



The
CLASH
of the
KINGDOMS

— Harry Connor Jr. —

PART 3

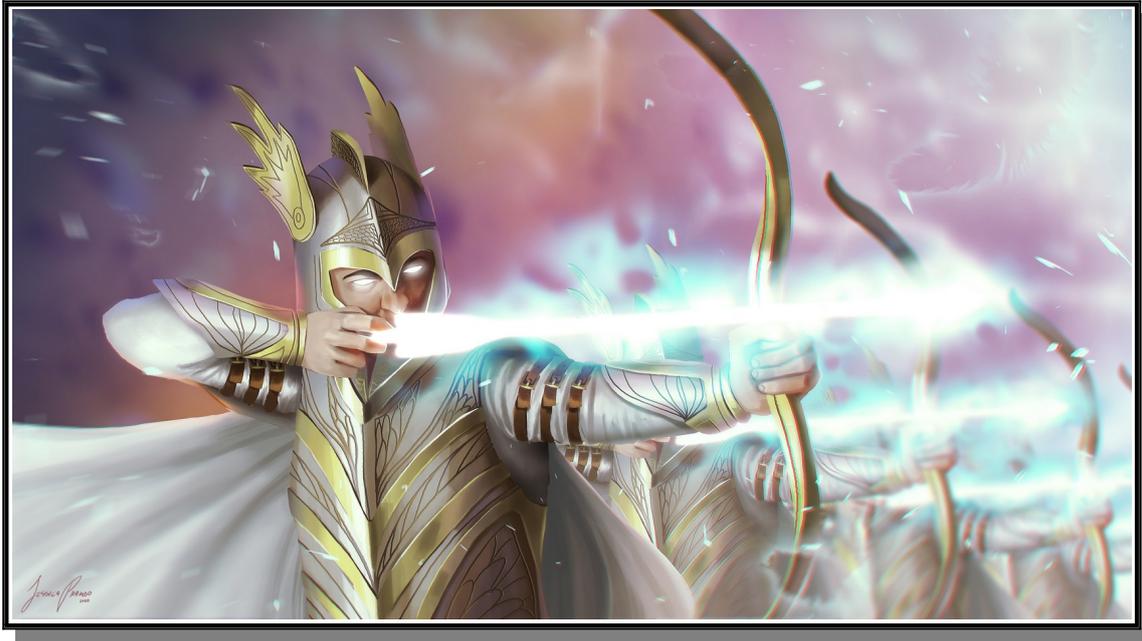
CHAPTERS 29 TO 37

THE
CLASH



OF THE
KINGDOMS

E-Book



REDUX

SECTION 3

CHAPTERS 29-37

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 3

CHAPTERS 29-37

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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 Clash

For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

Eph 6:12



CHAD AND ROO had not quite reached the halfway mark along the Palazzo arch tops, however they had successfully destroyed every idol they had passed thus far.

As the warriors ran, Calrission and Radian flew over their charges, their wings outspread, defending against any surprise aerial attacks from the sudden gathering of opposing forces. With the guardians' eyes on full central and peripheral alert, the three dark princes and their armies descended towards the earthly plane.

At the Prince of Rome's command, both Egypt and Persia unsheathed their swords, raising them in readiness as they landed on the Palazzos. The run of the two rebels came to an abrupt halt as two gigantic steel blades came crashing down in their path immediately before them.

The Prince of Rome spoke. "Your guardians know they are no match for this army!" he snorted disdainfully. "Surrender yourself this very minute, foolish ones, or you and your two Angels of Light will suffer greatly, before we take you to the dragon for his pleasure—or should I say, his *displeasure*," he laughed contemptuously as he made his evil little joke. The other princes and their subordinates joined in the taunting.

Chad and Roo's bodies were already over-heated from the run, never mind the heat they were about to encounter. "We will *never* surrender!" shouted Chad bravely as they both discarded their hats and coats in readiness for the brawl they knew was coming.

Just as Chad tossed his coat to the ground, the mantle he had been careful not to remove from underneath, unexpectedly and supernaturally began to shine, glowing in intensity until it was as bright as the sun, temporarily blinding the angels of darkness. Their movements now unhindered, the warriors leapfrogged over the swords and bolted forward again, resuming their task, knocking down more idols as they ran.

As the hostile forces regained their sight, the Prince of Rome addressed Chad and Roo irately. “So we have your answer, little ones; one which you will surely regret!” He drew his sword also.

The weapon was enormous, reflecting the stature of his power and authority, for he was one of the greatest amongst the minor princes. The sword was neither straight nor curved, but yonic in form, wavy from base to tip, snaking its way to the sharp point at the tip.

The Prince of Rome was often in the presence of the dragon and the three chief ones, gaining favor for his loyalty and his rule over this city throughout the millennia; little did he realize that one of the dragon’s exalted three was here now. Abaddon Krush was content to remain disguised in the General until it suited his own purpose.

Waving the massive sword wildly about in the air, the prince turned to his assistant powers, commanding them to order their troops to intercept Chad and Roo and prevent them from reaching the Basilica. Select factions from the battalions of Egypt and Persia hurriedly obeyed, separating off from the main forces to the north and south. Dividing in two, they formed a front and rear blockade upon the Palazzos against the young warriors of The Elaquohim.

The trespassers were now trapped. They could no longer push forward, nor could they retreat. Their guardians hovered above them, spinning this way and that, their short

swords drawn at the ready, obvious disdain for the evil forces etched upon their angelic faces.

“Boss, this black fella ain’t gonna be taken alive today!” Roo shouted across the Piazza. “Not by any bloody ugly Bunyips, at any rate! Too right, mate! Roo gonna fight to the *death!*” The little man struck a combative pose.

“I’m with you, my good mate!” Chad shouted back, punching a clenched fist into the air. “We *will* fight to the end!” He decided it was time to call for backup. Closing their eyes tight, both he and Roo began to pray zealously in the spirit, their fervor immediately touching the ear of The Elaquohim.

The Word of The Most High came to them once more.

“Greater is He who is in you than they who are in this world! My spirit shall come upon you mightily, and you will each be changed into another man. Stand and fight, for your exploits hasten the coming of your King, The Lord of Lords, and The King of Kings, King Yah El!”

With his eyes still tightly shut, Chad lifted his arms towards the heavens. “Weapons of Righteousness, come unto us *now!*” Instantly, both he and Roo found themselves clad in the most beautiful armor they had ever seen.



Before their very eyes, they had been transformed into mighty warrior kings by the power of Yah El, covered from head to foot in a shiny, supernatural metal that looked very much like highly-polished titanium, humming with unbelievable power, like the constant low drone of an electric power station.

Upon each of their heads appeared a solid golden helmet, a helmet of kings, totally encasing and protecting them down to the shoulders, leaving only slits in the shape of two small crosses for their eyes—eyes now shining brightly like luminescent crucifixes of light, empowered by the Holy Justice of the vengeance of Yah El. The mere sight of those eyes stunned and bewildered the evil horde.

Over their armor, Chad and Roo had also been outfitted with a full-length chain-mail cloak of woven metal that fell from their shoulders to the ground. Upon their feet were

boots of solid steel. Girded about their waists were thick belts, also made of steel.

In their right hands, each man held a shaft of steel at least seven feet long, at the top of which appeared to be a shepherd's crook with a razor-sharp blade attached to the inside curve of the hook, like spiritual scissors, perfect for slicing off demonic heads—with just a hook and a tug; the bottom third, a long, flaming sword, buzzing with the power of the Living God, able to cut through anything, man or beast, the heat of the blades intense with the wrath of The Elaquohim. Testing their balance, the boys whipped them through the air like they were mere chopsticks.

Under their steel belts, Chad and Roo each were given a key, which glowed and pulsed with power—the power to lock and unlock the spiritual realms—and hooked to each belt were numerous chains for the purpose of binding foes. The armor was surprisingly lightweight and easy to wear, and at once, both men assumed their battle stances, the points of their swords aimed directly at their enemies standing before them.

The warriors pivoted from side to side, mirroring their guardians' postures and movements. Their swords of flame resonated with energy as they sliced them repeatedly through the air, testing their readiness. Defiantly, the duo stood as divinely-appointed commanders of the Great King Yah El, ready for war.

After witnessing this amazing transformation and without any further hesitation, the forces of darkness rushed them from all sides as one. Chad and Roo spun around, taking on all-comers with sword and crook, slashing some, hooking others, their guardians protecting the space above their heads.

Both tactics had the same effect; with each touch of their fighting staffs, the demonic forces perished quickly. The warriors' armor seemed impervious to the weapons of the dark soldiers; whether it be sword or mace, every blow bounced off the shields of faith as if they were made of rubber.

The conflict went on unabated for some time as the guardians stood with wings raised high, intermittently gazing intently toward the heavens, as if expecting reinforcements.

Without warning, the two princes of Egypt and Persia quickly flew up, openly attacking the guardians, smashing sword against mighty sword. After tremendous struggle, they finally managed to overwhelm the guardians, knocking them to the ground of the Piazza, pinning them with their superior size and strength as a swarm of demonic forces pounced ravenously upon them, like a pack of hyenas on a downed zebra.

Witnessing this, Chad and Roo reluctantly felt their faith begin to waver; for the guardians were obviously vastly outnumbered, which meant the warriors' very existence

was now in real jeopardy. Desperately, they started to pray in the spirit in strong tongues, when The Word of Yah El came to them once again.

“I have given you the keys to the Kingdom of the Heavens to bind and to loose. Use them well and unlock the powers that are at your command!”



Obeying as best they could, each lifted a key into the air, repeating in prayer words the Spirit of Santi was instilling into their hearts. Surrendering themselves to the anointing, Chad and Roo could feel the Holy Spirit of Santi praying directly through them in power, stirring up within them an intense and harmonious praise like they had never experienced before. As if on cue, the keys in their hands began to glow like pure gold.

Suddenly, there was a breakthrough. Chad could swear he heard the sounds of an holy and divine choir in the far distance. The first heavens of the Kingdom of Light began to roll back like the curtains at an opera, revealing three magnificently powerful angels, even greater in size and strength than the three evil princes, descending into the battle arena. With a wave of relief, Roo noted that these angels were far more immense and intimidating than the Forces of Light that had previously followed him into the fray.

From the center of the blazing sun, now high in the morning sky, came Camael, foremost of the Order of the Powers of The Elaquohim, and the personification of the divine justice of God. Following him was Galgaliel, the Ruling Angel of the Wheels of the Sun and head of the Order of the Galgalim, known as the Merkabah, or the 'Masters of the Chariots of Fire'. With him also came Rikbiel, Chief of the Divine Foot Soldiers of the Fire Chariots, and Prince over the Merkabah's angelic forces.

Chad and Roo fixed their eyes upon the new arrivals, their hope restoring as the Holy Warriors of Light made their descent. Chariot after chariot, legion after legion, the armies of the Kingdom of Light entered the dark arena, filling it with a light so pure, so dazzling, many of the corrupted ones had to shade their eyes in shame.

Chad and Roo also recognized the great Archangel Raphael, who had previously come to their aid in the Australian

outback. Rapha-El, the Regent of the Sun, afar off, was leading these new troops sent by Yah El and the commands of His prayer warriors.

One after the other, countless chariots of fire raced forward to meet the enemy. In each chariot stood an Angel of Light with slings of fire, bow and arrow, javelin or battle-axe at the ready. Over each rider a wind of angelic fire blew, fashioned like blazing war eagles—flames from the judgment seat of The Elaquohim, the God of Consuming Fire.

Camael's deputation turned south, attacking those who were assaulting Radian; Galgaliel and his contingent headed to the north to fight those battling with Calrission. They made short work of the dark forces, casting stones of fire from their slings, throwing battle-axes and flaming javelins, sending wave upon wave of rapidly-firing blazing projectiles at the enemy while Chad and Roo continued their fervent prayer. Every projectile hit its mark, shattering the evil spirit into tiny pieces with The Elaquohim judgment as it struck.

As each arrow was pulled from its quiver, it would miraculously be replaced with another. Arrow after arrow was launched from a seemingly endless supply; each one a shaft of intense light trailing a comet's flame as it completed its deadly flight, guided by an intelligence far beyond human imagination. At no time did the Army of Yah El break rank, each angel firing in concert, in perfect

harmony with his companion of light. With amazing synchronicity, every salvo of flaming arrows flew through the air to meet its target in the company of a thousand others. As each darkling disintegrated, it thrashed about feverishly, screaming obscenities in its own foul language until finally dissolving into oblivion. The cacophony of dying demons was deafening.



Radian and Calrission were quickly freed by their comrades, but still a little bruised from the ambush. Rikbiel and his forces closed ranks over the Basilica, facing the Prince of Rome. Meanwhile, Chad and Roo continued to contend with those attacking them from the front and rear. Thousands of fiendish foot soldiers were cut down and disintegrated, disappearing into nothingness in the same manner as all the others at the hands of the two young warriors.

Suddenly, over the din, a sharp note pierced the air. Recognizing the signal, the many battlefronts ground to an instant halt as all of the armies of darkness looked silently towards the sky.

The Prince of Rome was blowing his trumpet long and hard, again summoning Paimon, the great sovereign which ruled over two hundred legions of spirits; part the order of powers, part the order of angels. With his voice a rumbling roar, the dominion prince came storming into the battle arena riding upon a camel, sporting a crown upon his head with shameless grandiosity. Coming to a stop, he raised his arm, directing his troops to fall in behind the Prince of Persia's. The formidable army took position.

Accompanying him were the two kings who had assisted him earlier, Bebal and Abalam, two great rulers of the underworld, each with their twenty-five legions of spirit forces of diverse and deviant talents. Every demon, angel, ruler, power and prince was ready to inject the poison of its lying heart into the two interlopers, if they could only get through their mighty defenses and touch them!

As the reinforcements arrived at the battleground, the Prince of Rome shouted to them, his growling booming voice reverberating throughout the multitude. "Paimon, oppose the captain of powers Camael and his forces!" he commanded fiercely. "Attack them without mercy! Bebal and Abalam, take on the powers Galgaliel and Rikbiel, the head and the leader of the Chariots of Fire! Resist them

until my princes or I can catch the spoilers! Flank them on all sides, and fight for your *king!*”

The lull was over. The convergence of reverse parallels of dark and light illuminated the air with flashes of brilliant lightning and peels of loud thunder. Nearly every natural and supernatural disaster possible came raining down from the heavens, travailing an exhibition of inconceivable violence.

Dark resisted Light in a magical collision of opposing powers. While a hand of light directed lightning and radiance from above, a resistant dark one from below attempted to deflect it with the blackness that came from its mouth, a blackness in the shape of another hand.



The elemental powers of the two dimensions were forcefully disturbed by this clash of the kingdoms—Salamander, Sylph, Undine, and Gnome, the laws of fire and air and of water and earth— all were engaged in the mighty conflict.

Hailstones the size of watermelons bombarded the Piazza; blinding snow blizzards, mixed with sleet-like sheets of iron, swept through the Square like a giant broom.



Pillars of fire, tonguing down like snakes, hit the ground, side-winding across the pavement like a serpent, while acrid, sulphuric brimstone spewed out into the air from cracking fissures, joining in the chaos. Rocks the size of small cars, even frogs and fish, came plummeting down from the dark, turbulent skies.

Believing it to be the end of the world, the terrified citizens panicked. Some, including the men of the guards, ran under the Palazzos, dashing madly to and fro, trying to dodge the tribulations hurtling down upon them as a result of the monumental battle. Their scramble to safety was in vain as the Palazzos themselves began to collapse—there was nowhere left to run. Like the eye of an immense hurricane, the vortex over the obelisk churned the natural elements swirling around the struggling forces of the spirit realms, sending deadly debris flying in all directions.

Everything mixed—the Forces of Light, faces set with fierce determination intent on defending the warriors, dependent upon their prayers to The Elaquohim for their success, clashed with the twisted features of evil, corrupted beings equally intent on their destruction, equally dependent upon the intercession of Count Balzac.



The madness of the struggle, the spectacle of it all, took onlookers' breath away—Balzac, the two young warriors, and every other witness—as it raged violently around them. Certainly, Chad and Roo had never seen anything quite like this in their lives before; even Balzac and General Stone were impressed; astounded by the sheer intensity of ethereal power that was now being unleashed by this ultimate 'war of the realms'.

Nonetheless Abaddon Krush remained quiet, unmoved, biding his time, awaiting his opportunity—for if nothing else, death had learned one thing ... to be patient.

At first, neither side seemed to be prevailing. Paimon and his two hundred legions relentlessly attacked Camael and his forces. The two commanders wrestled each other, roaring like lions as they grappled one another in a series of martial art-like joint locks and holds. One moment, Paimon would have his hand upon the throat of Camael; the next, they would disappear into the dank soup of the conflict, only to reappear, this time with Camael firmly holding Paimon's head in a vice-like grip.

Bebal and Abalam took on the powers Galgaliel and Rikbiel, all four fighting with sword and shield, their troops doing the same. Metal striking on metal, punches and feints, faking and dodging blows to gain advantage; they employed everything they knew to overcome their opponents; their success or failure entirely dependent upon the prayers of the natural intercessors to their respective gods.

If either Chad or Roo became distracted by an attack and his prayer waned, so too did the effectiveness of the Heavenly Forces. When they regained focus and prayed more fervently, the Forces of Light prevailed. Equally as dependent were the forces of darkness upon Balzac's strength of will and incantations. As the battle raged on, the outcome remained uncertain. At any given moment,

victory could have belonged to either side; the level of power of both forces was so equally matched.

The diversion of the immense struggle gave the princes of Persia and Egypt an opportunity to attack Calrission and Radian again, seeking to tip the war in their favor. But this time, the two guardians were prepared. Although the two dark princes would normally have proved a more formidable foe than the two angels, the passionate prayers of the young warriors empowered them greatly. With the help of The Elaquohim's reinforcements, they were able to resist their attackers without weakening.

Calrission and Radian wrestled with the evil princes, who attempted to wrap them in dark chains to bind them, but each time the Angels of Light thwarted their efforts. Throughout the turmoil, both Chad and Roo persisted, praying intensely as they, too, fought the forces opposing them; increasingly making headway, one foot after the other—with each determined step forward, reaching another idol and destroying it as they passed.

The warriors' slow but deliberate progress was the key to the Angels of Light's success or failure. At times the heavenly hosts were driven back, but they pressed diligently on, proceeding ahead once again, mirroring the young warriors' progress with their own. With each retreat or advance, the scales tipped one way and then the other—at one point, towards the forces of darkness, and then the next, to the Forces of Light. Yet the two prayer warriors

ploddingly prevailed, inch-by-inch, gaining hard-fought ground for their King.

Then The Elaquohim spoke unto them once again. ***“Sing unto me my high praises, my faithful servants! I will release unto you a different spirit, Yea, even the spirit of Samson, the mighty overcomer! This will empower the Forces of Light! Sing in tongues, high and in harmony, my mighty men, for it is the privilege of my godly ones to execute vengeance on these nations of spirits. Sing without ceasing even as you fight this fight, and you shall prevail over your enemies, and be victorious!”***

By faith, Roo and Chad began to do exactly as commanded and, in the face of overwhelming odds, a spirit of boldness seemed to break out from the very depths of their innermost beings. They raised their voices in the glorious praises of the highest and holiest God, even as they slashed away at the forces trying to push them back upon the Palazzos.

A wondrous vocal harmony emanated from their mouths, like the reverberations of the cascading waters of two great and mighty waterfalls converging. Torrents of praise rushed through the air in songs at once high and sweet, then rolling low, thundering deep from within their bellies like a wild animal’s purr, again rising higher and higher until it felt as if their very spirits would burst from the incredible anointing. With the manifold vengeance of God, they brought down even more power from His throne upon the offence of the dark forces.

Suddenly, over and around them, they could hear another chorus of heavenly voices, penetrating and majestic, beyond quadraphonic. This was something else. This was 'spi-hi-fi'—spiritual high fidelity—a sound so perfectly-pitched and pure that its waves sent shivers racing up and down their spines. It was the very Archangels from The Throne Room of The Elaquohim joining them in concert to fully empower their prayers.

Within a matter of seconds, they found themselves enveloped in a cloud of glory, flames of fire racing around their bodies. It was at once both a pillar of cloud and a pillar of fire—a totally awesome sight to behold! The heat from it was so intense that they knew right away the very presence of The Elaquohim was within.

That day, Chad and Roo had found the secret and most fundamental warfare key of The YahuWah, the foremost key that could unlock the door to the inestimable love of The Elaquohim—the key to the blessing of the one true God over which the councils of the Unseen World could never prevail! *The key of the high praises of God!* True thanksgiving and praise, in the Spirit and in Truth, was the only thing that could ever release this all-consuming power of holy fire.

That day, the warriors discovered the real significance of a good and faithful porter, and that only a true and authentic spiritual gatekeeper who watched and prayed in this devoted manner, doing in the natural only what they saw

their Heavenly Father doing in the heavenlies, could ever
invoke the genuine power of the Highest Living God.

The Caduceus

“In that day the LORD with his sore and great and strong sword shall punish leviathan the piercing serpent, even leviathan that crooked serpent.”

Isa 27:1



IN THE MIDST of all of the madness, over a lapse of time that could not even be measured—as if trapped between the temporal and the eternal—Chad and Roo continued to battle their way valiantly across the top of each Palazzo. Then without realizing it, they were there—they had reached the end.

They both stopped, dropping their weapons to their sides, and looked back. Chad’s body pumped with adrenaline.

They had done it! Every idol upon the Palazzos had been destroyed! Now all that remained were the few left standing on the Basilica and on the Piazza. They had to go as well.

With the aid of their faithful guardians, Chad and Roo leapt up through the air, landing at opposite ends of the Basilica, just above the entrance.

Balzac and the princes were incredulous that the warriors had made it even this far. Now it seemed their master's very kingdom was under threat; these cursed meddlers obviously knew what they were doing. The Prince of Rome spun around to face the Count. "Balzac!" he shouted desperately. "I implore you! Move quickly before it is too late! Summon up the lords of the dark ones from the lower nether regions!"

Balzac closed his eyes, tilting his head first to the left and then the right, cracking his neck to release tension. With a sly grin, he took his knife and dragged the blade deliberately across the palm of his left hand, cutting a deep gash that bled profusely. This time, he would use his *own* blood!

The Count walked into an open area of the Square and squeezed his palms tightly together, creating two small pools of his rare hybrid blood on the pavement of the Piazza. Even from this distance, Chad could clearly discern two of the most prominent ciphers on the front of Balzac's vestment beginning to glow a deep amber.

The young surfer recognized the golden symbols; they resembled the Caduceus—two snakes cleaved together in a spiraling embrace around a pole—like he'd seen on a prescription bottle at his tree house once, back when Bear owned it. With his dripping left hand; Balzac covered the ciphers. Calling out an enchantment at the top of his voice, he began to throw his hex, casting a secret, ancient spell few sorcerers knew.

Where the hybrid blood trickled, fissures began to appear in the ground, slowly at first, picking up speed as they grew. Two pits steadily yawned, gaping deeper and deeper, seeming to creep their way down to the very center of the Earth like the tentacles of a giant squid. Reluctantly, the Count took his precious staff and forcefully snapped it in two across his knee, throwing the pieces into the fissures. Everyone watched as they fell silently into the deep pits.

After only a moment, unexpectedly and without a sound, both halves of the staff came hurtling back out from the ground and landed onto the Square, one pit spewing sand, the other sea water. The two sticks lay there upon the pavement for a minute or two, all eyes upon them. The atmosphere resonated with evil static. One stick began to move, and then the other. Chad and Roo stared in horror as the sticks gradually became more animated, transforming into two large, black serpents.

The creatures began to expand into two immense, unearthly beings, all the more hideous and terrifying. Wrapping

around one another, they entangled themselves in a caduceus-like clasp, slithering and hissing as their smooth, slippery bodies slid around one another—a beast that was simultaneously one, yet two, sensuously writhing in a mesmerizing, seductive dance.

One of the beasts ballooned into a gargantuan, sea-green dragon, oriental in form, vicious, and breathing a strange fire, at once a phosphorus green, then red, and then green again. It snorted, tipping its head forward. Roo could make out at least five swept-back horns growing like a crown across its scaly, encrusted head, with four short, spurred wings sprouting from behind.

At the same time, the other creature morphed into a huge, brightly-colored snake of great girth and strength. It rose up menacingly from its belly, thrashing its tail like a bullwhip across the ground. Enormous, deadly fangs, bared ready to strike, dripped poison that smoked like acid as it bore holes into the porous pavement stone. The snake's long tongue flicked out into the air again and again, tasting for prey.



Dark and shiny like deep pools of the blackest oil, the large, glistening eyes of the serpents gazed into each other's like lovers. Twisting abruptly, they both turned to Balzac, hissing with obvious irritation at having been stirred from their place of rest.

Visibly disturbed at what he had just conjured up from the very darkest pits of hell, the Count's face became suddenly ashen, even whiter than before.

Massively enlarging their bodies, the huge snakes rose higher and higher, nearly one hundred feet in the air, to survey from a great height all that stood before them. They spoke as one, in a growling, guttural harmonic. "What is so urgent that you disturb our sleep, sorcerer?"

Balzac lowered his eyes deferentially as he called out to them in supplication. "Oh, great lords Livyathan and Python, I summon you only as a last resort, for the problem

is much greater than we first anticipated, as you can see,” he said, motioning his bloody left hand across the rubble. “I call upon you at the urging of the Prince of Rome. You lords of the meanest hells, help us this day to overcome those who would dare raze your master’s high places and devoted things, at this critical juncture and supernatural nexus upon the earthly plane!”

The two creatures responded in unison. “We have not been summoned since your ancient forefathers, Jannes and Jambres, withstood the magi Moses in Pharaoh’s court,” they hissed. “Why do you do so now? Is there now *another* Moses upon this Earth?”

“No, great ones,” Balzac answered meekly. “Only two young spirit warriors who stand in The Gap for the Kingdom of Light. Hitherto, they have managed to prevail upon us and destroy many vital possessions of our great king, the dragon Luaquiss Sama-el.”

The infernal beasts surveyed the destruction carefully, and then posed a question to Balzac. “These two have not modest powers, sorcerer. They have indeed profound spiritual strength, as did Moses in his time of greatness when he withstood Jannes and Jambres. This will cost you, Balzac. What will you offer us in return for our assistance?”

The Count hesitated for a brief moment. “Whatever men you see under my authority, upon these you may well feed at your delight,” he offered. Four glowing, reptilian eyes

hungrily scanned the terrified assembly. “But the two spoilers you see upon the Basilica,” he continued, “according to the order of the Chief Prince Abaddon Krush, you must save for our dragon’s pleasure. These intruders are our vexations, great ones, for they stand in The Gap for their King and empower the Forces of Light that now oppose our goal to save this obelisk and what idols that remain, from a seemingly inevitable destruction at their hands.”

At once, both creatures spun around, and at lightning speed, swooped down, each gobbling up a Swiss Guard, their poor victims disappearing in a mere mouthful. The rest of the guards ran screaming for their lives as they scattered in all directions. Even the forces of the Beast Legion backed up a few steps.

Livyathan and Python twisted around again and drew their monstrous faces right next to Balzac’s, hissing and glaring at him with their oily, onyx eyes. Balzac flinched and stumbled backwards, thinking he was next. The serpents held their position while they paused, obviously considering the Count as their next snack, for even the Count knew that once released, Livyathan and Python were not easily restrained.

Balzac’s body trembled uncontrollably from overwhelming fear. He fell face-first to the ground, begging for mercy. The snakes seemed to smirk at each other at this pathetic and groveling display. To the Count’s relief, they spun

around again in a flash and struck out at the Angels of Light, still struggling against the demonic forces that continued to clamber up onto the entrance of the Basilica.

Their strength and power was awesome, their speed blistering with intense hatred for the Forces of Light. The guardians were caught unawares, knocked asunder by the creatures. But with every push forward by Livyathan and Python against them, another contingent of angelic Forces of Light would fill The Gap, assaulting the beasts upon their backs, wrestling them ferociously. By distracting the beasts, they selflessly sacrificed their own welfare to protect Chad and Roo long enough to complete their task.

The entire scene was an awesome spectacle, a clash of colossal power; the ultimate contest between the Kingdom of Light and the kingdom of dark—Light against dark, prince against power, angel against demon—all centering around the two young men who stood against the sorcerer Balzac.

At one moment, it seemed Livyathan and Python would prevail, turning the tide towards a dark victory. Then suddenly, more Angels of Light would enter the fray and rush against them, surrendering themselves for the cause, holding off the seemingly inevitable just that bit longer. For now, it did not look promising for the side of Light, as the balance was slowly shifting in the favor of darkness now that the two primeval and powerful beasts were fully embroiled in the battle.

The princes of Rome, Egypt and Persia now joined forces with Livyathan and Python, forming a battering ram of evil against the Angels of The Elaquohim. Edging closer and closer to the two men, the ancient serpents gained ground as they bested Rikbiel, Chief of the Divine Chariot Foot Soldiers, and Galgaliel and the Merkabah, the Masters of the Chariots of Fire. Only the powerful Camael and his forces could withstand their combined onslaught, but for how much longer?

In the meanwhile, Chad and Roo continued to make their run towards each other across the top of the Basilica, knocking down idol after idol that they passed. Their way was now temporarily unimpeded; while the demonic hordes, led by the princes and the serpents above, focused on the pressure point of the war, a mêlée now concentrated upon the Piazza below.

Chad and Roo succeeded in destroying every idol upon the Basilica, but the very last one—the one that stood right smack in the center at the top of the Basilica—the icon of greatest importance, made in the image of The Lord.

AFTER SUCH an immense struggle, Chad and Roo finally reached each other at the very point of such sublime yet paradoxical significance; even if it was just an idol of stone, it was still a symbol of Him around whom the whole

universe revolved. They hesitated for a second, wondering what to do next. Should they destroy this one also?

Instantly, the Word of Yah El came to them once again.

“There shall be no other gods before me, nor shall there be any image of anything in heaven. Destroy all!”

They hesitated no longer, realizing the truth—if it wasn't Christ, then it was anti-christ. As one man, they struck the idol simultaneously with the sword ends of their staffs, like a couple of lumberjacks. The stone image of The Lord shattered into a million pieces. As the fragments fell to the ground, they dissolved into dust, blown away by the winds of the maelstrom occurring all around them. Both Calrission and Radian smiled at the long-awaited sight of the remnants of that particular icon finally disappearing in the gusts of the storm. “Apt,” they concurred.

Chad and Roo looked about, surveying the destruction of the high places of Yah El's enemies; destruction they had accomplished in such a short period of time. Their thoughts raced back to the very first obelisk they had shattered not so many days prior, which at this moment seemed like an eternity ago.

Now all that stood between the young warriors from completing their appointed assignment was no more than two mammoth and menacing serpent creatures from the lowest levels of hell, three powerful principalities that ruled over great nations, who had hitherto held their positions for eons, and about a million or so evil spirits of various

strengths and subtle tricks—not to mention the Beast Legion led by General Stone. No problem! Chad and Roo were getting used to daunting tasks by now.

They looked at each other, shrugged, and inhaled deeply. Deep within their souls they both knew that this fight was far from over, for the powers of heaven and hell still encircled them in the grip of battle.

General Stone chastised Balzac once more, pointing directly at the Count as he spoke. “*Balzac!* You imbecile! You have *failed!*” he yelled over the commotion. “The ultimate prize of our foes is now within their grasp! Will you admit defeat, or shall I call upon our lord the dragon to intervene? What will you do *now*, Balzac?”

Count Balzac Deeder was incensed. He snarled with frustration, gnashing his teeth furiously. So far, he had not only wasted a number of his own men and sacrificed his beloved magical staff of power, but he had also offered up a highly-prized token—his own hybrid blood—and yet *still* the meddlers prevailed!

He paced impatiently back and forth searching for an answer, even as the conflict continued to rage about him. The true injury was that even he had to admit, if only to himself, that never before had he encountered such worthy—no, *unworthy*—opponents. The true insult was that they were merely naïve, inexperienced boys at that! He fumed at the thought.

But Balzac Deeder was far from finished. The obelisk still stood, and he still had one more ace up his sleeve, or rather, *sleeves*, as an even more sinister aspiration sprang to his mind. “I am not done yet, Stone!” Balzac shouted back to the General in defiance. “Watch, and plead that *you* are not swept away by this inferno from the tormentors of a chaotic hell!”

The sorcerer stripped himself of his luxurious robe and unbuckled his breastplate vestment. Clenching the collar of the robe between his teeth, he held a sleeve out with his left hand and, with the aid of the dagger in his right, tore the garment completely in two. With supernatural speed, he ran over to one of the two fountains and tossed a half into the surrounding pool, striking it with his vestment. He then sprinted to the second fountain and threw in the other half, striking that also. Then he raced across the Square to the partly obscured obelisk. Standing with his back to the tower, he dramatically ripped off his shirt, baring his sunken, sallow chest partially naked before his gods.



He lifted his breastplate into the air like a new heavyweight champion, screaming a hysterical howl. Taking his Athame dagger into his left hand once again, he looked down at himself, deliberately drawing the blade diagonally across the right side of his belly and chest, slashing them and his right forearm again and again until most of his body was covered in his own blood. He then switched hands, trading contents, duplicating the brutal mutilation on the left.

When he was done, he dropped his knife, raising both arms into the air; the breastplate in one hand, the bloody, magical knife in the other as a thick flow of burgundy-colored liquid poured down his arms and chest. Balzac cried out at the top of his lungs, “Oh, you gods of chaos who roam the depths of despair in the meanest and lowest hells! Oh, you chaotic gods, the armies who serve your lords Livyathan and Python! I command you to rise up from your

restlessness and return to the surface world, for there is much for you to feed upon!”

For what seemed like a moment with no end, there was nothing but stillness and silence. Then slowly, the ground began to rumble. The sound came from far beneath the surface, deep within the recesses of the lowest hells. When it happened, it caught everyone by surprise.

First one fountain became unstable on its base, then the other, each one beginning to rock and tremble violently. All of a sudden, the ground below seemed to open up and swallow them both, the fountains disappearing down into the bowels of the Earth forever. Like a bullet out of a gun, the site each fountain had occupied for centuries now spewed acrid smoke that filled the air with a stench inconceivable to the mind, and unbreatheable to the lungs, of man.

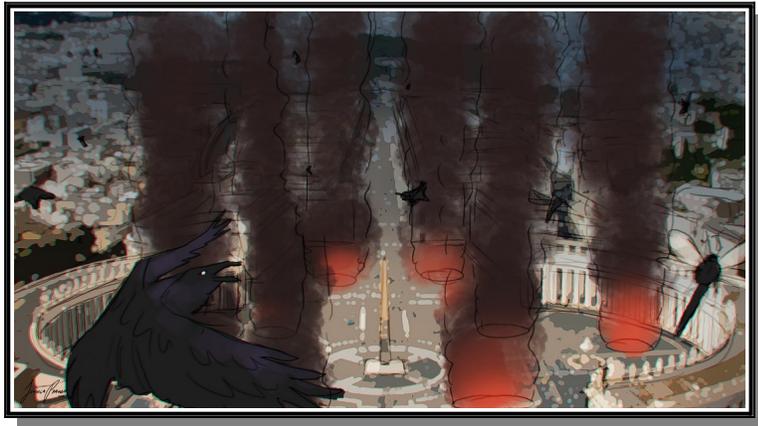
The very instant the toxic fumes hit their nostrils, the few human beings still breathing regurgitated the entire contents of their stomachs onto whatever was in front of them at that moment. Gagging again and again, their poor guts burned from the lactic acid produced by the continuous over-retching. They groaned in agony, the insides of their throats stinging with expurgated gastric acid and bile as they tried in vain to suppress the reflex.

Balzac’s last strategy had backfired. The acrid plume was having a similar unpleasant effect on him and the men under his control. “Damn!” Balzac cried out. He hadn’t

thought of that. The Lord Yah El mercifully spared Chad and Roo from the torment, however, protecting them with the spiritually armored helmets He had provided.

It was now out of Balzac's control. Six more holes, just like the first two, spontaneously opened up at every point of the sun wheel upon the Square, each one spewing more and more of the gore and death fires from the deepest depths of hell upon the Earth.

The smoke billowing from each fissure reached ever upwards into the sky, mystically forming into eight dark, cloudy pillars, which bore an uncanny resemblance to the black bars of a jailhouse door. The symbolism was not lost on those still left alive at the Piazza that day; for hell is indeed a prison from which no human soul can ever return.



With the smoke radiating out from 'ground zero', the residents of Vatican City and the greater City of Rome went rapidly insane from the sight and stench of it all. After years of decadence, her citizens assumed the end of the world and the judgement they had always deserved was finally here. They ran deliriously into the streets, madness ablaze in their eyes as they, too, purged themselves of the contents of their stomachs from the overwhelming smell.

The plumes of smoke ran vertically up into the air and filled the higher atmosphere, diffusing outwards as if hitting a ceiling that was blocking their path. From within the smoky columns now swarmed trillions of flying insects, some like locusts, some like lice; others beyond human imagination. The swarms buzzed determinedly out into the city streets, landing upon the people and stinging them incessantly with their venomous barbs.

The stench of death was everywhere. ***“Where the corpses are the vultures gather.”*** Chad and Roo heard the clear, calming voice in their spirits as they observed the terrifying tribulation unfolding before their eyes.

Following the swarms, large back birds of all sizes, some like crows, others like carnivorous buzzards, emerged from the same dark, billowy plumes, chasing down the insects and hungrily attacking them, wherever they happened to land. Those that landed on people, the birds also attacked, trying to feed upon the insects, unable to avoid the stabbing each time the strike of their sharp beaks hit human flesh.

Men, women and children ran shrieking frantically in every direction, covered in their own blood.

The unexpected assault had a deadly after-effect. The taste of the warm, sweet liquid drove the birds and insects into a merciless feeding frenzy, sending the panic-stricken people screaming in all directions from the unbearable pain of unrelenting beak strikes and the terrifying sight of the carnage. Some were already flailing about on the ground like they were on fire, rubbing large, dangling chunks of bloody flesh in the dirt. To most, death was a welcome release. To Chad and Roo, the scene was totally surreal.

In the midst of all the turmoil came the spirits of murder, now released from the pits of hell by the bloodbath, seeking an opportunity to enter flesh-vessels once more. They entered easily into the brutish hearts of Rome's men and women, inciting them to kill at random. Most surrendered willingly, losing all sense of civility and, like a rowdy lynch mob, ran after the demon-possessed brutes into riot and mindless mayhem.

After what seemed like an interminable span of time, the voracious swarm inexplicably retreated, flying off to other nearby cities seeking new blood, inflicting the same punishment upon their populations.

A low, booming echo ricocheted up the corridor of the Via d. Conciliazione. General Stone and his Beast Legion turned their heads in the direction of the noise. What they saw surprised even them. It seemed as if the entire

population of Rome was heading towards the Vatican, rushing madly down the thoroughfare towards the source of its tribulation.

The maddened, rioting crowd, spurred on by lunacy, blood-lust and demonic possession, surged towards the guards and the legions of soldiers like a pack of crazed barbarians. It was not just spirit against spirit any longer—it was now man against man.

Anarchy, in the truest sense of the word, had finally overtaken Rome. Even the spirits above that were still engaged in battle paused momentarily, captivated by the bloody massacre taking place below. Unable to pull their ravenous eyes away, some even wondered if this was indeed the end of the world.

General Stone snapped out of his shock, commanding his legions to open fire. “Take them all down! *NOW!* They must *not* enter this Piazza! Not *one!*” The captains of the legions, their weapons blazing, charged ahead of their troops. Demon-possessed soldier after evil soldier immediately opened fire at full power, relishing the opportunity to shoot at helpless members of the human race like they were a sideshow attraction. Pulse after rapid-fire pulse from their fully automatic electro-sonic rifles pummeled the deluge of bodies, every one they hit exploding on impact.

The barrage continued relentlessly, but the raucous, stampeding mob would not stop. The quick death the

soldiers brought was preferable to the constant madness of the insect stings and beak pecks left on their battered, bleeding bodies—or so they thought.

The corridor of the Via d. Conciliazione was now a killing field, the street congested with corpses, the gutters overflowing with blood. The carnage was overwhelming.

Chad and Roo stood dumbfounded as the ghastly spectacle played out before their eyes. “We *must* stop this!” Chad realized he was talking to himself out loud. “We must find a way, but how, Lord, how?” Hearing his friend mumbling his desperate question, Roo spoke up. “Boss, that bad fella got to go down for this to end,” pointing his finger directly at Count Balzac, who was still chanting into the air, now visibly enjoying the hellish pandemonium he had unleashed upon the unsuspecting world.

“But how, Roo? How?” Chad asked with an exasperated shrug. “We can’t reach him from here. The spiritual forces of darkness stand in our way!” Roo looked sideways, pondering this dilemma for a moment, when an inspiration came to him from The YahuWah. Blinking repeatedly, he reached behind his back, bringing out his old familiar wooden boomerang from under his belt where it had been secured the whole time.

“With this, boss!” Roo replied enthusiastically, waving the stick around in the air like he had found a fifty. “Roo is the best blackfella in the whole of the outback with this here boomerang, mate!” The little man proudly thrust out his

puny chest. “If I can take down a kangaroo on the run, I can take down that bloody Bunyip-boss-man there, no worries, mate!”

Chad’s eyes opened wide. He and Roo stared at the curved, wooden blade for a moment, mischievous smiles slowly creeping across both their young faces. Roo beamed that big Aussie grin again, his bright, white teeth shining out from his beautiful black face as Chad began to give thanks to The Elaquohim. “Praise The Lord! Roo, you are the *man!* Sometimes you just have to use a natural weapon! That bad fella won’t be expecting this, now will he? Do it, Roo, *do it!*”

Roo expertly balanced one tip of the boomerang between his right fingers and thumb. Giving the other a quick kiss, he pulled back his throwing arm slowly but surely, and then hurling it forward with all of his might, let the blade go in the sorcerer’s direction, uttering an impassioned prayer as it left his hand. The boomerang flew true, spinning swiftly through the air in a silent but lethal arc of perfect control, passing unhindered through every wicked spirit as it hurtled on its deadly path towards its mark, and there was not one single thing they could do to stop it.



Balzac did not even see it coming. The whirling missile hit him right between the eyes. Almost instantly, a giant gash opened up across his forehead, the sheer force of the impact peeling back his scalp like the outer layer of an onion. The Count dropped to the ground, out cold, black blood gushing from his head in a torrent like a broken bottle of ink. His legs twitched violently for a moment, then were still. He appeared to be dead.

Both Chad and Roo let out a triumphant holler and started to dance, all the while continuing their fight with the ever-approaching demon hordes.

Warhorses

And there was war in heaven: Micha-El and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels,

Rev 12:7



WITHOUT warning, the whole catastrophe began to shift into reverse.

The moment Roo's boomerang struck Count Balzac Deeder in the face, the giant vortex suddenly became a counteracting whirlwind. Spinning in the opposite direction now, it began to vacuum up the earth-based army of evil, slowly turning its princes, strongmen and multitude

of forces into a shrieking, spiraling blur as they began to lose their foothold upon the earthly plane.

At the same time, the beasts Livyathan and Python were also being unceremoniously dragged off towards the pits of hell by a great, unseen energy. The eight jail bars of smoke began to dissipate as the powers of darkness could only watch helplessly, losing ground before their very eyes.

The princes and their strongmen, Livyathan and Python, and all the forces of darkness resisted this dissipation of their powers with all their might and will, but to no avail. Still it pulled at them—slowly, but also relentlessly.

Luckily, the forces of General Stone were still preoccupied by the butchery escalating in the Via d. Conciliazione. This presented Chad and Roo with just the opportunity they needed.

With the aid of Calrission and Radian, the warriors jumped down from atop the Basilica, landing softly on the pavement below. The moment their feet touched solid ground, they quickly destroyed the last two idols before the steps of the Basilica, then swiftly dashed across the Piazza to confront the last great and obstinate obelisk.

All that lay between them now was a short distance and a million or so dog soldiers of the Unseen World, still being led by their generals, still fighting desperately. Chad grinned at Roo, shooting him a challenging glance. “No

worries, boss!” Roo winked in response, giving Chad two thumbs up.

Assisted by their guardians, Chad and Roo forged doggedly ahead, jumping over the remains of the idols of stone upon the ground of the piazza, working their way at a snail’s pace towards their final trophy, when all of a sudden, something in the heavens caught their eye. As they looked up, the only bit of blue sky over all of Rome started to scroll back, one piece to the left, another to the right, each one rolling up tightly.

Out of the window came forth a dazzling vision of the Holy King Yah El and the massive expanse of His unlimited forces; faint at first, then sharper and brighter as the heavens continued to part, slowly revealing themselves to the crusaders. Peels of thunder resounded throughout the atmosphere while bolts of lightning snaked across the skies, intermittently illuminating the surrounding black clouds like strobe lights in a windowless nightclub. Chad and Roo could see the vision clearly.



Before their spiritual eyes, they saw what looked like a ladder made up of ascending luminous clouds. Far off in the center of the ladder, King Yah El was sitting upon his mighty steed; a noble and majestic warhorse, sparkling white and full of authority, its muscles rippling under its sleek, shiny coat. Power surged forcefully through the stallion's strong veins as it pawed the air in anticipation.

King Yah El's face shone radiantly, like an intense and brilliant sun in the fullness of the noonday. His long, snow-white hair was silken like the finest wool and His eyes blazed brightly like two flames of fire. On His head He wore many glorious crowns of preeminence and majesty. He was clothed in a vest dipped in blood, and about His waist hung a shimmering, golden belt. Out of His mouth came a sharp, two-edged sword, and on the garment that He

wore upon His thigh, was written the words, '*KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS*'.

Ranked behind Him, with divine purpose shimmering in their eyes, were the Forces of Light, His armies of heaven, dominant and regal; the glory of their King glowing upon their faces. Riding with Him were all the saints who had gone before into that glory, and they followed Him faithfully, also mounted upon beautiful, white warhorses. The heavenly assembly was all clothed in fine linen, radiant white and spotlessly clean.

King Yah El gave the command; His voice rumbling and resonating like the booming thunder of countless waters rushing along a mighty river at a great height towards a towering waterfall, crashing unremittingly on the rocks far below. Pointing to the battle boiling beneath, He uttered just one word: **"Go!"**

Upon receiving the King of Kings' order, the greatest archangels in heaven soared downward directly into the conflict. Joining the other angels already fighting alongside the two young warriors, Micha-El, Gabri-El, and Rapha-El began to wrestle with the three evil princes, to bind them in spiritual chains of iron and cast them down into the pit.

First, after a great struggle, the Prince of Egypt, that wily old crocodile, was bound fast by Micha-El and tossed unsympathetically into the abyss. Then both Micha-El and Gabri-El overcame the Prince of Persia, tying down the

growling bear with chains of iron, casting him into the void also. The last to go was the Prince of Rome, who fought frantically to retain his precious Asherah. It took all three guardians to subdue this ferocious wolf, and even these mighty angels of light found it difficult to bind the reluctant dark prince in their iron chains. But the great Archangels of Light were far stronger and at last prevailed, binding his feet and hands with spiritual chains, and drawing the body of the wolf spirit out flat, pinned it to the ground. Finally subduing the ferocious beast, they cast the dark prince down into the prison of the fallen angels, their own private war resulting in the final destruction of the wolf's Basilica and what remained of his Palazzos.

The sight of King Yah El and the defeat of their illustrious princes struck fear into the black hearts of the remaining demonic forces that had opposed the two men in this battle for the final obelisk.

For the longest time, Micha-El, Rapha-El and Gabri-El grappled with Livyathan and Python, the powerful serpents hissing and wrapping themselves around the angels as they fought.

The angels' hands were upon the throats of the dragon and the snake, their swords slashing at them relentlessly. After great effort, the mighty archangels successfully weakened the creatures and subdued them. Binding them also, they hurled the piercing serpent Livyathan, and the crooked serpent Python, back into the depths. With guttural howls

of defeat echoing up from the very deepest and foulest of hells, the two serpents resigned themselves to their loss and the overcoming power of King Yah El and his Forces of Light.

While the great conflict raged, the guardians faithfully protected their charges as they fought their way closer and closer to the tower. Many a demonic strongman and legion of dark forces was slaughtered by the two warriors and their Archangels as they valiantly inched their way nearer their goal.

King Yah El then turned His attention towards His two young servants on the grounds of the Piazza, addressing them directly. ***“Be strong and courageous and faint not. Though you shall soon go through the valley of the shadow of death, fear no evil. You shall overcome by my blood, by the word of my testimony, and by loving not your lives even unto death, for I am greater than death, and your life is hidden in me. Finish your mission this day, my great and mighty warriors! I will soon shake everything that can be shaken. The Sun and the Moon shall be darkened, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and all that opposes me will be cast down. Then you will continue your mission. It is yet a little while, and then I will return. Be it done to you according to your faith!”***

After their King had finished speaking, Chad and Roo were once more filled with faith, returning to push their way

courageously through the forces of evil that resisted them, steadily making their way to the obelisk.

Finally, they were there, standing at its base. They stood quietly for a moment, gazing intently up at the monument. Then with one united and powerful swing, they simultaneously struck it with their staffs, then running a safe distance away from the oncoming destruction they knew would come.

Out of the heavenly vision, a mighty, rushing gale, spinning like a tornado, materialized from where King Yah El was sitting upon His majestic warhorse. Chad and Roo could see a pillar of flames—the righteous anger of God—inside the whirlpool of cloud and air. Like a sword of fire in the heart of the twisting cloud, it burned intensely with His unlimited power. The roar was deafening.



There, in the heavens, the warriors could see their King blowing vigorously, generating the wind and fire with the fiery breath of His mouth. Chad and Roo stood rooted to the spot, unable to blink. Where the tornado touched down, it tore up the soft soil like a plough as it weaved its deliberate way towards the obelisk, leaving behind long ruts in the stone and earth.

Striking the obelisk with an overwhelming force, lightning and thunder burst from the eye of the whirlwind as it totally enveloped the tower. Then like a detonated nuclear bomb, a loud, ear-splitting blast erupted from within the swirl of energy.

The middle of the obelisk started to glow, reddening in the center as if directly under a welder's torch. It stood there for a moment, the orange slice turning whiter and whiter as it gradually started to melt under the searing heat.

Suddenly, the great Asherah snapped in two. It splintered like a giant tree, toppling onto the Piazza, the two halves shattering into millions of smoldering pieces. With its demise, every lesser monument—every idol and other high place throughout the city of Rome that had ever been raised up against The Elaquohim—also cracked and fell.

THE ONE, TRUE GOD had finally executed the retribution that was rightfully His for the indiscriminate slaughter of all His innocents by this decadent city and her ruthless

autocracy over the many centuries of her rule. From the excruciating death of His Son upon The Tree pole, to each and every one of His saints who had been mercilessly tortured and killed in the Colosseums of this once-great empire, merely for sport and entertainment.

The Angels of Light let out a long, triumphant cheer that reverberated with joyous praise up unto the ears of The Elaquohim, echoing around the city of Rome like a never-ending thunderclap. It ricocheted off the walls and buildings of the city again and again, until it slowly diminished and faded softly away.

Victory was finally theirs, and it was sweet. The angelic forces deservedly took great pleasure in it, as the last remnants of evil evaporated into the atmosphere, their eerie cries of vanquish trailing off into the distance, following them into the depths of hell fire.

The Pale Horse

“And I saw, and behold, a pale horse: and he that sat upon him, his name was Death; and Ha Ides followed with him. And there was given unto them authority over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with famine, and with death, and by the wild beasts of the earth.”

Rev 6:8



And when they shall have finished their testimony, the beast that ascendeth out of the bottomless pit shall make war against them, and shall overcome them, and kill them.

Rev 11:7

FINALLY, it was over. The armies of The Elaquohim had won.

Almost immediately, serenity returned to the Square as the vision of King Yah El and all His Forces of Light gradually disappeared from view, Chad and Roo's spiritual armor simultaneously dissolving from their bodies. A weird and wonderful calm filled the air around the Piazza St. Pietro—or what was left of it!

The two young warriors found themselves standing in the midst of the carnage and devastation, dressed in their normal clothes once again. The whole thing was surreal. They looked at each other with wide, sparkling eyes, wondering if it had all been a dream, for surely the entire experience had been too fantastic for the natural mind to comprehend.

Roo's face broke out in a smile. He looked at Chad, grinning his big Aussie grin again, and Chad began to chuckle. Roo started chuckling also, and before long, they were both jumping up and down, laughing their heads off in a much-needed release of tension, grateful the war had at last come to an end.

Of course, the destruction of their master's primary Asherah caught Abaddon Krush, his host General Stone and the entire Beast Legion, by complete surprise. Right under their very noses! They had been distracted by the riotous commotion in the Via d. Conciliazione, which had also now subsided.

General Stone turned to gaze upon the remains of the obelisk strewn across the Square and snorted, cursing

loudly. At the base of the obelisk lay the body of Count Balzac Deeder, apparently dead. Beside it, the General could see the two young vandals bouncing around in joyful revelry. Only Abaddon Krush could still see their guardians, and patient like death, waited quietly in the wings.

Chad, Roo, Radian and Calrission rejoiced together, dancing with glee, the two warriors and their guardians no longer able to contain the exhilaration they felt from finally achieving their goal. As their excitement abated, their thoughts turned to leaving this place of ruin. Their job was done; it was time to go.

“Call your transport now, men,” Calrission directed. “We must depart also. The YahuWah will provide you with instructions soon.” Then, in the twinkling of an eye, both angels were gone.

Chad and Roo could see the General and his legion in the distance coming towards them. The army was still far enough away for the boys to make their escape, but they couldn't help feeling just a little vulnerable without the protection of their guardians and armor, considering what they had been through. Right now, they were indeed exposed and defenseless, so they would have to be quick.

Roo's sharp eyes detected that General Stone and his forces were fast approaching. “Boss, they are coming and will be here soon!” he urged, motioning animatedly at the horde. “You betta call ZZ quickly, eh?”

Chad acknowledged the immediate threat and did just that. “ZZ! ZZ! ZZ!” he shouted, tilting his head towards the sky. He then turned to his friend. “He should be here shortly, Roo. It won’t be long and we will be outta here ... mate!” he smiled, gingerly giving Roo a thumb’s up.

ABADDON KRUSH’S patience had paid off. His opportunity was right here, right now, and if he did not take it, it would be lost forever. The ‘Spirit of Death’ telepathically summoned Dagon, the ‘Spirit of Destruction’, and his antigravity craft to come to the Piazza at once.

He decided he had remained hidden long enough. Abaddon Krush manifested rapidly, tearing the soul matrix between himself and his fleshly vessel, leaving the General’s body shuddering spastically on the pavement of the Via d. Conciliazione.

Krush moved quickly before the spoilers could spot him; they could look his way at any moment. He flew up into the air slightly to gain an approach then, diving into the ground with all of his might, he forced his way through the dirt and stone of the subsoil, burrowing underground at incredible speed towards the two young men. It took mere seconds.

CHAD AND ROO looked up with relief to see the beautiful, familiar craft approaching. XiX was stunning in the skies now clearing from the chaos over Rome, the light reflecting off the extraterrestrial metal of her luminous skin.

ZZ was faithful, and could always be relied upon to arrive when called. The boys were comforted to see XiX after what had seemed like an eternity of fighting in this inhospitable place. They were looking forward to regaling ZZ with their exploits and giving Yah all the glory for their success. They had completed their mission and would soon be soaring high above the Earth once again, celebrating with their loyal friend and companion. Even moreso, Chad was looking forward to reuniting with another loyal friend—his beloved Boogie.

XiX was only a couple of hundred yards away, when another strange craft appeared suddenly, bearing down upon her. Roo saw it first; Chad was still keenly monitoring the oncoming Beast Legion, noticing some of them gathering around a body convulsing on the ground. He thought he recognized it as General Stone's, although couldn't exactly be sure as it was hard to make out from where he was standing.

“Boss!” Roo shouted, pointing excitedly towards the sky. Chad reluctantly pulled his eyes away. “Look, there's another one, boss! Hey, I think it's the same one we saw near Ularu!” Chad looked up and could see the second craft zooming in at blinding speed.

ZZ had also obviously detected it. It certainly looked hostile, for it was dogging XiX and ZZ was already taking swift, evasive action to avoid attack.

WHILE BOTH Chad and Roo were engrossed in the ensuing tussle between the two AGC's, Abaddon Krush suddenly sprang up from the ground before their very faces. Hardly able to breathe, they were instantly terrified, their little hearts racing like two frightened canaries from the sudden adrenaline dump into their systems. The thumping in their ears was palpable.

Abaddon Krush had ascended right in front of them from deep within the earth, manifesting his repulsive, monstrous visage only inches from theirs. They felt as if they would die from the fright. An icy shiver ran up their spines, enveloping them, for death is as cold as the grave. With a look of total horror on their faces, they backed off timidly, overwhelming fear flooding their tiny bodies.

Thoughts of imminent mortality raced through their minds. No wonder, for they were staring straight into the dreadful, empty eyes of Death itself. They had never seen anything like this before, and without even thinking, did what their natural instincts compelled them to do—*FLEE!*

“Run, boss, *run!*” Roo shouted urgently. They both turned and sprinted for their lives in the opposite direction,

frantically seeking any place to escape from this terror amongst the devastation that was once the Piazza.

As they ran, Abaddon Krush quickly put his finger and thumb to his mouth and blew a piercing whistle that echoed hauntingly off the stones and pillars of what was left of the Piazza and Basilica. Up from the ground where he had just emerged came two gargantuan dogs; demon wolves from hell that served him, their master. He snapped his fingers and motioned commandingly for the predators to run the two warriors down. The demon dogs were as fast as lightning, and in no time had cut the boys off, their yellow, bloodshot eyes incandescent with the psychate of their ruler.

Roo let out a cry of panic. “Boss, the *dogs, the dogs!*” Chad had a sudden and tangible sense of ‘*déjà vu*’ ... he had heard these words before ... not so long ago ... in a dream ... and also felt this fear!

Whilst the wolves held the escapees at bay, Abaddon Krush quickly drew first one giant arrow, then another, from the quiver at his back. He placed one between his teeth, loading the second skillfully into his enormous bow. Taking careful aim, his gigantic arm forcefully drew back the string, letting the arrow swoop straight towards the zigzagging Chad who was desperately trying to elude the wolves that were blocking his path.

Without his spiritual armor to shield him, the arrow made its way easily under Chad’s protective mantle. Avoiding

hitting the mantle, Krush's aim was precise—the massive shaft of death entered the bold young warrior's body just under his left armpit, lodging itself directly in his brave, but still human, little heart.

CHAD DIED instantly from massive cardiac arrest, collapsing to the ground and rolling into a limp pile, a look of utter shock and disbelief etched into his face.

Roo witnessed everything. Like a hunted dingo, he began darting about in a weaving pattern to avoid the same fate; but to no avail, for Abaddon Krush had already strung the second arrow just as carefully as the first, and just as powerfully, let it take to the air.

The deadly projectile had no trouble finding its target. It penetrated Roo's back, also in the direction of his heart, the tip exiting through the courageous little man's left pectoral muscle. He, too, was killed instantly, his diminutive body hitting the dirt and tumbling over and over like a desert weed towards Chad's. Roo came to rest some twenty feet from his now lifeless friend, the same astonished expression left on his face.

ZZ OBSERVED the entire tragedy from only a few feet away, in the midst of avoiding the attack from Dagon who was still chasing XiX away from the scene. ZZ cried, sobbing deeply, for Chad was his own flesh and blood, and he loved him dearly. He had also come to love his little aborigine mate in the short time he had known him.

Distraught, unsure of what to do next, ZZ took off into the heavens at blazing speed. He needed time and space to think—and to grieve. This was the most heartbreaking day he could ever recall, with the possible exception of the time he lost Chad's mother all those years ago.

“My God, so close, so close ...” he heard himself muttering through the streaming tears he shed as he held Boogie close, rocking him in his arms. Reacting the only way he knew how when he sensed someone he trusted was hurting, the little dog lovingly licked ZZ's face.

Regaining his composure, ZZ commanded XiX to head for the outer planets so he could be safe, think and, in time, pray and confer with The Elaquohim.

ABADDON KRUSH called his wolves to his side, voicing his approval of their efforts. Stroking their heads as any pleased master would, he then commanded them to return to the pit. He stood silent for a moment, gazing down in admiration at his work—two small, motionless humans—

hardly believing this sudden turn of events, or his good fortune. He had taken men before—almost everyone that had ever lived. Few could stand when death itself came for them. These two gave him more pleasure than any other since the death of Yah—a sweet memory now bitter, since he lost his keys.

A few seconds passed. Taking a deep breath, he screamed a triumphant shrill of exaltation. He was ecstatic! Puffing himself up, he enlarged his body greater and greater until he was at least eighty feet tall. Elevating himself into the air an additional twenty feet above the ground, he spread his wings out wide and full in a flamboyant display of blatant pride.

He bragged at the top of his voice, “I am Abaddon Krush! I am *Abaddon Krush!* Great will be my name again amongst those who walk the courts of the dragon! Luaquiss Sama-el, Luaquiss Sama-el, hear me now, my master! I have not merely one prize for you, but *two!* I have destroyed *both* the spoilers! Their names belong to me, and I bring their bodies to you, my king! I have shed their blood for you, my master, and your reward is now mine! All others have failed; all but Abaddon Krush! Great is the name of Abaddon Krush! *Great is the name of Abaddon Krush!*”

At that very moment, Dagon’s antigravity craft landed on the Piazza. A large, silver vessel with swept-back wings and a spacious, open cockpit, the AGC put down right next to the fallen obelisk. The craft’s energy source powered

down and the cockpit doors parted. Confidently and equally as arrogant as Abaddon Krush, the evil god Dagon stepped out.

He greeted Abaddon Krush loudly. “Brother, how in the hell are you?” Abaddon sneered smugly. “I feel like Death warmed over!” They both laughed cynically, enjoying their age-old private joke once again.

Krush gestured to the two tiny corpses lying on the ground. “As you can see, Dagon,” he gloated with a smirk, “I have prevailed over the intruders; both warriors are now dead. The dragon will be pleased with their demise. However, it was all at great cost to our master. We may have lost our sorcerer; he seems to have departed as well.”

Abaddon Krush walked over to Balzac and bent down to inspect him more closely. “Wait a moment,” he said, skimming his nose over the Count’s disfigured face. “I detect a trace of life in him. We may have him with us yet. Let us quickly gather his body and those of the two intruders, and return to Jerusalem. Sir David is expecting our report, and our king desires to view the carcasses of the destroyers for himself. I will re-occupy the General, if I haven’t already killed my vessel in my haste to take the spoilers.”

Krush carefully re-entered the body of General Stone, who was now recovering but still sick from the shock of the previous departure. Slowly coming back to life, the General commanded his troops to load the bodies of the

two dead humans, and the near-dead body of Count Balzac Deeder, into the craft.

They all then stepped aboard for the return to Jerusalem.

The Abomination

“And when ye shall see Jerusalem compassed with armies, then know that the desolation thereof is nigh.”

Luk 21:20

AS SOON AS Dagon’s craft landed in Jerusalem, Count Deeder was immediately hospitalized for surgery. At that same moment, Sir David Solomon, Rula Meyer, General Stone and Dagon, together with many of the fallen angels that had survived the dramatic encounter with the Forces of Light, convened in the secret chamber under the now-completed temple.

They celebrated as the dragon expressed his pleasure, acknowledging the ambush Abaddon Krush had so deviously devised to thwart the two spoilers. Abaddon felt sure he had now redeemed himself before his master. His co-chief princes—Imrod in Sir David Solomon and ZBel in President Rula Meyer—congratulated Abaddon on his success. He basked in the glory so diabolically earned.

The peoples of the world also celebrated. In every country, the media spread the breaking news of how General Stone and his elite forces had successfully taken down the two fanatics with their superior training and sophisticated weapons. The world's leaders promised to rebuild the obelisks more magnificent than ever before.

However, the media did its best to minimize the events that had occurred in and around Rome on that historic day. The city's leaders were ordered to seal off the area and clear the cadavers and debris immediately. They were then instructed to do whatever else was necessary to contain public disgust through the various authoritarian means at their disposal under Sir David Solomon's new worldwide rule—the people were sheep; they would believe anything you told them as long as you were convincing enough. But the rumors and insanity still persisted amongst the masses.

At the command of Luaquiss Sama-el, the bodies of Chad and Roo were posed up against the Wailing Wall in deliberately grotesque and humiliating positions, their mouths wide open and their lifeless eyes staring into nothingness, on public display for all to see and ridicule. Many passersby sauntered up to them, slapping their faces and spitting on them, taking pictures, some even snipping locks of their hair as grisly souvenirs.

The cameras of the world transmitted their macabre images to all four corners of the globe, the story making daily headlines. Almost every nation came to despise the two

dead men who had violated their precious Rome—these outlaws had demolished the obelisks of many of the world's top cities. To no-one's surprise, the media eagerly fueled the hatred, like an arsonist pouring gasoline onto a wildfire. Millions cursed the warriors' names and the name of their God who had sent them.

WITH NO-ONE left on the face of the Earth to oppose the dragon, his confidence grew. The spectacular golden image Luaquiss Sama-el had commissioned—the one portraying himself as an angel of light—was now complete, and he began making hasty preparations for its unveiling.

Through his operatives Solomon, Meyer and Stone, he proclaimed that peace had at last come to the planet. Yet, strangely, the global tension that had existed before Luaquiss Sama-el gained control still seemed to increase as his influence steadily grew.

Luaquiss Sama-el commanded Dagon that the very hour of the revealing of his golden image to the world would be the perfect time to also reveal the Grigori—the Kosmokrators, the evil rulers of the chaotic cosmos—to this world, to bring those directly under his command finally out into the open. With no prompting necessary, the alien Gibborim who served the Kosmokrators began to gather off-world for their descent.

Such a foul sky could not clear easily without a storm.
Something was about to break.

FOR THREE DAYS, the decomposing corpses of Chad and Roo remained tethered to the Wailing Wall, exposed to the ravaging elements. The stench of their rot was now wafting stealthily through the area of the Temple Mount. By now, the novelty was beginning to wear off. Many people just turned away in revulsion. To Luaquiss Sama-el' nostrils, however, that same stench was a delicious aroma; a fragrance to be favored. To him, it was a constant, sweet reminder of his glorious victory, and he insisted on leaving the carcasses exactly where they were, to decay even further, for he would see their bones bleach in the sun before he would have them removed.

More auspiciously, it was on the third day that Luaquiss Sama-el had scheduled the unveiling of his idol, and the divulging of his long-hidden, dark angelic forces, to mankind. It was also on that day that the invasion of the Gibborim, his colluding alien forces, was to occur.

All the parts of his ingenious plan were finally coming together. After so many false starts throughout the ages, he was at long last about to receive his due—the worship of all of Earth's inhabitants, and the gathering of the other worlds unto Jerusalem upon the very rock from which this world

had been recreated, to finally pay unto him the homage he so richly deserved.

A scarlet, silken curtain had been draped over the statue, suspended from the ceiling by a golden rope. The Temple sanctuary had been formerly designated as the press gallery. The chamber was abuzz with activity as media crews from every country made final adjustments to their lighting and camera settings while primping anchors rehearsed their intros in a flurry of powder and hairspray.

What was just weeks ago considered sacred and holy was now a circus. How could such an unrighteous rabble be allowed in such a righteous place? One or two of the more cynical were observant enough to note the irony.

Numerous arrays of studio lighting and microphones had previously been assembled, and now technicians were performing their last-minute cable and satellite link network checks for the transmission of the holographic, 3-D broadcast to all the nations of the world, on every communications system available. Luaquiss Sama-el had also ordered a holographic transmission into the skies, ensuring that no living soul within view of Earth, or upon the Earth, would miss his 'fifteen minutes'.

It was to be the media event of all time. In less than an hour, it would be 'showtime' and the global suspense could be felt in the air. Prominent leaders, heads of government, kings, queens and other invited dignitaries gathered within the Temple auditorium for the momentous occasion. The

entire human race, totally unaware of what was in store, could taste the excitement that was building with each passing moment.

HOVERING over Jerusalem, like twinkling stars in the night skies, a diversity of Gibborim alien craft, from all the planets that had sided with the dragon, began to gather for their descent, their flight path initially set through the circumpolar star group known as the 'Indestructables'. The Indestructables was an Egyptian term for the stars that were in line with the opening shaft of the Great Pyramid of Khufu at Giza at the time of construction. It was believed that they transported the souls of the dead pharaohs to them, at least according to the promise those same star gods had made to them in the ancient times of the Pharaoh's power.

Wave after wave of Gibborim UFO of every possible shape, design and configuration, from every civistelle throughout the universe that had sided with Luaquiss Sama-el so long ago, now congregated together as one—the dragon's loyal army of the natural heavens. The night skies seemed to swarm with fireflies, as if multitudes upon multitudes of animated sparkling lights were competing with the stars for attention.

LUAQUISS SAMA-EL' moment of glory had arrived. Inflated with self-importance, he could not resist elevating himself through the upper realms, boldly entering the sanctuary of

The Throne Room in the Highest Heaven, standing before The Elaquohim in his full regalia as Lucifer, the Angel of the Light Bearer. Never before had he looked so resplendent. Never before had he looked so proud.

He had come before this God many times; this very God with whom he had been warring for millennia, only this time, he had come to gloat. “Today, I have prevailed over your plans!” he declared boastfully. “Today, I have conquered your champions who dared to stand in The Gap in opposition to me! My kingdoms gather even now, and the Gibborim, the terrible ones who serve me, also come from the Qatseh Shamayim at the very ends of heaven, to acknowledge my right to rule over them. What remaining forces that side with you will also turn away from your rule and now follow me!”

His boast became a rant. “I will ascend into this very heaven! I will exalt my throne above the very stars of God! I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the northernmost dimensions! I will ascend even above the heights of the clouds of this very heaven! I will be like The Most High!”

His expression turned maniacal. “I prophesied all of this, and before long you will see this planet—the very planet that you chose as the venue for us to play out this final conflict—bow down and *worship* me! And furthermore, the stars that gather over your lands even as I speak will be in

the midst of them to see it, and they will also kneel and worship me as God!”

Then The Elaquohim spoke. ***“By your very words shall you be judged! Pride cometh before your fall, and this, your boastful rebellion, shall be the dreadful abomination that causes the desolation of all your worlds. All things that you have done in your kingdom of darkness shall now be revealed in the light for all to see the folly of your pride. You shall fall, never to arise again, and the stars that serve you shall fall from the heavens with you, for your great pride cometh before your great fall. Now art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, O Light Bearer, O Son of the Morning! Now thou art cut down to the ground Sama El Semyaza. O Sama El you poisoned angel, O Semyaza you Terrible Dragon, he who did weaken the nations with his wrath!*”**

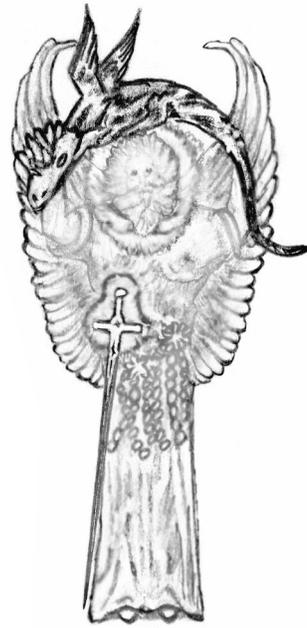
All of this thou hast said in thine heart and boasted unto me before my face, yet thy pride rebukes you, and thou shalt soon be brought down to hell, even to the sides of the pit! If it is the dragon that the world desires, then the dragon it shall have. Never again shall you come before my presence but for judgment. Depart from me, you murderer, you liar, you worker of iniquity!”

The Elaquohim turned to Micha-El, Gabri-El and Rapha-El. ***“Now, bind him and throw him down to Earth, and shake everything that can be shaken!”*** He commanded

them. His three Chief Princes immediately flew into action.

The great Archangel Micha-El, newly filled with the rivers of power now flowing from The Throne of The Most High God, stood up, and laying one mighty hand upon his old adversary—the ‘angel of poisoned light’—cast Luaquiss Sama-el down with one great and forceful throw. Placing a large foot upon him, he drew his sword with one hand, aiming the sharp point at the dragon’s head. With the other, he bound the dragon in invisible chains in one easy motion.

Micha-El had been waiting for this moment for an eternity of eternities. With tremendous relish, he grabbed the arrogant and proud ‘light bearer’, the lying dragon, by his head and tail and with a look of pity upon his beautiful face, hurled him down head first through the portals of the heavens, casting him far away from the Righteousness and Truth of the Highest Heavens, fulfilling his destiny.



The Fall

“And the third angel sounded, and there fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters; and the name of the star is called Wormwood!”

Rev 8:10-11

WHEN THE DRAGON was cast down from the infinite heaven to the lowest realms, the three archangels Micha-El, Gabri-El, and Rapha-El tracked it all, following him down deeper and deeper to monitor his fall through the portals of the various dimensions.

Sama-El Semyaza, the ‘Poisoned One’, formerly Lucifer the Light Bearer—the one who could transform himself at will into an Angel of Light—this ancient and mighty archangel, was now forced to retro-morph into his true character and countenance as he tumbled through each and every level of the heavens.

Falling in an opposite pattern to his ascent, he passed through both Courts of Praise. Looking back behind him, he cursed loudly, criticizing all the hosts of heaven who

were watching, their contented, smiling faces shrinking as he fell away helplessly.

Semyaza tossed and turned violently as he tumbled, clawing at nothing as if desperately trying to stop his fall. Still resisting with all his might, he continued to revert into his real form, furiously blaspheming The Elaquohim on this, his ultimate fall from grace.

Spinning madly through the lower and lower dimensions, his visage deteriorated, little by little. The sourness of his spirit and the acrimony of his psychate—his intense, pure spiritual hatred—caused him to transform into the epitome of bitterness from the ultimate rejection of the Almighty God whom he had so conceitedly challenged. His rapidly decaying form became that very hatred, turning him more monstrous than ever before known.

As he descended through the Gates of Thanksgiving, he surrendered to his ever-rising anger, screaming obscenities, resentment and ingratitude towards all who had come to witness the great dragon's demise. The lower he fell, the louder he yelled, his bitter anger propelling him further and further away from The Throne Room of God. A faint roar could be heard echoing briefly throughout the upper heavens, and then it was gone.

Luaquiss Sama-el abruptly re-entered his own realm, that of the fifth heaven, the heaven whose sign is the sign of the pentangle, the five-pointed star—his own personal sigil—plunging into and then completely through it. As he

passed, he drew with his tail all of the principalities and powers that had served him in his fourth dimensional, adversarial government of Ha'Ides, the Unseen World. They, too, fell cascading and cursing, propelling from the higher spiritual dimensions into the lower celestial heavens; the third dimension of the natural realms.

Suddenly, a loud *boom!* thundered across the fabric of the universe as the exiles pierced her delicate membrane that separated the natural realm from the spiritual, and exploded into space—the visible and viewable cosmos of creation—the fourth heaven that reflected and mirrored the first worlds of the unseen higher heavens.



Luaquiss Sama-el' breakthrough into the natural dimension, and the dragging of his co-conspirators with him, caused him to burst through the eye of his own stars of original influence, the constellation Draco—the dragon stars—situated between Ursa's Major and Minor; the 'big and little dippers'.

The prophesied wrath of The Elaquohim had been foretold in the stars, the dippers having symbolized this very day since time immemorial. The vengeance of The Elaquohim

was now to be poured out upon the angel of the Draco—
and in double doses.

The stars over which he had ruled were to fall with him
also, for ‘as it is in the natural, so it is in the spiritual’, and
over every star, an angel ruled. The constellation Draco fell
from heaven that day, and from that moment on, the
universe told a different story.

Almost immediately, Luaquiss Sama-el took on a natural
form, materializing into a falling star; a great mountain
blazing with a cold inferno that was the bitterness of his
spirit—a spirit now outcast. In the hardness of his heart, he
became a rock of iron and ice—a star called *Wormwood!*

His princes and powers, the councils of the Unseen World,
also converted to natural forms as they fell. They, too,
became minor stars, tumbling
with him on his descent
towards Earth. Countless
lesser lights, gravitating
towards the greater light,
joined their bitterness with his,
that great conglomeration of
hatred and resentment pulling
them along as his comet tail.

The three Archangels of Light
had followed them through
every portal, ensuring that The
Elaquohim’s will was being carried out as directed.



The angels of darkness, now in physical forms, plummeted to Earth. The rulers and authorities in the various alien craft loyal to the darkness were also drawn into the tail of the comet. Many were struck by the falling stars. They too began to fall towards Earth, the skies lighting up with the fireworks of their unplanned entry into Earth's atmosphere.

Star after star plunged towards the planet, craft after craft falling with them. With their exalted master gone, none could maintain its former habitation.

The Descent

Who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God.

2Th 2:4

WHEN IT HAPPENED, it happened all at once.

Sir David Solomon was dedicating his new temple to the world, and to the god that had brought that world under submission to him. To an inappropriately theatrical roll of drums, he tugged on the rope attached to the veil covering the magnificent statue.

With great Hollywood-style fanfare, drums rolled, cymbals crashed and the veil fell away, revealing an astoundingly beautiful, golden image of the angel Sama-El Semyaza, the image of a god resplendent with glory. There was a collective gasp. The room went suddenly quiet.

The idol was breathtaking. Strategically positioned under the Temple Atrium, it stood towering over the crowd of onlookers, ornately encrusted with countless priceless

jewels that sparkled so fiercely brilliant, many in the audience had to shade their eyes.

Its compassionate, smiling face was staring wistfully—some would swear later directly at them—while the two hands at its waist clasped a long, downward-pointing sword. To anyone who had ever watched the Academy Awards, the figure looked incredibly familiar.

All around the world, mankind gazed in silent wonderment at the shimmering statue—the all-coveted idol of the stars—and the dignitaries who had come to pay homage to it. For a few seconds, it seemed as if the entire planet was cast under the same enchanting spell.

In a universal vision commanded by The Elaquohim, the beautiful golden image began to transform before the eyes of the world. The now grotesque reality of the dragon had suddenly taken the idol's place. With overwhelming shock and horror, the masses simultaneously realized whom, or more precisely, what, they had been serving all along. Unfortunately for humanity, however, it was a discovery made way too late, for their fate was now sealed.

A myriad of things took place at that instant. The media didn't know which breaking news story to cover first; the golden idol, the falling stars or the incoming alien craft. Panic-stricken people dashed frantically in all directions, desperately seeking any kind of shelter, but deep down knowing it was futile. Others stood there dumbly, accepting their destiny with mute resignation. Very soon,

there would be no safe place left to run. This must be it—it must be the end of the world. But this was only the beginning.

Luaquiss Sama-el, encased in the burning star Wormwood, hit the Earth, colliding into the Sahara Desert, close to where the Prime Meridian and the Tropic of Cancer meet across the continent of Africa. The shell of bitterness surrounding the dragon exploded into a million contaminated pieces, poisoning many of Earth's delicate ecosystems. In his fiery comet tail streaking behind came the multitude of other stars, pounding the planet at random, also polluting the precious blue ball with their own overwhelming animosity.

The massive impact shook the entire globe. Earthquake after massive earthquake violently agitated its thin crust, turning terra firma into liquid waves of energy that transmitted across the sphere's brittle outer layer like a rug being shaken, looking for an outlet but finding none.

Heaving ferociously, the expanding and contracting crust could take it no longer. It fractured like a dried up riverbed cracked from years of drought. On the land, under the oceans, lakes and rivers, long, wide crevasses opened up everywhere, open wounds from which molten hot lava spewed forth like pus.

The fragile shell was left with deep ravines over its entire surface, some impossible to cross, causing every volcano on the planet to explode, even ancient ones that were

previously thought dormant or even long since extinct, regurgitating gigantic magmas flows and massive lava bombs into the delicate atmosphere. Icecaps and glaciers that had stood quiet and resolute, cooling the planet for many millennia, started to melt.

The sun grew dark and the moon turned an ominous blood-red in the smoke screen light from the sulphuric fumes and massive thunderstorms now covering the globe.

From the intense shaking, the magnetic poles of the Earth shifted forcefully. Rotating a full ninety degrees either side of the equatorial belt, they snapped from one place to the next, not once but three times, as if unable to decide where to park. The North Pole, and the South Pole which had always mirrored its moves, finally settled on their fourth location.

The new North Pole came to rest between the triangulation of the islands of St. Helena, Ascension, and Trinidade-Martin Vaz in the Atlantic Ocean between Africa and South America, or at least, what was left of them. The new South Pole was now only a short distance from what used to be Wake Island in the Pacific Ocean. They had rotated over a hundred degrees from their original positions.

As the air above cooled, the new Artic cap began to freeze the Atlantic, from the western coast of central Africa to the eastern coast of South America. At the opposite pole, the Antarctic was forming in the middle of the Pacific Ocean near the islands of Hawaii. The winds shifted turbulently

in opposite directions to normal as they sought some form of equilibrium, while the other elements were being shaken from their seats.

In direct contrast, the ice of the former poles quickly thawed, the sudden influx of water flooding all the lowlands of the planet, rushing into the fiery fissures. The face of the Earth became irrevocably altered, transformed into a sea of islands and peninsulas, some large, some small, a few of the largest ones connected by newly formed magmas land bridges.

The Dragon and the Kosmokrators were now permanently earthbound. The gravitational laws that had once governed the planet now no longer applied. The Gibborim in the alien crafts tried in vain to counter the effects of the gravitational changes with their magnetic drives, but to no avail, as those very same drives were totally dependent upon the former laws of gravity to function. Many crashed to Earth, or at best, were only able to hover very close to the surface.

The world had changed completely ... and forever!

MANKIND was now in a state of total, mind-numbing shock, the Earth in total chaos; even the stars were in disarray.

Over two billion people from every corner of the globe perished, and many more were left critically injured,

destined for death. All forms of man-made infrastructure—every building, road, bridge, tunnel, power station, oil and gas pipeline, every means of communication, every electric device—was now either completely destroyed or at least rendered utterly useless.

IN JUST A MOMENT of time, the planet Earth had been cast out of its world of light and technology, instant communication and rapid transport; abruptly back into darkness, darker than the darkest ages; back to the time of wood fires, wild animals, mythical creatures and men upon horses. Mankind was now thrown into total desolation and the blackest night; decades of progress and advancement, thousands of years of development and construction, now obliterated, in just the blink of an eye!



EVEN MORE terrifying, the secret subterranean creatures, the Serpent and Draco nations of lower Earth, long hidden within the caverns far beneath the surface from the light and sight of man, now emerged, roaming freely upon its surface, searching for their now earthbound forefathers.

These were the children of the Gibborim, the fallen star gods of the

recently downed alien craft, whose carnivorous ancestors were of the Hydra and Draco constellations. They were hungry for the spoil, each one possessed with legions of demonic spirits.

It was now truly hell on Earth!

LUAQUISS SAMA-EL and his vanquished angelic forces were bound to the Earth, no longer able to fly into the Unseen World, and would somehow have to reorganize—start from scratch. His fallen angels the Grigori, and his colluding alien forces the Gibborim, needed to come up with yet another plan—a plan of equal, or even greater, deception—and quickly. They needed one that the humans who survived the devastation would believe, if they were ever to realize their ruthless aspirations to one day conquer this planet, and ultimately, all the civistelles of the heavens. But first, they knew one thing. They must possess this one—and *everyone upon it—to survive!*

In the midst of all of the death, destruction and confusion, however, they missed one important event; a small, insignificant event that took place that very day at the Wailing Wall, the very day of the fall of bitter Wormwood and the darkened stars of heaven, when the Earth was rocked and shaken—to its very foundations.

WHEN she shook so violently, so too did the bodies of Chad and Roo ... they began to stir, for the Holy Set Apart Spirit of The Elaquohim had come upon them quietly like a vapor

...

No-one, except I, witnessed this event, as their eyes opened wide, shining brightly ... with ***LIFE!***

The Report

**Inter-dimensional Transmission # 6,025
Observer ZeeZeefer ZexZexed
2025; 2461030.50000 Julian Date of Earth
XiX Module**

My Commanders,

I, ZeeZeefer ZexZexed, as an officially appointed observer from our civistelle ZexZexed to the distant planet Earth, hereby testify to the veracity of this report. All events herein recorded are factual and reported without bias, as observed by both myself and by the recording instruments upon the commissioned interstellar ZexZexed craft, XiX.

At the occasion of this account, the status of events on the Earth appears to be rushing to a final and fatal conclusion. It is with great sadness that I bear witness of the position of the Earth within the stellar clock, and state clearly that the Earth is running out of time. It is with even greater sadness that I also bear witness to the ominous and horrifying events that have occurred upon this world of humanity, that make it apparent that the inter-dimensional forces of the dragon and their interference in the affairs of this world have brought great judgment and destruction upon this planet. These circumstances bode badly for those of us who hold our allegiances to The Elaquohim, and to a vision of a cosmoverse that no longer knows death and destruction, existing without the presence of the odious dragon, that god of hate—and his repellent seed.

I entreat all who follow The Elaquohim, the God of Love, to pray with all earnestness unto Him, as I will, that He intervene in these affairs, for the destiny of the entire cosmoverse turns on the outcome of these and all future events. For now, we must all stand fast in hope, akin to that great earthman Abraham, of whom I reported to you in times past of his great faith and

*perseverance, which was spoken of him by the almighty Elaquohim in the Holy Scriptures of this planet, **“Who against hope believed in hope, that he might become the father of many nations, according to that which was spoken, so shall thy seed be.”***

So let us hold fast our hope also, until the revealing from this troubled land of Earth our own king from this seed, according to the prophecies, from which shall also come the newly revealed kings of all the civistelles of creation, under that Great and Mighty KING of KINGS, the ALMIGHTY KING YAH, and to His ETERNAL FATHER/MOTHER, THE ALL PARENT, from which all Light and Life pours forth from their SET APART SPIRIT!

Peace be unto you, and unto our civistelle ZexZexed,

ZeeZeefer ZexZexed

Epilogue

Chad slept in his tree house in Hawaii ... and he dreamed.

Just then, at the very moment of the near madness of the nightmare, Boogie suddenly barked right in his ear, waking him completely! It was a vivid, prophetic dream, and his soul was in turmoil, for he knew it was all about to start.

He had seen it all in his dream. He kept hearing the same words. They were just six words, six ominous words that kept repeating over and over again in his mind, echoing in his inner ears and in the ears of his subconscious—and of his spirit ...

“It is time. Let it begin!”

This is just the beginning ...

But what saith it?

“The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach; That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth The YahuWah, and shalt believe in thine heart that Yah El hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.

For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.

For the scripture saith,

Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed.”

Rom 10:8-11