roo. This is normal during this type of prayer. We are moving through the Unseen World of the enemies of Yah El. Before long, we will ascend The Ladder and move into the Higher Heavens."

"Oh, yeah, boss! I see someting, boss!" Roo cried out with delight. "I see it!" Surprised at how rapidly and easily Roo moved in the spirit, Chad asked, "What is it, Roo? What has The YahuWah shown you?"

Roo opened his eyes and stooped down to pick up a stick about two feet long. He broke it into three pieces and jabbed them in the ground, a few feet apart from each other. "I saw dese tings here, boss!" he said, animatedly pointing at the twigs. Chad was perplexed. "What, three sticks?"

Roo was getting excited now. "No, boss, *lots* of dem! But dey not wood sticks! Dey rock sticks! Look, I draw one for ya!" Roo squatted down, and taking one of the twigs, he outlined a simple picture in the red outback soil. What he drew looked like an arrow, straight and tall, as if it was

rising high into the sky. It reminded Chad of a well-known landmark in his country's capital—possibly an obelisk?



Then The Word of The Spirit came to Chad, ***“Tear down the Altars of Baal, and cut down the Asherah poles.”*** As The Word came, Yah showed Roo the second part of his vision.

“Boss, all dem sticks, dey fall down!” he yelled out enthusiastically, knocking over the other two twigs. “I see dem just dere! Some split, some shake and fall! Some crack into many bits, boss! Big rocks come falling from da sky on some of dem, and fire on da others! Dey all fall down, boss!”

Chad got it now. “Roo, my man, I think it’s clear what Yah El wants us to do. But we’re going to have to go on a few trips to take care of this. Are you ready for some adventures?”

Roo jumped up and down on one leg like he was busting for a pee. “Too right, boss! Roo bin nowhere, mate; only the land of the Pitjantjatjara. The dreamin’ tell me before I would go. Roo all ready to go, boss!”

Chad laughed, admiring the little fellow’s gusto. “Okay, okay! We’re going to need ZZ for this, Roo. I’ll call him now. He’ll be a minute or two, and then he will arrive,” Chad explained. “Now, Roo,” he said, holding Roo gently

by the shoulders. “I don’t want you getting all surprised or afraid when he does.” Roo nodded understanding.

Chad called out into the air, “ZZ! ZZ! ZZ!” He looked back at the little black man. “There, Roo, I’ve called him. He’ll be here in a moment.”

Roo had a thought. “Are we going some place cold, boss?” he asked quizzically. “Roo got no clobber, mate, only this Aussie cozzie.” He looked down, tugging on his flimsy loincloth.

Chad was unfamiliar with the colloquialism. “*Clobber?* What’s ‘clobber’, Roo?” The little tribesman grinned. “Clothes, boss. Roo gonna need clothes if we goin’ to cold places.”

Chad eyed his scantily-clad friend from head to toe and smiled back understandingly. “Don’t worry, dude. I’m sure ZZ can fit you out with something better than your ‘Aussie cozzie’.” They both chuckled. Just then, a stirring of the breeze hit the air.

Suddenly, Roo’s eyes almost popped out of his head. “Boss, look! It’s your *bird!*” he exclaimed, pointing at the sky behind Chad. Chad spun around. Twenty feet above them, just to their right, XiX was making her descent. Emerging from cloaked mode, she gently lowered herself over the red earth.



It made for a wondrous sight, the first rays of the morning sun reaching out across the vast expanse of the Australian Outback, on this, the first day of their joint mission.

As the solar energy shone through the magnetic field around the craft, a dazzling display of multi-hued colors filtered through the surrounding air like an aura, the sun's grandeur of intense yellow-gold light a perfect backdrop.

Chad placed a comforting hand on Roo's forearm. "It's okay, Roo. This is the spirit bird you thought you saw before. Remember, I told you about it while we were walking from the Big Rock to here?" Dumbfounded by the unearthly spectacle, Roo stammered, "Yeah, boss. But it's—it's ..." he trailed off. Every muscle in his tiny body tensed. He had seen Dagon's craft land earlier; it had come near him, but never *this* close.

Chad tried to help his new friend's primitive mind absorb the reality of it all. "I know, I know, Roo. It's beyond description. But don't worry, it's just a machine, like a car or a truck—a fancy car or truck, I admit, but still just a machine. And it's not a spirit bird, either. It won't hurt us like the other one tried to do." Chad patted the little man on the shoulder. "Okay, Roo?" he prompted, smiling. Roo let out a nervous chuckle. "O-okay. You da boss, boss!" he said, relaxing his stance just a little.

WITH PERFECT timing, XiX set quietly down next to the duo as the brilliant orb of the sun burst fully over the horizon, its soft orange rays bathing her in a warm, soothing glow. The outer door to the craft opened, automatically extending a sloping ramp. ZZ stepped out, greeting them both with a cheery smile. “Hello, Chad! Who’s your friend?”

“Come on, Roo!” Chad beckoned as they walked up the ramp. “This is Roo, ZZ!” he exclaimed enthusiastically. “He’s a cool, new friend of mine. The YahuWah hooked us up!”

ZZ welcomed the newcomer with a hearty handshake. “Greetings, Roo! It’s a pleasure to meet you!” “G’day, mate!” Roo gushed, energetically pumping ZZ’s hand. “You a god, too?”

ZZ chortled kindly. He seemed genuinely embarrassed. “No, Roo,” he replied with a humble grin. “I’m a person, just like you, but from somewhere else, though.” Roo shot Chad a sideways glance. Chad nodded reassuringly. Roo looked back to ZZ, giving him the thumbs up. “Okay, mate!” ZZ motioned them both inside. “Have a seat there, Roo. You sit, too, Chad!”

Just as the boys sat down, a small door near the floor swung open and Boogie charged out into the control room, jumping up onto Chad’s lap, nearly bowling him over. He feverishly licked his master’s face, his tail wagging in circles like a helicopter rotor. Chad chuckled with delight

to see his best buddy once again. “Hey ya, boy!” he laughed, petting his dog vigorously. “And how’s the Boogieman? Has ZZ been looking after you, boy? I bet he’s taken you a few places!”

ZZ spoke for the dog as the two old friends got reacquainted. “Yes, Chad, we’ve been observing what has been occurring at the remains of The Dome of the Rock. They have already cleared the site, rebuilt the foundation, and almost completed construction of the new Temple! They now have only The Holy of Holies left to build! Things are getting close, Chad. Once The Holy of Holies is finished, Luaquiss Sama-el will try to bring about certain events to speed up the conclusion of his plan!”

Chad responded excitedly. “Well, ZZ, I think The YahuWah has a few plans of His own! I don’t understand what they mean exactly, but Roo and I were just shown our next mission! Yah wants us to go to a few places and He told us to, um ...” he paused, “oh, yeah: *‘Tear down the Altars of Baal, and cut down the Asherah poles’!* Do you know what that means and where these ‘Asherah poles’ are?”

Roo could only stare out XiX’s continuous window, awestruck by the marvel that was the machine as she elevated weightlessly away from the Earth’s surface. “You white fellas plenty smart—plenty smart!” he gasped in wonderment, eyes agog.

ZZ smiled as he answered Chad's question. "I certainly do, Chad. The 'Asherah poles' were from the old cultures; the high places of worship constructed by the people who worshipped the Grigori/Watchers when they first came to Earth—mainly from Egypt— and some are still standing around the world today. There are some very prominent ones in major cities, transported there by the many various conquerors over the centuries. Which ones do you want to go to?"

"Well, ah, how many of them are 'very prominent', ZZ?" Chad asked thoughtfully. "I think He wants us to target the most *important* ones."

ZZ paused for a moment, thinking. "Well, if you want the top ones," he pondered, "there would have to be, I'd say, maybe eight or nine of them. Which one do you want to go to first?"

"Let's go to the newest one first, boss!" Roo interjected eagerly. "Where's that one at?" "That would have to be the Washington Monument, Roo," ZZ replied knowingly. "The address is Fifteenth Street and Constitution Avenue, Washington, D.C., the capital of the U.S.A. Why the most recently built one first, Roo?" Roo didn't hesitate. "Spirit tell Roo!" he chirped.

Chad glanced intently at Roo and then back at ZZ. "Then it looks like we're off to Washington!" he declared with conviction. "Good, I've never been there! How long will

it take us, ZZ?” “How fast do you want to go?” “Let’s arrive in their morning time. Can you do that?”

ZZ was relieved, as he had hoped to be able to slow down and let them enjoy the view a while. “Sure! So you want to take it easy, also? No problem! XiX will drift, and that’ll give Roo a chance to have a real good look around!” The little native flashed them a big, cheesy grin.

So they did just that, cruising a few miles above the Earth, following the sunrise as it tracked over her surface at just over 1000 miles per hour, ascending or descending wherever Roo or Chad wanted to see something interesting. When they hit the western edge of Australia, they shot up the West Australian coastline over the Tropic of Capricorn and headed northwest across Jakarta towards India, near Katmandu, to see Mt. Everest, the world’s highest mountain. Then it was across to the Middle East and over the city of Jerusalem.

Undetected, they surveyed the new temple site of the former Dome of the Rock. ZZ showed them Calvary, the place where The YahuWah had been crucified, and where He was later resurrected from the dead. Even though mankind still did not know precisely where these events had taken place, ZZ did. He was there, like a dedicated, globetrotting journalist, observing and reporting back to his civistelle everything that was occurring, at the very moment it was happening. After all, it *was* the focal point of all time.

Chad was amazed at how fast rebuilding had begun on the Temple site. After the devastation he had witnessed with his own eyes on WNN just weeks earlier, it was nothing short of a minor miracle. “ZZ, what kind of design is that?” he asked, pointing curiously. Roo’s eyes were practically bulging out of his head.

ZZ briefed them. “Chad, the design of the new Temple is remarkably similar to the one King Shlomo—that is, Solomon, King David’s son—built thousands of years ago. It too, was magnificent, but only because of modern construction methods have they been able to prefabricate it and piece it together so quickly. This,” he gestured downwards, a hint of disdain in his voice, “has taken only weeks. It took Solomon *years*, and even he had some special help.”

Chad lifted an eyebrow. “What do you mean, ‘special help’, ZZ?” he probed.

ZZ chose his words carefully. “Legend has it that Solomon was such a powerful Magi that he bound a great many demons, and commanded *them to* do some of the work. He even bound two very powerful ones to erect the cornerstone. Let me see ... watch the monitor, and I will dial up the section from the ‘Testament of Solomon’ that mentions this.” ZZ stared attentively at the screen as it scrolled at a blur, coming to a sudden stop. “There it is,” he pointed. “It’s in Hebrew, so I will read it to you.”

*ZZ took a deep breath. “And Ephippas led the demon of the Red Sea with the column. And they both took the column and raised it aloft from the earth. And I outwitted these two spirits, so that they could not shake the entire earth in a moment of time. And then I sealed round with my ring on this side and that, and said: ‘Watch.’ And the spirits have remained upholding it until this day, for proof of the wisdom vouchsafed to me. And there the pillar was hanging of enormous size, in mid air, supported by the winds. And thus the spirits appeared underneath, like air, supporting it. And if one looks fixedly, the pillar is a little oblique, being supported by the spirits; and it is so today.”*

“At least until Solomon erred and the pillar fell, and later the Babylonians destroyed it all,” he added. “Wow, ZZ, I never knew that!” Chad exclaimed. “So this Shlomo, or Solomon, was a pretty smart guy then, huh?”

“Oh, yes, indeed he was, Chad!” ZZ replied. “But sometimes we can be just a little too smart for our own good,” he continued. “He lost his power after he married foreign wives and followed after their foreign gods, in spite of the warnings The Elaquohim had given him against doing this.

It is said that there was one very beautiful wife in particular who would not fulfill her marital duties until Solomon offered something to her god. He refused her request numerous times, but after many months of her cleverly wearing him down by refusing his own repeated request, he finally relented. His lust for her burning more than he

could tolerate, at her suggestion he offered three small grasshoppers to the idol of her god Moloch, thinking that The Elaquohim would not notice such an insignificant thing as three tiny grasshoppers. That is when the pillar fell, *and* when Solomon lost his powers. Which is something you must remember, Chad,” he added with caution.

“You are going to come into contact with some extremely seducing spirits, and sometimes they come in the package of a beautiful woman.” “I’ll try,” replied Chad, trying to sound confident, knowing his own weakness for pretty girls.

“Roo look after him, ZZ,” the little man chimed in with a grin. “Roo got Aboriginal eye for danger!” he smiled, tapping his left brow with his forefinger. “Thanks, Roo,” ZZ winked.

Chad quickly changed the subject. “Don’t they have to have an ark or something to put in it?” “You mean in the Temple?” asked ZZ. “Yeah, the Temple,” echoed Chad, glad for the shift of focus.

“Yes, they do, Chad,” ZZ responded, impressed by the boy’s intuition. “Now the original Ark is something that I’m not too sure if they have yet. I’ve seen the original Ark of the Covenant; the Spirit of Santi and the Power of The Elaquohim was upon it. It was truly remarkable!”

He then paused, his mind momentarily picturing the sacred relic. “If Luaquiss Sama-el has found the original, and he



places it in The Holy of Holies in the new Temple after it is completed, then God help us all!" he warned sternly.

Dialing up another quote on the overhead monitor, he added:

*"As the navel is set in the centre of the human body,  
so is the land of Israel the navel of the world...  
situated in the centre of the world,  
and Jerusalem in the centre of the land of Israel,  
and the sanctuary in the centre of Jerusalem,  
and the holy place in the centre of the sanctuary,  
and the ark in the centre of the holy place,  
and the foundation stone before the holy place,  
because from it the world was founded."*

Midrash Tanchuma, Qedoshim.

ZZ seemed to be asking himself as he spoke, "Do you see how important this place is? It makes me wonder how the Ark will then become empowered, and by whom, and for what purpose. Chad and Roo, they have already made one! The secret governments of this world, all under the power of Luaquiss Sama-el, have secretly constructed their own version of it out of occult materials and engraved upon it the symbols of the prince and the powers of this world, as an ark to the god of this world! What a counterfeit that will be!

It will be an abomination before the face of The Elaquohim and will cause a desolation never before seen. To have the whole world and every human spirit in it, the cosmos and all the creatures in them; both Qadash and Gibborim, and all the Watchers; the Righteous and Unrighteous Grigori

Archangels throughout all the heavens; to have the Archons and Aeons, every king and lord, and angels of every principality, throne and dominion—behold this! What an abomination to have every eye from the highest king of light to the lowest demon worm of darkness seeing this!

This will only bring one thing, and it is not even easy for me to say it, Chad, but I will ... The Wrath of The Elaquohim—the Anger of God! The Day of the Lord! The prophet Joel proclaimed; *‘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 the LORD 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.’*”

“Oh my god, that will be the end of the world, ZZ! Is there anything we can do to stop it from happening before its time?” Chad urged.

“I think The YahuWah has started you two on it already, Chad,” ZZ stated matter-of-factly. “You and Roo are going to tear down the ‘high places’—the Altars of Baal and the Asherah poles. These will be extremely important events and a sign to the Unseen World that The YahuWah is at work. It will unsettle them and their timetable, to say the least. Exactly what it does in the spirit world, however, remains to be seen. You have your work cut out for you,

Chad; you and Roo there. Roo?" Roo was still staring out the window, speechless. "You okay, there ... ah, *mate?*"

Roo slowly pulled his eyes away, emerging from his trance but still mesmerized by the flight. "Yeah, ZZ. No worries. Roo still 'mazed at everyting he seeing. This blackfella not dreamin', is he? Roo will need to go big walkabout after dis 'venture, dat's for sure!"

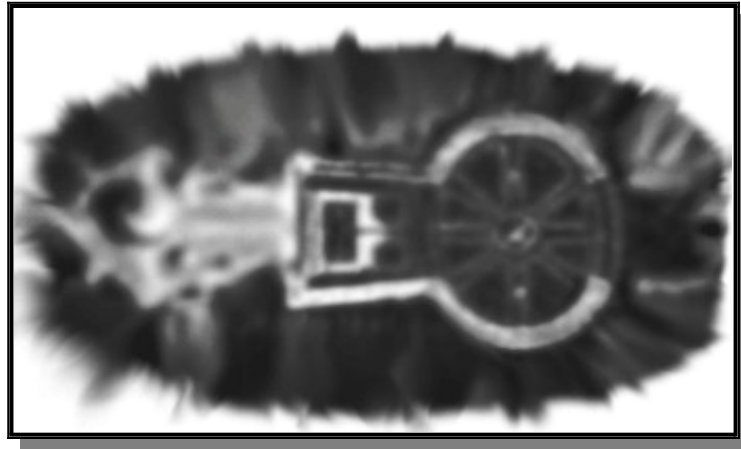
Chad and ZZ laughed. Roo just beamed his big toothy smile again and they all surrendered themselves to the moment of happiness, enjoying the great beauty of Yah El's Creation from this wonderful vantage point just above the Earth, far away from the trouble and confusion below.

XiX reduced speed and switched over to auto-navigation mode. Turning instinctively northwest, she headed towards Rome.

## The Babylon Keyhole

*“Fallen! Fallen is Babylon the Great! She has become a home for demons, and a haunt for every unclean and detestable bird.”*

Revelation 18:2



**A**S XIX GLIDED over Rome, the ancient woman’s intoxicating beauty silenced everyone. ZZ had seen this city many times, the ‘City of Seven Hills’, but it had never ceased to amaze him how she had survived through the millennia, still standing tall and proud. He shook his head, speaking low. “So much sin; she has committed so much sin.”

“What does ZZ mean, boss?” Chad glanced at Roo quizzically. Roo tapped his left ear and winked. “Roo have very good hearing,” he grinned. “So what you mean, ‘so much sin’, ZZ? Tell Roo.” “Better yet, I’ll show you.” ZZ directed the boys’ attention upwards. He gave XIX a short command, and on the monitor above their heads appeared what looked like text, scrolling at incredible speed. The text looked familiar.

“Is that The Bible, ZZ?” Chad ventured. “Yes, it is, Chad. Actually, it’s the Book of Revelation. I’m thinking of a scripture from chapter eighteen.” ZZ spoke a word in his language that sounded like ‘stop’. The scrolling came to an abrupt halt. He then uttered something else and ‘stop’ again. The scroll fast-forwarded and froze.

“There it is, Chad! Roo, this is The Word of The Elaquohim! The angel spoke it. See? Chapter eighteen, verse two. *‘Fallen! Fallen is Babylon the Great! She has become a home for demons, and a haunt for every unclean and detestable bird.’*” Roo’s eyes grew wider. That didn’t sound good.

“Are there two Babylons, ZZ?” Chad asked. “Yes, Chad,” ZZ replied. “One was the natural Babylon that was destroyed by the HiFire arrays, and the other is the spiritual Babylon; every counterfeit religious system on the earth and Rome is the harlot that rides upon them all.”

“Boss, we going to have to get us one of doze!” exclaimed Roo, interjecting. “One of what, Roo?” asked Chad. Roo

animatedly pointed at the screen. “One of doze books, mate!” “He means The Bible, Chad,” ZZ explained. “Dat book’s a good book, boss!” Roo continued animatedly. “It tells us where the demons’ homes are so we can fight ’em! Are dere any Bunyips dere, ZZ?” Roo’s body tensed, his right hand instinctively going for his boomerang, usually dangling from his left hip. Then he remembered. He had taken it off when boarding XiX as a mark of respect to ZZ. He felt strangely underdressed.

“I don’t think so, Roo. But there are worse ones here in Rome, and the reference to ‘detestable birds’,” ZZ elaborated, “means the powerful princes and great powers that fly over and around it.”

Roo cried out at this statement. “You mean we flying through dem now?” “No, Roo,” answered Chad. “They are in the ‘Unseen World’.” ZZ corrected him. “Well, in a sense, Roo *is* right, Chad, when you think about it.” Chad stopped for a moment. “Well, yeah, I guess he is, when you think about it!” he chuckled, the realization of this amazing fact hitting home. Roo nodded, grinning proudly.

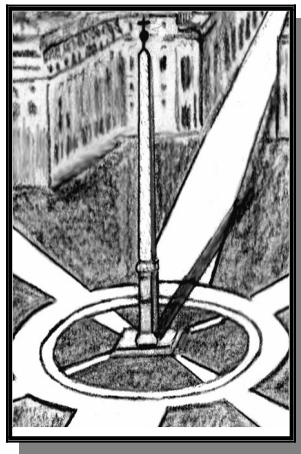
As they drew nearer to Vatican City, ZZ pointed out the window. “Look!” he exclaimed. “There is your obelisk, right in the center of St. Peter’s Square! The whole thing looks like a giant keyhole, with the Asherah pole in the middle.”

Both Chad and Roo turned to look at the monument. It certainly was an arrogant-looking structure; a mere eighty-

three feet tall, weighing over three hundred tons, surrounded by interconnecting cross-like markings in the pavement of the Square.

“Oh, yeah, boss! Look!” Roo pointed excitedly, jumping up and down. Chad squinted, peering studiously at the monument. “It looks like a giant sundial with a globe and cross on top,” he observed. There was a distinct stirring in his spirit. “I would say *this* is an important one, wouldn’t you, ZZ?” Chad asked, already knowing the answer.

“Oh, yes, Chad. Very, *very* important!” ZZ concurred emphatically. “Probably the most important one of all! Note that it is in the dead center of St. Peter’s Square, and note also,” he continued, circling his finger in the air as he paused, “that around the obelisk is a huge, eight-pointed sun wheel, and inside that, a smaller, four-pointed one, which is a symbol found on the altar stone in the Temple of Baal in Hatzor! The symbol of Baal is within the symbol



of Ishtar, after whom Easter is named, and at the hub is an Egyptian obelisk, all representing pagan sun worship. Moses saw this very obelisk in Egypt!”

Chad gasped in amazement. “Wow!” He was silent for a moment, then his eyes opened widely. “Should we do this one first, then?” he grinned, bobbing his head eagerly.

ZZ chuckled to himself, remembering his own impulsiveness at Chad’s age. “You will get to it,” he told the boy calmly. “Just follow what The YahuWah tells you.”

Chad’s inquiring mind had to know ZZ’s reasoning. “Why do you think The YahuWah chose the Washington Monument to be the first one?”

ZZ answered the best he could. “Well, Chad, I can’t be absolutely sure why, as The YahuWah’s thoughts are so much higher than mine, but if I had to hazard a guess, I’d say it is because that particular monument is the power center for Mammon.”

“Mammon?” Roo piped up. “Is dat a marsupial? Or some kind of cow?” ZZ and Chad laughed out loud. The little native looked down at the floor sheepishly, embarrassed by his obvious ignorance. Chad immediately jumped in to rescue his poor friend; besides, he thought guiltily, he really didn’t know, either. “Yeah, ZZ, what *is* Mammon?” Chad asked seriously. Roo shot him a grateful glance.

ZZ explained. “Mammon is the God of the Love of Money. He has pierced many with his spears of sorrows. Through the strong, he conquers the weak, all for the love of money; the power that it can bring and the things that it can buy. They whose principal pursuit is money have joined forces with those in power, for power and money are



one in this world, and together, they who have it conquer the people who have not, that they may lord it over them.” Chad and Roo were fascinated. “The United States of America,” ZZ went on, “is Mammon’s principal base now; has been since the last century. Prior to that it was Great Britain. Even now Mammon has a foot in each land.”

“Ah-haaa,” the boys acknowledged simultaneously, nodding their heads at the significance of The YahuWah’s direction.

Roo turned to ZZ, a thoughtful look on his face. “ZZ?” “Yes, Roo?” “I wuz jus’ tinkin’ ... why is dat ting shape like a keyhole? Is dis place a door to da spirit world or sumptin’?”

Chad searched ZZ’s face, his brows creasing. The old man smiled knowingly. “Your friend is much wiser than we may think, Chad,” he said, tapping a nostril as he winked at the young warrior. Roo giggled childishly, grinning a gappy, wide-toothed grin.

Impatient as always, Chad couldn’t contain himself. “Well, then, what are we waiting for?” he urged. “Let’s go!” “Yeah, boss!” Roo heartily agreed. “Let’s go, ZZ! Make dis bird fly dere, okay, mate?”

ZZ knew they needed all the rest they could get for the challenge that lay ahead. “If you want to get there in the morning, I suggest you take it easy. We still have several hours before we arrive in Washington,” he pointed out to them. “Get some sleep,” he advised, “and I will let XiX follow the sun to get you there at the right time ... okay?”

That was good enough for Roo. “Yeah, boss,” he yawned. “Roo’s a little tired.” “Me too, ZZ,” Chad seconded,

stretching his arms behind his neck. “Let’s catch some zees, Roo. Something tells me we’re going to need ’em.” They gratefully put their heads down, and for six hours they slept as XiX glided gently across the Earth’s surface with a permanent sunrise.

In the meanwhile, ZZ put the time to good use.

## Jerry

*“And Jesus said unto them, Because of your unbelief: for verily I say unto you, If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be **impossible** unto you.”*

Mat 17:20



**W**ASHINGTON, D.C., 6:33 A.M. XiX was nearing the first monument. As a little joke, ZZ decided to wake his guests with a sudden rollover ‘alarm’. He minimized the internal gravity field and, reversing three hundred and sixty degrees, he flipped XiX upside down, attempting to toss the sleeping warriors out of their bunks.

But Chad's reflexes were too sharp, and he caught himself before slamming back down onto his mattress.

"Hey! Why'd you *do* that, man?" he snorted, trying to shake the sleep out of his head. Roo was close to the floor anyway, so the acrobatics didn't affect him much. He just sat there, rubbing his eyes feverishly. "Why not?" ZZ snickered.

Although only half-wake, Chad could still see the funny side. He was beginning to see his mentor in a whole new light. He scowled jokingly, raising a mock fist at ZZ.

ZZ pointed to the monitor, his smile fading. Chad and Roo looked up at the screen. There it was, their first target, standing tall and perfect against a lightening, pale mauve sky. "Well, boys," ZZ announced, "there's your monument." Bright young eyes stared intently at the tower for a moment.

Their host then motioned to a food-laden table. "Have something to eat," he offered, "and then I'll drop you off." Chad and Roo spun their heads. Their faces lit up, a smile breaking across their faces.

They both helped themselves to a hearty breakfast. After they had finished, ZZ handed the pair some warmer clothes and a Bible, which Chad placed in his knapsack. ZZ then said his goodbyes, setting the two of them down near the tree line bordering the pillar.

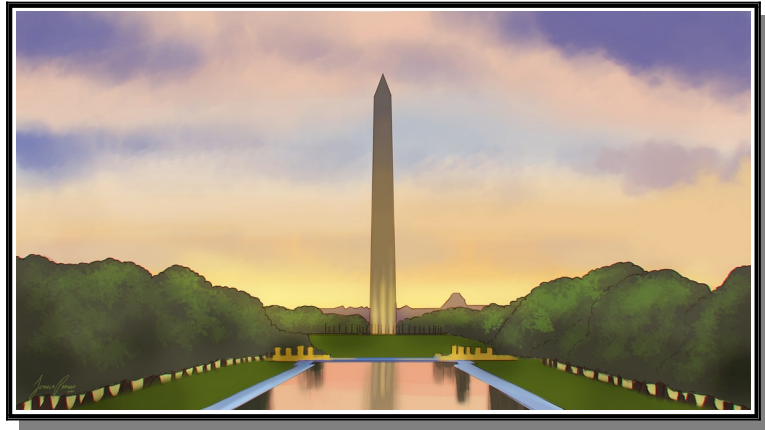
“See you two later,” he said, waving. “I’ll keep Boogie with me, Chad,” he added, lovingly patting the animal on its head. “I’ve grown rather fond of this ol’ dog of yours, and wouldn’t want to see anything happen to him *again*.”

Boogie’s soft brown eyes stared soulfully into Chad’s, his tail wagging contentedly. Chad was about to object, but he knew the old man was right.

Before he had a chance to respond, ZZ, Boogie and XiX were gone, and the warriors were on their own once again.

CHAD AND ROO scanned the manicured grounds surrounding the obelisk, trying to get their bearings and form a plan of action.

They turned. Before them towered the magnificent Washington Monument, the very one that now belonged to Mammon. There it stood, over five hundred feet of it, in the center of a large, immaculately-cultivated lawn, surrounded by the fifty flags of the States of the Union of the U.S.A.



Now face-to-face with their objective, they weren't quite sure how they were supposed to deal with it. This Asherah pole had originally been erected to honor the greatness of the Union's first President, George Washington. It was situated in the United States' capital of Washington, D.C., the very 'center of freedom'.

The sheer size of the thing was symbol enough of the wealth and power that it represented. Chad wondered how many souls had been bound by this symbol instead of liberated by freedom; freedom now sold, for thirty pieces of silver! Had they now traded true freedom to serve the god of the 'almighty dollar'? Chad and Roo both stood silently, staring at the cenotaph for what seemed like an eternity.

Roo broke the silence. "So, what do we do now, boss?"  
"Well, there's the monument," Chad stated matter-of-factly,

pointing at the tower. “Let’s walk over to it and see what happens, eh?”

They both smiled at each other, starting towards the tower. They had only walked but a few yards when they came across an old black man sitting on the lawn playing a dull, worn out saxophone. Chad guessed the musician must have been at least seventy, maybe even eighty, years old, with a full head of gray hair and a matted, peppery beard growing down to his chest. Roo was mesmerized by the strange noise emanating from the battered instrument, but was more entranced by the person playing it.

The old man sensed their approach and turned his head in their direction, his shaded eyes not making direct contact with theirs. Chad figured the old guy must be blind—the large sunglasses, white cane and metal cup at his feet, a sure giveaway.

As the boys got closer to him, the black man spoke. “Yo, you two, dere! Can I plays a tune or two for y’all? I can plays anythin’, man! Just toss a coin or mebbe a dollar or two into that cup dere, and make yo’ request! I’ll belt it out for ya ... da bigger da donation, da better da rendition, brothas!”

A wide grin spread across the crinkled, leathery, brown face, revealing large, irregular teeth that obviously hadn’t seen a toothbrush in a long, long time, since many of them were missing and the few that were still left were mostly decayed. While he did feel sorry for the poor old guy,

Chad couldn't help thinking to himself that this was the funniest thing he'd seen since meeting Roo, and he had to restrain himself from laughing out loud.

Roo was more perplexed at what was sitting on the grass before them. "Boss, what kind of Aborigine is dat?" Chad tried to be as delicate as possible, the musician hearing everything the two of them were saying. "Uh, okay, Roo. This man isn't an, um, Aborigine. His ancestors come from, um, Africa—the original black man." The old fella started grinning broadly.

Roo was confused. "Well, den, if dis bloke is de 'original', den why do dey call us blackfellas *Ab-original*? God named *us* de original, boss!"

The black man chimed in. "Yo, yo, yo dere, brotha!" he said, waving a finger in Roo's direction. Roo looked back at him cautiously. "Yeah, you dere, I hear your ebony tones, man!" The old guy placed his sax lovingly over tired, crossed legs. "Come here so I can feel your face and see what kind of black man you is." He could sense Roo's reluctance. "Oh, I know you is black, brotha; I can feel your ebony vibes. Come on, man, come on over here." He beckoned insistently for Roo to approach him.

Roo glanced anxiously at Chad, who smiled and nodded reassuringly. With his boss' approval, Roo gingerly approached the old man and squatted down. Two weather-beaten, dark-skinned hands with rough, dirty nails reached up, gently tracing the tips of its fingers across every crevice



and bump on the nervous little native's face. Roo sat there silently, staring anxiously at Chad the whole time.

The old musician smiled as he removed his hands, draping them casually over his sax. "Mm-mmm, brother, you *are* da original! What's dat vibe I'm pickin' up from ya? Yeah, yeah, I know! Y'all ain't from the city, brotha! You's a tribal man, ain't ya?" Roo looked to Chad for help. "Am I, boss?" "I suppose you are, Roo," Chad answered instinctively. "I suppose you *are a* tribal person." He smiled at Roo. "Maybe I am, too—a tribal person."

Chad turned to the musician. "What's your name, sir?" he asked politely. The old man crinkled up his nose. "Please don't call me 'sir', youngblood!" he protested. "I *hates* dat word 'sir'! I ain't no stinkin' staff sergeant, and I ain't no stinkin' officer! I had enough of dat when I was in Nam! *AAIIEETT?*"

"Yes, s—," Chad began, quickly checking himself, "sure," he finished. He could no longer contain his curiosity. "Is that where you lost your sight?"

Haltingly, the old fellow began to answer, his irritation subsiding and his tone softening. "In a manner of speakin', dere, young fella. Ah didn't get shot or nuttin'. Ah just couldn't take tuh seein' all doze dead boys no more; all dat carnage 'n stuff." His eyes started glazing over. "Too much blood, too much guts 'n bones 'n death—death evawhere—mah eyes just kinda shut down on me, know what ah'm sayin'?" Chad nodded dumbly.

“Now, come on over here, son,” the old man beckoned.  
“Lemme take a good look at ya, too.”

Roo stepped aside as Chad moved over and sat down in front of the old man, who began to run his fingers and palms over Chad’s face. He stopped suddenly. “You two ain’t real men!” he exclaimed, pulling backwards with a jolt. “Y’all angels or somethin’? I know y’all ain’t normal men—I can feel da warmth comin’ from your faces! Hey, what’s goin’ on here?” he demanded, a crease appearing between his brows.

“No, we’re not angels,” Chad answered with a smile.  
“We’re just a couple of fools sent here by God. What’s your name, mister?” he repeated.

The old musician responded, emphasizing his name with pride. “My mutha, bless her soul, and my fatha, I pray God saved his, named me Jeremiah George Washington Culver. But y’all can call me Jerry, *AAIIEET?*” He held out his right hand. Roo grabbed the hand, shaking it enthusiastically. “Me name’s Andrew, mate, but you can call me ‘Roo’.”

Rescuing Jerry’s hand before Roo dislodged it completely from the poor old man’s shoulder, Chad introduced himself. “My name’s Chad, but you can call me Chad,” he joked.

“So, what y’all doin’ here?” Jerry pressed. Roo spoke up. “We come for the big stick, mate.” “Roo, don’t confuse the man!” Chad chided gently.

Screwing up his nose slightly, Jerry turned his head towards Chad. “Da ‘big stick’? What’s he talkin’ ‘bout, man?” “He means the monument,” Chad replied plainly. “The YahuWah has sent us to, um, well, to destroy it.”

This startled the old man to the core—the monument was his livelihood. “Da *who-wah*? Da *YahuWah*? Who, or *what*, is dat? And *destroy* da monument? You mean, *dis* here monu– da *Washington* Monument? What y’all talking ‘bout, mah brothas? Ah was *named* after dat monument, y’hear?” He was really frowning now.

Taking a deep breath, Chad explained as best he could, for he knew they had to get on with the job. “Mister, The YahuWah is Jesus, and He has sent us to tear down the Altars of Baal and the Asherah poles. This one is the first.”

Jerry realized what this meant to his welfare, for he, too, was under the power of Mammon, blinded by it to the greater good. “Y’all can’t do *dat*!” he exclaimed desperately. “Dem people come to see dis here ‘big stick’! What’s a brotha gonna do for flow if ya’ll take away da *people*, man? I barely scratch out a livin’ from da tourists even now, da best a blind man can do playin’ da sax!”

Chad stared at the instrument curiously. “Can you really play that sax?” Momentarily distracted by the challenge, Jerry’s head went up and his chest puffed out. “As sho’ as mah ass is black, ah can! Now listen up!”

Roo and Chad laughed at the remark, but their chortles were immediately silenced as Jerry began to play the most soulful tune they had ever heard, each note flowing harmoniously to the next, touching their hearts as if it were love itself set to music. The two warriors stood respectfully quiet, totally mesmerized by the talent of the man.

In the midst of the emotion sweeping over them, The YahuWah spoke quietly to both Chad and Roo, ***“I will trade him healing for his horn.”***

When Jerry finished, Roo spoke first. “Mate, dat tune was a real bewdy. Would you lend us dat horn of yours, mate?” Before the musician could respond, Chad posed another question. “Jerry, do you believe that your sight can be returned to you?” Jerry tried to answer, wanting to believe, but wrestling with doubt. “I—I—s’pose,” he replied hesitantly.

Chad added, “Well, what my friend Roo here is trying to say is, if you let us use that saxophone of yours to help bring down the pole, The YahuWah will give you your sight back.”

Jerry stumbled over his words, not daring to believe what he was hearing, let alone what he was saying. “Wha—what you talkin’ ‘bout, man? You—you mean, all ah gotta do is lend you dis old piece of junk and ah’ll—ah’ll be able to—to see—to see again?” “Too bloody right, mate!” Roo

answered quickly. “As good as a dingo can see a wallaby in the dark in my great, big outback, mate!”

Even though he had no idea what the little man had just said, Jerry blew a triumphant blast on his horn. “Ah knew it!” he cried out, slapping his knee with one hand. “Ah knew da Lord Jesus would send someone to me one day! Ah bin prayin’ for dis for all but fifteh years! Praise da Lord and HalleluYah, brothas! Here, catch!” Jerry tossed the old sax up into the air, right into Roo’s waiting arms.

He then stood up, trying to face the Washington Monument as if he could actually see it. “Just one ting ah aks, brothas,” he said to Roo and Chad over his shoulder. “Ah wants to watch it fall down, too, with mah very own eyes! So can you ask da Lord to gimme mah sight back first ... please? *AAIIEET?*”

Chad patted the old man on the shoulder, smiling. “Jerry, not only are you going to see it fall today, my man, but you’re going to *help!*” Jerry grinned broadly. Chad walked a few feet closer to the tower and turned around. “Come here!” Jerry sauntered his old bones in the direction of Chad’s voice and stood in front of him the best he could, a little awry, blank eyes staring at nothing but seeing everything. Chad adjusted the musician’s stance for him.

Beginning to pray in tongues, he removed the mantle from his back. “Now, Jerry, I want you to look to The YahuWah as I put this mantle on you for a moment.” Jerry closed his eyes and smiled as Chad gently removed dirty sunglasses,

letting them fall softly onto the grass. Carefully placing the sacred cloth over the old timer's head, Chad spoke quietly into his ear. "Look to Him for your healing, Jerry, that He may restore your sight to you, as Roo and I lay our hands on you. Are you ready, Jerry?"

"Brotha, I bin ready for nearly fifteh years!" Jerry blurted out excitedly. "Let's do dis, *AAIIEETT?* PRAISE DA LORD AND *HALLELUYAH!*" His hairy, gray-streaked beard began to flutter softly in the light breeze that had suddenly sprung up from nowhere.

The two young warriors respectfully laid their hands upon Jerry's weathered, brown skin. As they continued to pray in tongues, heat from the mantle began to engulf the old man. An illuminating glow seemed to surround his entire body. Then, as if both knowing the exact moment, Chad and Roo cried out in unison, "*Be healed!*"

The old man began to tremble at the knees, falling forward to the ground in rapture. He lay face down in the grass for a few seconds, his chest heaving and his body trembling as Chad and Roo could see a spirit of fear come out of him, crouching like a tiger as it ran away, and a spirit of heaviness, like a shadow, dissolve before their eyes. Then, as the convulsions subsided, Jerry slowly returned to his feet, rubbing his eyes with both hands. It appeared to Chad and Roo as if small fish-like scales were flaking away from his eyes. The old man squinted, shaking his head from side to side. He opened his eyelids a little more.

For the first time in nearly half a century, the old brown eyes could now just make out shapes and light. Then, within minutes, his vision slowly returned to him, partially at first, then gradually a little more. In a few moments, it was complete – he could see *perfectly!*

Jerry was overcome with ecstasy. With tears running down his cheeks, he began to dance and run around in all directions like an excited child at his first toy store, looking at everything he could. “HalleluYah! *HalleluYah!*” he shouted gleefully. “Praise The Lord, ah am *healed!* It is truly a *miracle!* Ah can see! Ah can really *see!*”

Jerry turned back to Chad and Roo, slapping them heartily on the arms. “Well, lookee here at you two, just like ah imagined, only better!” He took off the mantle and gratefully handed it back to Chad. “God *bless* you, sirs!” he gushed. “God bless ya’ll! Whoa!” He checked himself suddenly. “Did I just say ‘sirs’? Man, ah *must* be healed! God *bless* you, *SIRS!*” They playfully saluted one another and all broke out in joyous laughter.

Then Jerry turned, catching sight of the monument for the first time since he was a little child. He stopped still. “Man, so *that’s* it! Lordy be, it’s a big sucka, ain’t it? So how we gonna take it down, my brothas?” “With this here horn, mate,” Roo replied proudly, handing him his battered, old instrument.

Jerry held the sax for a moment, gazing at it lovingly. A close and familiar friend it had been for many, many years.

He couldn't contain his surprise. "Well, I'll be! Dis ting's older and uglier dan mah first wife! Ah gots to get me a *new* one!" he laughed, scratching his head. Chad and Roo exchanged knowing glances—even they knew what that meant. "No more sympathy tunes on dis old horn!" Jerry announced proudly. "It's time for a *new* song!" He tossed the sax back to Roo.

Chad took control. "Okay, let's *do* this! The YahuWah wants us to march around the pole seven times and then blow the horn seven times, just like it says in this book right here!" he declared, lifting The Bible out of his bag and holding it up in the air. Roo chimed in. "I told you, boss; dat book is a *good* book!"

Jerry was raring to go. "Come on, let's *do dis!*" he shouted, and started walking towards the monument, Chad and Roo close behind. Once at the base, the three of them immediately began marching clockwise around it, in tight circles. As the group strode purposefully in step, Chad and Roo prayed in tongues, while Jerry kept count, shouting a triumphant '*HalleluYah!*' at the completion of each revolution. They did this a full seven times.

When they came to a stop, they became suddenly aware of a large crowd of onlookers that had assembled, muttering obscenities and complaints at the intrusion, a few tourists grumbling about the interruption to their visit.

Chad turned to the gathering, warning them to stand back as he pointed to the tower. "The whole thing is about to



come down any minute!” he yelled. Out of fear, some of the crowd ran away screaming. A few just stood there, laughing at these three silly-looking men. Others just got impatient. “Come on,” they grumbled, “let’s get the cops onto these fools!” hurriedly calling 911 on their cell phones.

Chad, Roo and Jerry moved back a safe distance from the base of the pole. Roo took the old sax from Jerry, and, lifting it to his lips, blew a full three times as hard as he could. The screeching notes pierced the air like a knife, as welcome hands rapidly covered grateful ears. Jerry then handed the instrument to Chad, who blew another three sharp reports. The three men stopped and peered upwards, some of the crowd following suit. Everyone stared silently at the monument. Nothing was happening ... not even a rumble.



“Brothas!” Jerry shouted. “Let *me* blow dat horn da seventh time! *Pleeez!*” Chad and Roo smiled at each other as Chad handed the horn to Jerry. He looked at his old friend as if for the last time, the memory of a million songs drifting through his head. “One final tune, boys, and this one’s for The YahuWah!” he called out. Inhaling a deep breath of air into the bellows of his massive lungs, Jerry tilted his head back, licked his lips and, placing the mouthpiece skillfully up to them, blew the horn with all of his might.

The note was pure, simple and enchanting, as if emanating from a holy place. It was sweet and rapturous, miraculous to behold, seeming to last for ages, until every last breath of air from its player’s lungs had been expelled. The very sound of it stopped everyone in their tracks. All heads turned to stare.



The three could hear it before they could see it. Suddenly, low rumblings radiated from somewhere deep beneath the tower. It swayed slightly, but held fast. Jerry cried out, “Brotha, do you see what I see?” “Oh, *yeah!*” Chad shouted. Then Roo saw the vision. “Too bloody right, mate! I see them angel blokes, like light, right there!” he exclaimed, jabbing a pointed finger at the obelisk.

Just at the base of the monument were standing two powerfully built men, glowing with neon luminosity. They were leaning and pushing up against the monument, working in unison, shaking it from side to side. They both turned their heads towards the warriors who had summoned them down from heaven, and smiled. Chad, Roo and Jerry turned to look at each other, beaming back in response.

Slowly, the Washington Monument began to sway; first one way, and then the other. The top of the pyramid at its peak arced wildly back and forth, the distances from one point to the other growing wider and wider, the summit cutting a huge swathe into the sky.

Members of the crowd who had been jeering at the three earlier were now desperately trying to run to safety, but had left it way too late. The tower couldn’t take it any longer. Suddenly, the top third of the structure snapped off completely, sending it plummeting onto the fleeing spectators scattering helplessly below. The bottom two thirds crumbled onto itself, crushing those nearby who were still frozen to the spot in disbelief.

Many bystanders were killed instantly, their bodies flattened under the weight of the enormous fragments crashing down upon them. Others who weren't so lucky lay trapped, unable to move, pitifully crying for help as they tried in vain to free their now useless limbs from under the immovable weights. Everywhere around them, once-green grass was now a carpet of red.

Their work completed, the angels departed, leaving only a fading glow in the air where they had been. Jerry and the two messengers of Yah stared speechlessly as the dust started to clear from the gusts of wind that were now becoming a gale.

A dark storm cloud began to form over the place where the great monument had stood so proudly just a few moments before. Without warning, a powerful lightning bolt cracked fiercely down from the sky a few feet from where the men were standing, snapping them out of their stupor at the spectacle they had just witnessed.

Jerry was transfixed to the spot, gazing at his hands in wonder, when Chad interrupted his thoughts. "Jerry, are you alright there, my friend?" "Well, ah'll be black-ah'd and hog-tah'd!" Jerry exclaimed with awe. He slowly lifted up the horn for all to see. "Lookee here what your YahuWah has done!"

All three could not believe what he was now holding—the old, worn out instrument was gone, replaced by a brand new, top-of-the-line saxophone, flashes of illumination

from the brilliant lightning strikes reflecting from its highly-polished, golden surface.

Jerry raised the horn carefully to his lips, and blew a string of perfect, heavenly notes. “We all better git,” he warned. “All hell gonna break loose here pert near any minute now! Ah knows what *ah’m* a-gonna do. Ah’m gonna gits mahself over to mah dear departed grammy’s church and play for da Lord! Y’all wanna come?” The old man’s eyes were glistening brightly.

“No time, brother Jerry,” Chad graciously replied, “but thanks for the offer. We got a lot more of these things to deal with,” he said, thumbing over his shoulder at the wreckage behind him. “Roo, we better get over to those trees there and call us a ride.” Roo nodded in anxious agreement, looking around nervously. He knew it wouldn’t be long before the police got there and common sense was prodding him not to hang around.

Jerry walked up to Chad and Roo to say goodbye, hugging them both closely in genuine friendship. “Thank you so much, mah brothas, for this blessed day,” he smiled, choking back tears, “and for mah new ah’s! Ah swears ah’ll never forgit y’all, and ah’ll play a song for ya every day on mah bee-YOO-tiful new horn! God *bless* ya both!” Leaving his metal beggar’s cup on the grass, he turned and ran out into the street, shouting, “HalleluYah and praise The Lord! Ah can see, and ah gots me a *new sax!*”

Chad and Roo beat a hasty retreat into the woods, just as the familiar sounds of sirens came wailing up behind them towards the dusty mountain of rubble that was once the pride of Washington, D.C. “ZZ, ZZ, ZZ!” Chad shouted over the roaring wind and the cacophony blaring from the emergency vehicles now piercing the warm morning air.

Roo peered out from around a tree. He could make out several police officers in the distance talking to survivors, some of whom were pointing in their direction. “Boss, we gonna be in *plenty* big trouble when doze fellas in dem funny clothes get over here!” Roo urged. “Dey don’t look too happy wid us, boss!”

Chad was just as anxious, for he could see the officers hurriedly getting back into their cars and speeding across the grounds towards them. “Yeah, Roo, I know. Let’s call ZZ!” Chad cupped his hands around his mouth. “ZZ! ZZ! ZZ! We need you *now!*” he yelled urgently. “Yeah, mate!” Roo added frantically. “Dey’s gonna get us in a minute!” The police were getting dangerously close, and the boys couldn’t see XiX anywhere.

Armed men began shooting at the warriors out of the passenger windows of their vehicles, the bullets just missing their targets by inches as the cars bounced jerkily along the uneven ground. Chad and Roo ducked behind the trees trying to dodge the spray of lead, some of it ricocheting past their ears. They turned quickly right, darting along inside the tree line.

Suddenly, a cop spotted them, instantly tipping off the others by police radio as to where they were headed. A group of squad cars quickly maneuvered to intercept them. As they ran, Chad and Roo knew that, any second now, they would either be caught or shot. They could both taste the fear; it was unmistakably sour. Still no ZZ.

Just when they were convinced they were doomed with nowhere else to run, a flash of bright light burst out of the sky directly above them, temporarily blinding both them and all their pursuers. The blindness lasted only briefly.

When the cops regained their sight, the culprits were nowhere to be found. After Chad and Roo had regained theirs, they found themselves back inside XiX, with ZZ laughing quietly to himself as they furiously rubbed their eyes.

“ZZ!” Chad gasped breathlessly. “You were here the *whole time?*” ZZ grinned cheekily. “Yes, I was, Chad,” he admitted. “I saw you two running like a couple of rabbits, and I just couldn’t help myself. It was worth the wait! Do you want to see the replay?” he chuckled.

It was all Chad and Roo could do just to breathe, let alone respond. Almost hyperventilating, they shook their heads. Even though their hearts were pounding like frightened canaries’, it was a relief to be back on friendly turf again. “Next one, boys?” ZZ asked. They wouldn’t, or couldn’t, speak. “Well, then, how about New York?” he cheerfully

suggested. They all started to laugh. But ZZ laughed the loudest.

“Man, that was close!” Chad puffed, his chest heaving.

“Sure, ZZ—*pant*—let’s go to New York! But no—*pant*—no tricks this time, okay? Do you think—*pant*—think you could do that for us?”

ZZ was still laughing as he answered. “That’ll be easy for ZZ, Chad, *easy for ZZ.*” He turned XiX northwards.

FOR THE REST of the day, Chad and Roo dispensed with the poles of New York and London—both named ‘Cleopatra’s Needle’. New York’s Needle was located in Central Park; it came down easily, with just a word, as if The Lord couldn’t wait. The boys were amazed, but happy.

The other was in London, England, next to the River Thames; the Brits thought their precious monument had fallen because of a meteor. Chad and Roo had prayed that The YahuWah would bring down ‘a stone from heaven’. When it came, it looked, to all observing the phenomenon from the ground, like a giant hailstone. Upon impact, it shattered the pole into a million pieces.

That night, it was the turn of the obelisk at the Place dé lá Concorde in Paris, France—a gift from the Egyptian Viceroy, Mohammed Ali, to the French people in 1831. Chad and Roo had been instructed by The Lord to dispense



with this one in the same manner as they had with the one in Washington.

They had no horn on this occasion, so while walking seven times around the tower's base, they shouted seven times as loudly as they could instead. The earth around the old pole began to quake. Within moments, it, too, came crashing down, scattering debris across the square in all directions. The death toll was mounting.

Four down. Satisfied with their work so far, the warriors left as quickly as they had arrived, leaving total chaos and confusion in their wake.

## Rapha-El

WE ARE DESPOTS

*“Our countersign is - Force and Make-believe. Only force conquers in political affairs, especially if it be concealed in the talents essential to statesmen. Violence must be the principle, and cunning and make-believe the rule for governments which do not want to lay down their crowns at the feet of agents of some new power. This evil is the one and only means to attain the end, the good.”*

Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion



**T**HE DIABOLICALLY resurrected conquerors had gone out into the world, each unto their lands of previous domination and conquest. Once revealed, the people were easily charmed and followed them again, like sheep being

herded to the slaughterer's block, bleating the age-old chants of national pride and pre-eminence that their new masters' captivating voices proclaimed to their willing ears, seducing their subjects into submission.

Each nation turned all its production to the assembly line of the war machine. Conscription became commonplace in every realm that had welcomed the new leaders. Those who did not co-operate with the new regime were rounded up, shackled and thrown into the most primitive of concentration camps, there to become mere slaves of the machine. Anyone who resisted more vigorously was simply executed.

Sir David demanded a tax from every nation that welcomed his conquerors; a tax turned to gold and precious stones, all for the glory of his new temple. There, in the basement of the temple, Sir David's minions were kept busy, secretly melting and forging the spoils into true images of the gods, abomination upon abomination.

One idol, the most magnificent idol of all—the graven image of the red dragon himself, Luaquiss Sama-el—was especially created to portray him not as a dragon, but as an angel of light, made entirely of the purest gold and the most valuable jewels the world had to offer. Matching its subject's ego, it was a massive structure – even larger than the statue at the Lincoln Memorial, only this one was standing.

It was slowly nearing completion, but for a project of this enormity, the sheer volume of gold reserves and precious gems required for this 'idol of idols' was astronomical, and its subject was growing impatient.

LUAQUISS SAMA-EL had been disturbed by the news forthcoming from his lower princes ruling over the nations of the U.S.A., Britain, and France.

He urgently leapt up from his throne as they appeared before him. His wrath was excruciating. Each prince instantly changed into his shield shape, crouching under it for protection. The dragon spewed forth his flaming curses from the furnace of his bowels, trails of choking sulfur and smoke wisping and curling from the edges of their flimsy defenses as they cooled.

“You *imbeciles!*” Luaquiss Sama-el shouted with ferocious indignation. “You cannot even protect my high places! What kind of *princes* do you call yourselves? Have you been unmindful of your ancient charges? Have you *again* been gorging and fornicating with the heathen cattle at the expense of my glory?” he spat at them as they cringed even lower before him.

“Whom do you serve? Do you serve yourselves, or *me*, the great archangel Sama-El Semyaza? How long must I tolerate your foolishness? If you wish to *share in* my

glory,” he boomed, “then first you must *serve* it!” His black, hollow eyes scanned the group, stopping on each one expectantly as it subjugated itself in shame.

The Prince of Britain reluctantly spoke first. “But my—my master,” he stammered apologetically. “My guards were caught unawares!” His eyes fixated to a spot on the ground near his feet. “The—The Elaquohim brought down the stones from heaven to destroy my charge,” he continued nervously, “your—your Asherah pole that stood beside the River Thames!” His gaze remained humbly lowered.

“Not without an obedient servant upon the Earth, He would not!” Luaquiss Sama-el snapped back angrily. “He could not exercise just *any* manner of attack without me knowing! *Whom* did He use to make this concealed power connection?”

Prince Mammon, the Prince of the U.S.A., answered a little less hesitantly. “Master, my sources tell me that there were *three* men—two black and a Cherokee—seen at the base of *my* Asherah prior to its obliteration,” he declared. Too late, he realized his blunder. Luaquiss Sama-el glared at the cowering Prince. “*Whose* Asherah?” he demanded, his empty eyes conveying nothing but pure dread.

“Y—*your* Asherah, my master,” gushed Mammon, desperately correcting his slip. “Your Asherah, of course, *not* mine. Master, I *humbly* beg thy forgiveness!” He lowered his head in total surrender.

“Forgiveness? Ha!” Luaquiss Sama-el snorted. “I know *not* this weak thing of fools!” As always, the dragon enjoyed the theatrics of these fawning but futile gestures. “I will ignore your slur for now, Mammon. And who *are* these three men?” he demanded, quickly reverting to the previous topic.

Grateful for the distraction, the Prince of Britain spoke up again. “Master, my lower powers report that there were only two vessels, and they were young at that. One black man, a tribal person from the south lands well below the solar equinox, and a Cherokee. I believe the third one was not of their party.”

The Prince of France concurred. “This is true, great one. Only two vessels, as your prince has described. Dagon knows them as the same two he confronted in the south land a few solar clicks preceding.”

“Could one of these meddlers be the very same boy who vanquished the forces of both Arktos *and* Zavebe in the cavern of Adullam?” Luaquiss Sama-el suggested.

Relieved to feel the focus of the dragon’s rage shifting, the Prince of France hastily agreed. “We think it is one and the same, master,” he nodded eagerly, “but now it seems he has a servant.”

“Not the boy! Not the *boy!*” Luaquiss Sama-el raged. The dragon turned away from the group to hide the frustration contorting his grotesque face even more hideously. Then,

in a movement so fast that it startled even them, he spun his head around and spoke, all eyes averting his deadly stare. “At this very moment,” he announced, “my chief princes are preparing my image and throne upon the Earth. Imrod has completed the temple and its devices, including the Ark of our Covenant, and erected the idols to my lower gods, where you will receive the worship I have promised you. You must contain the boy and his servant by any and all means. Even as I speak, my image is being cast from pure gold! The magnificence of it will be glorious! If these two continue to be thorns in my side, and avert my aspirations once again, I will hold you three accountable. Capture them or *destroy* them!” Two empty voids bore down upon the gathering, not one daring to meet the gaze.



The three princes acknowledged the command. “Yes, master, we will obey!” they responded instantly. Each prince cautiously unshielded, morphing into a giant, winged creature ready for flight. In tri-formation, they soared down through the dimensions into the air above Europe to seek out the spoilers, gathering their forces behind them as they blew their war horns for the call.

UPON HEARING the summons, the generals quickly gathered in the air before them—Paimon, the great king of two hundred legions, his voice roaring as usual upon arrival, accompanied by two generals, Bebal and Abalam, each attending with twenty-five legions of their own demon spirit forces. A hush fell upon the multitude.

Mammon addressed the entire assembly. “By my word, sweep all of this land in *one* hour! Find these two men that our lord has commanded be captured or *destroyed*! The king who finds and captures, or even kills, either one of these intruders will enjoy a full day’s ceremony of worship by my entire nation! The general whose forces prevail will enjoy the same for one whole hour!” Almost together, the princes of Britain and France proclaimed, “And mine! And mine!”

The forces of the kingdom of darkness were astounded that so great an honor could be theirs. Ravenous snarls erupted from the crowd. The prey must be incredibly significant as to award such great privileges that few even dream about,



let alone get to enjoy! A murmur quickly spread throughout the vastness of the armies.

Every spirit flashed evil desire in its red eyes, fantasizing what it would be like to be worshiped as a god and to experience the same euphoria that their masters enjoyed, even if only momentarily. They licked their dry, wicked lips in anticipation, every one of them vowing in its heart at that moment to be the one that would kill the quarry; for the honor, the glory, the ecstasy of worship!

The three princes turned to the generals. “Come, follow us,” they commanded. “Your rewards will follow your exploits!” Like a swarm of killer wasps, the vast hordes of evil forces pierced the night air, scouring the nations of Europe for the young warriors, scanning every building, every house and home, every cave and cleft of rock, every hiding place they could remember from many centuries of rule.

Finding nothing, this infuriated them to the very depths of their beings. They took out their frustration on unsuspecting passers-by, causing an epidemic of freak accidents and inexplicable disasters. Humans who had witnessed and survived these events declared it to be just an ill-omened day of ‘really bad luck’.

Bebal and Abalam studied the terrain from their elevated positions above the surface. Tracking the movements of the two young destroyers, the evil kings discovered that Chad and Roo had progressed from North America to Great

Britain, and then on to France. All they had to do now was determine the next target.

Bebal spoke first. “Abalam, I predict that the next attack will either be on Egypt, Italy or Turkey. The princes of those nations must be notified! If we do not warn them immediately, and another Asherah falls, our master will make us *pay!*” They both knew only too well the full implication of that statement.

Abalam replied, “How can we know these young ones’ minds? They are being guided directly by The YahuWah, and The YahuWah does not make his thoughts known to us, for He is our enemy, and we are ignorant of His schemes! We must counsel amongst those princes. If we do not, we will have failed our master, another Asherah will be destroyed, and the pillars of authority of this kingdom upon the Earth will be diminished! If this happens, Luaquiss Sama-el will *rage* against us! Let us proceed without delay to the princes and notify them, that they might prepare for this onslaught!”

The two generals broke ranks, flying off to the south and to the east, leaving the three princes and the great king Paimon to their aggravation as they continued on their quest through the bowels of Europe.

The generals flew straight to Rome. Upon arrival, they noted with great relief that their key Asherah—at St. Peter’s Square in Vatican City—was still standing. Being the “grand prize”, they felt sure that it would have been one of

the first to fall, but were greatly pleased to discover it was still in one piece. Nevertheless, they warned the Prince of Rome of the impending danger, who in turn immediately blew his trumpet, rallying his massive forces to the alert.

Bebal and Abalam then flew on to Heliopolis. There they spoke to the Prince of Egypt, strenuously warning him of the possibility of attack. The prince sounded his horn, assembling all of his armies, for he had many poles to protect!

The two generals then departed for Turkey. As they made their descent into Istanbul from the upper regions of Ha'Ides, they discovered, to their horror, the two spoilers, standing at the base of the Asherah of Turkey. There they were, with the two worker angels of The YahuWah, about to lay hands upon their precious pole. The *audacity!*

As Bebal and Abalam approached, they blew their trumpets loudly, their legions drawing their weapons as they dropped into the presence of the Angels of Light. Chad and Roo jumped, startled by the assault and the hordes of demonic forces now rapidly bearing down upon them.

“Hey, we’ve had a good run so far, Roo!” grinned Chad. He had a determined look on his face, but his eyes were sparkling. Roo nodded grimly. They both took a deep breath and stood firm, preparing for the fight. But Roo was scared, and admitted it. “This too much for Roo, boss. Are we going to die today?” He looked at Chad with wide, frightened eyes.

Then The Word of The Lord came to them strongly. **“Greater is He who is in you, than he who is in the world!”** Almost instantly, the boys’ two guardian angels and the legions they commanded descended from the sky.

It was indeed an incredible sight, beyond belief to the natural eye; rank after rank of opposing forces of darkness and light, both standing silently, glaring at one another. The tension in the air was electric. “Woo-hoo!” Roo shouted with excitement. The forces of the Kingdom of Light resounded in unison at his shout with their own “Woo-hoo!”, shaking the very foundation of the pole.

Calrission and Radian turned to their charges. “Fear not, Great Ones!” they said calmly. “Did we not tell you that wherever you go, we would surely be there with you?”

Both angels leapt furiously at the two generals, four swords clashing in mid-air. Lightning bolts arced, sparking from their weapons with each strike. The forces of the kingdoms of darkness and Light rushed at each other. Legions of demonic spirits attacked multitudes of holy angels, their hideous faces enraged at the beauty clashing against them.

Chad and Roo stood dumbfounded at the spectacle unfolding before their spiritual eyes, frozen to the spot by the awesome display of power. When it appeared the forces of darkness were prevailing, they felt fear grip them. The Word of The Lord came to them once more. **“Pray with out ceasing! Be fervent! If you do not pray in this manner, your forces will fail!”**

Chad and Roo were jolted from their stupor. They began praying in strong tongues, swaying the battle in favor of the Forces of Light, their prayers visibly empowering the armies. They could see demon after demon being slain by the angels' fiery swords. In the midst of the mêlée, the two warriors took advantage of the situation. Their opponents now seemingly a little distracted, they continued on with their original mission. The pole began to move.

Chad and Roo sensed a victory in their spirits. But their hopes were soon dashed. The Prince of Persia, detecting a disturbance in his dominion, had acted on the call of his intuition and headed in that direction. Fortunately for the Forces of Light who were now heavily engaged, however, he had failed to rally his troops. He appeared right in front of Chad and Roo, but when he arrived, he was facing away from them and did not notice the two young men. The prince was unprepared for what he saw.

He drew his sword, watching the frenzied conflict raging above his Asherah pole. Feeling the presence of light behind him, he slowly turned around to see what it could be.

What confronted Chad and Roo was a being of colossal stature, ancient looking and extremely powerful, carrying a heavy, curved-edge battle sword. What the prince observed were two small, foolish-looking men. Grasshoppers, weak and frightened, he thought smugly to himself. But these 'grasshoppers' were praying intensely in the spirit, waves

of spiritual power radiating from them, and this irked him greatly.

He laid his eyes upon the two tiny humans, staring at them intently. Although intimidated, Chad and Roo did not stop. Observing that they were praying in the spirit, the prince swiftly realized, in shock, that it was these two who were the source of all his troubles.

With a sadistic bear-like sneer upon his face and a growl of a predator roaring out from his throat, he raised his sword above his head. The sliver of shiny metal lifted high into the air, cracking with power, its razor-sharp edge clearly aimed at the young warriors' heads. Chad and Roo braced themselves for certain death.

As the scimitar of the great prince ran its arc to the necks of the young men, there was a sudden, earsplitting crack and an exploding blaze of light. Knocked off their feet and nearly blinded, it took a few moments for the boys to realize that the deadly blade had stopped only inches from their ears, through which they could now hear only ringing.



A massive golden sword, white hot and flaming with the righteous anger of God had intercepted the Prince of Persia's weapon, halting the execution. Squinting upwards, Chad could make out an El of Light of enormous size and power now looming over the prince, standing before the boys as their protector. They rubbed their eyes, adjusting to the brightness of the vision as the ringing in their ears began to fade.

The prince was momentarily taken aback, when a smirk of recognition slowly crossed his ghoulish face. "Ah, Raphael. So we meet again, Great One!" he sneered.

The massive angel responded to his old archrival. "It seems, thou great Bear Allah, that once more we will wrestle for the world and, once more, you will fail. I see on this occasion, however, no Leopard Prince of Greece

present, as in the times of Daniel the Prophet, to be of any assistance to you.”

“I have called the great Crocodile, the Prince of Egypt and his armies, and my remaining territorial forces to assist me,” the Prince of Persia boasted. “I promise you, Raphael, it will not be as easy as the last time we clashed!”



“We shall see,” smiled the glorious angel in reply. “For all things are ordered by Him, the great I AM, whom you rebelled against so long ago. Have you not yet learned your lesson?”

“Who are you, Great One?” Roo shouted out to their defender. “I am Rapha-El,” the angel answered obligingly, “your ministering angel for this war! I serve on your behalf at The Throne of The YahuWah. He has sent me to help



you, and to assist your guardian angels, until you have completed your task. I will be with you even to the destruction of the pole of the Prince of Rome! You must complete your work quickly, for the dragon has found you and fixed your position!”

Just then, the ground began to shake. A low rumble shook the earth. Everyone turned, just in time to see the fourth pole come crashing down, disintegrating into pieces. “Look,” Rapha-El cried out. “The Asherah pole falls! Escape quickly to the next!” he urged. “Do not delay! You must make haste, for the dragon draws your trace, and will not cease until he has your very lives in his hands!

Know this, you great and mighty warriors, though you may walk through the valley of the shadow of death, fear not any evil thing, for The YahuWah is stronger than death, and will be with you even unto the end!”

Chad and Roo didn’t need to be asked twice. They summoned ZZ without further ado. He appeared quickly, snatching them up into XiX and whisking them to safety. They watched the commotion shrink away beneath them as demon after demon fell screaming into the pits opening up at their defeat, the Forces of Light prevailing at the coming of Rapha-El.

The great angel continued to wrestle with the bear Allah, who called out to the great crocodile, the Prince of Egypt, for assistance, for he knew his armies were now

succumbing to the superior strength of these mighty Angels of Light.

The Prince of Egypt arrived with a hellish scream, but could only watch helplessly while the bulk of his and Persia's territorial forces of darkness were being annihilated right before his eyes.

AS CHAD AND ROO slowly regained their composure, The Word of The Lord came to them again, urgent but tinged with assurance, increasing their faith as they heard it. ***“To Egypt! There you will find success!”*** Chad turned to ZZ. “We have to go to Egypt right now, ZZ! I don't know why, but we do, and we have to *hurry!*”

ZZ smiled. “If The YahuWah has told you that's where you must go, then that's where you must go, for at times like these, you cannot do anything but obey, if you want to succeed.” “That's what He said, mate!” Roo concurred. “He said we would find success in that place!” “Then it is to Egypt we go!” ZZ declared. “And we will go speedily. Are you ready, boys?” “Yeah, let's go!” they chimed.

ZZ commanded XiX to make haste to Heliopolis, and she took off at a velocity even ZZ had rarely seen her attain before this low to the surface of the Earth, arriving in less than three seconds.

Chad and Roo were still a little shaken from their experience at the preceding pole, and the conflict in

Washington that almost cost them their lives. “Boss, can we hang about here on XiX with ZZ for a while?” Roo asked pleadingly. “A lot safer, don’t you reckon? A lot safer, right, boss?” The little man smiled weakly, a look of obvious reluctance on his face.

Chad sympathized with his companion’s fear and placed a loving hand on his shoulder. “I’d like to, Roo,” he replied compassionately, “but I don’t think so, my friend. It seems The YahuWah needs our feet on the ground for our prayers to work effectively. It must be some kind of weird but wonderful spiritual power link or something.”

Roo nodded his head in resigned acknowledgement. He didn’t want Chad thinking he was a coward. “S’okay, boss. I was just hoping maybe we could stay up here. Lots safer than down there, eh?” Then he took a deep breath and threw out his puny little chest. “But if we gotta go, mate, then we gotta go!” he proclaimed, grinning that typical Roo grin. Chad laughed, slapping his friend affectionately on the back. “That’s the spirit, Roo!” They started playfully jostling each other.

ZZ interrupted the high jinks. “We’re here! All set to go?” Chad and Roo stopped, turning to look outside. “There is Heliopolis below us. I will set you down over there but will stay close should you need me promptly. Do what you have to do but do it quickly because there are more poles here in Egypt than any other place in the world. I don’t

quite know how you are going to accomplish this. I suggest you seek the will of The YahuWah.”

XiX gently lowered herself to the ground and opened her door. After bidding Boogie and ZZ a loving goodbye, Chad and Roo jumped out onto the hot desert sand. Immediately after they disembarked, ZZ departed rapidly, resonating his craft into invisibility as he left.

CHAD AND ROO were lost as to what to do next. It was strangely quiet. Before them stood the Asherah pole of Heliopolis, the oldest surviving obelisk of them all. Depicted on this column were figures of men and animals, whispered to contain some of the age-old mysteries of paganism.

They decided to do what they could and began to pray in the spirit. As they pressed in, they both started to move into The Gap of the Unseen World. Many of the same forces that had stood against them in Turkey now become aware of the warriors’ spirits trespassing through their world, hurriedly sounding the alarm at their arrival.

Chad and Roo continued to press forward in strong tongues until the forces of The Gap were beneath their feet. They found themselves walking through The Gates of Thanksgiving and The Courts of Praise, leading them to The Throne Room, a place of immense and dazzling light.

Roo was enthralled as he absorbed the beauty of it all. He meekly asked Chad where they were. “We are approaching The Throne of The Elaquohim, Roo,” Chad responded in a hushed, respectful tone. “He himself has called us up. God must have something very important to say to us. Let us worship before Him and turn our ears to His Word.” Chad and Roo fell down in rapture before The Elaquohim. They worshipped their God in spirit and in truth. Then He spoke.

***“Well done, good and faithful servants. I have called you here that your faith may be increased. Gabri-El, take two coals from my Holy refining fire and place them on the heads of my two servants.”*** The Archangel Gabri-El walked over to a large, golden cauldron from which a bright fire blazed and, without hesitation, grabbed a large burning coal in each hand.

When he placed the fiery embers upon Chad and Roo’s heads, any lingering uncertainty and unbelief was completely purged from their minds, their thoughts becoming clearer, their hearts even more assured of their calling and purpose under God. Their spirits filled with renewed strength and unwavering courage.

***“Destroy with fire the Asherahs of Egypt! By your word, it shall be done! Once complete, proceed quickly to Rome. There, your struggle will be great against its Prince!”***

## Fire

*“And another angel came out from the altar, which had power over fire ...”*

Rev 14:18

W HERE had these strange men come from?

The local Egyptian people and the tourists standing among them were awestruck by the phenomenon. Suddenly, they were just *there!* With no noise and no warning; in the blink of an eye, they had simply appeared out of nowhere. Everything happened so quickly, in only an instant of time, that the people stood stunned, staring silently for a few moments.

AS SOON as they disembarked, Chad and Roo began to pray in the spirit while the dry dust of ancient Egypt blew into their mouths and up their nostrils from the disturbed air around them. They could almost taste the tormented spirits from the distant past in the fine powder, spitting them out as they prayed.

Before them now was the oldest Asherah of all, the Obelisk of Heliopolis. Constructed of at least one hundred and twenty tons of red granite, it stood proudly upright, pointing directly at the heavens of the Unseen World like the obstinate idol of rebellion that it was.

Now confronted with their next objective, the two warriors' tongues came on stronger than they had ever experienced before. A harmonic of power began to flow from the symphony of the two powerful tongues now rising from deep within their souls, the vibrations emanating from their praising mouths outwards into the Unseen Worlds. Their prayer took on a rhythm that sounded more like a war chant; their tongues, the trumpets blowing the command to the armies of The Elaquohim.

The coals of fire placed upon their heads by Gabri-El had cleansed their minds. Their faith had been strengthened, or more precisely, the unbelief of their minds expelled from them, any remaining doubts purged by the intense heat of the coals.

It felt strange to no longer have doubt—everything seemed just that much clearer, that much more real, as if a blindfold had been lifted from their eyes. Little did they know this new and increased faith would be severely tested later, way beyond their current understanding. For now, however, they were filled with faith and power. For now, they were true men of God, and they began to step into the role as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

According to The Word of The Lord, they began to see into the spirit realms of the higher heavens. The dark veil of the natural world—the one concealing the spirit world—was now torn, rolling back like a scroll before their spiritual eyes. Then the command of The Elaquohim came. ***“Your god is a consuming fire. By what you see, command ye me!”***

“Boss, boss! I see lots of fire!” Roo cried out excitedly, jabbing a pointed finger at the sky. “Big balls of fire, boss! Coming from the heavens, boss, *look!*” Chad spun around, turning his eyes upwards. Exactly as his little friend had described, massive orbs of burning orange and red flame were hurtling towards the Earth straight for Heliopolis, turning the air an ominous yellow-green—it was only a matter of seconds before they hit.

“Yes, I see them too, Roo!” Chad shouted. “They’re coming down through the natural skies and are headed this way! Let’s command them to destroy all the Asherah poles throughout Egypt, starting with this one!” “Good one, boss!” the little man cheered, giving Chad a jerky thumb’s up.

“Bring your fire this way, Lord! Burn it, Lord! *Burn it!*” Chad yelled out, with Roo echoing the command. “Yeah, burn it!” The little native hopped energetically up and down on the spot. “Put fire on it, God!”

Chad held both arms outstretched to the sky and closed his eyes tightly. “I command this to be so! In the name of



almighty God, bring fire down upon the Asherahs and Altars of Baal NOW!”

Almost instantaneously, the natural world began to conform to the spiritual vision. What only the two of them could see in the spirit just moments earlier now became reality to all the startled onlookers. A few seconds, which seemed like an eternity, passed—and then it happened. Chad and Roo heard it before they saw it, the intensity of it surprising even them. It was as if a small sun had collided with the Earth. The crowd collectively gasped, transfixed to the spot.

The ball of fire was enormous, the reverberation of its explosive plunge deafening to the natural ear, its incredible brightness blinding to the naked eye. Then they felt the heat—it was all-consuming. Panic seized the people. Throwing their hands up to their heads in a desperate attempt to protect whatever they could, they began to scatter mindlessly in all directions as the fiery orb shot from the heavens directly at its target.

With a thundering *boom!* it hit the Asherah pole, consuming it and anyone still standing around its base, either because they couldn't believe what they were witnessing with their very own eyes or they were just too stupid to run. For a radius of at least five hundred feet from ground zero, the earth and everything on it instantly evaporated into thin air. Only Chad and Roo were impervious to the furnace, for an

*angel of mercy* had been sent to shield them from the heat and light of the *Wrath of God*.

For nearly four millennia, the pole had stood in defiance to the one true God. Now a judgment of fire had finally been exacted upon this blasphemous work of idolatry erected by the cruel, arrogant Pharaohs and their rebellious sons and daughters.

“Look, Roo!” Chad shouted. “Look into the vision! What do you see?” Roo stared at the apparition for a moment. “Hey, I see Rapha-El, boss!” he exclaimed with a grin, “far off in the distance! He’s throwing more balls of fire all over the place, boss!”

They could both see Rapha-El clearly, standing on the heights of Heaven, rolling up fireballs in his hands as if they were mere snow. He was packing them tightly and then winding up, just like a pitcher on the mound, sending blazing projectiles raining down upon the entire land of Egypt.

Rapha-El threw at least a dozen or more, and Chad and Roo could hear the devastation they left in their wake as each one hit the Earth, systematically wiping out every Asherah dotted across the country. Many idols were laid to rest that day, as were a great many idol worshippers.

At the Luxor Temple a fireball of immense size, almost as big as the first, struck the obelisk of Ramses II, reducing the tower—which had weighed over two hundred and fifty

tons—to mere rubble. The stone baboons at its base disappeared in a flash, and the idol to the Egyptian god Amun Ra was wiped from the face of the Earth forever—over three millennia of taunts to the one true God obliterated in a moment of fiery judgment.

Another ball struck the obelisk of Queen Hatshepsut at the Karnak Temple site, its three hundred-plus tons of red granite also gone in a flash of righteous justice—Hatshepsut, who once proclaimed at the Asherah's consecration, "I acted for him with a straightforward heart, as a king does for any god ... let not anyone who hears this say it is boasting, which I have said, but rather say, 'How like her it is, she who is truthful to her father.' The god knows it in me, Amun, Lord of the Thrones of the Two Lands ... I am his daughter in very truth, who glorifies him!"—that boast now brought down; reduced to nothing by the Highest God, The Lord of Lords ... The King of Kings! Countless more deadly fireballs smashed down upon this parched land, demolishing all of the Asherahs and idols that once so brazenly adorned them.

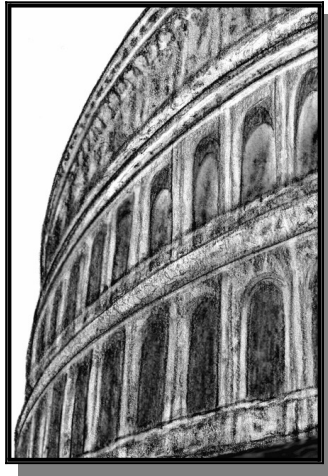
Egypt had been judged once before for her idolatry, again by the Highest God, through the plagues of Moses. Now she was under the Judgment of Fire from the two servants of Yah El for not repenting of that idolatry.

Poor Egypt! How much more could she take?

## Rome

*“And they had a king over them, which is the angel of the bottomless pit, whose name in the Hebrew tongue is Abaddon, but in the Greek tongue hath his name Apollyon.”*

Rev 9:11



**T**HE PRINCES of darkness blew their trumpets long and loud. This was a call to war!

They summoned all of their remaining forces to join together as one to save the last great Asherah pole still left standing so fearlessly in Rome.

The Romans erected this all-important obelisk in Alexandria during the first century B.C., ceremoniously dedicating it to Augustus. Then in A.D. 38, Emperor

Caligula, one year after his accession, moved it to Rome, whereupon he placed the structure in the circus he had built in the Vatican—the circus later named after Nero—where it stayed until being relocated one last time to its present, most prominent, position, at the center of St. Peter’s Square in front of the Basilica in the Piazza S. Pietro.

Unlike so many of its predecessors, this particular tower had never fallen; it was this very aspect of the obelisk that had lent so much credence to Nero’s growing reputation as a great sorcerer over the centuries.

A bronze globe crowned the pole. The globe was believed to contain some of the ashes and remains of Julius Caesar, Augustus and Tiberius—Nimrods all!—ashes and remains that had previously been secretly removed for the incantations and reincarnations of the Nico-Carne at Sessa Naaga.

ALL THE WORLD’S news agencies were now broadcasting the story of the toppled Asherahs twenty-four hours a day. Everything else became a by-line. For the second time in only a matter of weeks, a miraculous event had captured the focus of attention across the globe. All but one of the Earth’s primary Asherahs had been demolished in just two days.

It was now the third day, and both the unseen forces and the people of the world instinctively knew, with absolute certainty, that there was only this one pole, the one grand principal Asherah, left—the greatest one of all—Rome’s. She *had to* be next!

It is said, “All roads lead to Rome.” Now all eyes were upon her, for she was home to the last great obelisk, and very many lesser ones. For the people instinctively knew that if these last poles were to fall it would be a disaster beyond belief or repair. Filled with fear and trepidation, they anxiously debated the very real probability that these few remaining monuments would soon suffer the same fate as the other major obelisks of the world, for the comfortable world they knew—the one they had known only days ago—had already changed beyond recognition for all time, and this sudden paradigm shift was more than their feeble minds could fathom. Chaos reigned supreme.

Only one question was being asked now: if the last poles were also destroyed, what was next—the end of the world?

THE PRINCE OF ROME was enraged at the knowledge that his beloved Asherah was all that remained of the primary poles, and he was in *no doubt* that it was to be the next target.

He knew that if this last great obelisk of Rome—*his* obelisk—was annihilated, then every remaining minor pole of Rome, and there were many, would also fall. He fumed as it became abundantly clear, to him at least, that these cursed trespassers were acutely aware of the significance of the towers. He and his evil cohorts had relied upon the ignorance of humans for centuries, a presumption that had enabled the monuments to stand for so long—but they had obviously underestimated these two young troublemakers.

The Prince also recognized why they had saved “the best ‘til last”. If this last vital pole fell, the Unseen World and its diabolical forces would lose their control over the Earth’s population; for millennia, the existence and strategic placement of these poles across the surface of the planet had been the key to their stranglehold.

The ‘Asherah Grid’ was vital to their very existence, for every time the populations gazed at them in awe, they unconsciously confirmed their predilection for the invisible forces to which they belonged. Now the grid was all but gone, and with it, his master’s rapidly-dwindling power. Something had to be done, and *now!*

The Prince of Rome had no other choice but to defend his precious pole with all of his might. All other options had been exhausted. His was the last of the olden epochs, the last remaining testament to their greatness. Ah, Rome! So great a power she had once wielded over the whole world

during the turbulent reign of the Roman Empire, that even the Son of God had been subdued by her for a time.

Now, with the combined successes of the cracking of the foundation at the Dome of the Rock and the rebuilding of the Temple in its place, Rome's power was beginning to intensify once again. And just when all seemed to be going according to plan, these irritating little meddlers had to appear, wreaking havoc upon his world and daring to interfere with his master's diabolical scheme.

However, the prince knew that the two rebels would have no choice but to come to Rome eventually, there being no poles of consequence left anywhere else on Earth to bring down. He knew as well that if he prevailed, he would rise upon the phoenix pyramid of iniquity to its apex once more. If he failed, it would be his death. He also knew he wouldn't have to wait long to find out.

THE PRINCE of Persia was furious at his losses, for they were vast. His conflict with Rapha-El and the Forces of Light had cost the evil one greatly. The bear skulked away in shame. His armies a mere shadow of their former strength, the invisible military forces of the Persian prince were now reduced to a few disjointed legions. The rest had been bound in shackles by the Forces of Light and cast



down into the pit in the center of the Earth, to be held there until the Final Judgment of The YahuWah.

Now almost all of his strongmen were gone, imprisoned in chains of darkness in that merciless and bottomless abyss, always falling, spinning endlessly in the gravitational netherworld of the Lake of Fire at the center of the Earth. Regrettably, there was not enough time to plan and execute the many blood sacrifices the master would require to release even just a few of them. They would have to make do with what they had left. The dragon was wroth!

The Prince of Egypt had fared slightly better. The reduction in his forces was tenable—less than fifty percent—due only to the late but much-needed assistance provided by the Prince of Persia from what forces were left of his legions. A few of his powers and strongmen were missing also, but, as always, there were still plenty of eager interns ready to take their places for the excitement, and the glory, of command.

From his elevated position in the fifth heaven, the dragon Luaquiss Sama-el had been watching the deliberate and methodical elimination of his Earthly power sources. He was furious, roaring loudly and spitting fiery obscenities over the near-total destruction of his natural network.

At his master's command, the Prince of Egypt and his remaining forces raced to save the obelisk of Rome.

THE PRINCE OF Rome's forces were totally intact, ready for the impending onslaught. Combined with the remnants of Egypt and Persia, they were still formidable, confident they could hold Rome. If only they could secure the forces of the princes of France, Britain and the U.S.A. as a reserve.

But there was no time now. The dragon had commanded them to return and guard his territory, for they did not know when, where, or even *how* the two young criminals were going to attack next, but they did fear one thing—what. They were almost certain it would be the Roman Asherah. So they made a choice—to protect it fiercely with what forces they had at their disposal, still guarding their rear with what they could spare. The Piazza S. Pietro at the Vatican City in Rome, Italy, was decided as the gathering place.

As the dark forces began to assemble from all points of the compass, the city began to develop a cold and ominous ambience. The people could feel it. These malevolent generals and their hosts of demonic followers came together by the shifting winds, converging directly over the obelisk's peak.

A wicked chill could be detected in the air as the approaching dark clouds of a murky and magical storm swirled menacingly over the Vatican. All of mankind sensed a hostile presence upon the Earth; the citizens of Rome even moreso. The hair on the backs of their necks

tingled with supernatural electricity, as if a black hole was about to open up in space at any moment and consume everything in sight.

Many of Rome's citizens began genuflecting feverishly, crossing themselves in the manner of their religious tradition, in the faint hope that it would evoke the protection of their favorite saints. Looking pleadingly to their images upon the palazzos, they then began to cry out to their treasured idols in their homes, praying to statues of Mary and other favorite false gods from the pantheon of patron saints. Little did they know who, or what, was really at work behind those sculptures of stone.

ZZ delivered Chad and Roo in cloaked mode just outside of Vatican City, directly on the heliport adjacent to the Viale Vaticano. Too many eyes had already been alerted to the possibility of their arrival, so as a precaution, ZZ departed quickly, hovering momentarily just above the obelisk at the center of the 'keyhole' of St. Peter's Square.

Uncloaking XiX briefly, and creating a sudden dazzling light display, he distracted the attention of the guards just long enough for the two young men to scramble into the shadows. Just as the guards drew their weapons to fire aimlessly upon XiX, ZZ hit another burst of speed, re-cloaking his craft at that exact same moment.

XiX vanished from sight, as if never there in the first place, which had the desired effect of blinding the bemused citizens in disbelief, leaving them wondering if they really

had seen anything at all. Shaking their heads and rubbing their eyes, the crowd slowly dispersed, dismissing the incident as just another one of the many unusual occurrences in and around the Vatican lately.

The two warriors were now more appropriately dressed in denim jeans, casual shirts, large jackets and baseball caps, graciously provided by ZZ while on the short trip to Rome. Chad wore the mantle underneath his jacket like a bullet-proof vest. Roo followed suit, carrying his boomerang in his belt, discreetly nestled in the small of his back. He had to leave his trusty *woomera* on XiX, the long spear being far too large and conspicuous to carry around the streets of Rome.

The Italian police and the Vatican Swiss Guards were armed in readiness, waiting and watching intently—thus far, in vain. An ‘all points bulletin’ had been issued by the Head of Rome’s Special Police Force, under the direct orders of the city’s Chief Prosecutor. The directive was for the immediate arrest of anyone even vaguely matching the intruders’ description. Any ex-members of the Italian military or police were quickly reinstated to join in the hunt.

Luckily for Chad and Roo, the guards had missed them on this occasion, thanks to ZZ’s cunning diversion.

A FEW HOURS after the warriors of Yah El had made their landing, General Stone rushed to Rome in his own antigravity craft, with two legions of his security forces in tow. During the flight from Mount Hermon, he briefed his Beast Legions, their eyes glowing hungrily with demonic fire in anticipation of slaying the two renegades.

Finally, after the tedium of all the natural conflicts around the world in which they had been engaged assisting the conquerors, an exciting supernatural battle now loomed. They licked their lips with desire, almost tasting the blood. Each and every one of them knew that whoever killed these two mighty warriors of The Elaquohim would gain immense prestige and power from the spilling of their life force.

For the first time in their entire existence, the evil ones would at long last be able to unleash their true powers; powers inherited from their fathers, the fallen angels, whom they had joined earlier at a meeting that day on Mount Hermon on the Golan Heights of Palestine, the place of their exiled progenitor's original and ancient descent.

At that meeting upon the mountain summit, their commanding General, Conrad Stone, slipped into a trance. The spirit Krush left his body, departing the vessel of his comfort, revealing his true visage to all of his loyal followers that night.

Exiting his host, he appeared as a small orb of alternating, colorful light that seemed to float upon the wind, hovering

in the air briefly in full view of the Beast Legions. Without warning, a lightning bolt cracked upwards from the orb, arcing quickly back down towards the Earth. From out of the bolt, what looked like a large, bird-like silhouette outlined against the brightness began to form.

At first, the assembly could only make out a hazy, indistinct shape like that of a colossus. Then, gradually, the faint outline of enormous wings of murky black and gray smoke could be distinguished, resembling those of a giant condor. The wings were pointed down, crossed tip over tip. They were luminous at the edges, mixed with a diffused, vaporous glow that seemed almost airbrushed upon the very atmosphere. A massive figure could be made out slowly materializing behind them.

As he came more into focus, they could see an enormous dark angel, its head bowed down, as if in repose. The spirit slowly began to unfold his wings, outstretching them in a grand display of dominance that took the army's collective breath away, until they were both pointed high in the air either side of the sinister angel's head, revealing the complete body of this magnificent being. A trembling shimmer like radiant heat was rising from the wingtips, as if they had just emerged from the very pits of hell and were still hot from the molten fires.

The gloomy radiance still surrounding his form, the angel slowly lifted his eyes and glared down upon those standing in silent expectation before him. At the same instant, a sigil

—an angelic signature—appeared above him like a banner; the symbol of what this apparition truly was ... complex, unearthly, and full of devilish power.



Turning his head purposefully from left to right, the dark angel held the assembly's gaze, savoring the moment and building the suspense, until he was absolutely sure every eye was upon him and every expression, one of complete subservience and awe.

Satisfied, he spoke, his voice a demonic, multi-layered echo, as if emanating from the very depths of hell itself. "I am *Krush!*" he bellowed. "A great and powerful prince of the three!" He paused, allowing the significance of the introduction to sink in.

Raising his voice even more loudly, he continued. "You will know me in the Hebrew legend as Abaddon, the angel of the bottomless pit! To the Grecians, I am Apollyon, the destroyer! In the regions of the Nile, I am Osiris Anubis, the dual god of death and destruction!"

At the utterance of each name, his visage progressively transformed. A shock of terror and heaviness fell upon the crowd, bringing them instantly to their knees.

“To you, I am *Krush!*” he roared, the last word booming out, causing all to tremble in fear and submission. The gathering could not look upon him long, averting their eyes for a few seconds. Daring to quickly catch a glimpse again, they noticed he had changed into the darkest being of his original essence, the Satanic form the world only thought it knew—only a thousand times more monstrous and horrifying than ever could have been imagined!

His head was that of a jackal with long, completely black ears pointing upwards. Upon his head sat a crown of two pillars, like stone tablets, with inscriptions of the curses of death and destruction carved upon them; his mouth large and wide, like an open grave.

In his left hand, he held a beam of some unearthly material at the top of which was affixed a long, razor-sharp sickle. In his right hand was a hoop with small orbs at each end that did not quite connect. His torso was clad in armor of burnished bronze, and his legs were like two thick, scaly pythons that writhed and hissed as he hovered in the air above the ground. It was a terrifying sight, even to his most devoted of subjects.

He addressed them again. “Hear me, O Children of the Watchers! I have summoned you to this mount, our sacred place, to bring to your attention the immediate dilemma



that we all now face in our struggle to prevail against The Elaquohim and His Forces of Light! The Elaquohim has brought against us two praying humans, spoilers who have destroyed nearly all of the phallic Asherah poles of your forefather's inspiration. Now none of the great towers remain except one, that of Rome. If Rome falls, all will fall!

Our master, the dragon Luaquiss Sama-el, has instructed me to remove these men from the face of the Earth, and the world of our king, at all costs! He and his other two chief princes, Imrod and ZBel, guard the nearly-completed temple construction in Jerusalem. You are commanded this night to follow me to Rome to bring these two men to the master in *chains!*

Through the Prince of Rome, I have summoned a man of flesh like them, to stand in unholy prayers of power to the dragon Luaquiss Sama-el on our behalf. He will stand in the lower dimensions of nature against these meddlers, as he is skillful at incantations and the casting of the magic spells that manipulate the elements of those dimensions. He is a grand wizard, a sorcerer of the most ancient of orders, who has been awarded enormous power by the dragon for his service. He is a mighty Vatican sorcerer, whose name is of great renown amongst the practitioners of our dark ways. He is Count Balzac *Deeder!*"

A gasp went up at the mention of that name; like the emperor Nero, once more a name of ill-repute connected to

the Obelisk of Rome. The notoriety of Count Balzac Deeder was the substance of demonic marvel and legend; some said he had lived for centuries, and his exploits had been many, assisting the dragon at all times when needed, his spells releasing a multitude of evil forces from the confinements of their past.

From somewhere deep within the crowd, a loud voice cried out, "Hail, Krush! Victory will soon be ours!" A roar of approval erupted as the legions stabbed their weapons repeatedly into the air, like a frenzied lynch mob hungry for the kill.

Abaddon Krush went to speak again. The horde fell silent. "I will once again return unto my vessel of flesh," he snarled, motioning to the lifeless body of General Stone slumped on the ground a few feet away, "and you will then follow me to Rome. There, with the help of the sorcerer, we will capture these two vandals! We *must* not fail! If we do, all of us, and I mean *all* of us, will pay the most terrible price of the dragon's bile!"

The jackal again slowly scanned the throng from one side to the other. His empty eyes bore holes in the terrified troops, each one feeling as if Krush was speaking only to him. Haltingly, they began to chant. "*We must not fail! We must not fail!*" Another cheer went up as Abaddon Krush morphed, his manifestation returning to its earthly host.

Blinking his eyes and shaking his head, General Stone came out of the trance, just as the last of the legions were

disappearing into the awaiting antigravity crafts. His body still weak from the transformation, the General struggled to his feet, trying to remember the events of the last couple of hours.

After a few moments, his head cleared and he was his usual arrogant self. “Power up!” he snorted gruffly. “Next stop... *ROME!*”

## Babylon

*“And, behold, here cometh a chariot of men, with a couple of horsemen. And he answered and said, Babylon is fallen, is fallen; and all the graven images of her gods he hath broken unto the ground.”*

Isa 21:9

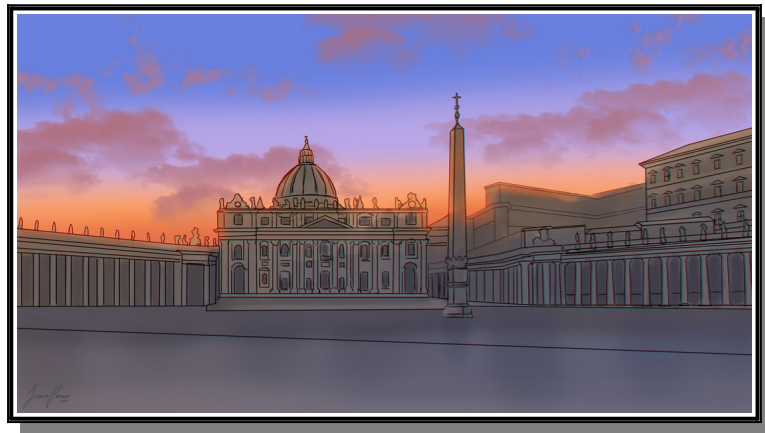


**C**HAD AND ROO very carefully made their way through the rear entrance of Vatican City.

The Swiss Guards, some in their traditional Medici dress uniforms of blue and yellow, others in their routine blues and berets, were keeping a close watch on the front entrance to the Vatican through St. Peter’s Square to the Basilica. They were joined by the Italian police clad in

navy shirts and pants with white helmets protecting their heads, automatic weapons at the ready.

All eyes were on the Via d. Conciliazione as they stared intently down the thoroughfare, awaiting the arrival of General Stone and his specialist troops, the Beast Legion.



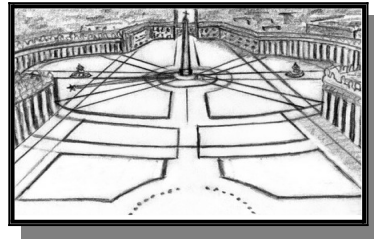
THE YOUNG MEN hid in an alley until the early hours of the morning, concealed inside a large, foul-smelling refuse container behind the Vatican Radio Station, emerging under the cover of darkness. In those quiet hours before sunrise, when most of the city was sleeping, Chad and Roo sneaked past the dozing guards, with the aid of the Spirit of Santi muffling their footsteps and cloaking their forms in dark, camouflaging mist.

One of the guards could have sworn he heard something, only to turn and see nothing but air. He quickly dismissed it as a figment of his imagination, most likely caused by the lack of proper rest over the last few days during this unusual alert. It's a wonder the guard didn't smell the intruders, as they themselves could still detect the stench of their hiding place on their clothes, but the disgruntled guard was too busy grumbling to himself about the unreasonable—no, the downright *inhumane*—treatment by his employers. He was about to discover just how inhumane his employers could be.

Almost crawling now, the warriors hugged the southern wall. Still lurking in the shadows, they crossed over the railroad tracks, right behind the Vatican Railroad Station. Just to be on the safe side, they scarcely spoke, except in the quietest of whispers and only then, directly into each other's ears. It was tough going, each step an invitation to danger.

Their fear was thick like a swamp fog covertly invading their minds. The dryness of their mouths was making them incredibly thirsty; their tongues felt like blotters. Chad suddenly remembered his bucket of cool, refreshing rainwater at the bottom of his tree house, and he momentarily drifted back to Velzyland and his beloved surf. It was a pleasant interlude, but then a sudden noise snapped him out of it, and he was right back in the present, and its dangers.

By faith and the miraculous provision of Yah El, the warriors made it past the Audience Hall and St. Peter's Basilica. They crept between the southern pillars of the Palazzo surrounding the Square, avoiding the eyes of the guards posted at the front entranceway leading into the city of Rome.



The configuration of the Palazzo was actually comprised of two opposing semi-circular groups of capped pillars—one to the north, the other to the south—supporting many idols upon them. These two groups of pillars formed a walkway that almost entirely surrounded St. Peter's Square. The obelisk stood stubbornly at the center, the hub of the sun wheels that encircled it radiating outwards. The real sun was beginning to peek over the horizon, just as the warriors entered the Piazza San Pietro.

From within, Chad and Roo could barely make out the keyhole shape of the Square—ironically misnamed, Chad noted, for it was, in reality, more oval in form—and through the now-sharpening shadows of the intensifying daylight, the critical prize was in clear view—the pole at its heart.

The dragon's trophy was finally within their grasp. Chad and Roo felt the familiar burning in their chests from the re-awakening of their warrior spirits, and yet strangely, the sight of it brought a tinge of fear to their hearts.

Suddenly, a shout went up from a group of guards. Chad and Roo instantly crouched down, thinking they had been spotted. To their relief, all eyes turned east to the Piazza Pio XII, the main entranceway to the Square. What could it be? The duo watched anxiously as the morning sun steadily rose higher in the sky, as all hope of them remaining hidden for much longer was fading right before their eyes.

They began to pray softly to themselves under their breath, their spirits becoming hot with the anticipation of the struggle that The Elaquohim had proclaimed would soon be theirs.

THE NIGHT GUARDS had begun to assemble at the entrance, their formation and call to arms evident even in the faint, early morning light, its usual intensity subdued by the storm clouds that had gathered increasingly over Rome the previous night.

Chad and Roo exchanged furtive glances as their eyes registered another obstacle—there, in the distance, marched another squad of armed forces down the street towards the



Square, the sun at their backs drawing one, giant outline on the ground before them.

The warriors had already figured out they were the reason for all of this additional activity. They were just wondering how on Earth they were supposed to complete possibly their most difficult mission, or even if they would make it out alive. They flattened themselves against the pavement as low as possible behind one pillar each, conforming their bodies to the welcome shadows cast by the early morning sun, which was still breaking through the clouds at irregular intervals.

CHAD couldn't believe his eyes as he watched the events of this gloomy dawn unfold. A militia of about thirty armored vehicles screeched to a halt at the entrance to the Piazza where the Swiss Guards were waiting. A team of men dressed in unique, sharp-looking uniforms and wielding top-secret, high-tech armaments and other military equipment, rapidly disembarked the vehicles and stomped their way up the Via d. Conciliazione towards them.

There, at the head of this small but obviously well-equipped and highly-trained army, strode General Stone, barking orders as usual. Chad immediately recognized the General as the very same man he had seen on his television nearly seven weeks ago at the tree house when this whole

thing began and took over his life; the very same man who had ordered the HiFire Array upon the Iraqi forces that were trying to invade Israel.

Chad recalled his instant reaction to the General at that moment and the fear he felt even then for this intimidating and powerful man, and that was just on TV! Now that very same man was *here!* Dread raced through Chad's heart. His mouth became drier. He looked across at Roo with trepidation, who was way ahead of him, with eyes already wide and looking panicky.

Roo could sense Chad's fear as well. "You okay, boss?" he whispered. Chad smiled and nodded, gesturing up towards the heavens, reassuring Roo that 'The Man Upstairs' would look after them. Then they both heard a noise. Holding a forefinger up to his lips, Chad whispered a soft *sshhussh* and turned his head.

Pointing towards the entrance to the Basilica, he turned back to Roo. "Look!" he mouthed. Just as Roo's eyes followed the direction of Chad's finger, he could see a man of obvious importance walking down the Basilica steps.



The man carried himself majestically, moving with pride and confidence as he and his entourage made their way down the course of steps. He cast an imposing figure indeed, towering at least a foot or more above his surrounding escorts. He wore a full-length crimson robe—a deep scarlet-colored satin with a slightly iridescent sheen, which Roo couldn't help noticing was the same color as fresh blood—he was a hunter; he knew that color well. Opening at the front, the robe buttoned from the neck but only down to the waist. Emblazoned upon the robe were eagles and dragons intricately embroidered in gold and silver thread. Randomly studded across the fabric were also many other strange occult symbols—gilt-edged sigils of the demonic and angelic powers that served their owner.

The hem of the garment swept the ground grandly as it brushed by, revealing highly polished, calf-length black

boots—reminiscent of the ones worn by the Nazi S.S. during the Second World War—each step kicking out a front panel of the robe as the man strode determinedly towards the General.

Chad observed the man's close-fitting trousers were also crimson, but of a slightly darker shade, like a deep burgundy wine, which looked again to his native friend to be more the color of dried blood. Roo also couldn't help noticing that he was getting a very bad feeling about this white fella.

The hair was long and jet-black, tied at the nape of the neck in a loosely-braided ponytail falling down to the small of his back. The sleek strands shone in the sunlight with a radiance so bright that it seemed to reflect like a spotlight through the storm clouds as the man approached the General and his troops.

Sensing something in the shadows to his right, the raven-haired man slowly turned his head in Chad and Roo's direction. On seeing his face, what struck the hidden warriors right away was the cadaverous paleness of a complexion rarely exposed to daylight—albino-like alabaster skin seemingly more accustomed to the dank, tomb-like corridors of the lower earthly realms than the life-giving rays of the sun.

What was even more extraordinary was the streak of shock-white hair, the same length as the rest, growing from the man's left temple. The wearer had left this loose, and it

flowed in the air like a silken scarf as he made his way to meet General Stone.

But it was the eyes in this bleached-out face that chilled Chad to the very bone—black, soulless eyes that, even from this distance, Chad could tell reflected no light; empty holes devoid of any human emotion.

Chad sensed there was something terribly wrong about this man—and he couldn't have been more right. Unbeknownst to the two warriors, they had just met Count Balzac Deeder, the infamous Black Pope of the Jesuits.

The Count marched briskly towards the General and his men, grasping the robe's lower opening with his right hand to control its flow. With every second step, he extended his left arm out in front of his body, firmly pounding onto the pavement before him what looked to be an overly large walking stick.

Once again, Balzac, still sensing something, turned his head to glance at the pillar behind which Chad and Roo were hiding, gradually rotating his head to the other side as if scanning the air like a hungry mountain lion detecting the faint scent of prey on the breeze.

Against the morning sunlight, the young men could clearly make out the silhouette of the Count's profile. Chad and Roo both turned to each other with raised eyebrows. Balzac's head was elongated at the skullcap; grotesquely large at the back, as if it were meant for the 'fish head' cap

the Pontiff normally wore. It reminded them both of the loathsome god Dagon whom they had encountered earlier near Ularu in the Australian Outback.

Chad almost had to stifle a laugh—it also reminded him of the old ‘*Coneheads*’ comedy routine on TV; another Ackroyd classic—when he felt an intense, atmospheric pressure building in his head being transmitted by this man, similar to that of Dagon’s mind control powers. He could tell by the pinched look on Roo’s face that his friend was feeling the same agonizing pressure.

Chad’s right hand instinctively reached for the vial of oil, now hanging from a leather braid around his neck. Quietly, he opened the tiny bottle, stopping the hole with his forefinger. Carefully upending the vial, he moistened his fingertip with the blessed substance, reverently placing a smear upon Roo’s forehead, and then his own. A rush of anointing flowed through their souls, and the warfare spirit began to stir within.

Chad and Roo continued to observe this bizarre and menacing being. In the brightening light, they could now see the sorcerer’s walking stick in more detail. It was an ebony-colored wooden staff festooned with gold and silver inlays, topped with a heavily-ornamented shepherd’s crook also embossed with dragons and eagles. Engraved upon it were some ciphers the warriors could not identify—symbols from the nether regions of a world long hidden from the mind of a naive public.

They then noticed his hands. This was impossible—each one had six fingers! A simultaneous shiver ran up their spines as the realization hit them. They knew this was no mere human. What they didn't know was that this freak of nature was a direct and recent descendent of the fallen angels—a hybrid, as in the days of the Nephilim. Chad and Roo drew breath as deeply but as quietly as they could. The Elaquohim had been right; there would be a great struggle with this one.

The approaching groups quickly closed the distance between them, meeting at the obelisk in the center. General Stone's Beast Legion surrounded the monument in short order and made ready with their weaponry. One half of the Swiss Guard marched around to the front of the Basilica, while the other half remained at the inner sector of the entrance to the Square, the Italian police positioning themselves outside. Balzac and Stone faced each other with stern expressions.

Count Balzac spoke first. "General Stone!" he scowled contemptuously. "Did your antigravity craft buzz this monument last night?" The General responded with equal disdain. "No, sir, our AGC did not! We were mustered on Mount Hermon until only an hour ago." Then remembering that the best defense was a good offence, he snapped back, "And exactly where were *you* when this allegedly occurred?" "Then they are here *now!*" Balzac snorted. "You were nearly too late!"

The irritation in General Stone's voice intensified. "Too late? I see the obelisk before me, do I not? You say they are here *now*? How do you know this for a fact? Can you substantiate your claim?" he demanded.

"As I probe this place with my mind, Stone," Balzac replied calmly, "my familial spirits tell me that they are already here, somewhere. I know not where exactly, but they are indeed here, for I feel their presence. Moreover, a number of my guards have already been incarcerated for failing to promptly report an AGC buzz over this obelisk last night. Is *that* substantiation enough?" Balzac stared angrily at the General.

Seeing the Count was not about to be challenged any further on the subject, General Stone acquiesced. "Then it must have been the craft of the lone observer who has been assisting them; the one they call 'ZZ'. We will have this one yet, for Dagon is tracking his AGC's ion trace even as we speak." The General turned to his men. "Search the entire Piazza *now*!" he commanded them abruptly. "Captain Lancer, take your men to the north Palazzo! Captain Anders, take yours to the south. The rest of you, close ranks around this monument!"

The troops obeyed instantly, fanning out as ordered. Without even realizing it, Captain Lancer's contingent had closed in on Chad and Roo's hiding place. Just as they were approaching, Count Balzac, who had been keenly scanning the shadows in the direction of his awareness,



shouted at the Captain. “There! I have discovered them! Behind those two pillars—*there!*” he barked, irately pointing his staff towards the two trespassers.



Exposed, Chad and Roo sprang up quickly and bolted towards the Basilica at top speed. As they ran, The Word of The Elaquohim came to them. ***“I shall cover you with my feathers, and under my wings shall you trust, and my truth shall be your shield and your buckler.”***

Captain Lancer gave his troops the order they had been waiting for. “*Fire at will!*” he yelled. Within seconds, their high-tech electro-sonic pulse weapons echoed with one *zip-zip* after another, shattering the morning peace of the Vatican. Hundreds of salvos ricocheted off the Palazzo’s pillars, waking the whole city. Each shot compressed the air into a solid ball of pure force, creating a vacuuming

sound as it pierced the air. Just one pulse from these weapons could turn its victim's intestines to pulp, the air shock and then the sheer force of the high-voltage current first dissolving then micro waving all internal organs on impact, their fate much like that of a victim of spontaneous human combustion.

Chad and Roo ran for their lives, disappearing behind a cloud of smoke and dust. Miraculously, every shot seemed to miss them by a hair, a fact that did not escape Balzac's attention. The surrounding architecture, however, was not faring as well. He commanded an immediate cease-fire, and the blaze subsided almost as quickly as it had begun.

The devastation was extensive. Major, irreparable damage had been inflicted upon the historic Palazzo by the hailstorm of sonic bullets, threatening its very stability. The Count had ordered the cease-fire before it was too late. After all, this was *his* domain and he was going to do everything in his power to preserve it.

The hunters waited a moment for the thick haze to clear—their quarry, nowhere to be seen. General Stone glared at the Count. "Balzac!" he screamed. "*I* give the orders to my troops, *not you!*" "And your orders meant nothing," the Count sneered mockingly, "for your troops *hit* nothing!"

"We hit *nothing?*" countered the General. "Just *look* at it, Balzac!" he scoffed defiantly, outstretching his arm over the destruction in a slow, sweeping pan.

“My apologies, General,” Balzac replied sarcastically as he eyed his ruined relics. “My statement was not entirely correct. You hit everything *except* them!” The General frowned at him angrily. With a snarling grin, the Count continued. “You obviously can’t touch them with your natural weapons, no matter how technically advanced they may be. Evidently, these men are protected by some supernatural force!”

And as if to prove him correct, the two intruders darted out from behind a small pillar, making another run for it towards the Basilica once again. Every shot that had not dissolved into thin air had missed them completely, hitting virtually everything but them.

Balzac ordered everyone to stand back. With a wave of his hand, he uttered an incantation in an unknown demonic tongue. Suddenly, two troll-like creatures resembling frogs emerged upwards from the very ground before him. Even though each stood no more than three feet tall, they were nonetheless frightening enough—fiercely fanged, boasting hairy, clawed hands and feet on massive arms and reverse-jointed legs of obviously great strength. Their ugly, contorted faces were slimy and cold with black, oily-looking eyes, void of pity.

The Count spoke to them quickly. “I have given you corporal forms. Now take the spoilers down and rip them to shreds!” Before they could bound off, General Stone shouted at Balzac, his voice slightly more irritated and

intimidating. “You are *not* to destroy them, Deeder!” he warned authoritatively. “The dragon wants them alive!”

Abaddon Krush was lying, for the evil one really wanted the prize for himself. He, and only he, was to receive the glory for their deaths. Perhaps then, through this, he could once again redeem himself before the dragon. Since the humiliating loss of his keys to The YahuWah, his stature before the master had been severely diminished.

In his fury, Balzac spun around and shot a vicious look at Stone, whose face momentarily morphed into the impatient visage of Krush, then instantly back again. Now realizing who he was actually dealing with, Balzac quickly adjusted his attitude. He turned from the General and back to the waiting trolls. “You heard him! Take them down alive! Harm them if you will, but leave them breathing for the dragon. Now, *go!*” The two demons sped off after the warriors like greyhounds chasing a mechanical rabbit.

As Chad and Roo ran with all their hearts, the word of The Elaquohim came to them once again. ***“You shall mount up on high upon the wings of my eagles.”***

With amazing speed, the trolls covered the distance easily. Just as the creatures leaped to pounce upon the two young men, Calrission and Radian suddenly materialized above them, whisking the two of them up into the air, and flew them eastwards over the top of the legions of armed men, placing them gently onto the ends of the two Palazzos near

the entrance to the Square—Chad to the north and Roo to the south.

As their prey suddenly vanished, the trolls crashed absurdly into each other in mid-air, falling to the ground with a loud *thump!* A little dazed, they both sprang to their feet, their eyes darting around in all directions in bewilderment. Had it not been so real, it would have been comical.

The two angels saw the humor and couldn't help grinning at each other. Then the trolls spotted them. The beasts began to back up slowly, never once taking their eyes off the guardians, cursing The Elaquohim as they slunk their way back to where Balzac stood waiting, their heads hung low in humiliation.

In a loud voice, the Count addressed the two men directly. "I see you have been granted help from your God, for he has rallied your protectors." A twisted smile broke out upon his pallid, corpse-like face. "I perceive that this will truly be a bona fide clash of power! I am indeed going to enjoy this day." *Not half as much as we are!* Chad thought excitedly to himself. Apparently, this so-called 'great' sorcerer had not yet met *their* God.

Just then, the deep, fearsome voice of Abaddon Krush emanated once again from the mouth of General Stone, rumbling low and hostile; a voice that Balzac now recognized as one he must not ignore. "Well, Balzac, will you make your name again today? These mere demon frogs," he spat, motioning to the hideous creatures now

cowering at Balzac's feet, "are obviously no threat to the two warrior angels from the God of Light!"

Preferring to address the General rather than the prince, the Count replied, "Stone, my name *is* made! Is *yours*? This war has only just begun! Stand back, for it can only be won by spirit against spirit. If by spirit it must be, then by spirit it *shall* be!"

Balzac muttered something under his breath, stroking a couple of the symbols on his left sleeve. He then raised his forefinger and thumb to his mouth and blew two long, piercing whistles. In a flash, from out of the sky, a pair of enormous griffins came screeching out of the clouds.



Hybrid, dragon-like beasts from the fourth dimension of the Unseen World, they had the head, beak, wings and torso of

an eagle with the hindquarters and ears of a lion, but the eyes were the reptilian eyes of a lizard. The monsters landed menacingly in the Square, their long, red tongues flicking with hunger, their tails whipping from side to side in anticipation of the chase. Black slit-like pupils inside yellow, veined irises narrowed with hatred. They knew they had been called to destroy, and were anxious for the kill, already tasting it.

Turning to the trolls, Balzac pointed to the griffins. “Upon their backs!” he commanded. They quickly scampered up onto the scaly skins, grabbing tufts of hair and feathers for reins. Turning back to the dragons, he communicated to them with his mind. *Go up onto the Palazzos and take down the guardians. Then bring me the spoilers ... alive!*

Immediately, the griffins took flight, landing on either side of the two angels. With deliberate, stalking steps, they slowly closed in. Calrission and Radian promptly positioned themselves in front of the two young men, spreading their wings out behind their bodies to cover them completely. They each wrapped their wings together as one hand folds into the next, and crossing the uppermost tips, boxed the boys in, encircling and encasing them in a protective cocoon, thus exposing the armor and weapons they had at their disposal.

Each mighty angel wore a huge, golden breastplate over his massive chest and shin guards about his muscular legs. In either hand was clutched a short sword and a shield, and

upon their backs a bow and a quiver of arrows. Attached to the belts at their waists were large chains of iron.

The griffins swooped up towards the angels, lunging at their faces while the trolls leapt off their backs to attack low. But Calrission and Radian were ready, deflecting their assault with the heavy shields. With a well-placed hack from their swords, the angels inflicted serious wounds upon each creature—one in the neck and the other deep in the belly. The trolls tried to gnash at the guardians' legs but the defenders quickly released the iron chains from their tethers, lassoing both the griffins and their riders, binding them evermore and casting them down hard onto the pavement.

It was no contest. Each demon frog rapidly expired, returning to its pre-corporal state. Crashing to the ground, wrapped in heavy chains, the griffins couldn't last much longer. They dissolved into the dirt, damned to the prisons of deepest Earth, prepared by The Elaquohim at the foundation of the world especially for their kind.

At the sight of their defeat, General Stone laughed a low, acerbic chuckle in the direction of the Count. Balzac Deeder turned, grimacing at the General. Quickly regaining his composure, the Count straightened his back and haughtily tossed his head.

He roughly pulled both lapels of his coat apart, popping the snap buttons open and revealing a cipher-stamped breastplate of brass inlaid with precious stones, on a



material base of gold fiber and woven wolf's hair, the legend being that it was woven from the fur of the mother of the legendary twins, Romulus and Remus, the founders of Rome, who as infants suckled at the nipples of a she-wolf.

He drew his trusty Athame, a short jewel-encrusted knife heavily inscribed with magical sigils, from its scabbard at his waist.

Striding determinedly over to the nearest Swiss Guard, the Count grabbed the man by the hair, roughly jerking back his head. He lifted the glinting, razor-sharp edge of the knife to the guard's throat and, without hesitation, sliced with deliberate precision through the terrified man's neck, staring mercilessly into the eyes of his unsuspecting blood sacrifice.

As his gurgling victim, shocked and wide-eyed with horror, slowly slumped to the ground dying, Balzac voraciously cupped the fresh, warm blood pumping from the man's jugular into his hands. Running the precious liquid up and down his staff and breastplate onto which it had also splattered, the sadistic sorcerer muttered some bizarre words in an unknown tongue under his breath, his eyes glazing over in ecstasy from the lustful, demonic rush of the kill.

The Count then casually sauntered over to the obelisk. Raising the tip of his bloodied staff, he tapped the monument thirteen times as he continued to make entreaty

in low and troubled tones unto the evil forces of the Unseen World.

Almost instantly, the atmosphere above the peak of the obelisk began to grow dark and foreboding. Within moments, it began to swirl eerily and violently, drawing in the air surrounding St. Peter's Square to the stirring vortex like a whirlpool. But the two warriors of Yah El were already at work.

While Balzac was busy murdering the young Swiss Guard with such sinister relish, all eyes were transfixed upon the grisly sight. At the moment of the young man's death, The Elaquohim spoke to Chad and Roo. ***"I will pour my fury out upon this land for the blood of all of my children that they have shed upon it, and for the idols wherewith they have polluted it. Listen my servants; go now, and tear down every high and standing idol upon this place!"***

Without delay, each began to run the course of his respective Palazzo, attacking every statue he encountered, casting down the idols that had for so long stood so proudly atop these very pedestals, effigies that for centuries had so pompously overlooked the city; this great city that at one time had been the marvel and envy of all the world. As each idol was touched, it collapsed, shattering with the supernaturally-charged energy of the warrior's hand, its debris scattering widely over the Piazza S. Pietro below.

By the time the Black Pope had completed his incantation, Chad had already smashed thirteen of the idols, as had Roo.

Balzac turned with outrage to view what his foes had by now managed to accomplish during the unholy trance. By his tally, twenty-six statues were already downed, and he was still counting their fall as the two young vandals continued on their spree. He let out a howl of furious frustration mixed with the demonic bloodlust of his sacrificial murder, as Chad and Roo maintained their 'dash of destruction'.

Standing with his back to the obelisk, Balzac tilted his head. Gazing up into the roiling, blackened sky, he shouted a loud, guttural cry of diabolical prayer to the princes and powers that were now congregating there.

Grasping his staff firmly in his left hand, he raised its crook vertically into the air and with one mighty blow, struck the foot of the staff onto the pavement. A vortex of thick, black clouds and howling wind began to churn around the ornate sceptre. The electrically-charged air turned an ominous gray-green, crackling with energy of the powers of the air as the princes of Rome, Egypt and Persia made their descent from the fourth-dimensional realm of the unseen spirit world into the three-dimensional realm of the natural.

The three princes were gigantic, standing as tall as the Palazzos. The heavens split open, their forces revealing themselves to all who stood in the Square. It was an overwhelmingly awesome sight, but terrible to behold. The crowd of spectators could not believe what they were

witnessing—they could only stand there, blinking, rubbing their eyes, gawking incredulously.

Through the gaping rupture in the sky surged legion after legion of iniquitous warring spirits, like rats ranked together, swarming one behind the other down a sewer pipe, following their respective king rat generals—all determined to prevent the two emissaries of God from completing their mission. The princes hastily grouped in a triangle formation, their massive armies falling in behind them in the Square, some on the surface, others in the air above it.



The Prince of Rome, that great and ferocious wolf, made his war stand to the west facing the Basilica, directly in front of his treasured Asherah, the obelisk at St. Peter's Square. The Prince of Persia stood above the fountain

facing the northern Palazzo and the Prince of Egypt took his position above the one facing the south. Now the obelisk and both fountains were protected, or so they thought.

Balzac Deeder stood next to the Prince of Rome, for this great and evil prince was the Count's spiritual head and closest familiar. Contingent after contingent, the forces of the kingdom of darkness began to fill the Square and the air above it.

Choosing not to divulge himself to the princes too early, Abaddon Krush remained camouflaged by the General, keeping the protection of the eastern approach with the Beast Legion at his command.

He had his own agenda.

Let the adventure continue...

Read the final chapters for ***an astounding ending!***