

INTRODUCTION

A titanic explosion ripped through the point of matter. In this point was concentrated all dimensions, all matter and, in short, everything that exists now. At a velocity close to the speed of light this new budding universe spread in all directions. Elohim looked at the spreading wave and nodded in approval.

"That is well," He remarked to the other two Persons of the Trinity.

"Time has begun," the Second Person said. "The dimension of cause and effect will be useful."

Elohim, filling all and everything, looked, from the dimension of time, at the wave.

"We will create, although the fate of our creation is already determined. We saw the end and not much We can do about it. If We are to abide by Our own righteousness and justice We would have to let the creation decide for itself."

Angels were created and they numbered in the billions. Three of them received a position higher than the rest and these were called archangels. The most beautiful of them all were called Lucifer - the Shining One. He stood behind the Throne and led the music in heaven.

Millions of years passed and nothing much happened as the wave continued to spread. The concentration of various elementary particles dropped significantly and the temperature dropped to nearly the same level as it is today.

"We are ready," Elohim announced.

Galaxies and stars formed. The emission of particles clumped together to form the heavier elements, necessary for life.

"I have a particular star in mind," the Second Person of the Trinity announced, "about two thirds from the center of that galaxy over there. I see the planets has already cooled down sufficiently. For Our purpose the third planet will be suitably. From here the inhabitants will eventually discover the secrets of the universe. I will delight in their joy of new discoveries. It will be a pleasurable experience indeed to experience their emotions with them."

"They will reject You," the Third Person of the Trinity stated.

"It will be, but for a moment."

"The Cross will be necessary, then."

"Yes, that has already been determined, even before the beginning."

"To test Our creation it was necessary to follow the present path that lead up to events that will unfold in the far future. The angels are already in their test period."

Elohim stretched out His hand and around a small insignificant star a clump of rock began to change. Due to the pull of gravity an atmosphere developed around the rocky surface. The angels gathered around and watched as the planet cool down. Volcano's and earthquakes rippled across the surface. They watched in awe the changing spectacle as the earth settled. Again Elohim spoke a word and the seeds of life settled in the unstable surface.

The atmosphere consisting of various unfriendly elements caused heavy thunderstorms. It rained acid rain which changed the face of the mountains. The first life form, called bacteria, began their life cycle. The green mosses released oxygen into the atmosphere. Before their stunned eyes the planet took on a more friendly environment. The angels watched in silence as Elohim brought into existence life, and life in abundance.

"Angels! Attend!" The voice rang out with authority. The Lord waited patiently as the angels gathered about His throne.

"I wondered what the Lord planned to do next?" Gabriel asked. He was one of the three Archangels in the heavenly realm.

"Just look at Lucifer, behind the Throne, He is truly like his name suggests, shining more brightly than the stars." He turned to look at Michael.

"Yes, Gabriel, you are right," Michael answered, "the Lord's creation is filled with beauty."

"Shhh...., the Lord is speaking," Gabriel whispered. The Lord got up from His throne and pointed to a lush blue planet.

"The planet below us need to be tended," the Lord began. "I have decided to place Lucifer in charge of maintaining the planet and to rule over it's inhabitants." The Lord gazed into the distance and a sad expression crossed His face.

"He is looking into the future again," Gabriel whispered. The Lord turned towards Lucifer and looked at him intently.

"You accept the responsibility?"

"Yes, my Lord, I do," Lucifer answered and smiled.

"Very well, then," the Lord returned to His throne.

"I surely am important," Lucifer thought to himself. "The Lord choose ME. Of all the angels there is, He choose ME."

He took his position behind the throne and smiled secretly to himself. As he moved the light reflected from the precious stones in his garment, sardius, topaz, diamond, beryl, onyx, jasper, sapphire, turquoise, emerald and gold. The light from these stones caused his presence to be encompassed with a brilliance of light.

"Come!" He called to the musician angels.

The sweetest symphony of sound filled the Throne room. The music blended into one as Lucifer skillfully lead the angels through its various tones and pitch. "This new song still needs a little work," he thought. The rest of the angels listen in rapt silence as the song near its end. The angels respond in one accord, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts; The whole earth is full of His glory!"

Lucifer left his post as the 'Covering Angel' after he instructed his angels to keep the music alive in the heavens.

He arrived at the surface and glided across the surface, inspecting the planet. He was followed by a contingent of lesser angels.

"The beauty of creation can be seen everywhere," he commented to one of his followers.

"Holy is the Lord," the angel responded.

"We need to teach the inhabitants the ways of praise and worship," Lucifer announced.

"And about the Lord," another angel responded.

"Yes.....Yes of course," Lucifer answered.

In the course of time the inhabitants were instructed in the building of sanctuaries. The planet was like a green garden with plenty of water. In one of these lush areas Lucifer set up camp. Years went by and a system of sanctuaries were set up around the globe. They were placed strategically in densely populated areas. The praise and worship songs filled the air.

Lucifer frequently visits the heavenly realm. He kept a firm grip on the music and the songs of praise. While participating in a song of rare beauty, extolling the name of the Lord, Lucifer felt a strange stirring in his breast. It felt like a great drawing together and at the same time pulling him apart. He could not remember the end of the song. He left the heavenly realm back to earth to try to discover what went wrong.

"All those songs should be for me," he thought. "Am I not the creator of those songs? I will change the songs," he decided.

So Lucifer composed songs of praise to himself. He revel in the very thought of it. That night a new song echoed across the plains and the mountains. A song of discord. In it he poured out the frustrations and the very anguish of his soul.

The archangels arrived in a flurry of wings to confer with their fellow archangel.

"That new song is unsuitable, Lucifer," Michael said.

"Why? Because it speaks of my beauty."

"You know very well that all songs of praise and worship is for the Lord alone," Gabriel said.

"I only want that one song," Lucifer replied.

"No!" Michael shouted, "it belongs to the Lord."

"I am in charge here," Lucifer shouts back angrily.

"Come, Michael, we will leave him. Maybe he will come to his senses," Gabriel said.

"I...ah...Should we?" Michael said uneasily.

"Yes, come."

The angels took off, leaving Lucifer staring after them.

"I want all of the overseers in my palace immediately," Lucifer announced. He was still rattled by the confrontation with his fellow archangels. One song, that was all.

The overseers arrived hurriedly at the palace door.

"We are here, my Lord," the Chief Overseer announced.

"Good, Good. Now, I want a report on all our activities, so far. The new trade routes are functioning well, I trust."

He stared at the group menacingly. They gulped and continue nervously. This god-person was beyond all they knew. He arrived suddenly on the scene taking control of their activities. The beings with him were tall beautiful persons with wings. The Lord himself looked like a jewel box. That is how the Chief Overseer's daughter described him.

"Well?" Lucifer demanded.

"The trade routes are functioning efficiently, my Lord," the Chief Overseer gulped.

Something has changed. The Chief Overseer remembered the times the god-person first arrived. He came announcing himself as a god. He was sent by a even greater God to rule on this planet.

The locals quickly found that this god-person is far more than they could handle.

A powerful civilization came into being on the planet surface. Although there are only two continents, the scientists predict that the continents are on the brink of breaking up into smaller pieces. They monitored the situation daily. The ecological and geological findings of the scientists show that many animals and people will die in the resulting breaking up of the planet's continents.

Before the arrival of the god-person the political situation was perilously close to an all out war. Different party factions were struggling for supremacy.

The god-person's arrival ended all that. He appeared in the sky one morning above the largest city. His appearance was as the bright light of the sun. Music seemed to accompany his very movement. He was hailed as a god, which he did not deny. He told the citizens of the marvels of his own world. He spoke of a huge city, built like a pyramid. No light is needed because the glory of the Great God shone through the whole planet.

"What is the planet's name," a young girl asked?

"My planet's name is called 'Heaven' and my name is Lucifer. The Great God fashioned all of the universe and all of the planets by a spoken word. On my planet everything is perfect. Now, I...."

"Tell us about the Great God, my Lord," the young girl interrupted him. Lucifer stared at the young girl intently. he turned his eyes over the crowd. They were waiting impatiently for him to continue.

"Well, if you go through a door you came to a large room. This is the Throne Room. And He who sat there was like a jasper and a sardius stone in appearance; and there was a rainbow around the throne, in appearance like an emerald. From the throne proceeded lightnings, thunderings, and voices. There are seven lamps of fire burning before the throne, which are the seven Spirits of God. Before the throne there is a sea of glass, like crystal." Lucifer looked at the crowd. They were spell bound with fascination. He felt the first stirring of irritation at their reaction.

"In the midst of the throne, and around the throne, are four living creatures full of eyes in front and in back."

"Aren't people scared of the creatures," came a voice from the crowd.

"No, they guard the throne continuously," Lucifer said.

"What else?" came the voice again. Lucifer strained to see who it is.

"The first living creature is like a lion. The second like a calf, the third like a man and the fourth is like an eagle.

Each of them has wings and eyes all around. They do not rest but is

continuously worshipping."

"Tell us about the Great God, you mentioned," the chief Overseer asked.

"He that is between the lampstands is clothed with a garment down to His feet and girded about the chest with a golden band. His head and His hair is white like wool, as white as snow, and His eyes like a flame of fire. His feet are like fine brass, as if refined in a furnace, and His voice is as the sound of many waters. In His right hand is seven stars and His countenance is like the sun shining in his strength."

"I would like to see the Great God, my Lord," the young girl said. Lucifer stared at her. He was becoming restless.

"I think the Lord can tell us more, tomorrow perhaps?" the Chief Overseer turned towards Lucifer.

"Indeed, I will," Lucifer said and laughed. "I promise." He motioned to the Chief Overseer and turned his back to the crowd.

"Come!" It sounded like a command to the Chief Overseer. When they were alone Lucifer turned to the Chief Overseer.

"Will you accept my rule?"

"What about the Northern Alliance," the Chief Overseer asked.

"Leave them to me. Listen, I came to bring prosperity to all the people. The Great God sent me. He expect me to rule according to His principles. They will be for the benefit of all mankind."

"On behalf of everyone in my country, Eden, I accept," the Chief Overseer responded quickly.

"So quick," Lucifer mused. "I may become a tyrant, you know."

"I think we will trust you," the Chief Overseer made this very simple statement.

"Did you hear me," the voice of Lucifer crash through the thoughts of the Chief Overseer.

"Yes, my Lord," mumble the Chief Overseer.

Lucifer began moving around restlessly. Whenever he moved musical notes follow. The Chief Overseer remembers the sounds of sweet and wonderfully peaceful music following in the wake of his movements. He was sure he detected more harsher and grating notes coming from Lucifer's movements.

"There are still some parts of the Northern Alliance who defies my trade agreements. They have not experienced my wrath, yet. I want an example made of one of them. Here is a map of the Northern Alliance territory. Pick any place."

the Chief Overseer glance nervously at his attendants. This is not rule by

peaceful means.

"Shouldn't we try peaceful means first. You said....."

"Forget what I said," Lucifer interrupted. "They are defying my instructions, my emissaries. That means they defy me."

Lucifer's normal musical voice rose to a high crescendo. "How dare they defy me! Don't they know I could destroy them in an instant."

The Chief Overseer then realise that something very seriously was wrong. He may have jeopardise his beloved country by accepting Lucifer's rule. Years of easy living has taken its toll on the strength of his resolve. He visibly sagged.

"What is your command, my Lord."

"Eh....you agree?" Lucifer asked.

"We will accept your judgment."

"Good, Good. Remember, I always knows best.

So, one fine morning, Lucifer and some of his angels left for the Northern Alliance. He arrived at the capital in a flash of light and conquering music. The locals cower in fright at this display of glory and beauty. With a sweep of his hand Lucifer flattened a row of buildings. With a triumphant laugh he turned towards the city's inhabitants.

"Dare you defy me, Lucifer, the Magnificent?"

The inhabitants fell to their knees. Lucifer felt exaltation course through him.

"This must be what the Great God feels when we worship Him," Lucifer thought. "I like it."

"I want your allegiance! Now!" Lucifer roared.

Not one of the inhabitants dare to move. They waited.

Lucifer raised his hand and more buildings collapsed. At this awesome display of power, the inhabitants surrender their will.

What not one of them realise is that Lucifer felt the first emotional overpowering lust to be glorified. Anything else faded into the background.

The exhilaration to be glorified made him lust for more.

"I will set up a system to control the trade in this city. Any rebels will be your responsibility. Is that clear!"

"We accept you unconditionally," the President answered. He glanced at the destruction behind him. How many people dead?

Lucifer arrived back in Eden. His thoughts dwell on the wonderful sensation of being glorified. He must have more. He called his fellow angels together.

"Let us set up a system of control on the people here. They seem to be rebellious when given a chance. Each one of you will be in charge of one city. From now on the people will work through you. Establish a priesthood in every city. This elite priesthood will set up a system whereby they can control the population. The priesthood will worship you as gods."

"But worship belongs only to the Great God in Heaven," one of the angels objected.

"Remember who I am," Lucifer said. "I am the covering angel standing behind the Throne. If I say accept the worship, then do so. Leave me now."

Throughout all the major cities a system of worship was set up. An elite organization came into being that infiltrated right down to the bottom of the social ladder. Anyone belonging to this organization swore an oath of allegiance to Lucifer. The fellow members of the organization were encouraged to spy on one another and any thoughts of treason were reported to the 'god' in that city. The perpetrator was immediately executed. This system was established nearly overnight. In less than a year it was functioning perfectly. Lucifer sat on his own throne staring at nothing in particular when he heard laughter.

"Lucifer, how are you?" came the voice of Gabriel.

"Oh no, not those two again," Lucifer thought. Michael and Gabriel stood near his throne looking around.

"What now, your own throne?" Michael queried.

"Yes, my own. It is easier to work with the people here."

"I see," Michael said.

"But tell us," Gabriel interrupted hastily, "what is happening on the planet these days?"

"Nothing much," Lucifer said, "the people are coming along nicely. Temples were built to worship the Great God. The people all accept Him and trying to follow His ways."

"Excellent," Michael said with a smile.

Michael and Gabriel walked to a window and stared across the city. At that fatal moment the Chief Overseer pushed through the door and fell on his face before Lucifer.

"O Great and Mighty Lucifer, Father of all Creation, Giver of Light, Master of Destiny, I bow myself humbly before you," the Chief Overseer intoned. Lucifer tried to stop this flow of worship, but too late. He looked at his fellow archangels. There was surprise written all over their faces. They point at him and disappeared in a flash of light.

"Out! Get out, now!" Lucifer roared in fury. His handsome face

distorted in rage. All might be lost.

He called his fellow angels.

"We are worshipped as gods on this planet. How does it feel?"

"We enjoyed it tremendously," came the unanimous reply.

"Then prepare for trouble. Michael and Gabriel was here. At the same time that fool of a Overseer came in with his usual speech of glorification. They heard and left immediately."

"What shall we do?" they asked.

"We continue as before and wait."

Years went by and no response from Heaven. Lucifer felt more secure. Maybe the Great God, by doing nothing, is acknowledging his power here on the planet. He called his fellow angels.

"We heard nothing from the Great God yet, what do you think?"

"Maybe He is afraid of your power base here on the planet," one angel, called Belial, answered.

"And the rest of you?"

"We have to agree with Belial here," the angels assented.

"The problem is, what will Michael do?"

"Michael does what the Great God commands," Lucifer answered.

"I am working on a plan, a daring plan," Lucifer said.

"What is it," the angels asked.

"You will know in due time."

Years went by quickly. Lucifer became secured on his planet. Still no response from Heaven. His social, political and religious systems are working perfectly. The inhabitants lived in fear. Executions of rebels happens about twice a week. Riches streams into his coffers. Lucifer is hailed as the Saviour of the planet. By this time he is so puffed up in his own conceit that he considers himself as the god of this planet and the surrounding universe.

Little rooms were sat aside in the sanctuaries where people can safely tell the priest about the latest thoughts of their neighbors. Lucifer can, with this system, deal with any problem in a matter of hours.

His judgment was swift and without mercy.

At the evening festival during Solstice Lucifer and his angels gathered together for the celebration. The people were gathered together to bring worship to their god.

"O Great and Mighty Lucifer, Giver of Light, Mighty Conqueror, Father of All Creation, Saviour of Many, we Exalt your Mighty Name," they intoned. They bow before his throne and bring homage to their Saviour. The sweet smell of a sacrifice filled

the air. Around the throne incense burned continuously. The angels were gripped by intense emotion as the sacrificial animals

were slaughtered. The music, composed by Lucifer, weaved a strange and mysterious wave around the angels and the fellow spectators. It slowly corroded away the last link with Heaven.

It ceaselessly beat upon the walls of fortifications surrounding their minds. The music insinuated itself into the already stupefied minds of everyone present and as they became hypnotized by the slow beating of the rhythms the music slowly changes in pitch and tone. It became more insistent and demanding. It took

on a life all of its own, tantalizing the collective angelic minds with discord. At a final crescendo the music demanded immediate action and the stirring of unknown emotions swell through the crowds. Lucifer watched the reaction with satisfaction. Softer, the music became insistent, in a slow dreamy way, as it weaves its spell. The

music rises again to new heights. The people and angels are hypnotised. Their minds overwhelmed by the changing pitch and tones. Lucifer lifts his hand and silence descended on to the arena. Intense silence, the music still crashed and weaved through their minds although silence descended. Two priests stirred from this mind boggling spell. They brought forth a person dressed in white. It was a young girl. They carried her still form to the altar. The crowds gasped as they beheld this new spectacle.

The music began again, filling the air with a new rhythm. It beats upon the minds of the spectators. The two priests began a slow, dance around the altar. The body of the young girl lies lifeless upon the altar. The angels waited in anticipation. Lust swelled within them. The priests slowly follow the music as they swirl around the altar. Trapped in the changing tones and rhythms of the music their bodies seem to have a will of their own. Faster and faster they turned around the altar. With a crash the music stopped. The priests seemed to hang in the air. The crowd waited expectantly. With a mighty downward slice the knife ripped through her body. The priest grabbed the heart and with blood dripping he presented the heart to Lucifer. Lucifer bowed and took the heart. Emotion swept through him.

"The time is now," he roared, "we will invade Heaven and make it ours." Silence descended on the crowd. That was a bold statement indeed.

"We are the gods here. Heaven has separated itself from us. We can do it! I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God, I will also sit on the mount of the congregation, On the farthest sides of the north; I will ascend above the heights of the clouds and I will be like the Most High."

The music rolled from him. This time it was a sound of war. Trumpets blaze forth in a cacophony of sound. The music stirs the already inflamed angels and they began dancing with wild abandon.

With a mighty cry the Luciferian horde headed for heaven.

"Lucifer is coming," an angel shouted.

"Why is he coming?" another angel asked.

"What is going on?" Michael asked as he arrived on the scene.

"Lucifer is coming. He brought all the angels with him. Strange music is coming from him. I felt a stir, deep on the inside," the first angel answered.

"Quickly! Close the door. I fear there are strange things happening. Call Gabriel!" Michael took charge immediately.

He lifted his golden trumpet and sound the call to arms.

"What is happening, Michael," Gabriel asked.

"Lucifer is up to no good," Michael said. "Go to the Throne Room and inform our Lord."

"I think He knew. Remember the sad expression when He commissioned Lucifer to rule on the planet."

"Go anyway," Michael said.

He turned away and call his warrior angels together.

"Keep the door locked. We will wait for our Lord's instructions," he yelled.

They heard a loud bang on the door.

"Open the door. I am Lucifer and I am here to claim what is rightfully mine."

"Open the door!" Michael commanded.

Lucifer moved closer as if to enter.

"You have not the authority to deny me entrance, Michael," Lucifer laughed.

"We will resist you, Lucifer," Michael said softly.

"Do you presume to threaten me, Michael," Lucifer yelled.

With movements too quick for the eye Michael caught Lucifer and forced him to the ground. The battle was over before it began.

"How you are fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! How you are cut down to the ground, you who have weaken the nations. Our Lord will deal with you," Michael said. "Take him to the Throne Room."

The Lord looked at Lucifer with sadness in His heart. Lucifer stood with bowed head before the Lord. The angels thought the Lord will destroy this rebellious archangel, But, no.

The Lord nodded and said to Lucifer:

"You were the signet of perfection, full of wisdom and perfect in beauty. You were in Eden, the garden of God; every precious stone was your covering, carnelian, topaz, and jasper, chrysolite, beryl, and onyx, sapphire, carbuncle,

and emerald;

and wrought in gold were your settings and your engravings. On the day that you were created they were prepared. With an anointed guardian cherub I placed you; you were on the holy mountain of God; in the midst of the stones of fire you walked.

You were blameless in your ways from the day you were created, till iniquity was found in you. In the abundance of your trade you were filled with violence, and you sinned; so I cast you as a profane thing from the mountain of God, and the guardian cherub drove you out from the midst of the stones of fire. Your heart was proud because of your beauty; you corrupted your wisdom for the sake of your splendor. I cast you to the ground; I exposed you before kings, to feast their eyes on you. By the multitude of your iniquities, in the unrighteousness of your trade you profaned your sanctuaries; so I brought forth fire from the midst of you; it consumed you, and I turned you to ashes upon the earth in the sight of all who saw you. All who know you among the peoples are appalled at you; you have come to a dreadful end and shall be no more for ever."

"Why have you done this," the Lord asked gently.

Only silence greeted Him. Lucifer looked at the Lord then slowly looked around the Throne Room. This was his place. He is still the most beautiful of angels.

"You have corrupted one third of the angels. My judgment is that you and your angels are banished from My presence. Michael will take you back to your planet and you will be made a spectacle before thrones and dominions."

"Michael, you heard?"

"Yes, my Lord."

Thus ended the first rebellion of created beings.

Michael took Lucifer back to the planet. He called all the kings, presidents and overseers to come before him. Lucifer was charged with inciting rebellion and an act of war against Heaven.

But as soon as Michael and his host left, Lucifer began the long climb back to popularity. Very quickly everything was back as before.

The Lord looked down at the planet and saw that it was corrupt with vice and crime. Morality was at an all time low.

He sighed and extended His hand.

"There is rumblings under the earth," a scientist yelled.

"Something dreadful is about to happen," another agreed.

It came suddenly. With a mighty heave the pent up fury of nature let loose her

fiercest assault on a planet. What follows was indescribable. Earthquakes rippled across the surface for thousands of kilometres. The terrible fury of tornadoes and cyclones whipped across the planet. Winds of horrific intensity and strength tear the mountains from its foundations. Gigantic fissures opened and whole cities were swallowed up. People tried to ran for cover, but too late. Lucifer sat in his palace as the whole thing collapsed around him. The mountains trembled and the hills moved back and forth. The titanic forces of nature, when released, swept everything away in its path of destruction. Gigantic tidal waves swept over cities and mountains. Man's proudest accomplishment was leveled and swept away as the planet released its fury. The combination of cataclysmic storm and earthquakes finally ceased. A calm came over the tortured earth as the surface settled in its new configuration.

Lucifer and his host being supernatural did not perish in the destruction. They hover over the water and surveyed the damage.

"The whole planet is covered with water," Lucifer said.

"Nothing is left anywhere," his angels agreed.

"I have a feeling about this planet," Lucifer said, "let us retreat to other regions and wait. We can amuse ourselves on other planets."

An unspecified number of years went by. Lucifer and his host went else where to work their wickedness.

"We'll be back, that is my promise," he shook his fist at heaven.

CHAPTER ONE

They came from the dark, misty period when the earth was still young. The Old One's or the Dark Lords as they came to be known through the ages. Even now, they have already existed for millennia in the nether most regions, about which few humans know.

Through their minds stream thoughts of the time before they were ousted by the One Lord from His kingdom. Their thoughts of revenge gave them strength, a binding force as strong as steel. Books have been written about the power of love but the binding power of pure, undiluted, corrosive hate have never been experienced.

A lust for power and a lust for destruction drove these entities. They arrived at the outermost atmosphere surrounding the earth and there they halted. A dark cloud enveloped them that show as a pitch-black blanket even against the darkness of space. These entities are impervious to the cold of space and the absence of oxygen for they live in a world unseen by human eyes but alongside our normal world.

They are of different shapes and sizes, but an aura of unimaginable evil surrounds them. Hissing and spitting curses at each other they mill around. Even in the worst nightmares their shapes is indescribable.

Lucifer, their leader by choice as he seems to be more evil and stronger than the rest, silenced them with a raised claw,

"Listen, all of you", he roared as a yellow-green smoke came from his snout, "we have lost the battle with the One Lord but now we will continue the fight on this planet yet to be populated".

"How long will it be before the first creatures will come forth?", Balberith asks.

"Not long," says Lucifer, "it is time to bring into execution the Great Plan. All of you, gather around and listen, for our very survival depends on it."

He explained the Great Plan and discussions went to and fro.

In the mean time the first stirring of life appear on the planet.

The primitive atmosphere changes to become rich in oxygen, nitrogen and carbon dioxide. Volcanic eruptions and violent storms and earthquakes shaped the continents. Gigantic mountains rose from the seabed and inland lakes form as the sea level recedes from the mountains.

From their distant position just outside the atmosphere the entities watch as the planet take shape. The eruptions died down as strong winds swept the surface. The ash and volcanic dust are cleared from the atmosphere and the sun breaks through. Enormous trees sprang from the earth and different kinds of grasses spread over the surface as conditions become more favourable for life.

No one knows when the Elves stirred from the dark forests and jungles. Wonderment filled them as they look at the trees, flowers and plants that grow in abundance.

In their hunt for food they met other creatures, which later would be called dwarves. Different kinds of elementals roamed the surface. Fairies and elves built castles in places of evergreen trees. This is the place called Middle Earth. They are sprites of nature and are responsible for the upkeep of all forests and jungles.

The entities arrived on the surface of the planet unseen by human eyes, for humans have not yet appeared. The elementals saw them arrived and the tales of their form and shapes filtered through the inhabitants of the planet.

Sentries spied out the newcomers as they built their strongholds deep inside the earth. Then rumours spread throughout Middle Earth of the rising of dark powers and powerful magic.

The kingdoms of Middle Earth rise up as one force and the first battle for supremacy of earth begins. The elementals were defeated and they fled to the outer reaches of Middle Earth. During this troubled times the first human like creatures appeared.

They were tall, some were dark and others fair-haired, but their life span was short. Strange creatures appeared during this time; some have the shape like a human torso with the body of a horse, while others look like a goat, but walking upright. Giants appeared, and these were huge ferocious creatures with no intelligence. Some only had one eye, while others had four arms.

A truce between the Dark Lords and the elementals ensure an unstable peaceful period. The magic of the Dark Lords trapped many humans and elementals and they become enslaved. A new threat appeared and secret preparations, involving humans, were made in the depth of the forest. Trolls, banshees, ogre's and orcs issue from the mountain strongholds of the Dark Lords and the earth seemed to be overrun by darkness. Even nature sensed the coming onslaught of the forces of darkness.

The battle that was destined to destroy all life on the planet erupts from the mountain strongholds with terrific force.

At the command of the Dark Lords are creatures that were already ancient before time started. Spells of enchantment and magic were woven around elementals and humans alike. Entities of frightful proportions and nightmare shapes bridge the gap between the visible and the invisible world. The earth shudders as the horde of entities from the astral plane and the depths of space join the battle.

It lasted less than a week and the planet was destroyed and made dark.

Cities and places of habitation disappeared completely.

Lucifer looks down at the planet after its destruction with grim satisfaction. Their revenge is complete. The One Lord will not challenge them again. They went elsewhere where they labour mightily and did not attend planet Earth for many centuries.

"I was on the planet surface," the Third Member of the Trinity announced.

"The original plan is still operational," the First Member of the Trinity confirmed.

Elohim hovered above the surface and raised His head.

"Let there be light," He said.

Light flooded the surface as the cloud cover withdrew. All that remain is a thin layer of water vapor in the innermost region of the atmosphere. This caused the sky to have the appearance of a white sheen. The work went on for five days and the planet nearly resembled its former glory.

"Enough time has elapsed. The conditions will be suitable for My newest creation."

He slowly descended to the surface. The angels packed around Him, waiting in anticipation. Elohim looked at the surroundings, then bent and picked up a lump of clay.

"This red clay will be My new creation," He announced.

"Clay? It is only clay!" the angels whispered.

Elohim went to work and finally, after a few adjustments, straightened and looked at the angels.

"Well, do you approve?"

"Yes, Most High, it is beautiful, but what is it supposed to do?" the angels asked bewildered.

Elohim bent closer the face and blew into the clay nose. Before angel eyes, the form became alive. It looked at its Creator and smiled. Elohim extended His

hand and slowly lifted the form to its feet.

"It is alive!" the angels shouted and broke out in a song of praise.

"His name is Adam, after the clay I formed him from."

"Adam! My name is Gabriel," the other archangel moved forward.

"My name is Michael," a forbidden looking angel said in a deep voice.

The angels introduced themselves one by one. Eventually the angels withdrew, leaving Elohim alone with Adam.

"They are a bit overwhelming," Elohim said.

"They are wonderful, Adam answered.

Elohim took his arm and pointed to the horizon.

"All this I give to you. Tend it and look after it. See all the animals. You must name them."

"Yes, my Lord," Adam answered.

"I must return to the heavenly realm," Elohim said.

"Will I see You again?" Adam asked.

"Yes, I will be here every day."

And so Adam named the animals, the birds and all the creeping things. But something was missing.

"I saw the lions, tigers, elephants, eagles and dolphins. In fact I saw all the animals, both large and small. The closest to mine own form was the Great Apes, but even they was no match for me."

Adam spoke to Elohim as they strolled through the Garden.

"Do you want a mate, Adam?" Elohim asked.

"Yes, Most High, I saw the animals and even the creeping things has a mate somewhere."

Adam looked at Elohim with imploring eyes. He felt a drowsiness came over him. He woke, after what felt like a short space of time, and looked for Elohim. Elohim was nowhere to be found. He walked back through the trees and wondered where Elohim went.

A strange sound reached his ear. He never heard that kind of sound before. It tinkled and seemed to hang in the air. The sound beckoned to him and seemed to penetrate to his very soul. The sound stirred from deep within him. It twists his heart and joy unspeakable leapt into his soul. He rushed headlong towards

the sound and song burst forth from his soul.

The sound stopped. Adam felt like screaming. The absence of the sound left a void that made him felt empty. He burst from the trees and saw Elohim talking to something or is it someone. He can't distinguish which is which. He stopped short and watched in amazement.

He saw a creature, similar to himself, with a few differences, of such radiant beauty that the sun seemed to pale by comparison. Elohim looked at him and took her hand. He led the radiant creature towards Adam.

"Adam, this is Eve. Here is your mate." He took Eve's hand and placed it in Adam's. "She is yours, forever." Elohim suddenly disappeared leaving them alone.

The two explored the Garden together, walking hand in hand. All around, the black volcanic mountains pierced the clouds. Adam delighted in showing Eve the extend of his Garden. He pointed towards the east and told her of a pass which lead to a basin, also very fertile.

"The northern border of our Garden is marked by step mountains capped with snow. There is a second pass that leads to a plain covered with forest. We have four rivers flowing through our Garden. I named them Gihon, Pishon, Euphrates and Tigris. There is also two fresh water lakes here."

They stopped at a huge tree. Its branches towering to the heavens.

"What a lovely tree," Eve exclaimed.

"Stop! This tree are not for us. Elohim said we will die if we eat of this tree. It is called the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil."

"What is 'evil'?" Eve asked.

"I am not sure I know," Adam replied, "I've never heard of it either." Eve glanced at him and back to the tree.

"Don't even think of it," Adam warned, "come, let us leave this morbid place."

The days passed happily for them but a shadow has crossed their lives. The shadow rests, lying patiently, waiting for the right moment. And the moment came all too soon.

CHAPTER TWO

Adam looked at his wife as they walked among the trees in the beautiful garden. She looked the most perfect creature he has ever seen. He still remembers his years of loneliness as he tried to find a mate among the animals. And here the One Lord has given him more than he ever expected.

"Eve, do you think the beautiful reptile that spoke to you will show himself today?" Adam asked as they cross a small stream. They were now very close to the middle of the garden and could already see the top of the two trees. These trees tower over their surroundings.

"Well, Adam, I hope so. I have never seen such a beautiful and graceful creature before. It seems to possess a hidden wisdom that I have never heard before."

They stopped at the base of the huge trees and gaze upward to the top of the trees. It is nearly time for their afternoon stroll with the One Lord. They wouldn't want to miss that most important time.

What they don't see is the hateful eyes of Asmodai staring at them through the branches of a nearby tree. He can't show himself for he knows that Adam can see all things visible and invisible. His thoughts went back to the last battle when this planet was destroyed. He could hardly believe his ears when it was reported to him that planet Earth was rebuilt and about to be repopulated. During their absence the One Lord has restore this planet and made it even more beautiful than before.

Adam and his wife waited a while and then decide to try again the next day.

Asmodai reported all that he has seen to Baphomet himself.

"Are you sure?" Baphomet thundered, his black wings rising and falling, as he considered the report. The One Lord must have been busy. It seems the One Lord has begun a long-term project And while the end seems obscure, the very thought of it filled him with a black rage.

Asmodai and the rest of the horde waited in tense anticipation.

"I think the One Lord has given our planet to one of His creatures to rule and replenish. We will therefore wrest that authority from him. The One Lord will not interfere. Let us see to it that the time of our authority is a long time indeed."

The hordes cheered and green and yellow smoke filled the air.

"How will we go about it, Your Supremacy?" asks a small spirit with the name of Furfur.

"Silence worm!" he thundered, as he grabbed the entity by the neck and

flung him aside. "I will hit them with everything I have: the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes and the pride of life."

An apparition with dripping jaws and green eyes, and looks like the ancient dragon, makes his way to Asmodai. Sitting on its back is Astoreth, who appear as an angel.

"I will entice Eve away from Adam and she will follow me. I have already spend considerable time talking to her", he said. He fold his wings close to his back and stretch himself to his full height.

"Do you think you can persuade her", Asmodai asks. "I will sent Geradiel with you. His host of Astasian spirits will one day help win the battle."

"I go", said Astoreth and disappear from sight.

Eve was strolling near the giant Trees wondering what happened to her new-found friend. Suddenly from beneath one of the giant Trees her friend appears. He showed her the ripe fruit hanging from the one Tree.

"What do you think of this fruit, Eve?" he asks, "Of all the fruit in the garden this must surely be the best."

Eve shakes her head.

"This fruit is forbidden to eat by the One Lord. He told Adam we might die if we eat this."

"Nonsense," said her friend, "I have seen the other animals eat from this fruit and they are still alive."

"Oh, they do look delicious."

"Come now, take only one bite and taste the sweetness. I assure you that you will not die. You may become like the One Lord. He is just jealous and keep this fruit for Himself."

"Really?" asks Eve. She took the fruit and look at it with longing eyes. I wonder what will happen if I take just one bite, she thought.

"Don't tell me you are afraid of one bite," her friend sneered. "Come on, take one bite or if you are afraid throw it away. It will be a pity to waste it though."

Eve bring the fruit to her mouth and the whole cosmos seems to stop and hold it's breath. A dark cloud seems to envelop Eve as she takes the fatal bite. All of creation groans as if in great distress.

A strange, never before experienced feeling sweep over her. For a moment she felt the sun darkened but the feeling quickly passed.

A moment later Adam appears from among the trees. He sensed something wrong but could not identify the source. Eve watched him walk nearer. She still held part of the fruit in her hand.

Adam asked, "What are you doing near the forbidden tree Eve?"

"I have just tasted the most wonderful fruit in the whole garden Adam," she answered, "won't you taste the fruit."

Adam felt a darkening of his spirit but decided to ignore the feeling. He wants to devote his whole attention to Eve. "Isn't that the forbidden fruit,

Eve," he asked.

"Eat of this fruit and give me your opinion Adam!"

Adam took a bite and waited. Nothing happened. He took another bite and unseen by him a mighty earthquake rippled through Creation.

The angels felt something ripped through the fabric of heaven. Something was seriously amiss. They felt a dark shadow slowly spreading throughout Creation.

"What is happening," the angels shouted.

They gathered around Michael.

"The Dark One is loose! The mightiest of the enemy is loose!"

"Oh no, what has Adam done," Gabriel exclaimed.

"Who are the Dark One," one of the angels asked bewildered.

"A long time ago when we were created, Elohim created a fearsome creature that was locked up. Only man could release him. He is called Death." The angels shuddered. They all remembered the loathsome and hideous creature that was locked up. They wondered what the purpose of that creature will be.

The angels glanced at the Throne.

"Yes, my angels, Death has been released in this Creation,' Elohim spoke in a sad voice. "This will herald in a new age for the planet below."

You must leave the Garden, Adam," Elohim said softly.

"Yes, my Lord," Adam replied with hanging head.

Elohim watched him leave with a saddened expression.

"The end purpose will be more glorious than it ever was," the First Member of the Trinity spoke.

"Yes, the road will be difficult but the end is certain," the Second Member agreed.

Elohim watched Adam leave the Garden with Eve behind him. They went over the pass to the south and sat underneath a tree.

"We are in serious trouble, Eve," Adam said.

"How will we live?" Eve answered.

"Somehow we will. We have the promise of a Seed that will one day repair the damage that we have caused."

The dark entities gathered in the garden to celebrate their victory. The noise of celebration died as they listen respectfully as Lucifer stood before them. Around his head a cloud of a greenish yellow vapour formed. He laughed

aloud and shook his fist to heaven.

"I have again conquered that what You have stolen from me, Lord" he thundered. The entities scream with delight as they listen to Lucifer rant and rave about his victory.

"Your own creation has failed You, Lord, and now I have the mastery again."

The heavens remain silent.

"What about the curse and the Promise against you?" Belial asked.

"I will see to it that both will never realise", Lucifer sneered. "I am now the god of this planet and nothing can happen without my approval."

New generations were born and died and the entities work ceaselessly and unemotionally. In their confidence the entities hit upon the plan to breed with the daughters of man. In this way the humans will be corrupted from birth.

Sons and daughters were born. They will form three dynasties of which only two will survive. Cain, the first born murdered his brother Abel and was banished to the land of Nod, to the east of Eden. He went through the pass with his wife and settled far away from his parents. At this time the population of humans has increased significantly. The lines of Cain and Seth formed distinct lines. The line of Seth spread around the land of Eden, never moving too far. Cain and his people met other creatures, resembling themselves. These creatures were brutish and heavily built. They spoke a rudimentary language.

They lived with these creatures but there were no procreation with them. Over the course of time they communicate with each other and Cain's line learned about the ancestors of these creatures. They have migrated from a place far to the south, where the sun shines continuously and huge forests dominate the plains.

Cain's son, Enoch was born and soon the race numbered in the hundreds and later in the thousands. During this time Lucifer and his demons visit with Cain's line and from this meetings knowledge was transmitted. The knowledge varied in that sometimes it was used to better living conditions and sometimes it lead people into different paths.

"I will show you an instrument that will entice women to you, Jubal" Lucifer said.

"Great, I am curious," Jubal said. He watched as Lucifer took a reed and

made some holes in it.

'Now watch."

Music filled the air. Jubal stared in wonder. The music seemed to beckon to him. Within minutes Jubal was under the spell of this haunting music. He felt himself lost in a gulf of nothingness and only the music provided an anchor to his natural world.

The music suddenly stopped and Jubal was brought back with a thud.

"I want that ability," Jubal demanded.

"It is yours."

Jubal practised long hours with his flute until he mastered the art.

The evenings became happy times for the descendants of Cain.

"Please marry me, Tanara," Jubal pleaded.

Tanara was one of the grand daughters of Lamech and very beautiful and she knew it. She played hard to get with all her suitors but Jubal was her favorite.

"No, I will not. Have you asked my father yet?" she asked.

"Yes and he agreed."

"But I haven't," she said.

That night, Jubal was at his best. He took his flute and begin to play. The melody begin on a melancholy note. Ever so slowly the tempo changed. Jubal was watching Tanara. She became fidgety as the slow drumming beat take hold of her mind.

Jubal changed the tempo slightly. He glanced at the rest of the people but no-one seems to notice. Tanara jumped up and moved into the circle of light created by the fire. She began to dance a slow rythmic dance. Her movements follow the rise and fall of the music. Jubal changed the pitch again and it became more insistent. The dance became more erotic and with a sudden movement the music stopped. Tanara stood like a statue, then slowly collapsed.

They were married the next day. Music has entered the everyday life of these early settlers. Music that reflect the social mood-swings in their day to day living. With music, illegal sexual acts became part of everyday life. Lucifer smiled broadly. In this way, the two bloodlines will corrupt themselves.

Demons invaded the new settlements and they instruct the people in new scientific inventions. Due to their long lifespan and exceptional intelligence they achieved a high standard of living. Scientific advancement made people self sufficient. Buildings were erected, built in stone. They developed machines that can move huge stone blocks over great distances with minimal effort. Pyramids were built to an extremely high accuracy, based on the position of three stars in the form of a belt. The third and smaller pyramid was off set a few degrees to correspond to the star position. Near the pyramid they built a

statue in stone, something like a lion laying down.

"Father! Father! Look what I made!" Irad screamed, his excited voice echoed through the halls.

"Not now, please, Irad," his father, Enoch, said patiently. He actually feel proud of his son. His son, only fifteen years old and already an inventor.

"But father," Irad implored.

He held up a metallic object for his father's inspection. Enoch took the object and examined it.

"What is this?" he asked.

"It produces a force," he said. He looked at his father. "I had help, naturally," he added.

"Oh-h, I see," Enoch said.

"Zebub helped me. He said he will teach me many things."

"Oh-h," Enoch said again and smiled. "How does this produce a force?"

"By adding an acid to the inside of the container so that the metal plates are covered. Inside the container is a copper cylinder which I fastened with asphalt. The copper cylinder has a copper lid. I solder the cylinder to the mouth of the container and used asphalt to hold a iron rod in place. If I combine these cells I produce a strong force. Zebub says this is called electricity."

"Well done, my son, I'll show your invention to The Academy of Scientists tomorrow."

Irad fairly glow as he told his friends. He was sure his invention will be accepted by the Academy. His father told him later that his invention was accepted and will be utilized to drive certain equipment. The nature of this equipment is still a secret.

Irad was happy. Inventions followed each other rapidly and the civilization flourished.

The population now numbered approximately half a million people. The entities watched the humans changing the fabric of society, and laughed.

"Me and my house will serve Elohim," Seth said angrily. He stared at the messengers. "Go tell your master, that we bow the knee to no one except to Elohim."

"You will be sorry, old man," the messenger sneered.

"You will be sorry, if you don't get out."

The messengers laughed and left.

"It may go hard with us, father," Enosh said.

"Yes it probably will. We will survive."

The entities flood to the surface of the planet. They assumed the form of man, hiding their true shapes. They changed the rules as they go along. The women eyed these strangers with fear at first, but later it turned to lust. Very soon the women corrupt themselves with the entities. From this union strange new creatures emerged. Some were tall as giants while others became half human half something else. They soon took control of society on the planet.

"So easy," Lucifer bragged.

"The Plan is working, Supremacy," Beelzebub agreed.

"The One Lord won't interfere, this time," he said.

"Why not?" Beelzebub frowned.

"He won't go against His own laws. The mastery of the planet was given to me by the former ruler, Adam."

"You are clever, Supremacy," Belial said.

"Never mind. How is the resettlement of the planet going?"

"Very well. We establish temples in most of the major cities. Our temple priestesses is making a killing. Some of them came from our union with men and the off spring from that will be interesting to see. We are corrupting the people."

"There is one problem however?" Lucifer asked.

"Yes. the younger son of Adam refuse to even listen to us."

"Destroy him, then," Lucifer said.

"The angels protect him."

"The angels?" Lucifer shouted. "Never mind. What can one man do against us?" He laughed.

"Do not worry about it," the Watcher said. "My master placed me in charge. The entities know this and will obey me."

"I hope you are right," the vice-president said.

"We found no trace of the brotherhood. They seemed to have gone underground."

"That is good news, however, the news from the cities is that the entities assumed power in nearly all of them."

Knowledge increased rapidly. Technology increased. The centuries came and went. The descendants can't remember the time when Elohim walked with

man in a Garden. The line of Seth lost interest in Someone they can't see. The pleasures of the temples drew them like a magnet. In spite of all this a remnant always remained faithful.

Temples dedicated to strange gods were built in every city. People flock to hear the oracles of the gods. The temple prostitutes kept the men happy. The women found relaxation in each others arms or they indulged themselves in bestiality. Strange contraptions were invented that allow women to have intercourse with a variety of beasts.

"Destroy all morality. Reason will be our god." That was the slogan of the masses. They took a woman, ripped the clothes from her and placed her on a pedestal. The naked woman was carried through the streets.

"There is "Reason". We will worship "Reason".

Four times a year the people, now numbering close to nine hundred million, gathered at the temple of Poseidon. A fourteen day festival commenced and people gave themselves up to every kind of base practises. In every major city the populace bowed before the fish-god. Violence soon erupted. Filthiness was rampant and diseases killed many people. Life expectancy for men was barely thirty years.

Babies was sacrificed to the gods. Girls lost their virginity at age eight, if she was lucky.

"All of this is not what I had in mind," the First Person of the Trinity spoke.

"The beautiful angel We created has succeeded in corrupting the society," the Second Person of the Trinity agreed.

"He established himself legally, however," the Third Person of the Trinity said.

"Yes he did that. The line of Seth remained faithful. I saw at least one member of his line to be true. From his line you will eventually earn the right to take back the planet." The First Person looked at the Second Person with deep compassion in His eyes.

"Yes, We foresaw the outcome. The only way is through the Cross."

"You will be there, of course," He looked at the Third Person.

"I will be there from beginning to end,' the Third Person said.

"Let us look at what man has accomplished so far," the First Person said.

They descended to the surface and looked at chaos.

"This is what man has done for himself. No law and no standard to measure against. If We leave man as he is there will be nothing left to save."

"The hearts of man is corrupt and only concerned with evil. Only one

man remained faithful. We will start with him."

The Trinity watched the evil and corrupt acts of man. They saw the spirit beings hidden deep inside the body. The soul and the spirit is a tangled mass of corruption. Fluids of corruption oozed from the spirit and poisoned the physical and the invisible parts of man. It seems man has abandoned the very One who created him and delight himself in finding new ways to debased himself. Humans run to and fro looking for an outcome from the heavy burden of their own evil, but finding nothing they tried to solace themselves with more evil.

Man has sunk to a level of depravity that made them equal the foul beasts that slink around the slimy mud-holes of hell. The stench of their perversion rise to the nostrils of Elohim and He was grieved that He has made man. There was no one to lift the burden of their own corruption from them.

Of the long generations of the line of Seth only the tenth descendant remain faithful to the One Lord. Noah paced up and down with a worried expression on his face.

"Noah! Noah!"

Noah looked around but saw no-one. He continued staring at the open plains beneath him.

"Noah! Noah!" it was the voice again.

"I am here. Speak, Your servant listens," Noah said. He wasn't sure if it is the correct way to address the Unknown.

"Noah, I saw the corruption and evil deeds of man and it grieved Me that I made them."

Noah sank to his knees. He knew that Elohim has spoken. Never was this done since the days of Enoch who vanished at age three hundred and sixty five. It was rumored that he was murdered but he did not believe it. Enoch spoke too much about Elohim and how he talked with Him.

"Ask of your servant and I will do it, Holy One," Noah spoke in deep reverence.

"I want you to built an ark, Noah, for I will destroy all life from the face of the Earth." A detailed plan with exact measurements filled Noah's mind. He knew exactly how to built this ark.

"I want to buy timber fr....." Noah began.

"How much timber?" interrupted the sales person.

"Well, I'll be buying as I go along," Noah said

He saw the look of boredom on the face before him.

"How about three hundred measures of timber cut from the Cypress tree."

The sales person swallowed and turned white.

"How much did you say," he stammered.

"Three hundred measures. If you can't supply I'll go someplace else."

"No, no, we can handle it. What are you building, for the sake of interest?"

"I'm building an ark," Noah replied.

"An ark! What is an ark?"

"It's like a ship. Something that will float on water," Noah explained.

'There is no water here. The ocean is far away. Do you want us to deliver at the harbor."

"No. You see that hill over there. That will be fine."

"But, eh... There is still no water here," the sales person protested.

"The water will come to us. Water will fall from heaven. That is called 'rain'.

"Rain? Water from heaven? Are you mad? Even the children know there is no water up there," the sales person is becoming extremely frustrated.

Better humour the old man. "Never mind. When do you want the first load?"

"As soon as possible, thank you."

"What are you doing, Noah?" came the taunting question.

"I am going to built an ark, or a ship," Noah replied.

"We are far from the water, old man."

"Maybe now, but soon the water will be here," Noah answered lightly.

"What do you mean?" the man asked.

People were gathering to watch the spectacle. News travel fast and the people, always eager for a new thrill, came running. They pressed closer to hear Noah's answer. Noah took a deep breath.

"Elohim is going to destroy the planet with water. If you do not repent of your ways, you will die," Noah shouted.

The people listened in stunned silence.

"Elohim created us to fill the planet and live in obedience to Him. We must live in righteousness. You," he pointed to a man, "do you change the weight inside the scales when you measure the goods you sell?" The man just stare at him blankly.

"And you," he pointed to another man, "do you keep your neighbor in bondage?"

We are doing wrongly and Elohim will surely punished us."

He looked at the crowd sadly.

"Listen, old man, are you trying to scare us?"

"Elohim will destroy this planet and all its inhabitants. He spoke to me and gave me a plan for an ark. Join me now and maybe more people will be

saved."

"Who is Elohim?" a man asked in wonderment.

"Our forefathers believed in Him as the One who created us and everything else."

"Where is His palace, then?" the same man asked again.

"He don't need a palace built with stone. He fills everything and everything is in Him," Noah answered. "We must change our ways back to Him, so that we can be saved."

"Boo! Boo!" the crowd shouted. "You are mad, Noah, stop this project and join us," the crowd shouted.

Noah looked at them in exasperation.

"You will be sorry. If the water filled this plain we will be safely in the ark."

"Do not worry, Noah, I will repeat your story to the kids if they don't behave themselves. That will scare them." The crowd burst out laughing.

Noah looked at them and went back to his work.

He tried in different places and different times but the reaction is always the same.

The years passed and the ark was nearly finished. Noah was an outcast from society. His wife dare not go to the market for fear of attack. For years Noah stood as a pillar and a standard against the society of his day. The people hated him with a passion. He reminded them of what they have become. The corruption of their souls rise in rebellion in his presence. They slunk back into dark corners as they smell their own rottenness. They tried to escape from their own putrid stench but they could not. Thus, they hated Noah. They wanted to maul him and ripped his limbs from his body. Maybe in this way they can escape the righteousness that shines like an aura around him.

"My sons, bring your wives into the ark."

"Is it time, father?" Shem asked.

"It is time."

The animals arrived two by two and sometimes in seven. Noah watched in wonder as the animals flocked to the ark. Noah sat in silence, waiting. He saw the white faces of people staring at him. The atmosphere is extremely tense and still Noah waits. Suddenly with a loud clang the door was shut tight.

"It is too late!" Noah wept.

"My lord, something is about to happen," the Watcher reported.

"What?" Poseidon screamed. He knew something was about to happen and he has no power to prevent it.

"The animals entered the ark of Noah. It is as if they are expecting

something to happen."

"I know. Leave me now. This matter is handled at the highest level."

The people became restless. The atmosphere surrounding the ark became heavy. People gathered at the foot of the hill on which the ark lay and kept watch in silence. A sense of foreboding gripped them. The less stable people panic and they scatter.

"My lord, there is strong seismic activity taking place about twenty kilometres from here. Something is about to happen."

"I know, leave me now," Poseidon snarled.

Around the ark the people waited in tense silence. Not a sound was heard. A few people ventured closer to touch the ark but nothing happened. With a gigantic shudder a tremendous earthquake ripped through the planet. It followed each other rapidly. The mountains trembled in their foundations. The earth seemed to shake itself. Gigantic tidal waves destroyed cities deep inland. Nothing could stand before the onslaught of nature. Dark clouds filled the skies. The people wondered at this phenomena. They never saw clouds before. Lightning rippled through the night sky, casting shadows of doom across the land.

Water began to pour from the skies. The fountains from deep within the belly of the earth burst to the surface as the earthquakes opened new passage ways to the surface. The intensity of the lightning increases. Tremendous thunderbolts ripped through the skies. People huddled indoors and in shelters. They shivered in fright.

Water levels rose as whole cities vanish beneath the onrushing water mass. People closer to the shores were the first to vanish. The dams and lakes flooded the surrounding areas. Waters rose from the deep, weakening foundations and man made structures collapsed beneath the water mass.

"Noah! Noah! Please let us in!" Noah heard the screaming and pleading above the roaring wind. Desperate mothers held up their babies and even small children for Noah to save, but to no avail.

"Please save my baby," a women screamed.

"Why did you not listen," Noah raised his voice from behind the walls of the Ark, but to no avail. The howling wind made communication impossible.

The eight people sat in stunned silence as the storm intensity increase. The fury of the storm made communication impossible. Noah was thankful, he would not have been able to withstand the pleading of mothers with babies and he surely would have attempted to open the door for small children.

Poseidon looked at the scene and laughed.

"Elohim decided to destroy His own work. His own creation stabbing Him in the back. Well, we have only one person to work through and I think we accomplished our purpose."

"How?" demanded Lucifer.

"We don't get the people and Elohim didn't get them."

"You are right," Lucifer applauded. "What about Ham?"

The family went about their business in the Ark in silence. For forty days and nights waters were poured on the earth. Noah kept record of the days. Exactly on the fortieth night the rain ceased. The sudden silence was as deafening as the storm itself. They stood, watching each other silently. The fury of the storm had left them dumb.

"What now?" Ham asked sullenly. He was edgy and his short temper flared up suddenly.

An eerie silence descended upon them. They heard the water outside. Noah opened the window and looked out. He staggered back in shock. He could see nothing but water. They were surrounded with water. Nothing remained of the familiar landmarks. He does not know where on the planet they are.

"What do you see, father," Ham demanded.

"There is nothing left, my son."

"Nothing? What do you mean nothing?"

"Come and look."

One by one they looked out of the window.

"I think there is a wind blowing from somewhere," Shem said.

The Ark began to lurch as a gale force wind began to pummel the Ark. The wind howl around the sides of the Ark. The wind tossed the Ark around for a period of a hundred and fifty days.

"I will release a dove. If it comes back there is still no resting place," Noah announced.

The dove returned within a short period of release.

Eventually the dove did not return and Noah knew that the new environment will be a shock to them all. The Ark came to rest with a scraping sound and they rushed to the window. They saw a mountain peak extending above their heads. The waters were still too high to disembark. They waited.

Noah called the family together, "The pigeon I sent out has returned

with a leaf. That means the water is subsiding."

"What do you think the earth will look like, father?" Shem asked.

"Well, with all this water I expect the whole earth to be changed beyond recognition. All of you must be aware that nothing will ever be the same again. Everything you were used to is gone forever."

"I don't like that at all", Ham said, "I prefer the old way of life that I am used to."

"Now, Ham," Noah replied, "by the grace of the One God we were saved from death, and we should give thanks to Him."

Unseen by human eyes the dark entities hover close by to listen to the discussion. Lucifer's red eyes grow larger with delight as he listens to Ham. The situation may yet be saved. He has lost face with his underlings but now...

All living creatures were destroyed except the eight people and one of them may be useful to his dark purposes. The entities huddled closer as the discussion continued.

"Well, I won't give thanks to anybody. We built the ark, so in fact we saved ourselves", Ham grinds out, his fury slowly getting the better of him. "I am sick of listening to the old wives tale. Where is this God you are talking about? We never hear His voice. Show Him to me, father."

"Ham! "Noah shouted, "stop this blasphemy. I am still the head of this family."

An entity called 'Hate' was slowly sinking his claws into the brain of Ham. The whole family structure was about to rip apart.

'Hate' gargled with glee as the helpless human stumble to his own destruction.

The battle between Noah and Ham ended in a strained silence that lasted until the water receded enough for them to open the door.

When they first looked through the open door the sight that met their stunned eyes were one of horror. The landscape seems surrealistic to them. Not a trace remains of what they could remember.

Noah named the country Aratta. New settlements were formed and gradually the surrounding country were explored and settled.

As the population increased cities were built, such as Erech (Uruk), Babel en Nineve.

The entities gathered around Nimrod as he surveyed the foundation of his ambitious project. They hissed with pleasure at the thought of what is to come. For years now the Masterplan is again on track. After the setback, when all life was destroyed during the Flood, they went furiously to work in undermining the structure of civilisation. Certain individuals were selected and cultivated from an early age. The most successful of these humans was Nimrod, the grandson of Ham.

"I think we should consolidate our power in Babel. I had a long discussion with Semiramis last night about how best to achieve this," Nimrod said. The man opposite him, Merodach, was his closest friend since his meteoric rise to power five years ago.

"I agree with your plan. This should firmly establish the new religion in Babel. I asked our most trusted architect to build a small scale model of the project for your review."

"Excellent progress! Merodach, when this tower is finished no flood will ever destroy our people again. At the same time we can strengthen our power base."

The entities, listening to this conversation, nod their heads in agreement. It seems the Masterplan is on track again. One of their number leave to report back to Lucifer.

The little messenger demon found Lucifer pacing to and fro with nervous energy. A sulphurous cloud envelops him that leaves trails of green smoke behind him. He glared as the little demon halted at his side.

"What do you want, worm," he snarled.

The demon blanched, and let out a squeak, "Your Supremacy, I came in haste with a message from Nimrod's palace."

"So, out with it!" he rumbled impatiently, "

The demon retreated a few paces.

"Everything is set and all the humans are ready to begin construction,"

he stuttered. "It seems that most of the humans view this whole program with favour."

"Yes, yes," Lucifer grunted, "you may go back to your post"
He called his lieutenants into conference.

The tower was built to consolidate all of humanity into one nation. A hidden agenda, unknown to all humans except a chosen few. One government, One religion, One nation. That was the popular slogan throughout the planet. This slogan will echo down the corridors of time through the centuries. Nations will rise and disappear from the pages of history.

A magnificent structure rises on the plain. A tremendous workforce scuttled to and fro. Slowly but surely this edifice of human ingenuity reached for the clouds. The entities clustered gleefully around the tower. Lucifer strutted around like a peacock.

Invisible to human and demon eye, the One lord descended to view this product of industry. He remembered the Flood and the command to populate the earth. He watched the demons and their interaction with humans and His heart was saddened. Within the deepest being of the Trinity the One lord spoke:

"Let Us go down and confuse their language".

The people were scattered across the planet as the whole structure of civilisation collapses. Nimrod was cut into twelve pieces and distributed across the planet as a warning to other presumptuous men.

The entities scattered as Lucifer flew into a terrible rage. With his great sword in his taloned hand he lifted his head to the heavens and screamed obscenities and blasphemies. His voice reverberated through the silence of the cosmos. If he expected an answer, he got only silence. He raged and cursed and not even his trusted leaders went close to him.

CHAPTER THREE

On a nearby hill, overlooking the mighty Great River, a lonely figure sat gazing into the distance. For the past two weeks he had strange dreams of far away lands. Terah, his father, advised him to go to the great temple of Sin. The moon-god, which for centuries ruled the ancient city of Ur, held sway over all the inhabitants in Ur. The surrounding cities bowed to this god who ruled with absolute power.

Asmodai, his great wings keeping him afloat, silently glided into the presence of Lucifer.

"You called, Your Supremacy?"

"Yes, report on conditions at Ur." Lucifer was gazing in the distance. His thoughts turned to his long battle with the One Lord. Every time victory was in his grasp it seems to slip effortlessly from him. He vowed to himself to be extremely careful in his dealings with the One Lord.

"Well," Asmodai begins haltingly, "our imitation of Sin is quite successful. The humans are as gullible as ever. The priests under our control are influencing the lives of every one."

"This seems to good to be true", Lucifer replied.

"There is one person that might constitute a problem. We are closely monitoring his every move. His name is Abram and...."

"I don't want to hear this", Lucifer screamed, "handle this problem at the highest level."

"But, Your Supremacy, we..."

"Silence! If need be, kill him"

"I obey, Your Supremacy"

Terah called his eldest son into his study.

"Abram, I want to expand our business to the Far East. The revenue from Egypt is more than we could handle but with you and Sarai it could be

done."

"Father," Abram replied, "there is something you should know." He thought about the news he is about to tell his father. Terah has lived his whole life in Ur under the power of the moon-god.

"The mountain people is about to attack the cities on the plain. Traders from Erech brought the news. We may.....", his voice faded as he watched Terah's face pale. If this were the reaction of an already expected invasion, what would Terah's reaction be to his impending departure from Ur?

"So, it has finally happened," Terah whispered, "the rumours are true?"

"Yes father."

"What does the oracle of the moon-god say; will we survive the attack?"

"The moon-god affirms that we will survive."

"Thank goodness for that, we have nothing to fear now." Terah visibly brightened.

"Father, there is something else."

"Can't it wait for later, Abram?"

"Sarai and I are leaving Ur; we planned..."

"You are mad, Abram," Terah shrieked, "for two weeks I listened patiently to your ramblings about an unknown God who spoke into your heart. Where is the priest who speaks for the God? Never has any god spoke to the people, except through the priests."

"Why can't things be normal again. Ignore this whisperings you hear in your dreams and...."

"Stop, father, my mind is made up. Ur will certainly fall before the Mountain People. The Voice told me to leave Ur, and somehow, I don't know how, I trust this Voice."

"You and your voice are both wrong, you'll see." Tera sighed.

The Mountain People struck the city of Ur early one morning. For days reports streamed in of an imminent attack. Years of corruption corroded the social structure of this great Chaldean Empire. Rulers became weak and soft. They lived in the glory of the mighty leaders who carved out an empire that made of Ur the centre of commerce.

Now, when Ur is at its greatest need, all social, economic, military and religious structure collapses. These hardened fighters from the mountains attack at dawn and the once mighty city of Ur was razed to the ground. Women and children were taken captive to be sold as slaves. The men were killed.

Tera, standing on a small hill overlooking the plain where the trade routes

converge literally at the door of Ur, shades his eyes from the glare of the sun. Great clouds of smoke billowed from the ruins of a once great city. He turned to Abram standing next to him.

"Your Voice was right." Abram only looked at him, sympathy in his eyes. Tera lost nearly everything he had.

"Father, we must go on. The One God directed me to move along the Kings Highway to the south."

"Who is this Voice or One God you listened to? Why did He speak to you? Why can't we see Him?"

"I don't know," Abram replied, "I hear Him as a still small voice. I have no explanation for all of this."

They stayed in the city of Haran where Tera died. As soon as the burial ceremony was over Abram felt a gentle but persistent urging in his heart to continue his interrupted journey.

"Sarai, it is time to continue our journey southward." He looked at Sarai. He remembers the little girl with auburn hair, who was always in the way when the boys played in the hills behind Ur. It was a long time ago. The little girl turned into a strikingly beautiful woman. Matriarchs turned a jaundiced eye upon her wherever she goes. At sixty-five she was still very beautiful.

"Where will we go, Abram, before us is only desert, can't we stay in Haran?"

"No, it is time."

So Abram gather his possessions, his nephew, Lot, and departed. At a place called Shechem the One Lord appeared to him and said:

"To your descendants I will give this land."

Abram was thinking about this promise already made while in Haran. He thought about the country that was to belong to his descendants. One part of the promise was still a mystery to him. Where is his descendant that was to become a great nation?

The One Lord so far has been true to His word. Everything came to pass as He had said, but Abram knew the realities of life. Sarai could not have children. They tried everything for nearly thirty years but she remains barren.

Nearby, unseen by human eyes, a black shadow loomed. He stared with hate-filled eyes at the lone figure. Abram often spoke to his wife about the promises

of the One Lord.

"So! He wants children so he can become a great nation," the shadow sneered, "the One Lord must have a specific plan in mind for this human."

The shadow draws his sword and prods a little entity that stood next to him.

"Go, imp, and report to Lucifer. Ask for an audience. I have a plan to confound the plan of the One Lord."

"Yes, master, I go" the little entity hurried through the trees.

"My captains, gather around." He waved his sword as more dark shadows detached themselves from trees and rocks. They huddled together while yellow-green smoke filled the air. They listened attentively, their red eyes glowing in the dark.

CHAPTER FOUR

A great famine spread across the land. People and livestock died. The wind blows across the desert landscape. Nowhere could anything green be found. Abram and his followers moved southward, to the Black Land, the land watered by the Great River. Behind him the land was desolate.

He thought about the times he visited Egypt, certainly under happier circumstances. He knew well the appetite the Egyptian nobility have for foreign women. Sarai, he know, has matured into a graceful woman of extraordinary beauty.

"Sarai, I know the ways and the culture of the Egyptians. Pretend that you are my sister for many a man was killed because of his wife."

A dark spirit hovered close by. His name is Uncertainty. He leaned on Abram's shoulder whispering fearful thoughts in his ear.

"I must be careful, no sense in getting killed because of Sarai."

Abram took the thoughts as his own. Sarai was taken by the Egyptians to the harem and prepared to meet pharaoh. The preparation took three months. Three months of isolation from the rest of the harem. Twice daily, baths and soaking in herbal oils to make the skin supple. Sarai endured the endless treatments.

Whispers finally reached her in isolation, of plagues; plagues tormenting the household of pharaoh.

Pharaoh summons Abram to his palace. For a long time he stared at Abram.

"Abram, what have you done? During the night I had a vision and a voice told me you are married to Sarai. Haven't we treated you as one of our own?"

"I thought that the Egyptians would surely kill me for my wife," Abram replied.

Pharaoh was staring in the distance and he went on mumbling to himself as if

Abram was not in the room.

"Just take your wife and leave. You can keep all of the livestock and slaves, just leave."

Abram turned to leave. He heard a commotion coming from the stairs behind him. Sarai's preparation left her a stunning picture. Abram could only stare. He knew Sarai was beautiful above average and he was unprepared for this vision.

He couldn't wait any longer, and after a hurried kiss, they ran quickly to the huge gates of the palace.

A huge monstrosity, by the name of Horus, went berserk. He rages in impotent fury at pharaoh.

"You should have imprisoned the man and the woman while you had them in your hand," he raged, "I want them killed!"

Pharaoh sat with unseen eyes, staring in the distance. He would never have believed that the mighty gods of Egypt could not save him. These gods who, since the founding of dynastic Egypt under Menes, held sway for thousands of years could not lift a finger to help against the God of Abram.

He thought about the rumours that filtered through the palace grapevine. Only One God. Strange indeed.

A dark shadow filled the throne room of pharaoh. Spirits of all shapes and sizes filed into the room. Horus turned around and looked into the vengeful eyes of Lucifer.

"So-o," he sneered, "you want them killed. Then why is no-one doing anything." His large red eyes narrowed to slits.

"The master plan is in ruins thanks to your bungling." His voice rose steadily to an ever-higher pitch. "

"We have followed you faithfully since you rebelled against the One Lord, Lucifer." Horus stands his ground, although his heart is cringing. He knows all about the awesome power Lucifer wield.

"All is not lost. They are leaving for the northern desert country. I am sure a warm welcome can be arranged for them." His confidence returned as the madness slowly died from Lucifer's eyes.

For a long time he stared at Horus.

"You may be right. Confer with Baal and Asherah in Canaan."

"Why did you allow Lot to choose the best part of the land, Abram?" Sarai looked at Abram intently. This question puzzled her.

"Our herds grew too big. I let him choose first, for the One Lord spoke to me concerning Canaan. This is to be our land as a possession for ever...."

"Abram," interrupt Sarai, "we have no son to possess this great land."

"The One Lord has not failed me yet, Sarai, He will fulfil His promise."

One sunny day in late summer Abram saw a figure approaching in the distance. He looked down from the hill at the rocky floor of the canyon. He scanned the horizon for more people but none was visible. He called to Eliezer and his son to join him.

By this time the figure was staggering as if under a great weight.

"Eliezer! What do you think is wrong? This man has the clothing of Sodom; and look at the hair, there can be no mistake."

"Something may have happened to Sodom, sir, we have heard the rumours of war. Some of the visiting herdsmen report that the valley kings are lusting for war."

"Wait," Abram said, "let us listen to the man."

"Abimelech! Fetch food and wine for our guest and water for his feet", Abram ordered.

"Master Abram!" the man stammered, "our city has fallen. The cities of the plain were destroyed. Everyone was taken captive by the valley kings."

"Lot, what about Lot, man?" Abram exclaimed, "what happened to him and his family? Did they survived?" The questions were too much for him and the man fainted from utter exhaustion.

Unseen by human eyes a loathsome shadow, even in the bright afternoon sun, detached itself from a gigantic tree nearby. It floated gracefully on black wings towards the humans.

"This was glad tidings indeed," he thought.

As the huge shape listened to the tale of destruction a plan began to form. As the plan unfolds he recognised the fact that at the same time this thrice-damnable human could be destroyed as well.

"You!" He thundered, pointing at a small furry spirit, "go and summon my captains. There is planning to be done."

He looked at the humans and he could taste his victory.

Abram finished ministering to the fainted man.

"What will the future bring to the cities in the plain?" he thought. "Eliezer! Get the men ready. How many able bodied men can we muster?" Eliezer thought awhile, "three hundred men, sir".

"Prepare the men, we leave at first light," Abram replied.

The dark shape rubbed his claws together in glee. This stupid human is bringing about his own downfall. He turned around and looked at his captains, slimy creatures with long black wings and yellow eyes.

"Come with me, it is time to pay a visit to the Prince of Elam."

A black cloud took to the sky. It turns in a lazy circle and head for the province of Dan.

The Prince of Elam greeted them with a sweep of one big hand.

"So-o, I am honoured indeed to meet the illustrious Asmodai. And what, may I ask, brings you to my humble abode?"

"Keep your sarcasm to yourself, Elam, we have a chance to redeem the Master Plan. That pest of a man is on his way to rescue his nephew, Lot, from the king of Elam. We must work on a plan to utterly destroy him. He and....."

"Wait a moment," Elam interrupted, "leave that to me and my troops. I have capable spirits who is keeping watch on the camp and the captives."

"I hope for your sake your confidence is not misplaced," Asmodai said silkily, "what about the host of Heaven?"

"We know where all of the angels are stationed. We have a large force of spirits to cover every meter of ground."

Abram struck the camp at midnight with three hundred men. His sole aim was to rescue Lot, not for wholesale slaughter. Unseen by human eyes, the angelic host struck the dark forces with a vengeance. Countless dark spirits were destroyed, one of them, the prince of Elam.

Abram and Lot moved south at a fast pace. Most of his men escaped unharmed. To the Southeast, they saw a hill with a curious shape.

The shape resembled a skull, with two holes in the side of the cliff and a dark cave lower down. A dark presence enveloped them, the closer they get.

This was the hill, so much whispered about. Dark and fearful legends surround the Place of the Skull. Legends and tales from antiquity, before the arrival of mankind, seem to originate from there. Tales of horror and blood sacrifices are spread abroad.

On top of the hill, the grass withered and only dead tree stumps remain as silent witness to ancient horror. Ten metres from the centre of the hill a hardy thorn bush stood. Ancient rocks lay strewn as if tossed by a gigantic hand. A dark cloud seems to cover the ancient hill. The place was silent and eerie, except for a hissing and snorting as the Dark Council met to discuss the latest setback to carefully laid plans.

"I foresee a drastic and urgent revision of the Master Plan, "Lucifer announced, "I called you together to discuss our recent setback. I will now give you a quick summary:"

The dark Lords nod in agreement. A draft of cold air fills the atmosphere.

"We have encountered a number of problems since we won control of this planet. What seems to be an easy victory for our forces in the beginning always ended in defeat. It seems our ability to successfully control the humans only work up to a certain point and all efforts to rectify this has failed."

He looks at the circle of dark faces. They remain silent and only stare at him.

"The problem of the flood we had no control over. Our best efforts to control Noah failed miserably. We did achieve a victory when Ham established the old religion after the flood. Nimrod took it one step further but failed to destroy the descendants of Shem."

He spread his gigantic wings and looked at the distant horizon. The lights of Salem stood like a beacon in the night sky.

"This Abram is fast becoming a problem. We have to deal with him immediately."

He turned to the dark shape next to him. "Report on the Abram situation!"

Asmodai slowly stretched until he reached his full height. This gave him time to think.

"We have Abram under close surveillance. He seems to be under the direct protection of the One Lord Himself."

The entities twittered nervously. This was indeed serious. They looked at Lucifer, seeing the bitter rage on his face.

"What I would suggest, if the council agrees, is to use Abram's wife to cause his downfall. I have heard Abram talking to his wife about a promised son, but nothing happened. I propose to use Lust in an attack where all men are vulnerable."

"As you know, Lust has proven himself highly effective in the Lot case. He..."

"If the council agrees," interrupt Lucifer, "we will summon Lust to the conference." He looked at the members of the council. They always fight among themselves for more power. They will wait patiently for anyone to make a mistake.

Lust, a green slimy lizard appears at the hill. He was in exalted company and his cowardly heart seems to miss a beat. What did he do wrong?

Lust was dissected by thirteen pair of eyes and his whole body was shaking.

"You think you are capable in destroying Abram where the rest has failed," the prince of Babilon sneered.

"Yes, your Supremacy, all men will succumb to lust sooner or later. What will work in our favour is the promise of a child which has not appear."

Lust felt himself on firmer ground and his confidence returned. If he succeeds he may even be elected to the council.

"I will cause Sarai to give Abram a pagan woman who will produce a seed tainted with the Egyptian culture. This will cause Abram endless heartache, finally to break from Sarai in the end."

The entities listened to this speech in silence. This whole plan might just work.

"Leave us now, Lust, we will deliberate further on this matter," Lucifer said.

Other entities were called and new plans discussed. Finally they decided to use Lust in destroying Abram.

"Keep this council informed in this Abram matter," Lucifer said, "this council has ended."

“Abram,” the soft voice of Sarai called, “where are you?”

“Here, Sarai, in the tent.” He already knew what Sarai had in mind. If only Sarai wasn’t so insistent. The tent flaps opened and the slim figure of Sarai entered. Abram look up as she enters.

“Abram, we are married now for forty five years. In all of this wonderful time no children were born. Somehow the One Lord closed my womb for all this time. We are not getting any younger. Who will follow in your footsteps when we die? You need a son to help you in running your vast empire.”

Abram listened to this speech in silence. She speaks the truth; he is not getting younger.

“Maybe the One Lord intends for us to have children after all. One of the Egyptian slaves may be the answer. Her name is Hagar.”

Nearby, Lust rubs his hands in glee. He remembered the promise made to Abram: From his seed a great nation will come forth. Your faithful servant will fail You this time, just like Adam did. His thoughts dwell on the One Lord. He leans close to Abram and whisper in his ear.

“You may be right, Sarai, the answer to our problem may be with Hagar. It is after all my seed. Remember one thing, this woman means nothing to me, you are the only love in my life.”

“I know, Abram. I will sent her in.” She turned and opened the tent flap.
“Hagar, you can enter now.”

Abram sat on a rock watching Ishmael tending the flock. Fourteen years have gone by since that fateful decision.

Ishmael is as wild as a donkey. Because of his arrogant attitude most of Abram’s people hate him. Sarai is pressuring him to sent Hagar and her son away. Then last year the One Lord told him to circumcise all the males. Even Ishmael was circumcised. The rite of blood covenant is not a strange one in the eastern countries. But, to be in blood covenant relationship with the One Lord was special indeed.

Part of the One Lord’s Name was given to him and he became Abraham and Sarai changed to Sarah.

We have the advantage to listen to a conversation that is denied Abraham and Sarah.

“Yes your Supremacy,” Lust said, “the plan was a triumph for us.”

“You have done well,” Lucifer said, “the One Lord blessed Ishmael as He said He would. We have created a stumbling block for Abraham’s descendants for I believe the promise of a son in their old age.”

“You believe that,” asked Belial.

“I was standing behind the Throne a long time ago and the One Lord never breaks a promise.”

Abraham was resting under a tree when he spotted three men coming his way. He somehow senses a Presence surrounding the three. As is common to all peoples in the east, he offered them hospitality. Abraham waits in respectful silence for them to finish.

“Abraham, I promised you a son not so long ago. It is now time for that to happen.”

Abraham listened to this in amazement. Next year this time he will have a son. Sarah must listen to this.

“But Lord, what about Ishmael?”

“I will bless him as I have promised, but in your seed I will built a great nation. I hear Sarah laughing; could it be possible that she doubt Me. Nothing is too hard for Me. Next year she will have a son and his name shall be Isaac.”

The Lord stood to leave. He walks in the direction of Sodom. Abraham, as is the custom, walked with Him.

“Abraham, I’m going to destroy the cities, Sodom en Gomorrah.

“What will happen to the righteous people.”

“How many people do you think is in the city, Abraham”

“Would there be fifty people?”

“If there were fifty people it would be worth saving”

“Would there be forty people”

“For forty people I would spare the cities”

Abraham became worried. Could it be as bad as that?

“If there are twenty people?”

“I would spare them for twenty people”

Abraham knew he was taking chances by reasoning with the Creator of all things, but he has faith because of his blood covenant relationship. He decided to try one more time.

“Would there be five righteous people?”
Even for five people I would spare the cities.”

Abraham relented. He dared not anger the One Lord.

In the centre of Sodom a great temple tower above the rest of the buildings. In this city every depraved deed are committed known to humans and a few unknown to humans. Children are sacrificed daily. Women dared not walk the streets unattended. The whole society is corrupt. The officials are the worst. Homosexuality is treated as a religion and is practised openly. The temple prostitutes ran a highly successful business for their high priestess. Children are sold on the open market as sexual partners.

In one of the great halls a huge fat demon sat. He is the prince of Sodom. With a small round head and a snout like a pig he ruled the society of Sodom with a rod of iron. ‘Nothing is too bad for Sodom’ is his motto. This repulsive creature was hurled aside as Belial entered the room with a rush of mighty wings.

“How are you planning in saving your city from destruction, you fat slob,” Belial spat. He glared at the fat demon. “We expect a mighty army of angels to attack any moment now. What is the state of readiness should the angels attack now.”

“Wh... wh..what are you talking about? I have received no news of an enemy attack.” The prince of Sodom was sweating.

“Of course not, you are too busy for such trivial matters as preparing for an assault,” Belial said sarcastically.

“I mean, I have this city under my control totally, except for one man.”

“Let me guess who that man is; Lot, the nephew of Abraham.”

“I am working on him,” the prince said.

“Well, how will you defend the city?”

“I don’t know. We have not prepared for this.”

“Two of the angels is already at work in your city. They are staying with Lot.”

“I know how to deal with them,” his confidence is returning after the initial shock.

Driven by the homosexual spirits the human cattle attack Lot’s house at

midnight.

“You must only take what is absolutely needed Lot,” the angel called Rama said.

“But what about my business in....” Lot began.

A loud banging came from his front door. He opened the window and recognised his neighbours.

“What do you want with me?” Lot asked. “It is past midnight” He saw the leaders of society in the crowd.

The situation became tense, as they demanded that the two men in his house be handed over to them.

“I can’t do that. They have the right of safety and protection, the same as for any stranger.”

He saw the mood becoming ugly and knows he will not be able to keep them out.

“I will give you my two daughters, do with them what you want.”

“We want the strangers. Hand them over right now,” the crowd demanded.

Lot knew it is only a matter of time before the door cave in. He heard a creaking noise and saw Rama opening the door. With raised hands he caused blindness to strike the crowd.

Lot knew then it is finished. He would have to start all over.

“You must leave now, the city is about to be destroyed.”

Lot took his wife and two daughters and walk through the groping crowd out through the city gate.

“Now, run and don’t look back, no matter what.”

The demons crowd in the great hall. Excited whispers filled the room.

“Where shall we go from here. Our homes are being destroyed,” they cried.

“There will always be other cities to invade. Let us leave.”

The two angels struck the city with such violence that any memory of it survive only in mythology until a time very far in the future. Fire rain from the sky and the earth ripped open so that the two cities in the plain vanished forever.

“We lost two major strongholds in the southern parts. It will be difficult to repair the damage the two angels did.”

Lucifer paced on top of the Place of the Skull. A heavy presence of evil permeates the air.

“Since our last meeting we had victory nearly assured, and now this. Although it is a major setback I don’t foresee any changes to the Master Plan. I will now review the situation since our last meeting.”

“Thanks to Lust, Abraham fell into disobedience against the One Lord. Ishmael could be a useful tool in the future. Sarah is pregnant with child, something incredible. We will see to it that only Ishmael prospers and not Isaac. The two strongholds are another matter. I propose we strengthened our presence in Jericho and the cities next to the Great Sea. Salem should also be considered.”

“Can’t we kill the baby in Sarah’s womb,” the demon called Murder asked.

“We can try but there will be a large contingent of angels around her.”

“Baal, this is your territory, you have my full authority to establish our presence in this area. In the other areas around the globe we established mighty platforms from where we control these humans. We set up a network of lines which our shamans and high priests used to great effect. The only trouble spot so far is here in Palestine.”

“Is everything clear so far.”

Isaac was born one fine morning in the first day of Spring. Abraham invited the leaders and princes for a week of feasting. Who would believe a man of a hundred years old with a wife of ninety could have children?

Abraham grew wealthier and Isaac was an eager student. He became a quiet

reserved man. At thirty five Sarah passed away and was buried in the cave of Magpelah.

Ishmael had ten sons who became mighty princes, eventually to form a nation, which will spread across the globe.

Isaac married a daughter of a Semitic tribe, called Rebecca, and had two sons.

A great nation is about to be established, a nation chosen after the heart of the One Lord. But this child is headstrong and stiff necked and always the One Lord, with infinite patience, had to guide the wayward child back on the chosen road to a great destiny.

Jacob paced nervously to and fro. Down below he watches the activity around the brightly coloured tent. Inside, he know, his beloved Rachel waited. Seven years he waited and sweated for Laban and now, finally, the time is near. He saw the stocky figure of Laban approaching.

“Ah! There you are, Jacob. Are you nervous? Never mind. The dancers are ready for you. Go and meet your wife.”

Jacob nearly ran all the way to the door of the tent. If he could have seen into the invisible world he would see a whole company of gagging demons yelling and screaming. They knew who was waiting for Jacob.

“The coward is in for a surprise today,” a demon laughed. “I will demoralise him and feed him with lustful thoughts,” Lust bragged. He was a slimy yellow green creature that resembled a human figure.

“Wait and see the surprise in his face when he sees Leah and not Rachel. This will surely drive him to irrational behaviour.”

“Maybe even murder, most foul,” Murder purred, licking his thick lips. “Just think of all the gory blood and.....”

“Never mind that,” interrupted Gaap, the local prince.

Jacob entered the tent and saw the veiled figure of a woman. He felt the blood rushing to his head. He worked seven years for her and now....

The next morning Jacob felt someone shaking his shoulder.

“It is time to get up out of bed, husband.”

Husband! But something was wrong. He shakes his head to clear the

excitement from his head. The voice! It was all wrong. He looked up into the lovely face of Leah. He stared at her uncomprehendingly.

“What are you doing here, where is Rachel?”

“We are married now, Jacob,” Leah said.

Jacob looked at her. Except for the squint in one eye, she was still a beautiful woman. But, she is not Rachel. He dressed hurriedly, and without a word he stormed out of the tent, looking for Laban.

“Laban! Laban! Where are you?” Jacob shouted as he went in searching for his uncle.

“Here I am Jacob, but before you say anything...”

“You tricked me; and after all the years I spent serving you faithfully.”

“Jacob, Jacob, listen to me,” Laban answered, “It is the rule of society that the second daughter cannot be married before the eldest. There is nothing wrong with Leah, she will give you many healthy sons.”

Jacob stared at his uncle a long time considering the situation. He thought how this trickery might be turned to his advantage.

“What will happen to Rachel?”

“I will give her to you also if you work another seven years. After that you are free to go with all you possess.”

In seven years Jacob could amass a small fortune and be independent for the rest of his life.

“I accept, uncle, and I take Rachel as my wife. Because of your treachery I want all the lambs and goats that are pure white or pure black. All the spotted cattle you can keep.”

Laban thought about that. The chances of pure one colour are remote so this might be a chance worth taking.

“Then it is settled,” Laban said.

Jacob and his two wives moved about a day’s journey away from Laban and set up camp. He carefully selected the pure colours from amongst Laban’s cattle and starts a breeding campaign. With careful selection he soon had a flock of only pure one-colour cattle, either pure white or black.

Laban often visits his daughters but Jacob was always able to hide his flock from Laban's sight. He knew it was only a matter of time before he was discovered and so it was.

"Jacob, you tricked me. How did you managed it?"

"Well..." Jacob began but was interrupted by Laban.

"Never mind, instead of me keeping the spotted cattle, you can take the spotted cattle instead."

Jacob knew this was coming but Laban has the upper hand. He came visiting with some of his servants, all armed.

"If that's the way you want it," Jacob answered.

Through careful manipulation of the drinking water and the bark of trees Jacob managed to expand his flock to nearly ten thousand in number.

After seven years Jacob departed, the mystery of the cattle still unsolved. Laban was left with a few spotted and few pure colour cattle to be divided between his sons.

Twelve sons and one daughter were born to Jacob. They were his pride and joy. The youngest cost him his beloved Rachel. The two children of Rachel were the apple of his eye. The eldest, Joseph, a dreamer, was a mystery even to his father.

He often sat gazing at his sons, now full grown men. He thought about the day when the Angel of the One Lord met him, blesses him and change his name to Israel. The joint in his hip is still damaged, a reminder that he wrestled with the Lord and prevailed.

Grass was plentiful, and the herd of Israel grazed, sometimes, three day's journey away. He stood on a hill looking towards the east. Joseph was now gone five days and still no word. A feeling of dark foreboding envelops him. Coldness spread through his veins.

Behind him a dark shadow shakes himself and unfolded his wings. It will be dark soon. He also look towards the east, expecting his minions any moment.

He, the mighty prince of Babylon, will triumph this time. Lucifer will be satisfied. He thought about the careful planning that went in his scheme to destroy Israel. He will take his beloved son and destroy the rest of the family with a severe famine. Never mind the rest of the human cattle, they breed faster than they die.

Ah! Here they come. A dark speck in the distance. He drew himself to his full height and waited. They arrive with a beating of great wings and a rush of cold air.

“So,” he asked?

“The sons of Israel did not murder Joseph as planned,” the leader began.

“I specifically gave instructions that he is to be killed,” the huge demon prince shouted. “That would have caused Israel to mourn so deeply the other sons would be divided and leave their father. There would be no ‘new nation’ forming.”

He paced up and down while his minions cower just out of reach of his sword.

“What happened to Joseph?”

“He was sold to Midianite slaves on their way to Egypt,” the leader replied. He knows the terrible rages that filled the prince of Babylon when his minions failed him.

“Egypt, you say? Mmm...” The prince slowed down while his black wings undulating slowly, the soft hiss barely audible.

“This failure might still be remedied,” he said. “Let us leave for Egypt now, where I will take personal charge of the situation.”

“Who will bid for this slave,” the slave master shouted, “look at his excellent physique. He seems to be a hard worker, so let’s start the bidding at one thousand.”

Several of the women glance at each other thinking this slave may be well worth having.

“One thousand and fifty!” one of the more wealthy women shouted.

“One thousand one hundred!” another one shouted.

“Five thousand!” a woman who just arrived at the market shouted. Heads turned to see who made this outrageous offer. Whispering towards each other as they recognised the wife of Pothifar.

She turned towards her husband.

“He will be a contribution to the household, don’t you think so?”

“Yes, my dear,” he answered.

He turned towards his driver and told him to pay five thousand denarii for the slave. He knows he doesn’t need another slave but his wife is headstrong.

Joseph finally arrived at the home of Pothifar, officer of pharaoh. He looked at the big courtyard, the fields beyond and the large house. This man lived in opulence, much in contrast to Israel who dwells in tents. As he walked amongst the trees to the slave quarters he noticed a figure at a window watching him. It was Pothifar’s wife. A strange feeling of danger stole over him but it quickly passed.

“Sir, you have treated me fairly in your service since I came to work for you,” Joseph said.

“Yes, but my foreman said you have something of importance to say to me. I am rather in a hurry to close an important deal for pharaoh.”

“I am a Hebrew slave, in your service, and the God I serve is the One Lord over all of creation. Last night I dreamt that a man named Rada is planning to assassinate you on your way to pharaoh.”

Pothifar stared at Joseph intently. He knows Rada, a revolutionary, with a mission to destroy the tranquillity of Egypt. How could Joseph know about Rada?

Joseph waited; he could actually see the thoughts in Pothifar’s head. Finally Pothifar shifted and picked up his cloak.

“I don’t know anything about your God, but I have an excellent report about you. I think I will take your warning seriously.” He walked past Joseph without another word.

Well after midnight a slave came to wake Joseph.

“Come, the master called for you.”

“What is wrong, did something happen?” Joseph asked.

“Hurry, the master is waiting.”

They entered the well-lit room where Pothifar is waiting alone.

“Leave us!” he commanded.

He stared at Joseph, then shake his head.

“I won’t pretend I understand but how did you know?”

“Something happened, sir?” Joseph asked.

“I was attacked on my way to pharaoh. Luckily I took twice as many

troops with me. Rada died in the fight. He was a thorn in pharaoh's side for many years."

"My father taught all of his sons to be honourable and always do the right thing," Joseph answered.

Joseph was elevated to a senior position in the household of Pothifar. All of the administration was in his care. He was given the run of the house and all other servants report to him.

"Now is the time to cause the destruction of Joseph," the prince of Babylon said.

"How will it be done," Gaap asked?

"Where is Lust," the prince asked?

"Here I am," the silky voice of Lust seems to float in the night breeze, "do you have need of my services?"

"You did a good job on Pothifar's wife. Induce her to go for Joseph."

"Be assured of his impending doom, my prince," Lust said confidently.

Joseph was under constant surveillance from Pothifar's wife. Everywhere he went he was bound to meet her. He became increasingly apprehensive. She, on the other hand tried all the tricks in the book to get Joseph's attention, but to no avail.

What can be wrong with this man, she thought? Am I not one of the most beautiful women in the kingdom, desired by all men?

One afternoon Joseph was on his way to his office. The only way to enter his office is through a corridor past the bedrooms of Pothifar and his wife. He stopped at the door, carefully glancing around to see if it is safe.

"Oh, hello, Joseph, did you came to visit me. I was beginning to think you don't like me," her soft voice seems to float seductively down the passage.

"My lady, I must leave. I have urgent business to conduct for the master," Joseph said, retreating.

"Come, Joseph," she said, ignoring him, "we are at last alone."

She moved closer to Joseph, touching his arm. Somewhere a door opened. The sound echoed through the building. Joseph turned to walk away, using the noise as an excuse but she grabbed him by his tunic. In the act of moving away the tunic ripped from his body. In fright, he turned and ran to the outside

leaving her with his tunic in her hand.

One of the maids entered the corridor and saw her with the tunic in her hand. Pothifar's wife immediately starts screaming pointing at the fleeing Joseph.

"Help! Help! He tried to rape me!"

"My lady, my lady, I am so sorry, what..." the maid tried to be helpful.

"Don't sorry, sorry... me call my husband, now!" she screamed.

She knew she had to act quickly, before her husband arrives.

Next to her Lust was cackling with glee. This was a performance worthy of his brilliance. The prince of Babylon will be glad.

Pothifar arrives home to find his house in turmoil.

"Pothifar, your slave tried to rape me, what are you going to do?" she tried to sound hurt and ashamed at the same time.

Pothifar looked at her, he remember the rumours. Well, nothing can be done about Joseph, the laws are clear.

"I will get rid of him, so he won't bother you again," Pothifar said. He knows, from somewhere deep inside of him that his house was blessed because of Joseph.

He called Joseph to his office.

"Joseph, you have brought disgrace upon my house and for that you will be sent to the prison."

Joseph knew it would be futile to defend himself. He has seen how the harsh law of the land treated other offenders. He should have been executed.

"Well done, Lust," the prince of Babylon said. He was in a good mood. His plan seems to be working. "We are finally rid of Joseph. We can now rest easy. The law will have him executed."

The demons cheered.

Four years passed. Joseph sat at his table. The One Lord has been good to him. The warden treats him with respect. He knew that somehow Pothifar was involved in him receiving such good treatment. He remembers the dreams he had when he was younger. He thought about his father his brothers and wonder if they are still living.

"Joseph, Joseph," his name echoed through the halls, "where are you?"

"Here I am," he answered. It is futile thinking about the past.

He saw two men emerging from the passage. They were the trusted servants of the pharaoh, his baker and butler.

“I had a terrible disturbing dream last night, Joseph,” the baker said.

“So did I” the butler said. “I dreamt of three branches of the vine. It blossoms and brought forth ripe clusters of grapes. In my hand was pharaoh’s cup and I pressed the grapes into the cup and gave it to him.” The butler was agitated. “What can it mean?”

“The One Lord, the God of my fathers, know all things, this is the interpretation. The three branches are three days. Within three days you will be restored to your post as chief butler. Think of me when you are restored.”

The butler was ecstatic. The baker listened to this and his heart lifted. This might be good for him too.

“I dreamt I carry a basket with three loaves in side. Along the way birds came and eat the bread....,” his voice trailed off as he saw the look on Joseph’s face. “What is wrong, Joseph, tell me.”

Joseph looked at him with sadness and pity in his eyes. “In three days they will execute you,” he whispers.

The months drag on but still Joseph languished in jail. The butler seems to have forgotten him. He kept thinking on the dreams he had as a young boy and that thought gave him the faith to suffer his burden.

“Joseph is still in jail, how he managed to escape execution is beyond me,” the prince of Babylon shouted. He shakes his fists to the heavens as if expecting an answer. As he paced the palace floor of pharaoh his wrath mounted. An unknown force counters his every move.

“Joseph is under....,” began one of his captains.

“Shut up, you fool,” the prince yelled grabbing the demon captain by the neck, flinging him to the ground. “I know he is under the protection of the One Lord. Tell me something I don’t know.” He resumed his pacing, frowning. Let humanity suffer. Why should he care?

“You,” he pointed to a huge demon standing to one side, “come closer!” The demon moved warily closer. He knows the sudden rages of the prince. “Get all the elementals together. Use everyone you have to. Change the climate and cause a drought not yet seen by human eyes. I want this humans destroyed.”

“I go my prince,” the demon said and left.

“Call my astrologer and all the wise men you can lay your hands on,” pharaoh demanded. “I don’t care if it is the middle of the night.”

Pharaoh, knew, after dreaming the same dream on three consecutive nights that something is seriously wrong. His kingdom might be in danger and swift action is needed.

“Here I am, your majesty, son of Ra, slayer of Seth...” Kera, the court astrologer, began reciting the pharaoh’s titles.

“Good, good,” pharaoh interrupted. He was relieved, he has great faith in his astrologer, “where is my butler, I need a cup of wine.”

“Tell me your dream, your majesty?” Kera asked.

“I dreamt a strange dream and it is haunting me for three days now,” pharaoh began, “I was standing on the banks of the Nile and seven cattle came out of the water, they were fat from all the good food. Then out of the water came another seven cattle and they were lean as if they hadn’t had any food for years. The strange thing is the lean cattle ate the fat one’s but

stay the same, they didn’t became fatter.” Pharaoh’s voice trailed off. He looked up expectantly to Kera.

Kera thought about the dream for a long time. This was no ordinary dream but nothing in his experience compared to that.

Kera shook his head perplexed.

“Your majesty, all I can say at the moment is that this dream is important to the future of your kingdom, but the meaning eludes me.”

“What shall we do?” pharaoh asked.

“Your majesty, if I may, “ the butler began, “when I was in jail I met a man who explained my dream and the baker’s dream exactly.”

“Who is this man?” pharaoh asked.

“He is a slave, in jail for attempted rape, your majesty. He originated somewhere from Palestine.”

“I will see him now. Bring him before me tomorrow morning.”

Joseph was woken next morning very early. “Joseph, Joseph, pharaoh, the son of Ra has asked for you.”

“Why would pharaoh call for me, I wonder,” Joseph rubs the sleep from his eyes.

“Well hurry up, Joseph, it seems there is strange things happening in the palace.”

Maybe the butler finally remembered me, Joseph thought as he entered the

splendour of the palace. Everything around him speaks of wealth and opulence. The most expensive carpets and golden statues are seen everywhere, as befitting the son of Ra. All the chief gods of the Black Land is represented here.

“So, you are the one who can explain dreams,” pharaoh said. His ministers are all present, waiting with anticipation.

“My God is the only One who can explain dreams for He is the creator of all things,” Joseph began.

“I didn’t call you for a lecture on your religion, ah...Joseph, isn’t it?” pharaoh answered.

“No, I mean... yes, your majesty,” Joseph answered.

“Well, this is my dream.”

Joseph listened intently as the dream unfolds. Deep from within his heart he felt a stirring and the explanation burst forth as from a cocoon. Silently he gave thanks to the One Lord of his fathers.

“What is happening!” the prince of Babylon rages. “What is Joseph doing here and what is this about dreams” His rage is steadily mounting. Frothing at the mouth and screaming curses he yanked out his sword and start hacking among his followers. They scattered in all directions. He turned on pharaoh, glaring at him. He stalked closer his eyes fixed intently on pharaoh. A few meters from pharaoh and he stopped. A frown came to his brow. His demon horde expects an attack on pharaoh’s mind but to their consternation he can’t seem to get closer. As he listened to the dream he felt an invisible barrier around pharaoh and behind pharaoh a white shimmering light became visible.

A huge warrior angel with naked sword stood behind pharaoh. The prince backed away from the throne. From his mouth spewed vitriolic curses and blasphemies while his face contorted in a hideous rage. He found himself alone as all his demons rush out of the palace. He flew to the top of the palace and lifted his fists to the heavens. He screamed in impotent fury to the heavens but as before, no answer came back.

Unaware of the drama in the invisible, Joseph listened as pharaoh came to the end of his dream. He looked around the room and saw all eyes turned towards him.

“Your majesty, my God is the only One who can interpret dreams and tell the meaning of it. The seven fat cattle mean that Egypt will experience

seven years of opulence. The seven lean cattle eating the fat one's means after the seven good years will come a severe famine. It will be wise therefore, to appoint someone of wisdom to oversee a project spanning seven years. For seven years build store houses and store all the produce and when the famine comes there will be enough to see the country through the lean years."

Pharaoh sat staring at Joseph as the full implication sank in.

"What you are saying is that we will have seven years of plenty followed by seven years of famine," pharaoh said.

"Yes, your majesty," Joseph said.

"This man already used his gifts three times, that I know of, with success. I propose that he be appointed to the post of chief minister in the whole of Egypt. Only in the throne will he be second to me. He will be the overseer of the storehouses in the years of plenty. I, the son of Ra have spoken."

In the following years Joseph built huge storehouses all over Egypt. He followed a strict discipline and an enormous quantity of grain was stored. For seven years he laboured mightily. The project was often sabotaged but Joseph ruled with an iron hand.

The work was completed three months before the end of the first seven years. The famine struck with a vengeance. After one year the surrounding lands like Palestine was in the grip of a severe drought. People and cattle died. All that remain is dust and dust.

Israel heard of the food storehouses in Egypt and sent his sons to buy food. Joseph was reunited with his brothers and pharaoh met the stately patriarch. They were given the land of Goshen to live in as honoured guests of pharaoh. Seventy people escaped the famine. Israel blessed his sons and died a happy old man. The two sons of Joseph were blessed later to be heads of their own tribes together with the ten sons of Israel. At his death Joseph gave instructions that his body be buried in Palestine.

The scene was set for the birth of a nation, a nation that will be centre player in world history that will last until the end.

The nation of Israel multiplies in the relative safe conditions of Goshen. They became so numerous that some of the Egyptians feared for their existence. Many internal political battles took place and the ruling dynasty was defeated. The budding nation of Israel was left undisturbed and untouched by the warring factions. A new dynasty and a new pharaoh. He was unaware of Joseph and the great project. He only saw and heard from his ministers that Israel has become a great nation keeping to their own laws.

"Let us enslave them, in that way we can control them," he stated.

The oppression began and the nation of Israel became brickmakers.

After three hundred and seventy years an event took place that will change the destiny of not only a nation but also a planet.

CHAPTER FIVE

“I will destroy them!” Ra shouted. He was standing in the palace courtyard facing Lucifer. Lucifer’s urgent attention was called to the catastrophic handling of the Israel affair. Instead of destroying fifteen people they now had to work on millions.

“Your predecessor was equally confident,” he said softly. “We will have to revise the Great Plan again.”

They gather in the plain between the three great pyramids. A black nightmarish horde. They waited patiently for Lucifer to arrive.

“As you know, we recently suffered a setback when we underestimated the One Lord and His interference in our plans,” his voice echoed between the pyramids. “It seems clear, and our analysts confirm this, that the One Lord has a special purpose for the nation of Israel. The promise made to that thrice damned Abraham indicates that Israel will eventually return to Palestine and occupy the land,” his voice rose in fury as the name of Abraham was mentioned.

“Supremacy, “a huge demon called from the front row, “we have tried many times to destroy these people and.....”

“I know, I know, “Lucifer said. He tried to control his rising temper. “We must now decide on a plan. It will have to be of such a nature that it cannot fail.”

"I know of a plan that cannot fail," the voice of Ra came from the right.

"Oh, you have a plan, mighty Ra," Lucifer said sarcastically.

Ra decides to ignore the insult and continue:

"We will destroy all the male children under three years of the whole nation," he said matter of factly. This one sentence will decide the course of a nation. The enormity of this statement left the demon princes breathless.

"You want to do what?" Lucifer shouted. As the full impact of this statement went home, he stopped. His face lit up and he smiled.

"You are a genius, Ra," he said.

Amram and Jochebed huddled close together around the small bed. Fearfully they listened for sounds of approaching hoofs. Jochebed was very near her time. For the past three months pharaoh's soldiers were present at each birth. If it is a male child it was killed immediately.

"As soon as the child is born we will have to hide him," Jochebed said.

The time of the birth arrived sooner than expected. During the midnight hour a baby boy was born.

"Jochebed, you must try to be as quiet as possible during the process," the midwife said.

"Shhh.." Amram whispers. Outside a platoon of soldiers moves noisily about.

"Are there any more of the sand fleas giving birth," the captain shouted.

"No captain, the one called Jochebed is due in week's time," the answer came back.

At that moment pain unimaginable gripped her body. But years of hard physical labour had prepared her for this. She bit on her lip and a low moan escaped her. Amram put his hand on her mouth but with a sigh of relief they heard the soldiers move away.

Amram looked with pride at his son. He felt in his heart that his son is destined for great things. The birth happened without the knowledge of the soldiers. The next morning after the baby was fed Jochebed was disguised as if she was still pregnant.

Work went on. For three months she feeds the baby without anyone being the wiser. Luckily he was an abnormally quiet baby who slept most of the day.

"Amram," Jochebed said, "we must let the baby go. It is the only way for him to fulfil his destiny."

"I know," Amram answered quietly, "what do you propose?"

"I will place him on the Great River and trust in the Lord of our fathers." Carefully they constructed a small boat and sealed it with pitch. The wind pushes the small boat along the riverbank. Miriam, the baby's sister, running along the bank, keeping a watchful eye on the small boat. She walked around a bend in the river and heard laughter and singing floating towards her on the morning breeze. It must be wealthy women to be at leisure this time of the morning, she thought. She carefully crept closer and notices the standard of pharaoh's house. This must be pharaoh's daughter, famed for her beauty. The small boat drifted into full view of the women.

"Look!" one of them yelled, "what is that, floating in the water."

"Go in and bring it to me," the princess commanded.

The small boat was brought to her. She stood looking at it.

"What can possibly be in there," she wondered.

"Be careful, my lady, it may be something dangerous," one of the women said.

"I don't think so."

She felt a strong compulsion to open it and look inside. She touched the small boat slightly and heard a soft giggle from inside. She smiled and opens the small boat. The baby kicked his feet and made gurgling noises.

"Whose baby could this be," the women gathered around the baby?

"It doesn't matter, this baby is mine. The River God has given him to me," the princess said.

"I think he is a slave's child, look at the blanket he was wrapped in," one of the women said.

"The River God gave him to me, he is mine," the princess said stubbornly.

"What about your father's edict, that all male children of the slaves should be killed," another woman said.

"Leave him to me," the princess said, a fighting glint in her eye.

Miriam moved closer and stood watching her brother.

"The baby needs to be weaned, my Lady," she said "I know of a woman who just lost her baby, who can do that."

The princess knew that it is normal practise to find a nursemaid.

"I will call my little baby, Moses, *for he was taken from the river,*" she said. "Bring the woman to me then, I want little Moses well looked after."

Jochebed was excited; she could spend four to five years with her son. The only problem is, it will be in the palace and Amram

won't share in raising the baby.

All too soon the five years passed. It is time for Moses to start his formal education.

"Ra! "Lucifer shouted, "how did one baby escaped execution"

"I don't..... "Ra began.

"Know, "Lucifer finished, "there seems to be a lot you don't know. This one baby can eventually cause a catastrophe."

"All is not lost, Supremacy," Ra said," Moses will be brought up in the palace where his young mind will be filled with knowledge."

"What human do we use in the palace," Lucifer asked?

"His name is Jannes and is direct advisor to pharaoh," Ra answered.

"See to it," Lucifer departed.

"Come, my son, my name is Jannes and I am to be your teacher." He took Moses' little hand and together they walk to the Great Library. Here was stored, scrolls of antiquity, containing esoteric and forbidden knowledge.

Moses felt a strange feeling as soon as he entered the Great Library. He drew back, but Jannes kept a firm grip on his hand.

"Nothing to be scared of, my prince," he said," this will prepare you for your future role as pharaoh, the son of Ra."

Moses stood, looking around the room. The room was packed with small statues of the many deities of Egypt and a wide variety of occult paraphernalia. Strange looking plants could be seen surrounded by books and scrolls of different shapes and sizes.

"Don't be intimidated by this room, Moses," Jannes said, "see it rather as the beginning of a great adventure into the unknown. Many pharaohs went through this room."

"I am not sc..scared, "Moses said haltingly.

"Good, "Jannes said knowingly, "let me begin with a lesson in history." He walks towards a great book that stood upright on a small table. The front of the book was covered with strange figures and shapes. He opened the book and his voice seemed to change.

"This is the Necronomicon, the Book of the Dead, and some of the entries dates back to a period lost in the mists of time. According to the book strange creatures inhabit the earth at one time." He walk slowly up and down moving his arms slightly. He seemed to be in a trance. Moses stared as Jannes

begin outlining the tale of misery and woe that befell the human race.

“Before humans, strange creatures, closely resembling the humans walk the earth. They worship Lucis, the shining one, who was a god. They worship in huge temples by night and trade amongst each other during the day. The capital of the nations, was a place called, Atlantea. History is vague during this time but Lucis and his armies were vanquished. Rumours abound that the elves and dwarves were involved in the final battle. From the dark chasms of Atlantea horrors and terrible tales of torture were heard. The dark creatures under Lucis’s influence wreak havoc on the planet. The forces unleashed caused continents, even animals and birds to vanish. When the planet settled itself, not a trace was left of civilisation.”

He was silent for a moment, then continue in a dream-like voice.

Moses became restless. This tale of horror is depressing. He look at the blue sky and trees moving in the afternoon breeze. Where is the food?

“If everything was destroyed, how do we know history is accurate,” he interrupted Jannes.

Jannes stared at him. Dare he reveal to Moses the source of his knowledge? He seems to come to a decision.

“During my journeys on the astral plane, one will meet different entities. As you reach the higher levels of the astral you meet the Ascended Masters. These masters are spirits, therefore they are immortal. I gained a lot of information about the entries made in the Necronomicon. Before the destruction, they attained a level of spirituality that freed them from the normal life. They have accumulated wisdom, far above normal humans. This knowledge I have only reveal to you, Moses. My brother, Jambres, and I have yet to attain that level.”

“What is the use of all this for pharaoh, “Moses asked.

“Pharaoh has at his command all the resources of a supernatural nature to command the empire effectively. He will always knew, ahead of time, of any impending catastrophe that will affect his rule.”

“I am hungry, Jannes, “Moses said.

“We will continue tomorrow, my prince, “Jannes answered.

And so the days passed peacefully for Moses in that year. He studied the ancient writings of the masters and became steeped in the occult teachings of those masters. The years went by and at his twelfth birthday Jannes told him of his formal inauguration as a prince of Egypt.

“I wanted to ask you a question, Jannes, “Moses said.

“Anything you want to know, my prince.”

“Where do you come from, “Moses asked?

Jannes stared at him intently for a moment. His piercing eyes look into the soul of Moses.

“I am a grandmaster on the Great Council of Master Wizards. The council consists of ten masters representing nine countries. Egypt alone has two representatives, Jambres, my brother, and I. We have spent our whole lives in this quest for knowledge. Our teaching is handed down from master to student.”

“Will you teach me, Jannes, “Moses asked?

“No, my prince, your destiny is different than ours. You are destined for great things. My son, your future will take you along difficult paths. I fear for Egypt.”

“What do you mean, fear for Egypt, “Moses asked?

“The future is dark, a veil seems to cover the future.”

He looked at Moses with a soft expression in his eyes.

“I have enjoyed our time together, Moses. You will now be taught state craft to prepare you for your future.”

“We have discussed many things, Jannes, you explain to me the teachings of most of the gods in many countries.”

Jannes eyed Moses warily. What will the boy ask now?

“You have never said a word about the teachings of the God of the slaves. I have heard them mumbling in their own language but it’s all strange.”

“I...ah..I don’t know much about their God, Moses, it is of no importance, after all, “Jannes said slowly.

“I understand, “Moses said. He never before heard Jannes stumbled with words.

Moses didn’t understand, but he felt a deep stirring in the innermost part of his spirit at the mention of the unknown God of the slaves. He can’t analyse these stirrings.

“Tomorrow you will be a man in the eyes of society and the next phase of your education will begin, “Jannes said. He was thankful that Moses didn’t press the point. He always evaded the subject of the One God of the slaves.

The next twenty-seven years passed quickly. Life in the palace continues as before. Moses was drilled in the art of statecraft. Jannes was always at hand to instruct and point Moses in the right direction.

“Well! what do you think of Moses now, “Ra said, “he is now fully indoctrinated in the mystical and occult practises of nine different countries.”

“You have fulfilled your promise, Ra, “Lucifer conceded, “I see you have assigned two of your henchmen to him.”

“Just to be sure he stays in line. The Israelites are a stiff-necked people and one never knows, he is one of them after all.”

They left Egypt on another mission into the northern part of Palestine.

Moses was alone with his thoughts in his room. He remembered that it was ten years to the day that strange thoughts and memories began to intrude in his mind. The face of a strange woman flashed in his mind at odd times. When he drove through the streets in his chariot he thought about the slaves. He developed an empathy and compassion for them that is totally out of character. He tried to repress the thoughts, but to no avail. He told no one of this. Sometimes he thought he heard whispering in the night but attributed it to the incoming night breeze from the desert. Moses, by careful investigation, has managed to discover the whereabouts of his real parents. He found he has a brother and a sister.

In secret he visit them, providing them with food and moving them to more comfortable work areas. He learned the ways of the mysterious God of his ancestors. Finally he belonged somewhere.

Jannes, keeping a close watch on Moses, did not suspect a thing. In the back of his mind he knew Moses was an Israelite.

“Hey! Stop! “Moses shouted. He was driving near the centre of the town when he came upon an Egyptian overseer beating an Israelite slave mercilessly. The overseer saw the driver of the chariot as Egyptian and continues the beating.

He stopped the chariot and grabs the Egyptian from behind. With a single blow the overseer was unconscious. Without a word of gratitude the slave disappear from sight. Moses feels for a pulse but soon realised the overseer is

dead.

The prince of Egypt standing over a dead body in the street. Questions will be asked. He dragged the body behind a building into the shadows and quickly buried the body.

He left the scene of the crime in a swirl of dust. He didn't stop at the massive palace gates. In his room he felt safe. He fell on his bed and tried to lose himself in sleep.

Five demons huddled around his bed. They cackled and spit while a greenish yellow vapour hung over the bed.

"What if I've been spotted," one demon said.

"If the palace guard found the body and a witness accuse me of this terrible deed.....," another demon said.

Moses tossed and turned in his bed. The sweat poured from his feverish face. He woke up the next morning and felt as if he had built the pyramids by himself. He stumbled to breakfast hoping no one of the royal household is about. He found his half brother at the table.

"Ah, Moses, my brother," he yelled, slapping the table, "you are awake at last."

"Thutmose, I did not expect you to be up so early," Moses said.

"Have you forgotten, Moses, today we will inspect the storehouse at Raamses, built by the desert fleas. I hope some of them will show resistance. It is fun to use them as target practise. I received a new bow from you know who," he grinned knowingly, "and I can't wait to try it."

Moses shudders at the mention of the slaves. The implication of his deed still plaguing him.

"Why must you use the slaves as targets," he asked?

"Because they are there. What is wrong with you today, any way," Thutmose asked?

"I am sick of all this," Moses answered.

Thutmose, known for his quick temper, jumped up.

"What in the world has come over you, Moses, remember, our father accompanies us today."

Tutmose frowns. He stared at Moses intently.

“What are you hiding, come on, out with it. Did you visit that girl again, last night?” He put his arm around Moses and together they walked to the waiting chariots.

Moses was silent for most of the ride. They drove past the scene of the previous day’s excitement. Moses felt a cold clammy pressure on his heart. Was the body found?

“Moses! Moses!” The sound of his name brought him back to the present. It was Pharaoh. “What do you think of this magnificent structure. This will be yours one day.”

Pharaoh turned to face the crowds as they swept past. Out of the corner of his eye he caught slaves whispering together while looking at him slyly. The colour drained from his face. Do they know he wondered?

Back at the palace he went to his room immediately offering as an excuse a headache. Murdering an overseer results in immediate death. It is the same as attacking Pharaoh, the son of Ra, himself. Being a prince and court favourite won’t help him at all.

He dare not confess. He hoped the body won’t be discovered and if it is..... He must flee, but where...?

Moses paced nervously up and down planning his escape. No one must know. His mother would be devastated but there is nothing else he could do.

“Why not kill yourself,” he heard a voice whispers.

Moses whirled around and looked at the shadows moving against the wall. It is only the flickering light, he found himself relieved.

“I must wait for the right time,” he thought.

The week passed and Moses waited for an opportunity to escape from Egypt altogether. He packed a few belongings and by careful manipulation of his duties he managed to hide it at the edge of the desert. His dread increased by the hour.

He only goes for short rides through the city now. During one of these trips he found himself in a similar situation as a week before. This time it was two slaves arguing.

Moses stopped and looked at them. At first they appear not to have noticed him. He cleared his throat.

“You two are of the same race, and you are quarrelling...” he began.

They stared at him defiantly. “So, which one of us are you going to kill, like you killed the overseer, “one of them said.

Moses whirled around in his chariot and galloped at full speed to the palace. He has been discovered. There is no time left. It may be hours before the palace guards will come for him. He took his chariot and drove to the outskirts of the town. He left the chariot tied to a tree near the edge of town. Behind a bush he changed his clothes to that of a peasant. Making sure he wasn't noticed he walked into the desert and disappeared from Egyptian history for nearly four decades.

“Moses has disappeared into the desert, Supremacy, “Ra said. The demon princes were gathered in pharaoh's throne room.

“I think I see the hand of the One Lord in this, “Lucifer forced the words through his teeth. He cursed long and fluently shaking his fist at the heavens. As before, only silence greeted him.

“We must come up with an answer, and quickly, “Lucifer said.

“What could the One Lord be planning, “he asked. He looked at his demon horde. A sorry looking bunch. They joined him only later, after the first battle.

“We will come up with an answer by tomorrow at the latest, “Ra said.

“Make it so, “Lucifer stalked away.

“You and you, “Ra pointed, “find Moses, stick to him and find out what he is up to.”

The next morning the demons still could not come with a plan to cover all contingencies.

“It will be best to destroy him completely, “one demon ventured.

“You fool! He is protected by the One Lord, there is a hedge around him, “Lucifer said angrily.

Meanwhile Moses arrived at the first oasis. He saw twelve young women with a flock of sheep. A tall graceful woman walked towards the well.

“She must be the eldest, “Moses thought.

A noise distracts him. He saw a group of men approaching.

The woman met the men while the rest wait at a distance. Moses suspects the whole scene is about the watering rights. He watched in wonder at the courage of the young woman. She stood up to the group of men. They finally pushed her out of the way and continue on to the well.

Moses took hold of his staff and ran down the dune towards the group of men. He screamed at them while waving his arms. They looked up and saw an apparition with waving arms charging at them. The women turned and run for safety, Only the tall woman remained.

Moses stopped next to the well. He stared at the woman in wonder. A sight to behold. She stared back at him defiantly, not moving at all. She saw a dusty, sweat streaked figure dressed in tattered rags. The eyes caught her attention.

“You can use the well now, you will be save from the men.”

“Thank you, sir, “she said. She turned around and waves to the rest of the girls. They slowly approach, keeping a wary eye on Moses.

Thirty-five long years Moses stayed in the desert. The tall woman became his wife and she bore him two sons. Moses learned a lot from his father in law, Jethro, who was a priest, about his ancestors and their history. The years in the desert led to maturity. A quiet dignity surrounds him. Days went by when he would be alone in the desert with no contact with other people.

Moses was seventy-five years old when news filtered through the desert communities that pharaoh died. Moses felt the sadness, for pharaoh treated him as a son. Tutmose became pharaoh. He often thought about his past. His life has changed from prince to pauper. Valuable lessons have been learned in the desert. Somehow, Moses knows, he must return to Egypt.

Jethro’s advice was to stay and wait.

Four years passed slowly. Moses was walking in the desert in the early morning. Somehow he felt, something he have been waiting for all his life, is about to happen. He felt excitement and dread, all at the same time.

He rested under an overhanging rock when he saw a blinding flash. He quickly rose and made his way cautiously to where he thought the flash strike. Before him was a typical desert shrub. A plant about his own height. The strange thing about it is the fire that burned in the bush. The sky was as blue as when he left his camp that morning.

Unseen, the demons who followed him retreated to a safe distance. They have seen that fire before.

“We should leave this place, “one of them said.

“Yes, Lucifer should know about this, “they agree.

They knew that the One Lord is about to appear on earth and no demon can be close to absolute holiness.

“You should have waited and make sure it is the One Lord, “Lucifer shouted.

“Why don’t you go, “the demons asked?

Lucifer backed down. No sense in antagonising his followers. If the One Lord came down to talk to a man, well, something big must be happening.

“We should keep a close watch on Moses, though, “he said, “you didn’t perhaps hear what the One Lord said to Moses.”

“Definitely not, “the demons said in a chorus.

Moses arrived at the camp of the Midianites late that night. Jethro immediately noticed something different.

“Moses, what happened, “he asked? “you are supposed to be back next week.”

Moses looked at them as through a haze. The faces stared back at him expectantly.

“Where is Siphora, she must pack, we’re leaving, “he said breathlessly.

“Wait, wait, “Jethro said, “sit down, eat and drink, then tell us what happened.”

Food and wine were brought to Moses. He gulped it down and said:

“The God of my fathers spoke to me and commanded me to return to Egypt.”

Stunned silence greeted this statement. This was unheard of. The One Lord never spoke to anyone these days.

“Moses, “Jethro said soothingly, “the sun was hot today, maybe....”

“No! “Moses shouted, “He spoke to me from a burning bush.”

Jethro stared at him. He saw the conviction on Moses’ face. He came to a decision.

“You must leave then urgently. It will be fatal to keep the One Lord waiting.” He smiled. The world has come to a crossroad. He felt an inner peace, a peace he never felt before.

“I give you my daughter and my blessing, “Jethro said.

Moses left the Midianite camp early the next morning. They travelled for six days due west.

“A man is coming towards us, Moses, “Sipphora said.

“Be careful, it might be a bandit lookout, “Moses said.

They watched the stranger approaching.

“There is something familiar about the man, “Moses whispered.”

The man stopped in front of them. Recognition lit up his face.

“Moses, “he asked?

“Aaron, my brother, “he fell onto his elder brother’s shoulder. “This is my wife and my two sons. But tell me, how is our mother and father.” The questions came tumbling out.

“Wait, wait, Moses, “Aaron laughed, “not all at once, please.”

Two days later they arrived in Goshen. Moses listened as Aaron explained the situation under the new pharaoh. Aaron talked about his compulsion to go into the desert to meet Moses.

Moses spoke about his meeting with the One Lord.

“It will be best to meet with the elders first, “Aaron said.

“I was given three signs to help convince them, “Moses reply.

The meeting with the elders went well, better than expected.

Moses was reminded that pharaoh will double his wrath against the slaves and he should act quickly.

“I have listened to Moses talking to his people, “Ra said. “His chances of convincing pharaoh is slim indeed.”

“How will you convince pharaoh, “Lucifer asked?

“What about the One Lord, “another demon asked?

“I will get pharaoh to oppress the people severely. In fact, the slaves might even kill Moses themselves.”

“You are confident, then, “Lucifer asked quietly.

“Yes I am!”

“So, Moses, you have returned. If it weren’t for the general amnesty for all criminals at my inauguration, you would be dead by now, “pharaoh was glaring at Moses.

“I came to ask you to release my people to serve their own God, “Moses ignored pharaoh’s statement.

“What! Release the slaves, the sand fleas, you are out of your mind, Moses, “pharaoh thundered. “You haven’t heard me correctly, no slave will leave Egypt except the dead ones and that can be arranged.”

“My God said: let My people go.....” Moses began.

“Get him out of here, now! “pharaoh screamed.

“Watch this, then, pharaoh, “he threw his staff on the ground and it turn into a snake. Again he grabbed it by the tail and it became a staff once more.

“Jannes, Come here, show these desert rats that you can equal anything their God can do.”

Jannes looked at Moses and turned to pharaoh.

“Your majesty, “he bowed, “it will be my pleasure.”

The staff of Moses and the magician’s both turned into snakes, but were eaten by Moses’ staff.

Unseen by human eyes the demon princes suddenly looked worried. They moved uneasily at the sudden appearance of the archangel Michael in the throne room.

“Why is Michael here, “the demons whispered among themselves?

“Look! Look! “Their ranks moved back as a myriad host of angels appear beside Michael. The throne room, huge as it seems, appeared cramped as angels, demons and humans face each other over an invisible line.

Lucifer flexes his arms. The demon horde moved uneasily.

“So, Michael, we meet again. This is to be a cosmic battle, then. The One Lord interferes again in my plans.”

Michael only looked at him. He stood like a bronze statue, not bothering to answer.

“Look at the water, pharaoh, what do you see, “Moses asked? He pointed to a water pot next to pharaoh. The water was blood red.

Pharaoh looked towards Jannes and nods. Jannes bowed and pointed to a water bowl near him. Moses could hear the incantations as Jannes prayed to the god of the Great River.

The water turned red as well. Pharaoh smiled.

“Your God is not so powerful after all, Moses, come back to the palace and take your place beside me. Leave the sand fleas, the past is long gone.”

“No, pharaoh, the God of my fathers called me to lead His people out of bondage. Let the people go for the One Lord will surely visit Egypt.”

Pharaoh’s face turned a deep purple. His short temper flares up.

“Out! Out! “ he screamed, “don’t come near me again.”

Moses turned around and stalked from the room, Aaron in tow.

“Where is my advisors, “pharaoh yelled.

“We are here, your majesty, “the spokesman said from pharaoh’s left.

“I want to increase the work of the slaves. If they are busy they won’t think about leaving.”

He looked at them expectantly. They glanced at one another too afraid to say anything.

“Well! Out with it, “pharaoh demanded.

“May pharaoh, the son of Ra, live forever. If we increase the work, the slaves won’t be able to cope. The increased burden will weaken the people and many will die, “the spokesman said hesitatingly.

“I did not ask for your opinion, “the words were forced out from clenched teeth.

“Increase the quota of bricks they are producing but do not provide the straw. Let them get their own straw, “he said violently.

“But your ma.....” the spokesman began but was interrupted by pharaoh.

“No buts, just do it, “pharaoh snapped.

With those words the people were even more oppressed. They came to Moses after one week.

“We can’t cope with this new decree, the women and children are suffering the most, “they said.

“Tomorrow I go to pharaoh, “Moses promised.

It was midmorning when Moses arrived at the palace gate demanding an audience with pharaoh.

“So, you are back, “pharaoh said.

“My God instructed me to tell you, to let the people go so they may serve Him in the land promised to our fathers.”

“The same old story again, “ pharaoh sighed, “be reasonable Moses.”

The demon host draw their swords, preparing for battle. With one sweeping motion Michael’s sword flashed and a cheer went up from the angelic host.

“You can’t interfere, Michael, “Lucifer shouted.

“Oh yes, I can, I am the prince of Israel and you are the trespasser. Decide, now.”

“Pharaoh, by tomorrow morning you will see what my God can do, “Moses turned and point his staff towards the Great River. He looked at pharaoh once more and walked towards the door.

“Nothing is happening, Moses, “pharaoh laughed.

In the unseen realm a fierce battle raged. The angelic host shone like the midday sun as the power of the Spirit came over them. Ra screamed in rage as he saw his kingdom fall to pieces. Egypt was his after all. He turned, looking for Michael. He saw the laughing Michael, destroying sometime four demons with one sweep of his sword.

“I will kill you, Michael, “he shouted. With a burst of strength Ra charged. Ra was a powerful demon and had great strength, but the powerful warring angel dwarfed him.

The fighting was nearing its end. Many demons were destroyed. Michael was concentrating on Ra. The battle raged across the sky. Ra was showing signs of weakening. Suddenly Michael shot straight up and as Ra turned to follow, Michael turned and dives in an explosion of brilliant light into

Ra. The great sword flashed briefly and Ra was no more. At the death of their leader the rest of the demons turned and flee.

At the sound of a silver trumpet all the angels were recalled. Michael stood next to the Great River and dipped his sword into the water. A red colour was rapidly spreading outwards. Soon all the water in Egypt was a blood red colour.

“Your majesty, “Jannes said, “all the wells and all the ponds and springs are red in colour. The water is unsuitable to drink.”

“What about the water pots in storage, “pharaoh asked?

“All is contaminated.”

“Can you do nothing to reverse it, “pharaoh asked?

“I’ve tried everything I knew, but it is useless.”

“Let us wait a few days and see if the water won’t clear,” pharaoh said, “in the mean time I will visit the temple of Ra. He won’t let us down.”

After three days without water, complaints came in from around the land. Livestock were dying and the people became riotous. A report arrived at the palace from the land Goshen.

“You say the water in Goshen is clear and drinkable.”

“Yes, your majesty, “Jannes reported.

“Well, bring the water from Goshen so that the people can drink,” his voice sounded hoarse.

Slaves were sent to fetch the water but as soon as an Egyptian touch the water it became red.

“It is Moses, I tell you, ”pharaoh said wearily.

“Moses, your majesty? “Jannes was careful not to show emotion.

“He threaten me, the last time I saw him.”

Jannes saw a weak pharaoh incapable of decisive action.

“Call him, I want to see him, “pharaoh said.

Moses arrived early the next morning at the gate of the palace. In the throne room sat pharaoh gloomily staring out of the window.

“Will you relent to let the people go to serve our God in the desert,” Moses asked?

“Yes, just leave Egypt,” pharaoh said, “what about the water?”
“The water will return to normal at noon,” Moses said.

He turned and walked out. The elders were surprised but cautious.

“Did pharaoh really agree to let us go,” they asked?
“Yes, finally,” Moses said.

The next day the slaves prepare to leave Egypt. A joyful mood was visible everywhere. Early next morning the mood was dampened by a large army contingent.

“Why aren’t you at work? You sand fleas are lazy and have no permission to be at home,” the leader’s voice were loud.

“Pharaoh is letting us go to worship our God in the desert,” an elder spoke up.

“No such thing sand flea,” he laughed, as he unrolled a scroll. “Pharaoh proclaimed that no slave, that means all the sand fleas as well, is to leave Egyptian borders. All slaves will fulfil his or hers quota. Failure to do so will result in severe punishment.”

The elders listened to this speech in bewilderment. What went wrong?

“I demand an audience with pharaoh,” Moses shouted.

He pushed past the guards and walk to the throne room. Pharaoh was talking to Jannes and Jambres.

“I suppose I have to talk with you, Moses,” he said.

“You granted us permission to leave Egypt,” Moses said angrily, “your soldiers stopped us.”

“Moses, Moses, did you really think I will release my workforce. Who will do the work?”

“I repeat, pharaoh, let my people go to serve our God.”

“Leave me, now,” pharaoh said and stood up, “I have important business to conclude.”

Moses stared at pharaoh. Pharaoh stared back but finally lowered his eyes.

“I will be back,” Moses said and turned to leave.

Moses walked out the palace gate, turned to the Great River, and lifted his staff.

Again the dark horde gather around the Great River.

“I will resist the angels this time,” the demon prince, Ptah, bragged.

“What will you do differently,” Lucifer asked?

“I have prepared a surprise for them,” Ptah said.

Michael, with a flurry of wings, appears next to the demon prince. The demons moved restlessly, hands going to their swords. Michael looked at them and laughed.

“Well, imps, are you ready for a fight?” he challenged them. His great sword made an arch of sparkling light.

“You know, of course, that it is impossible to stop the One Lord from accomplishing His goal. I have a proposal. Are you interested?”

“Say what you have to say, Michael,” Lucifer was in no mood for games.

“Patience, patience,” Michael sighed. “I propose the following: Assign anyone you want to fight against me. If I win Moses will be left alone. If.....”

“I accept,” Ptah interrupted, pulling his sword.

The battle was less spectacular than against Ra but the outcome remain the same. Michael was not even winded and Ptah was despatched. In silence the demons slunk away as the first frogs enter the palace courtyard.

Pharaoh awoke with a start. A strange noise somewhere in the palace. Maybe it was a dream. He lean back against his pillow when a shrill shriek echoed through the corridor. He opened his door and he clearly identified the noise. Something slippery on his foot made him look down. Frogs of all shapes and sizes have invaded the palace.

The frogs keep pouring into the palace and the houses of all the Egyptians. It seems as if the Black Land has become a slimy, writhing mass. Frogs were everywhere. The beds, cupboards and even the food storage places were invaded.

But the noise, the never ending noise. It was a deafening, continuous,

maddening sound.

“Jannes where does the frogs come from,” pharaoh asked exasperated?

“I have never experienced this before, your majesty.”

“Well, do something.”

“My brother and I are busy with a new incantation that should drive away the frogs. We petitioned the frog god this afternoon.”

No matter what Jannes and Jambres do, the frogs remain. After four days of incessant noise pharaoh had enough.

“Call Moses, I’m sure he is behind all this.”

Moses approached the throne room carefully. He marvelled at the amount of frogs in the room. The One Lord did a thorough job. He looked at pharaoh and saw the bewildered look on his face. He almost felt sorry for him.

“Let my people go, pharaoh,” Moses had to shout to be heard.

“Take your people and go. Leave Egypt as soon as possible, just ask your God to take away the frogs.”

Moses left. During the night a transformation came over Egypt. The frogs disappeared, no one knows where too. An unearthly silence descended over the land.

The same thing happened as before. The Israelites were ready to leave and the soldiers arrived to stop them. Plague after plague struck Egypt but still pharaoh refuses to let the people go.

“My God will take away the darkness, pharaoh, but remember, nine times before your magicians were as helpless as babies,” Moses said.

“I know, Moses, this time you can go.”

That same night Lucifer stopped next to pharaoh’s bed.

“If I let the slaves go, who would built my projects,” he whispered next to pharaoh’s ear. “They have been in Egypt for four hundred and fifty years. They are part of Egyptian society and thus my subjects.”

Pharaoh moved, disturbed by something. He turned towards the other side and continue sleeping.

“We have survived nine onslaughts by their God. Maybe the gods are testing me to see if I am worthy of the throne. That must be it,” the voice

continues, "the gods only proved me. I will be a fool to let the slaves go."

Lucifer smiled and left. He was satisfied with his night's work.

As before, the soldiers arrived in a larger number than before.

"Back to work, all of you," the chief of the armed forces said.

"Pharaoh promised...." the elder began.

"Pharaoh is the son of Ra, he can change the rules as he pleases."

"I will talk with pharaoh," Moses said.

Once again Moses arrived in front of the palace gates. He met pharaoh at the gates.

"The sun is bright this morning, Moses," pharaoh said.

"Why have you gone back on your word, pharaoh," Moses said angrily?

"Moses, be realistic, you are subjects of the Empire under my rule."

"Let the people go, pharaoh, for a calamity will struck Egypt," Moses warned.

"Look at my son, Moses, he is healthy and a joy to me. If I let the slaves go he will inherit nothing. Why don't you stop all of this. Let bygones be bygones.

Moses looked at pharaoh. He saw a flabby man wasting away. The good life has taken its toll. He knows, now, that pharaoh will never relent.

"I am leaving now, pharaoh, you will never see me again."

"The slaves must go back to work, Moses," pharaoh said softly, more to himself than anyone else. A strange foreboding feeling came over him.

"Pharaoh has no choice, we will leave," Moses said, "the One Lord will bring catastrophe onto Egypt."

The elders listened in dismay. Should they not rather go back to work. Nine times their hopes were dashed because of pharaoh.

"Moses..." one of the elders began, but was interrupted by Moses. He continued as if there were no interruption at all.

"The One Lord will visit Egypt one more time. We have a lot to do before then."

Lambs were killed and prepare in a special way, to be eaten with unleavened

bread. The blood of the lambs were smeared on the door post of all Israeli homes.

This performance was watched by Egyptian spies and demons alike. Both parties report back to their masters that the slaves were mad.

That same day, at midnight, an eerie silence stole over Egypt. The same silence spread over the land. People and animals huddled together as though afraid of a nameless terror.

“Something is wrong,” the demons whispered. They turned towards Lucifer for answers but he just shrugged his shoulders. Even they felt the tension building as midnight approaches.

“Go into the villages and cities,” Lucifer commanded, “keep watch and report back any strange occurrences.”

“Not one single person is outside, even the animals is inside,” a demon reported.

“Something to do with the blood, but what?” Lucifer was frustrated.

A mist suddenly appears from the east. The demons watch the mist approaching. A feeling of fear struck them. In the swirling mist they saw a dark shape. The shape seems to fill the mist and yet, at time seems to be formless. They recognised the dark shape. The very presence of the figure inspires awe. A cold wind precedes the shape. In the swirling mist the formless mass took shape and they beheld a terrifying monstrosity. In the beginning he was given the fearsome task of destruction. The angel of death began his work after Adam was driven from Eden.

“Out of my way, little ones, I am taking what is mine,” a deep guttural voice rumbled.

He continued unconcerned in the knowledge that even Lucifer avoids him. He struck the Egyptians cities and the first-born of human and animal died that night. He stopped in front of the blood smears, saw the angels waiting, and pass on.

Pharaoh jumped when a piercing scream penetrated his mind.

He did not sleep well. Heads will roll for waking him.

He stumbled to the door and saw the passage was packed with wailing women.

“What is going on,” he yelled, but no one listens to him.

“Stop this noise, now!” he roared.

The passage became quiet.

"That is better, now someone better explain this to me," he said darkly.

"My son is dead," a woman whispers through tears.

"And mine," sobbed another.

"Mine too," another one said.

"I will summon the palace guard to investigate the deaths," he promised.

The captain of the guard came striding up. Pharaoh immediately saw something was wrong.

"Captain...." Pharaoh began when he saw tears in the captain's eyes. He broke off in mid sentence.

"Your majesty, my son died and I apply for leave to bury him," the captain was closed on breaking down.

The first born was the strength of the father. Through him the blood line will continue. The first born was worshipped.

"Yours too, captain, how can all this happen right in the palace," he asked?

"Call Jannes, wake him if necessary...."

"Here I am, your majesty, what is the commotion about," Jannes asked?

"These people lost their sons this night under mysterious circumstances....." His voice trailed off. With a start he ran down the passage way towards his son's room.

"Oh Anubis, Ra, Horus, protect my son, my life and my strength," he mumbled the incantations.

He reached the room and opened the door. His son is sleeping. The cheek was cold to his touch. He knew.

"Isis, Osiris," he wailed, "I want my son back. Release the doors to your dark domain and restore my son. I command you in the name of Ra."

Nothing happened. He returned to the throne room numbed with shock. His son, future pharaoh, is dead.

Reports throughout the kingdom came in with the same news. The first born of animals and humans died mysteriously.

"Only the Hebrew slaves escaped, your majesty," Jannes reported.

"I was warned," pharaoh moaned. "Sent a messenger to Moses and tell

him I want you out of Egyptian territory in three days.”

“It must be pharaoh and his armies,” the young man beside Moses said. In the distance they saw the dust rising. Moses and Joshua were watching it for some time.

“Let us go back to the people, Joshua,” Moses said.

“Take your time, it will allow pharaoh to catch up,” a demon cackled. They saw the dark cloud above the Egyptian army.

“How did Lucifer convinced pharaoh to chase after the Hebrews,” a demon asked?

“Because of them, the first born died. Now pharaoh planned to kill their first born.”

“Moses! Moses!” The shout came from Aaron.

“We must cross the Reed Sea, there are rumours that the Egyptians are behind us.”

“Yes, I know,” Moses replied. “The One Lord has done much for us. Have faith, He won’t desert us now.”

Moses walked to the water and raised his staff. In the sight of all the Israelites he strike the water once. A great rumbling sound was heard and the water divides into two halves. A strong wind rose and blew a pathway towards the other side. A cheer was heard from the people who immediately begin to cross. Moses and Joshua was the last to leave.

“They are crossing the sea, your majesty,” Jannes said.

“How?” pharaoh asked.

“It seems a strong wind came up and pushed the waters back, thus creating a pathway.”

“Is it a natural phenomena,” pharaoh asked.

“No, your majesty,” Jannes said.

“Their God is formidable, not a single one of our gods could stop Him. If we perish, we perish, but they will not escape.”

As Moses stepped unto the other side he turned to look back.

Pharaoh and his armies were nearly three quarters of the way over. He raised his staff and strike the dry pathway. The cream of the Egyptian army drowned

as the waters resume their natural path with a mighty crash. The Israelites could only stare as the One Lord destroyed the Egyptian effectiveness as a fighting force.

Lucifer was beside himself with rage. He grabbed the demons closer to him and hurl them to the ground. He blasphemed and cursed while the rest of the demon horde scattered.

His rage lasted for hours when suddenly he stopped. The Israelites in the desert! A desolate place indeed.

“We will destroy them in the desert,” Lucifer announced.

“Deception!” he called, “use any means you can to destroy them.”

“I go, Supremacy,” Deception said.

And so the Israelites began the trek towards the Promised Land. Many times they tried the patience of Moses. They complained bitterly at the first sign of hardship. They could not get Egypt out of their system. The One Lord provides every time there is a need but the complaining continues.

“The One Lord will meet you at the Mountain of the Lord. Prepare to meet your Deliverer and hear Him speak,” Moses told the elders. “Go to the people and prepare them.”

“The people refused to meet the One Lord because of their fear,” they reported back.

Moses took Joshua and left for the mountain to meet Him Who has created all things. He left Joshua halfway up the mountain and he went on alone to meet the One Lord. Moses stayed away for forty days. Back in the camp things went horribly wrong.

“Aaron!” Abinadab said, “Moses is gone nearly thirty days. I am sure he and Joshua is dead.”

“They do seem to have been on the mountain a long time,” Aaron answered.

“Let us make a golden image for ourselves,” whispered Deception in Abinadab’s ear.

The demons surrounding the camp waited in anticipation for the answer. They are fairly certain what the outcome will be.

“Who will make the image,” Aaron asked? “The image will represent our God, in the camp.”

“Of course,” whisper Deception, “He will be closer to us.”

The demons begin to laugh. The humans are so gullible.

“Aaron, will you make the image, say...ah.., into a calf for instance,” Deception whispers. This should complicate things for Moses when he gets back.

With skilful manipulation the demons convinced the people that it would be in their interest to have their God close at hand in case of emergencies. The other nations all have their gods close to them so why not them?

Aaron worked for two days and nights to built the image. A festive mood spread through the camp. They have seen how the Egyptians did it. Demons called, Lust and Drunkenness, cause havoc amongst the Israelites. It is fun to be free from slavery, was the thoughts in the Israeli mind.

After his forty day fast and being in the presence of The One Lord, Moses start the descent down the mountain.

“What is the noise coming from the camp,” Moses asked?

‘That is not the noise of war,” Joshua answered.

Moses moved quickly down the mountain. They stopped at the perimeter of a clearing. In the middle of the clearing he saw an image of a calf. People were dancing around it in different stages of undress. The music was deafening.

Aaron, Miriam and some of the elders stood watching.

The demon horde moved back as they saw Michael next to Moses.

Some of the people noticed the figure of Moses and stopped laughing. A wave of silence spread amongst the people. The dancers stopped when the deafening music ceased.

Moses stared at the scene in disbelief. Could the people revert to pagan worship in such a short period. He clenched the two stone tablets until his knuckles were white.

He raised the two tablets above his head and threw them in the midst of the dancers. They shattered. The people drew back.

“What have you done,” he roared, “you have transgressed against the One Lord who saved you from slavery. If the One Lord abandon us now we will die. Who is responsible for this atrocity?”

Aaron stepped forward

“You! Of all people! The High Priest of the One Lord.”

Moses was shattered. He turned and walked out of the camp, followed by Joshua.

“Look what Your precious people have done to You,” Lucifer shouted to the heavens. As always, only silence greeted him. “I really hate it when He ignore me,” he muttered to himself. “We won this round,” he said to the assembly of demons. “Keep on pestering them. Sooner or later the One Lord would have to admit failure.”

Spies were sent to investigate the Promised Land. Two of the twelve spies brought back a positive report. The people were swayed by the negative report of the ten spies. The One Lord had enough.

“Because you are a stiff necked people you will wander the desert for forty years and only your descendants will enter the Promised Land,” Moses announced.

The people pleaded but their fate was sealed. What should have been a ten day journey, finally lasted forty years.

“That was an excellent performance, Doubt, you are to be congratulated,” Lucifer laughed. Things are going his way finally. “It is so much easier to create a negative feeling than a positive one. You did well. Those two do-gooders, Joshua and Caleb, achieve exactly nothing.”

“We only follow your Master Plan, O Illustrious One,” Doubt said ingratingly. He could afford to be humble.

“This round is ours too,” he said as the demons slapped each other on the back.

For forty years the tribes wander aimlessly in the wilderness. Going from waterhole to waterhole. Sometimes they were harassed by other tribes but always the One Lord’s Presence were felt. A new generation came forward while the generation of the exodus died. Joshua, Caleb and Moses were the only ones left from the original exodus.

Moses, the friend of the One Lord, died in the desert and was buried by the One Lord Himself. No man was present.

“I want his body,” Lucifer raged, “he belongs to me.”

“Why?” Michael asked quietly.

“For the first forty years he belonged to me. I taught him the mysteries.....” Lucifer began.

“You have absolutely no authority here and nothing and nobody belongs to you,” Michael interrupts.

“I want him!” Lucifer shouts, gripping his sword.

“No!” Michael shouts back, standing his ground.

Lucifer tried to stare him down but the eyes of Michael never waver. Finally, with a flick of his sword, Lucifer gave up and left.

CHAPTER SIX

Joshua stood looking at the Jordan River. It was the time of the yearly flooding of this river. The water finally flows into the Dead Sea. Rains in the north of Syria continually fed this river, so important in Israeli history.

He turned to the elders behind him.

“The One Lord has establish me as the head of the nation. I propose to sent two spies to Jericho. They should bring back information as to enemy strength and position as well as the fortification of the city.”

“We agree,” one of the elders replied.

With that decision the spies left early the next morning.

They cross the river and proceed in a western direction. Three miles from the city gates they turned north for five miles and then south again to create the

impression that they were travellers from Syria. With dark complexions and nondescript clothes they easily fit in with the general populace.

They arrived at the gate of the city. The gate is made of bronze and wood. Four guards stood at the entrance.

“What is the purpose of your visit,” the guard commander asked David?

“We are from the north, hoping to open a pottery business in Jericho,” David answered.

The spies entered the city and decided to stay in a place close to the wall of the city. If problems arise it will be much easier to escape.

“This place will be ideal for our purposes, Rechab,” David said, pointing to a house built on the great wall.

“There is a room available to rent,” Rechab said.

They entered the house and met a woman called Rachab.

“The room mentioned outside still available,” Rechab asked her?

“For how many nights do you want it,” she asked in return.

Rechab didn't know yet, but to hesitate might be fatal.

“Our business should keep us for seven days at the most,” he answered quickly.

Rachab stood looking at them. They are strangers to this part of the world. They look like strong silent men who has a set purpose to fulfil. They in turn saw grey eyes smiling up at them. A mane of copper brown hair surrounds her face. She has a strong angular jaw. She is quite a beautiful woman they decided.

“Is this a boarding house,” they asked?

A cloud seemed to pass over her face but quickly disappeared.

“You might call this a boarding house. I entertain guests here but they are normally quiet. My family live with me but I can give you a room in the loft. It is high above the wall with a open view of the surrounding country.”

“That will be fine,” David answered.

The next day they wander through the streets taking note of defensive positions. They saw troops stationed on the walls in four six-hour shifts. The palace is well guarded and the king never leaves the palace without body guards.

The whole city is surrounded by a fifteen metre high wall and is about six metres wide. Two chariots could easily drive next to each other. They found a

well in the centre of town which provide a constant flow of water.

“They don’t need to leave the city at all,” David whispers.

“Did you spot the granary,” Rechab asked? “they will survive a siege for a long time.”

Back in their room they discussed what they have seen. The door to their room opened silently. They didn’t notice the figure standing in the doorway, listening.

They sense someone in the room and due to years of hardship in the desert react with the speed of a striking snake. With synchronised movements one of them grabbed her while the other closed the door. She show no fear and waited patiently for them to release her. She spoke first.

“You are spies from Israel,” she said.

They did not contradict her. What to do now? The future of the nation might depend on their decision.

“You do not have to fear me,” she said, “we heard about you and of all the mighty deeds your God did. The people in Jericho is afraid.”

They didn’t answer, just looked at her.

“I will help you. You can hide in my house, even use it as a base but promise me one thing.”

“If we agree what do you want from us,” Rechab asked?

She took a deep breath. She is asking a lot and trusting total strangers.

“When you invade our city spare the lives of me and my family.”

She waited. She watched them closely for any sign of hesitation.

“That could be arranged, but if any of your family are outside this house we can’t be held responsible,” they answered.

“Fair enough,” she said and turned to leave.

“Quickly, go to the prince and warned him about spies in the city,” Goaap, a minor demon prince, directed his messenger.

The prince of Jericho fluttered his wings in agitation when the news reached him. The nation who humiliated the mighty Egyptian Empire has sent spies into his city. They must be planning an invasion.

“Take the news to Lucifer and the Great Council. We need their help. Meanwhile, I want those spies under constant surveillance.”

The king of Jericho sat like a fat blob on his throne. The easy life has taken its

toll. There have been no wars for two generations and the people and the army became lax. He heard reports from the traders, of a nation, called Israel, massing at the opposite side of the Jordan. Their intentions so far is peaceful. Not that I'm worried he thought but play it safe.

"Maybe I should check the city for spies," the prince of Jericho whispered. "Better be safe than sorry."

The troops comb the city but found nothing.

"Maybe they are well trained and are hiding in places like a brothel," the prince whisper again.

"Launch a city wide search and gather the names of all strangers. I have a suspicion that maybe, the Israelites sent spies to our city," the king announced.

The door of Rachab's house was forced open as the troops began their search. No one was found in her house. She took the precaution of hiding the men on the roof of the house. That night they took leave of her. They repeat the promise they made. In the early morning hours she let them down with a red rope tied to a basket. The red rope will be a marker as to the position of her house when they invade the city.

"The Israelites escaped the city undetected," Goaap reported, "the woman help them escape."

"A woman, again," snorted the prince of Jericho.

The nation of Israel crossed the mighty Jordan early one morning. The roaring waters as it rushed past them deafen the noise of six million people with all their belongings.

The Ark of the Covenant went first carried by the Levites. As their feet touch the water the river split creating a path for them. The crossing, which lasted nearly seven days was watched by both angels and demons alike. Spies from Jericho reported the method of the crossing and the king issued instructions to all his commanders.

Early one morning, with Jericho in sight, Joshua went alone to a nearby hill.

He prayed to the One Lord for advice when he detect the presence of a Stranger walking towards him. The Stranger was dressed in battle gear with His Sword in His hand.

“Who are You,” Joshua asked, keeping his hand on his sword?
“I am the Commander of the Lord of Hosts,” the Stranger answered.

Unseen by human eyes a black cloud formed above Jericho. Dogs began to howl and a heavy atmosphere descends on the city.

A mighty demon, decked with jewels, waved his sword in the air.

“This will be a showdown,” he yelled to the assembled demon host, “if the human cattle take Jericho, the rest of this land will fall to them.” He looked toward a group of demons, princes of their own cities, and smiled. “Cowards,” he thought. “Observe, friends, how I crush the enemy. The walls of my city stood for seven thousand years and no desert rat will take it,” he boasted.

Suddenly the sky was filled with the noise of wings. They looked up and a mighty host of angels appear in the sky.

“Wha..wha..” the prince of Jericho was startled. This was unexpected. He expected a few angels but not such a mighty host.

“I think I will leave you now for I see you are going to be busy,” the prince of Ai said, “I better get my own city defenses organised, just in case,” he smiled thinly.

The rest of the demon princes left, each to his own city. Confrontation is inevitable.

“What are you doing here, Michael,” the demon prince blustered.

“Protecting my own, if you must know,” Michael said.

“This will be a battle to the death then,” Jericho said.

“Yes,” was all Michael said. He lifted a silver trumpet and blew. The angelic host moved towards the eastern side of the city, while the demon horde crowds towards the western side.

“Hear the words of the One Lord,” Joshua announced. “All the fighting men will march around the city once every day for six days. On the seventh day you will march around the city seven times. During the march no one will make any kind of noise. The priests with the Ark of the Covenant will march before you. I know this sound foolish from a military viewpoint, but we will trust in the One Lord. When we take the city everything and everyone must be destroyed, nothing will be left, not even buildings.”

“No object may be taken from the city. The whole city will be as a sacrifice to the One Lord.”

The soldiers in Jericho was mobilised and stood on the wall, waiting. They waited in anticipation for the coming conflict. On both sides the angels and demons waited.

The first day, just after daybreak a trumpet was heard from the Israeli position. The troops ready their weapons and wait. They watch as the Israeli's march around the city and nothing happened.

“What are they doing,” the king asked?

“They just march around the city,” his commander said.

Nothing happened the rest of the day. It continued the rest of the six days. The troops on the wall became bored and didn't even react to the trumpets. On the seventh day the demon horde attack the angels. A fierce battle raged across the city. The laughing Michael, greatest amongst the angelic host, cut a path before him with one sweep of his sword. Light seems to emanate from each angel as they cut and hew through the demon horde. The battle lasted nearly seven hours. Michael finally stopped before Lucifer.

“We meet yet again, Lucifer,” Michael smiled. “We will one day meet in combat, but the time is not yet.”

“You are right, it is not time yet,” Lucifer answered.

He surveyed the battle scene in dismay. His forces were vanquished.

“You loose again, Lucifer, “Michael's voice change to one fraught with menace, “remove your demons, this city and all the other cities belong to the One Lord.”

Lucifer turned and with a sweep of his sword left the battle scene. The demon horde followed him in a long stream.

Michael turned and look at Joshua, sitting on a hill, praying. A prayer warrior indeed, Michael thought.

“They marched around the city six times now, but still nothing is happening, sire,” the commander said.

“This is not strategy I have ever heard of,” the king said.

“Here they come for the seventh time,” the commander said.

“Our god protected us so far....” the king began when they heard the sound of many trumpets. The sound seem to reverberate through the country side. The echo's sounds like thunder claps between the walls of the city. The

soldiers heard a great shout from the Israeli soldiers. Cracks appear in the great wall surrounding the city. With a mighty crash the wall collapse and the inhabitants were easy prey for the attackers. Every man, woman and child were put to the sword. Every living thing was killed. Not a stone was left on top of each other.

A few demons remained behind to see the outcome of the battle. They watched as Jericho was levelled to the ground. One of them moved closer as the soldiers picked through the rubble. One of the soldiers, Achan, saw something shining in the fading sunlight and picked it up.

“I’ve earned this,” whispered the demon.

He glanced over his shoulder and saw he was alone in the area.

“Nobody will know, I’ll bury it in my tent and when we settled in the land I will be rich,” whispers the demon again.

Here is a chance to strike a blow against the One Lord and His precious Joshua.

Joshua looked at the carnage before him. The troops gather behind him. Very few Israeli soldiers died in the battle.

“This is only the beginning,” Joshua said. He lifts his hand and point toward the ruins and cursed the city. “Whoever lay the foundation of you, O Jericho, will do it at the cost of his firstborn and whosoever erect the gates of you will do so at the cost of his youngest.”

“Let us give thanks to the One Lord, for our victory,” Joshua said.

Back in the camp the nation celebrates their victory throughout the night. Achan secretly bury the treasure in his tent.

Three days later Joshua sent men to spy on Ai, a city on a hill, about two hours walk from Jericho. The spies came back and report that Ai was a small city and could easily be taken by three thousand men.

They attack Ai early the next morning but were surprised by an overwhelming force from the city. The Israeli army was nearly destroyed and they fled back to the camp. Joshua heard the news with dismay. What could have gone wrong?

He tore his clothes and fell unto the ground. He lay for a while, then got up with a grim look on his face.

“Someone is guilty before the One Lord,” he announced.

He looked at the sea of faces before him. “We will cast the lot to show the guilty party.”

The lot eventually points to Achan. He confessed before the nation that he took jewellery from Jericho. He and his whole family was stoned.

Joshua asked the One Lord for the battle plan against Ai. The city was taken with a minimum of effort and again all the men were destroyed. The Israelites took the land according to the word of the One Lord and the old inhabitants were either destroyed or they submit to Israeli rule.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Samuel arrived in the land of Sufi late in the afternoon. He wondered at the strange compulsion that left him restless. It must be the One Lord who is preparing him for something. Anticipation hangs in the air. He look at the surrounding hills and the village laying at the foot of a hill. What did the One Lord have in mind for him to do in this lonely corner in Palestine, he wondered.

He found the local inn and walked inside. He was well known even in this part of the country. The innkeeper bowed himself and personally escorted Samuel to a table.

“How long do you plan to stay, sir?”, the inn keeper asked.

“Well, I don’t exactly know, it all depends on Yahweh,” Samuel answered.

The innkeeper mentally rubbed his hands. Here is an opportunity for business, which was slow this year. He will show his rivals a thing or two. He looked at the prophet and saw the dust covering the whole of the prophet’s body.

“Can I take you to the wash area, sir?” He mentally kicked himself for not attending to the needs of the prophet. It is a serious matter to slight a prophet, especially one as powerful as Samuel.

“Thank you, I don’t know what I am suppose to do here so I might just as well make myself comfortable,” Samuel said. This is a comfortable inn and it will be nice to sleep in a bed again.

He follows the innkeeper when with a mighty rush of wings a nightmare in the flesh arrives at the inn. With him a horde of equal repulsive creatures settled to the floor of the inn.

“Why wasn’t I informed of Samuel’s arrival?” he thundered. He glared at his underlings who cringed back, The ugly head, which resembled a fish, swung to and for.

“Well? No-one? You all know the importance of this man. If Samuel moves the One Lord usually has something in mind.”

A small demon with a skull like face step forward.

“Lord Dagon, I was present the whole time and nothing happened. Samuel just arrived and only said he is to wait on Yahweh.”

“Silence worm,” Dagon roared, “I want no excuses. This man must be covered day and night like a blanket. If he moves you move, do you understand?”

Dagon remembered the conference on the Hill of the Skull many years ago. The Great Plan has been revised many times since. He thought of Gideon and Samson. These men shook the foundations on which the Plan is built. He thought of the princes who underestimated the judges appointed by the One Lord.

“You, you and you,” he pointed to three demons, “I want to know every word he speaks and I want to know about every one he speaks to”

“But...”, one of the demons began and was cut short.

“No buts, be alert and on the lookout for angels. I have a special ceremony to attend in Gath in Philistia. Remember, I want to know of any

stranger arriving in this town.”

The black cloud rises to the sky and departed westwards. From the east two weary travelers stood on a hill and looked down at the town.

“The farmers said the seer is in that town,” Saul said to his companion. He sank to the ground wearily. His companion looked at Saul. His father has been with Kish all his life and it seems he will spent his life following Saul. But he is willing to do more than that. Saul is a humble man and does not presume himself better. Behind the weariness and the dust Saul is a handsome man with blue eyes that in times of anger change to an arctic blue. Because of his tall stature he tower above most men.

“We should be there, at the earliest, during the first watch,” Saul’s companion, Ehud, said.

“I hope the seer can help us,” Saul said.

In the town Samuel felt the presence of the One Lord come over him. A still voice whispers in his ear. Samuel listens carefully. So, the first human king is to be from the tribe of Benjamin and he will be here in town tomorrow morning.

The next morning Samuel was strolling in the town square when he sees two dusty strangers approaching. He felt a tug at his heart and the voice whispers again in his ear. They stopped in front of Samuel as he stare at them.

“Sir, could you please show us the way to the seer.” Saul asked.

“Go to the high place outside the town for you shall eat with me,” Samuel replied, “and the donkeys you are looking for has been found.”

Saul stared at Samuel dumbfounded. How could this man know without being asked?

Before he could utter a word, Samuel turned and walked away.

A little demon streaked towards the west. He spiraled down towards Gath and saw Dagon at the head of a large host of demons. They were watching as people filing past the life- like statue of Dagon, bowing and crawling on the ground, pleading for small favors.

“Master! Master! “ he shrieked, ignoring the larger demons gathered around Dagon, “the prophet made contact with Saul.....” A huge talloned hand had him by the throat, squeezing the breath from his body.

“Can’t you see my subjects are honoring me, the Great Dagon, as their god.” He shakes the little demon and threw him to the ground.

“You said to report any contact between any man and Samuel

immediately” he tittered.

The huge demon prince stared at him through blood red eyes.

“Have I really said that? No matter, talk to me.”

“Samuel and Saul met. Saul is invited to eat with Samuel.”

“Samuel got something in mind. Watch him as close as possible. We will join the festivities.”

Three days later a huge crowd gathered around Samuel. Samuel and Saul sat next to each other near the head of the table. They finished late but Saul planned to reach the next town before dark.

Samuel met him at the door and to his stunned surprise Samuel poured oil over his head and said:

“Are you not Yahweh’s chosen one to be commander of all the people.”

Dagon raged in impotent fury at this anointing. This was unexpected and sudden. A king would mean that all of the tribes would form a nation, which will be difficult to break.

“No matter, let them enjoy it.” Dagon grumbled. “Kings can break and kingdoms can fall.”

“I call for Saul of the tribe of Benjamin to come forward,” Samuel’s voice is loud and clear.

Saul tried to hide his tall frame between his kinsmen but to no avail. A corridor opened up in front of him and eager hands pushed him forward.

“Saul, you have been chosen from among all these people by Yahweh to be king over His people.”

With those simple words Israel rejects the Kingship of Yahweh and paved the way for their eventual downfall and destruction.

Saul fought many battles. He became known throughout the known world as “The Lion Man or Labayu”. He unites the tribes into one nation and as a nation everyone feared them. Saul kept into close contact with Samuel for advice.

Five Philistine kings dominate the coastal plains. Their leader is the king of Gath, Shuwardata.

“What are we to do about Saul of Israel? He inspires their people as no man could,” Shuwardata asked his ministers.

“We suggest we wait until we are strong enough. If we ignore the petty squabbles among our own people and unite them, we should defeat the

Israelites.”

“How much time do you propose?” the king asked.

“Let us wait and see what the Amelekites are doing. We have it on the best authority a state of war exist between Israel and the Amelekites.”

Another conference is about to take place.

“Order! Order!” the voice of Dagon is barely audible above the noise as the demons scrambled for standing place.

A yellow green cloud formed in the great hall in Gath.

“I will now summarize our position in the Great Plan.

We have succeeded to form an alliance between the Philistine City states. We are about to draw Amelek into the battle as well. Together we should bring Israel to its knees and disperses them across the globe.”

“Where is the prince of Amelek?” Dagon asked.

“I, am here” replied a haughty voice. “No need to shout as not all of us are deaf.”

“Don’t smart-mouth me, Agag”, Dagon shout, “I was placed in charge and don’t you forget that.”

“I will do as I please and not when it pleases you.” Agag retorts.

Dagon grabbed the demon by his throat and flung him to the ground. He pulled his sword and pushed it against the throat of Agag.

“Submit or die, “Dagon shouts.

“I submit, o Dagon, “the demon whimpered.

Dagon held him to the ground a while longer, then release him. Slowly the fury drains from his system.

The Amelikites were soundly defeated and king Agag was taken prisoner. When Samuel arrived on the scene he found Saul and Agag sitting on a tree talking like old friends.

“Here comes Samuel, “a little demon shouted. With subtle words Saul was manipulated and he did not think on the words of Samuel concerning the

king of Amelek.

“Stop Samuel from coming too close, “Agag directed his horde of demons.

From behind Samuel a huge warring angel became visible. The demons retreated.

“Oh no, “Agag said, “the man of God is too close.”

Samuel walked to Agag, pulled his sword and killed the king, hacking him to pieces. Saul stood back as he saw the anger on Samuel’s face.

“You should have killed him, Saul, as the Lord directs,” Samuel said.

“I kept some of the animals to sacrifice to the Lord your God,” Saul said.

“The Lord don’t want the sacrifice,” Samuel said angrily.

“We will concentrate on Saul, who is already weak minded,” Dagon said. “He will be made to fall.”

Saul made one mistake after another. Samuel told him to wait before a battle so that a sacrifice could be made. Saul waited and waited and still no Samuel.

“Bring the sacrifice,” Saul shouted impatiently.

“I won’t wait for Samuel,” Dagon whispered in his ear. “I am king after all, anointed and appointed,” Dagon continued.

The sacrifice was ready and Saul stepped closer with the knife in his hand.

“Wait!” a voice spoke harshly. He turned and saw Samuel standing next to the altar. “No one, not of the priestly tribe, may bring the sacrifice.”

“But I waited and waited for you,” Saul’s voice took on a whining note.

Samuel stared at him for a moment and turned to leave. Saul grabbed his mantle and it ripped into two pieces.

“Just like this will your kingdom be ripped from your grasp, by someone better than you,” Samuel pronounce.

The Phillistine nation attacked Israel later that year. In this period a young man, called David, enter the world arena for the first time.

“I will personally oversee this matter,” Dagon shouted.

“How?”, the smaller-built demon asked cautiously.

“You just watch, and learn, if at all possible,” Dagon said sarcastically. He pointed towards a huge man standing in front of his tent.

“That human will bring the downfall of Saul,” he bragged.

Goliath, the giant, a fearsome creature in his own right. Nearly five and a half meters tall he towered over any company of men. Like all giant-like man, he was slow witted. His strategy was to get closer and grabbed his opponent and slowly squeezes him to death. Early that morning Goliath stood on the plain before the Israeli army, challenging them.

Day after day Goliath strutted between the armies. Dagon became more boisterous as the days dragged by. The demon horde was in a festive mood.

“Look! Look!” a demon screamed, pointing.

In the distance a small lonely figure approached the plain. Silence descends on the plain as the opposing armies and the demon horde watched in fascination. Dagon moved to Goliath’s side and whispered to him.

Dagon whispered to Goliath to move closer and draw his sword.

“You, little man, come to me with sticks and stones,” Goliath’s rumbled.

“I will feed your miserable carcass to the birds. Go back to your mother, if you ever had one, and leave this for the men.”

David said not a word but kept both eyes fixed on the giant’s face. Dagon moved closer when a blinding flash of light exploded in his face. He reeled back under the shock, wiping the tears from his eyes.

“You did not expect me, I gather,” a deep baritone voice greeted him.

“Michael!” Dagon screamed, retreating.

“It is I!” Michael laughed.

“So, the One Lord sent you to protect His puppet,” Dagon grated out.

“No-o,” drawled Michael, “you and I have unfinished business.”

“My pleasure,” Dagon said furiously. He turned to the giant.

“Destroy the little flea,” he hissed.

He turned toward Michael and rushed in for the attack. The demons watched in silence as the two entities rushed to and fro. Dagon cursed under his breath. He was beginning to tire, while this smiling angel hardly seems to breathe faster. The great swords clashed in a spark of fire and it was Dagon that lost his footing. He picked himself up and glared with undisguised hatred at the angel standing above him.

“I will kill you, Michael,” he yelled, foaming at the mouth.

“You mean you are going to try, Dagon,” Michael said quietly.

“No, I am doing it,” Dagon screamed in fury as he rushed at Michael.

Michael ducked and with a sweep of the great sword, Dagon was nearly cut in half.

Goliath, now on his own, hesitated, not knowing what to do.

He saw David with a sling swinging from his hand and the next moment he felt an intense burning pain in his forehead. He sank into oblivion and was dead when his body crash to the ground.

The demons scattered when their champion fell. The Phillistines ran when the Israeli troops swarm over the plain.

David became Saul's son in law but the seeds of discord have been sown. Saul kept an eye on David and envy grew in his heart. Conditions in court became intolerable for David and he fled into the wilderness with a band of outlaws.

Samuel, the prophet, died later that year. Saul's health deteriorated rapidly after that.

CHAPTER EIGHT

The Habiru band moves through the desert country. On their right is the Great Sea and on the left an endless sprawling of dunes as far as the eye could see. At the head of this small band, about two hundred men, ride a strikingly handsome man. He has a ruddy complexion with piercing gray eyes. He sat silent in the saddle, thinking about the coming raid deep in the land of Egypt. A strange twist of fate: start as the king's son in law, ending as a marauder.

"David!" he heard an impatient voice, "how far to Goshen?"

"About three hours. We will rest at the first oasis before continuing, Joab," David answered back. He thought about the rumours from the Black Land. The new pharaoh is stricter than all before him. Akhenaton is his name, meaning 'The Glorious Spirit of Aten'.

“What are you thinking of the pharaoh, David, he has banished all the idols in Egypt except one, the sun disk. It may be that he finally realizes all their gods are but statues. Maybe he is emulating Israel.”

“If I may get a word in edgewise,” David grinned “this new political upheaval can only be to our advantage. The Egyptians will be too busy to worry about us until too late.”

“Jonathan told me they are preparing for a battle with the Philistines at Gilboa, have you heard anything?” Isaac asked.

“Yes Isaac, that is true. As for our own plans, we plan to hit the Egyptians this once. It will be the sheerest folly to antagonize the Egyptians.”

The Habiru band struck the province of Goshen at dawn. The border guard was ineffective due to the instability of the Egyptians internal political systems.

A gruesome monstrosity suddenly appeared in the midst of the demon horde. Fearsome creatures in their own right this new arrival topped them all. The demons scattered as his great sword sweeps an arc around him.

“My name is Death and I will fill the gap caused by the late Dagon. I will not be tolerant or lenient as my predecessor was. My superiors feel I might make a difference in the present situation and I agree with them. Anyone to oppose me taking power?”

He glared at the demons crouching in a half circle around him. They looked just like all the demons; a crew of misfits. I will have to beat them into shape, he thought.

“A very important battle will be fought here in a week’s time. I have been assigned to destroy Saul and as many as possible of the tribes of Israel in the coming battle. Does anyone know what happened to David?”
He stared at the circle of demons facing him. Intelligence is non-existing among them.

“You! “pointing to one of the larger demons,” go and find David, no matter where. Do not return until you found him. I don’t want him in the vicinity when I destroy Saul. When you find him report back to me personally.”

As the week draw to a close the two armies stood face to face. Close by, the whole scene is closely watched by a horde of demons. The demons know that blood will flow on this very day.

Their attention was drawn to a tall figure in the Israel camp. This could only be

one man.

Saul stared at the Philistine camp. How many times before has he done the very same thing? Always before Yahweh was on his side, but now? It was pointless thinking about the past. He must concentrate on the battle plans.

“Abner!” Saul shouted, “where are you?” Abner was Israel’s military commander.

“Here, my king,” Abner replied as he pushed forward. Spies and messengers surrounded the king from the front lines. He received information constantly and moved his battalions accordingly.

“Where is the detachment from Gina?” Saul asked.

Gina was a town on the southeastern slope of the mountain of Gilboa. Only from this side could the mountain be climbed.

“They are in place to repulse the enemy, my king.” Abner replied.

“The whole Philistine army has gathered at the town of Shunem. It seems that general Biridiya has arrived with more troops from Megiddo. This will enable them to attack from the north.”

“Yes, you may be right, Abner. Leave the Gina detachment to protect our eastern flank. We will withdraw up the slopes of Mount Gilboa and prepare to stand. The northern slopes are steep but with enough determination an army can scale it.”

A messenger comes running towards Saul and collapse at his feet. The messenger is covered with dust and mud.

“What news from the north, man,” Abner demanded.

“Give the man water first, Abner, pressure is on all of us” the king commanded.

“My king, I bring bad tidings from the north. The Philistine army is as numerous as locusts in the summer. They have massed an incredible army at the northern slopes of the mountain and they are prepared to ascend the slope.”

“Where is my son, David, if only he was here” Saul wailed.

“My king! there is no time to worry about that renegade, we must act.” With a visible effort Saul control himself. He can’t afford not to concentrate.

“Turn the troops around and move to the northern slopes. Send a messenger to Gina and deploy the men to protect our rear.” The Israelite army reached the top of the mountain and looked down. As far as the eye could see the Philistine army swarmed across the valley below.

In the air above the Israelite army an unseen horde gathers.

“Look closely now and witnessed the historic end of Saul,” Death bellowed. He pointed with his sword to the back of the Israelite army.

Suddenly screams of pain echoed through the dust. Saul turned back and his blood ran cold. Squads of archers moved up the mountainside. Where were the men from Gina?

“Abner, sent a scout to the east and find out what is happening,” Saul commanded.

“Yes, my king.”

Abner returned and Saul could see on his face something is seriously wrong.

“Well?” Saul frowned.

“The men of Gina has betrayed us. They are siding with the Philistines and are attacking our rear. We cannot retreat further.”

“Take some of our best men and launch a counter attack.” Saul seemed to be talking to himself. The situation is hopeless and he knows it.

“Sent for my sons to join me in battle,” he turned towards his armourbearer, an Amelikite.

“They are all dead, sire,” the man said.

“What do you m.....”

Saul fell to the ground badly wounded. Life slowly seeps from his body. He looked at his armourbearer. Half a dozen arrows pierced his body. He heard the screaming of dying soldiers.

“Kill me,” he whispered. He took hold of the Amelikite’s arm.

“No sire,” the man said.

“Give me your sword” he asked.

With a final effort he took the sword and fell unto it and died.

CHAPTER NINE

“I want to review our present status in relation to the Great Plan,” Lucifer announced.

The demon princes remain silent, waiting. They knew the Great Plan is in jeopardy.

“Since the last conference we gained considerable ground. The base nature of the humans helped us in that respect. Only the Israelite nation remains a problem. I will ask Zeus to report on the situation elsewhere on the globe.”

Zeus glided to the center of the platform, his wings keeping the great body afloat. His body looked human with great arms and naked torso. He towered

over the rest of the demons. For most of the conflict so far, he was directing affairs on the other continents.

“Friends!” the deep voice boomed, “I will give you a rundown of our position in the other regions.”

He beckoned to two of his henchmen, who brought in a huge map of the globe.

“We achieved success on all the other continents.” He smiled at his audience. “In the northern continent, in spite of the ice layers, we established a religion using the name of ‘The Great Spirit’. The red skinned people on that continent were easily swayed. We appointed one person per village through whom we communicate to the rest of the people. We introduce the term ‘shaman’. So far we had no problems. We took great care to dilute the ancient belief in the One Lord, steadily, over a period of centuries.

“Was it difficult,” Lucifer interrupted.

“Since the Great Tower was destroyed, we gently urged some of the people to spread ever further. All the time we flood them with new ideas. We appeared to their shamans in dreams in the guise of different animals, prevalent in the area.”

The demon princes cheered this little speech. Progress, at last.

“In the southern continent, I appear to the people as Viracocha,” Zeus continued. “and establish a thriving religion based on human sacrifice. I must confess, the sight of the sacrifice and the spilling of blood is thrilling. The adoration of the people is incredible. They made statues of me in all their temples. It reminded me of the old days.”

“We are striving to return to the old days, before the planet was destroyed,” Lucifer interrupted. “Did the One Lord interfere with what you are doing,” he asked?

“No, no interference at all,” Zeus replied.

“You may continue, Zeus,”

“From the two continents I went westward to other parts of the globe and repeated the process. I have established religious centres in all the major cities and towns. In India, for example, I was Brahma, and had to work on a scheme of confusion that sounded very spiritual but no human fully understand. In the Persian Empire I posed as Mazda, Jade in China, where I am particular proud of accomplishing different religions at the same time. My puppet, Bodhidirma, established Buddhism, which I believe will take the world by storm.”

“I can tell you of Dagda with the Celtic races, Wakonda with the Sioux tribes, etc. I would however like to return to my own country as soon as possible. I left a whole network of local princes to keep the people in line with the established rules and ceremonies.”

He bowed to the crowd of princes and return to his place.

“Well, it is a relief to hear some good news,” Lucifer said as he walked

towards the center of the platform. A slight breeze from the nearby mountain began to stir the leaves of the trees. In the east the dark gave way to light as the earth turn into the rays of the sun. "We have endless problems with the interference of the One Lord. A small nation of people refused constantly to come into line."

"Who are they," Zeus asked?

"The nation of Israel," Lucifer said. "We lost good men in the struggle to suppress them."

"May I return and see what I can do," Zeus asked?

Lucifer stared at Zeus. He may be able to do something. He was away for centuries and had no contact with the rebellious nation.

"You have my authority to destroy that little nation," Lucifer said vehemently. He turned his head as a deep laugh echoed through the stillness. "Michael!" Lucifer shouted, "show yourself." Silence greeted him.

"You will be up against the angelic host as well," Lucifer warned.

David became king of the Israeli nation. Zeus watched the king destroy the Philistine nation. He closely monitor the king's activities. He decided on a plan to measure not only the king's obedience but also the nation's.

"Joab," David said, "you will take command of the army, this time. I will be working on the plans of the Temple."

"Yes sire," Joab replied, "you may leave it to me."

The army left and David found idle time on his hands. He wandered through the palace. He inspected the kitchen and the menu's. He wandered aimlessly through the palace gardens.

One warm afternoon he stood on the roof of the palace, looking over Jerusalem, and admiring the beauty of it all.

"I am bored," he thought. The city was peaceful with hardly any movement on the streets. A sudden movement caught his eye. A woman walked onto the roof of her house. She walked towards a bronze bath.

"I think it's time to leave," the thought cross his mind.

"On the other hand, it is my roof and I can be here whenever I wish," a voice whispers, "she should not be on the roof at all. I think I will stay."

The woman slowly undressed, as David watch in fascination. She was beautiful. David knew he should leave, but he could not. She turned around and looked up. She saw the king standing, watching her. Unconcerned she turned and climb into the bath. By this time Lust has David's blood pressure rocketing.

The whole day and night David relived the experience. It possess his mind and he became preoccupied. Joab returned but David hardly listened to his description of the battle. Then David hit on a scheme to possess this woman. His chamberlain told him her name was Bathseba and she was married to Uria the Hittite. He would sent Uria to lead the charge when they next meet the enemy in battle. The front liners normally never make it back.

“Zeus! That was an excellent performance. The high and mighty David fell for the oldest trick in the book,” Lucifer was gleefully rubbing his hands. This was good fortune indeed. The hero king behaving like a school boy. So jealous, he killed the husband.

The baby died in infancy. David was heart broken. The One Lord reminded him that no one is above the law. From that moment the downfall of his house became a certainty.

“I will cause further havoc in his life, O Lucifer,’ Zeus said. They stood under a tree outside Jerusalem.

“I really hate that city,” Lucifer said bitterly, “what do you have in mind?”

“Let it be a surprise to you, Supremacy, I have a plan that worked well on the other continents and as human nature are all the same....well, we shall see.”

“I think she is beautiful!” The thought seeps through the mind of Amnon, the son of David. He turned his head and stared at his half sister. “Look at her as she moves about the palace,” the thought insisted, “watch the graceful movements.”

Lust stood next to Amnon. He played him like a violin. From that moment Amnon had only one thought on his mind. He tried talking to her but always something happened or someone was in the same place as she was. He became exceedingly frustrated.

One evening he could contain himself no longer.

She was walking to her room but didn’t see the shadow lurking.

At this time Lust had Amnon’s brain in a fever. He grabbed her and pulled her into his room. The struggle was short, for he was a powerful man. He spent his lust on her for more than an hour. The demon laughed harshly as he

relinquish control.

“See how you get yourself out of this mess, pig,” he said.

From that moment Amnon hated his sister with a passion. David, the king, heard of the whole episode and knew something was seriously amiss in his house. He could not, however, stop the roller coaster to disaster.

Behind the scenes, his son Absalom, is scheming to usurp the throne.

“I am better than the king, so it follows that he should step down,” Pride whispers. Absalom was standing in front of the mirror admiring himself. “Look at me, my wavy hair, my good looks, everybody admits that I am good looking,” the voice whispers.

Absalom was determined to make a name for himself. He surrounds himself with a group of followers with whom he plots to overthrow the king. The king sat at the gate of the city listening to cases of dispute brought before him.

“Why wait, I’ll be king soon,” Absalom told his friends. “I will turn the people towards me, away from the king.”

“Stand at a distance from where the king is seated and greet the people as they arrive. Discuss their problems with them and then direct them to the king,” Tobit, his closest friend advise.

“A good idea,” Absalom replied.

Absalom soon became a popular figure amongst the people. He was seen as someone who would help them in their need and carry their burdens on his broad shoulders.

“I am so popular, even more than the king,” Pride whispers, “I will get my own chariot with a escort of soldiers and a runner to blow the trumpet when I approach.”

The king saw all this but kept his own counsel.

“So! A rebellion?” Lucifer asked Zeus. “I can see the signs.”

“We already caused a split in the house of David and now the coup de grace. He loves his son Absalom, who reminds him of himself in his youth. The point is not to kill David, but let the heartache and sorrow of life slowly torment him until death will be a blessing.”

“Well done!” Lucifer exclaimed. He turned toward the assembly of demons. “This little nation will fall. All the problems they caused us....” he shakes his head.

“Are we certain David will fall,” the prince of Assyria asked?

“Absolutely,” Zeus confirmed. “No kingdom can withstand all the blows dealt to him. Remember, we are busy with a long term project. Time is on our side.”

Absalom felt strong enough to assert himself. He gathered his followers and marched to Jerusalem. David left the city with his court. He sent Joab to stop the rebellion and to bring Absalom back alive to the king. Joab saw his chance and kill Absalom while entangled in a tree.

The report of Absalom's death was a serious blow to David's health. His hold on his kingdom was slowly but surely slipping. He called his son Solomon to his side and proclaimed him as the next king.

"Behold, Solomon, my son will reign after I'm dead. Solomon, you must swear to stay on the path of righteousness, all of your life. Only then will you reign in peace and prosperity."

"The next king of Israel. What are you planning to do?" Lucifer asked. They stood near one of the walls of the palace, listening to David. Zeus seemed relaxed and at ease.

"He has a tendency toward women, and as you know, that is a 'fatal flaw' in any king or man," Zeus explained.

"I have a plan, however, I will need the co-operation of the other princes."

"I will call a meeting of all the regional princes," Lucifer promised.

"There is one more thing to be done for David," Zeus said.

"My father is on his last legs. I am the son of his first wife and my heritage is the kingship," Zeus whispered to Adonijah.

"Joab, will the army be on my side when I become king," he asked?

"Yes, my prince." He stared at a weak spoiled son who can easily be manipulated.

"How will I accomplish it," he asked?

"We will ask the priest to perform a sacrifice and proclaim you king."

Heralds were sent to the outlying lands to proclaim that Adonijah is king.

Instability increase as confusion spread through the land.

The demon horde swept through the land and spread false rumours. The emotional Israeli's reacted in kind and a near state of panic existed. Commerce floundered. David sent soldiers to arrest the two leaders.

"Joab! You betrayed me," David said. "We have been together many years, and now this, why?"

Joab remained silent. Finally David had enough.

"You are banished from Israel, you have until sunset.

Now, where is my son, Adonijah. Why have you done this? You..."

"I am the king after you, father, not him," Adonijah interrupted and point to Solomon.

"Solomon, you are co regent, decide his fate."

Silence descended in the palace as the assembly awaits his decision.

"Let him live, for he is a prince."

David, the king, died and became known as the 'beloved king' and the 'warrior

poet'. He received a promise that the throne will be established forever in his blood line. Solomon became king and Zeus set in motion his carefully laid plans. Solomon was blessed with wisdom, wealth and peace but Zeus knew well the heart of men.

With consummate skill he introduced the concept of foreign wives to maintain peaceful relations with the neighbors.

Solomon built a palace for himself and soon the palace ground was flooded with women of all nationalities.

"Men will act irrationally where women are concerned," Zeus told the assembly of demon princes. "I found the same thing in most of the countries, a woman will either make or break the man. We have now established the potential of at least nine hundred different religions in Israel."

"The law is clear on religion, established by David," Lucifer reminded him.

"David is dead, the law is strict and all people want an easy life. Solomon's principal wives are under our supervision. As soon as they are settled the process will begin of forming their own religious centers. These will be accessible to the ordinary man in the street. I must remind you, this is a long term project. A lot of hard work has gone into this."

"The One Lord has blessed him with wisdom, won't he see through all of this," Lucifer asked?

"The wisest of men make the mistake of forgetting his own house. The people closest to him are normally the best manipulators and Solomon has one thousand of them."

Solomon the wisest of all kings listened to the murmuring of his wives. Soon foreign temples could be seen all across the land. Solomon had no inner peace and at the end of his life he proclaimed that all was for nothing.

Rehoboam was proclaimed king over Israel. He was a weakling with no will of his own.

"Now we will see the effects of careful planning," Zeus announced. "The new king has no powers and it will be easy to cause his downfall."

"I have never expected it to go so well," Lucifer said. "We need to be careful. The One Lord hasn't interfered yet and that is a cause for concern."

"You worry needlessly, Supremacy," Zeus said, "the One Lord has given up on this little nation."

"Be careful of too much confidence, Zeus, remember I was standing behind His throne," Lucifer admonished.

"I will." The familiar words seems to hang in the air. A cloud passed before the sun.

"Zeus has done a perfect job of planning and scheming. I know the One

Lord has a destiny for this nation in mind. I am sure we are all curious to know the outcome. Zeus, the platform is yours.”

“Thank you Supremacy and all you princes.” He nodded to the assembly of princes who scowled back at him. He knew they are jealous of his success. “My plan is to tear the whole kingdom apart. As you know, a kingdom divided will fall. I already have someone, in the king’s service stirred up. As soon as he makes his move I will ask the prince of Assyria to assert himself. The Assyrian people are a warlike race and so the nation of Israel will be eradicated.”

The Assyrian prince walked towards the platform. He suspected a plot, but how?

“Thank you, Zeus, It will be a pleasure to use my people to wipe them off the map.” He gained confidence as Zeus moved back. Maybe... just maybe, Zeus wants to share the glory.

“I’ll get my people mobilized as soon as possible,” he said. Zeus floated closer.

“The plan is to fill the land with foreigners. This will make it difficult to have only one religion. By dispersing the Israelites will make them weak and only a second stage nation.” Zeus was proud of his plan. He saw Lucifer watching him closely. “The Master Plan will be on track again and we will be masters of the planet.”

Rehoboam oppressed the people with high taxes. The building of the magnificent temple nearly ruined the kingdom. The friends of Rehoboam advised him to raise the taxes. His true advisors were horrified.

“My king, if you raise the taxes much higher the people will revolt.”

“How can I survive with no money in the coffers,” the king asked? “My father used all the money for the temple. There is no revenue coming in. No! I’ve made up my mind, the people will be taxed.”

With a satisfied smirk on his face Greed moved back from the throne. The king is hooked. “Go!” he pointed to a small demon, hovering close by, “tell Violence to prepare the land for revolt.”

“We refuse to pay the taxes,” Jeroboam shouted. He looked at the king and laughed. “Remember the prophet’s words, the kingdom will be torn apart. I will do it, too.”

“You are in rebellion, Jeroboam,” the king shouts back.

“Too late, most of the tribes are on my side.” He turned and stalked from the throne room.

The nation separates into two parts. The tribe of Judah and Benjamin remained loyal to the line of David while the rest found their own capital in the city of Samaria.

The sun follows its endless path and seasons change. The affairs of man made little difference to them. Jeroboam erected temples in nearly all the cities across the land.

This will make it easier for the people. The long route to Jerusalem is dangerous.

Heresy entered the land and Israel entered its dark age. The two kingdoms became known as Judah and Israel. Kings come and go in both kingdoms but only in Judah the line of David continues.

CHAPTER TEN

“I have arranged a suitable marriage for you, my daughter,” Ethbaal said. He and Jezebel were standing on the palace roof gazing over their kingdom.

“So soon,” she said trying to hide her dismay. To leave this city for the dust of a desert hovel.

“I spoke to king Omri and he agreed. The only way to bind us together is for you to marry Ahab. He is a fine statesman and military leader and quite handsome as well, or so I am told, anyway.” He gazed at her. She was one of the most beautiful women he has ever seen. She will be perfect for Ahab. The

alliance will prove to be a blessing for Sidon's already sagging economy.

"When do I have to leave," she asked softly?

"Tomorrow Ahab will be here to take you to your new home," he said. He sighed and turned to her. "I will miss our little talks on the roof, Jezebel," he said.

Ahab arrived in Sidon to claim his bride. He was a well built man well versed in court life. He was taller than the average man and as strong as an ox. Jezebel liked him immediately. They left early the next morning after the dowry has been paid. She quickly realized that Ahab knows next to nothing about religion. This knowledge could be used to her advantage.

She observed the country side they passed through. There definitely was room for Baal-Melkart in this place, she thought.

Once she was settled she began the arduous task of establishing Baal-Melkart as the principal god. Ahab listened to her reasoning and saw nothing wrong. Slowly but surely she established a religion of idol worship. Statues were erected of both Baal-Melkart and Ashera. Her prophets and priests range the land looking for new converts. The worship of the One Lord was pushed aside and taking its place was something easier. The laws were not so strict and the moral standards not so high.

Ahab was entertaining guests in the palace. Jezebel was the soul of the party. She displayed her charms openly and no man could resist her. Business contracts were signed heedless of the consequences because of her.

"Ahab!" the sound echoed through the hall. Everyone stop what they were doing and silence descended. People looked toward the sound and saw a man clothed in skins. His beard gave the impression of a wild man. He was of an average height and the skins made him seem stocky. The palace guards had him by the arms but were helpless against him. They, of course, knew who he were, the same as the rest of the guests in the palace.

"Ahab!" the sound rang out again. Elijah, the prophet, wrench himself free. He stood tall before them. He lifted his arms and pointed toward Ahab, the king. The shock of his sudden appearance numbed them. Even Jezebel, who were never at a loss for words, remained silent.

"There will be no rain or dew on the land except at my word," his voice thundered through the walls. Ahab's face turned a sickly white. He knew the power of the spoken word by a prophet of the One Lord.

Elijah turned to leave. Ahab shakes himself and screamed at the guards.

"Seize him, don't let him escape," his voice sounded hoarse. The guards were followers of the One Lord and in sympathy with Elijah. They witnessed

the decay of Ahab's control and the increase of Jezebel's. She was a foreigner who controlled all religious matters.

Elijah disappeared into the hills. Ahab was furious but could do nothing. He spent the rest of the afternoon pacing, a scowl on his face.

"Is it this serious," Jezebel asked? She knew Ahab was frightened.

"The hairy one never speaks unless under direction from the One Lord," Ahab replied.

"All gods are the same, I'm sure that Melkart will bring rain when the season changes." Jezebel smiled. Ahab know nothing about the gods and how they operate.

"What now, Zeus," Lucifer asked? "This was not in the plan to destroy Israel." He sounded pessimistic.

"Patience, Lucifer, Elijah is a threat but we will find him."

"He will be protected," Lucifer said.

The weeks drag by with no clouds and no rain. The people visits the shrines of Melkart and Ashera but to no avail.

"It seems the One Lord has interfered in our plans. There is a complete block on our weather activities." Zeus stand calmly before Lucifer. This was a major setback for him.

"And," Lucifer asked?

"The One Lord has hidden Elijah from us, we can't find him," Zeus said. Lucifer gazed into the distance. Things were going so well and now this.

"It is imperative to keep the people of Israel in line and under our domination as long as possible," he remarked.

"Yes Supremacy," Zeus replied.

The sun beat mercilessly on man and animal alike. The weeks passed like a dream and still no rain.

Jezebel was shaken.

"You will go back and sacrifice whatever you will. I want rain. Our god will loose face in this land. The God of the Israelites must not win this battle," she screamed at her advisor.

“Are you looking for something or maybe someone,” Michael asked? He and a company of angels just arrived at the amphitheater where the demon princes gathered. A growl of fury came from the demon horde but the angels stood their ground.

“Let me guess, can it possibly be Elijah you are looking for?” he glanced at the circle of growling faces. He laughed aloud. “He is not to be touched until the right time,” he warned.

The angels left in a rush of mighty wings.

“I hate them,” Lucifer cursed loudly. “We are helpless in this case.” The demon horde watched the frenzy of the priests but were helpless. For three and a half long years the drought continues. Elijah was in Philistia, near the foot of Mount Carmel. He knew a battle is at hand and it will be fought on top of Mount Carmel.

“I have received a message from Elijah, your majesty, he challenged the priests of Melkart and Ashera to a duel on top of Mount Carmel,” the minister, Obadiah, announced.

“What! What! Where is he,” Ahab asked furiously?

“What is it, my king,” Jezebel entered the throne room.

Ahab explained the message to her. She smiled and then burst out laughing.

“The fool, he played in my... I mean, our hand. Melkart is the god of the mountain and he has never been defeated.”

She rubbed her hands in anticipation. Ahab only looked at her.

The day of the contest arrived. People from all over the land gathered at the top of Mount Carmel to witness the contest.

Elijah and the Melkart priests stood opposite each other.

A demon horde arrived at the side of Melkart. A host of angels seems to materialize behind Elijah.

“Listen! Priests of Melkart. Here on my right are two bulls. You choose one and call on your god to answer with fire. I will do the same.” He raised his voice and spoke to the assembly of people.

“If Melkart answers with fire, choose him. If the One Lord answers with fire, choose Him.”

“You may begin.” Elijah drew back with a smile on his face.

The priests of Melkart were careful in choosing a bull. With deft strokes the bull was slaughtered and placed on the altar.

The chanting begin and nothing happened.

“Zeus, this is your show, let lightning strike the sacrifice. Under normal conditions I would enjoy the show,” Lucifer said.

“It seems our powers are nullified, Supremacy,” Zeus answered. “Elijah

must be stronger than we thought.”

“It is not that, you fool, this battle is not between humans and us. The One Lord is involved. Michael warned us.

This is beyond human capability. We should leave those pathetic priests to themselves.”

“We will look foolish if we leave now,” Zeus answered.

“What are the angels up to,” Lucifer asked? A movement in angel rank drew his attention. Suddenly, the whole sky above the mountain were filled with warring angels. They surrounded the mountain top, preventing the demons to leave. The demons bunched closer together. What are the angels doing?

“They prevent us from leaving the mountain,” the prince of Syria reported.

“The One Lord is behind all this,” Lucifer stated.

The priests of Melkart in the meantime is dancing in wild abandon. They screamed to the heavens and cut themselves with knives. They ripped the clothes from their bodies and fell on the sacrifice until they were smeared with the blood of the bull. The people watched this horrific spectacle in stunned silence.

“Where is your god, now,” Elijah shouted. “Maybe he is on his honeymoon.” He laughed.

No fire came to light the sacrifice. Most of the priests were lying on the ground exhausted from their wild dancing. The high priest step forward and with one sweep ripped the clothes from his body. Proudly he stepped closer to the sacrifice, naked, his body glistening in the sun’s rays. Slowly he began to dance, going faster as he moved around the altar.

“I think your god went to do his private business and maybe has diarrhea,” Elijah shouted harshly. He laughed again.

The high priest suddenly stopped lifted his knife and with one sweep sever his genitalia from his body. The people gasped as he fell to the ground, spurting blood.

“I like the sight of blood,” Lucifer said, “in different circumstances. Is their nothing we can do to save face?”

“We are surrounded by angels,” Zeus said.

Only silence greeted the people. No fire from heaven.

The silence was broken by Elijah. He began carting stones to the center of the mountain. Twelve stones were collected. The significance did not escape the Israelites. He slaughtered the bull and laid it on the altar.

“Bring a jar of water,” he commanded two of the men standing close by. He waited silently. The priests of Melkart began to revive and they huddled near their altar.

“Pour the water over the sacrifice,” he said, “and fetch another jar of water.”

Eventually the sacrifice was soaked in bloody water, it even formed a trough around the altar.

“Stand back,” he warned. Not a cloud in the sky could be seen. The sky was as blue as ever. Elijah raised his arms.

“Lord God Almighty, show this people who You are.”
The people waited as Elijah stepped back.

“What is he doing,” Zeus asked?
“Silence! Wait!” Lucifer whispered.

Then it happened. A streak of lightning from a clear blue sky. With a mighty clap of thunder the lightning bolt struck the sacrifice and instantly devour it. A charred remains was all that was left. The people stood in awe at the display of power.

“Take the priests of Melkart and kill them,” Elijah shouted. Ahab was stunned by all that he had seen. Jezebel will have to explain to him what happened. She stayed in the palace, confident that Elijah would be dead. Along the road he met Elijah.

“Hurry to your palace, Ahab, I hear the abundance of rain,” Elijah shouted.

Ahab looked to the sky and saw dark clouds rolling in from the Great Sea. He arrived at the palace in a cloud of dust and saw Elijah standing in front of the palace, waiting.

What kind of man is this? Ahab wondered.

He entered the palace and went in search of Jezebel. He found her standing in her prayer room staring out of the window.

“So, Elijah won,” she said, turning to look at him.

“Yes, all your priests were killed.”

A look of intense fury cross her face, to be replaced by one of inscrutability. This is a dangerous woman to cross.

“Tell me what happened,” she said.

She sat silent as he recounted all that happened. The triumph of Elijah left her cold.

“I never hated anyone in my life as much as Elijah,” she said, the venom dripping from every word.

“What do we do now,” he asked?

“All that I have... I mean, we have planned is for nothing.”

She did not even try explaining the defeat of her god. Ahab thought it wise not to press the point.

“I will sent out a proclamation that Elijah is to be killed on sight,” she said slowly.

“We were powerless against the human. We could not even interfere with what The One Lord was doing,” Zeus stated.

The demon princes were gathered on the Hill of the Skull. This was to be a major conference. Evil seems to emanate from the horde. The atmosphere on top of the hill darken. The stars seems to be swallowed up in this atmosphere of darkness. Red and yellow eyes could be seen shining in the darkness.

“We can’t fight against the One Lord,” the prince of Babylon said.

“It is on record that He seldom interfered with us,” Lucifer said.

“Well, He interfered with what we were doing from the First Creation. In the Garden, the Ark, the Tower, Abraham and so forth. It seems to me He is interfering all the time.”

“Maybe we are concentrating on the wrong thing,” Zeus said loudly.

“Explain!” Lucifer said impatiently. Zeus was always full of bright ideas, but someday...

“Shouldn’t we concentrate on the people surrounding the Israelites. Let them do the dirty work. We can still work among the people spreading discontent and promoting idolatry.

The people can choose, all we do is adding to the choices and push them in the direction we want them to go.”

“What about the surrounding nations. My people in Assyria is in the process of asserting themselves,” the prince of Assyria said. “The Israelite kingdom is divided. The northern part was easy to take. The southern part is the difficult one.”

“Let us concentrate on the northern part first. When will you be ready to attack the northern part,” Zeus asked the prince of Assyria.

“We are in the process of conquering the northern part of the continent moving eastward. The southern part will be last.”

“You princes will be in conflict against each other, how will you handle that,” Lucifer asked?

“I am in command of all the nations, remember, O Lucifer? I set up princes who reign in my place when I’m busy somewhere else. I’m second to you only.”

Lucifer glared at him. “What are you saying?”

“I changed my name as I go along. From nation to nation, I became what they need. In Rome I’m known as Jupiter, in Greece I’m known as Zeus, but, what’s in a name?”

“Be careful, Zeus, be very careful,” Lucifer warned.

“There is something bigger than petty squables amongst ourselves,” the prince of Babylon said.

“You are right, of course,” Lucifer said, glaring at Zeus. “We will concentrate on the northern part first, then. What about the southern part?”

“My people will destroy the southern part, eventually. It is only a matter of time,” the prince of Assyria said.

“Now, let us consider the matter of Elijah. He seems to be a problem,” Lucifer said.

“I finally managed to track him down, hiding in The Wilderness,” Zeus said. “I am done with Ahab anyway, he served his purpose. I planned to have him killed in the next battle.”

And so the demon princes plot the destiny of nations. Ahab was killed and his blood licked by dogs. Nobody mourn him for long, least of all his wife. Ahab’s son Amaziah came to power. He was less a man than his father was. His only concern was the pleasures of life. Jezebel just shook her head at his escapades. Why must she be burdened with weak men?

“What happened my son,” Jezebel asked?

His face was white with pain and he seems feverish.

“I fell from the balcony, mother. What can I do, the pain is terrible.”

She glanced at the doctors standing near the bed. They only shook their heads.

“He has internal bleeding,” your majesty, “only the gods can save him now.”

“Precisely, the gods can help you.” She turned to go.

“The gods didn’t exactly help my father,” Amaziah said weakly.

Jezebel stopped in mid stride. She composed herself and turned back to her son.

“My son, don’t be a fool. Your father didn’t much care for any god so, why should they care for him.”

He looked at her through a haze of pain. He saw the look on her face. He knew she would use even her own son.

“This might be a chance to show Israel the power of Melkart,” my son.

“Do what you must, mother,” he whispered.

She left the room and hurry to her ‘prayer room’. She called her high priest.

“Sent men to Ekron. Inquire of Beelzebub if my son will live and bring back medicine from his temple,” she instructed.

The men set off at a fast pace. They were about one hour from Jerusalem when a voice hailed them.

“I see you are on your way to Ekron,” Elijah said.

“Yes, we are, what is it to you,” the leader asked?

“To ask the help of Beelzebub, no doubt,” Elijah’s face darkened. He saw

confirmation on the leader's face.

Before he could answer back Elijah stood up and raised his arms.

"You go tell that king: Is there no God in Israel that you run after the idols of the other nations." His voice sounded like thunder as it echoed through the hills. As he spoke he seems to grow to a gigantic size.

They turned around and head straight back to the king.

"You are back already," he asked incredulously?

He didn't felt the stirring of an ancient evil. The form rises to it's full stature and gazed at the messenger. A hideous laugh escapes from somewhere within the dark shape.

"This one is mine," he cackled.

Ten demons came flying into the room. At the sight of the dark shape they backed away.

"Fools, I am here, the first and the last of Ahab is mine." The maniacal laugh cut through their very being. In front of them stand the grotesque form of Death.

"You tend to the prophet," he directed, "and I'll tend to mine own."

"Elijah stopped us," the leader explained, as Jezebel walked in.

"So, he's back," she said quietly. She looked at the king. "Let me deal with him once and for all."

"Do what you will, mother, I am exhausted and very cold."

Jezebel stalked from the room.

"I want fifty soldiers to follow the directions of the messengers and kill Elijah," she screamed.

"Yes! Yes! Kill him! Kill him!" the demons yelled.

"Consider it done, your majesty," the soldier said.

The soldiers left with a horde of demons following, to witness the spectacle.

"Are you looking for me, by any chance," Elijah asked?

The demons saw Michael standing next to Elijah. Angels were lounging in the background keeping an eye on them.

"You are under arrest, prophet," the leader said, "come with us peacefully."

Elijah looked at them. They were all supporters of Melkart.

"If I'm a prophet of God, let fire came from heaven and consume you."

His voice rang out loudly.

The soldiers stopped. The demons felt a tingling in the air and moved back.

With a thunderous clap fire came from heaven and in an instant consume all fifty men.

Elijah looked at the charred remains sadly. People who are misled and misuse

died for a useless cause. He knew she will sent more men. He sat down and wait.

“I think something happened to our men, your majesty,” the captain said.

“Sent fifty more men. I want the bravest and the strongest men to go. Find the other men and kill Elijah.”

The fifty men arrive at the same place and found Elijah waiting.

“Come here! Now!” the captain shouted. “I have orders to kill you if you resist.”

“If I am a man of God let fire from heaven consume you.”

Again the demons felt the tingling in the atmosphere. The same thunderous clap and the same charred corpses.

The demons by now were in a state of panic. Nothing they planned to do against Elijah seemed to work. Always the presence of Michael and his angels were in plain view.

Jezebel felt drained. How can one man defeat the prophets and the soldiers of Melkart? Maybe she can trap him into believing he was safe. Yes, sent fifty men sympathetic to the God of Israel and entreat him to come.

Elijah arrived at the palace. The king was slowly dying. His face was as wax. A gray colour seems to spread over his features. The king knew his mother plotted to kill Elijah.

Understanding came to him, too late, that there could be only One Lord. He promised Elijah safe passage.

“I’m dying, Elijah,” the king mumbled.

“On the bed you are on now, you will certainly die,” Elijah confirmed.

“Yes, he is mine,” Death said and enveloped the king in a hug. Two days later the king died.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

The Assyrians attacked The Northern Kingdom of Israel. They finally subjugate the people. One incident, during the conquest, caused the demon princes some concern.

“Repeat the story. I want them to listen,” Lucifer commanded. They were gathered on the Hill of the Skull. A yellow green vapor filled the air.

“We were ready to attack Samaria. Our human army lay siege against the city. Elisha, the prophet, were in the city.

On his word alone a host of angels suddenly appeared from nowhere and circled around the city. Michael laughed at us but we could do nothing,” the

prince of Samaria said.

“Yes! An invisible force kept us out. We couldn’t penetrate,” the prince of Assyria interrupted.

“Exactly! I haven’t seen such a concentration of angels except at the battle of Jericho,” Samaria continues.

“It is strange that the One Lord will sent all those angels at the prayers of one man,” Lucifer said.

The discussions last most of the night. They couldn’t explain the phenomenon at Samaria but agree to destroy the city at a later stage.

Eventually the Assyrians slaughtered the people of Samaria. They left behind them a path of destruction and bloodshed. The land was emptied of Israeli’s and filled with Assyrians and other conquered races. In the south the small kingdom of Judah remained.

A new king reigned in Jerusalem. Hezekiah was young and full of zeal. He wanted to be a great king, just like David.

The small kingdom paid tribute once a year to the Assyrian Empire. His advisors and the prophet Isaiah warned him against relations with Egypt.

“Shebna, what do you advise,” the king asked?

“My king, we should strengthen relations with Egypt. In that way we may manage to use Egypt against the Assyrians.”

“My king,” Eliakim said, “ that would be foolish. The Assyrians will attack us before the Egyptians can do a thing. Isaiah prophesied to submit to the Assyrians, because the One Lord will bring deliverance.”

“I still say, we should not pay tribute to the Assyrians,” Zeus whispered in Shebna’s ear. “We stop paying tribute to the Assyrians once a year. Their empire is large. They wouldn’t worry about a small kingdom like Judah, not paying a small amount of tribute. They are out conquering the world,” Shebna said.

The king listens to Shebna and ignored the warnings. Hezekiah and Shebna grew up together. One was a prince, the other a pauper. One has power the other longed for power. Zeus played them like an orchestra. With masterful strokes Shebna drew the king into a path of destruction. Isaiah’s prophecies were politely listened to, but ignored.

“My king! My king!” We are lost,” the messenger wailed, stumbling into the king’s presence, exhausted.

Shebna and the king were in close conference. Zeus stood nearby, listening to the conversation. All was going as planned. The Assyrian prince was doing his part.

“What are you saying,’ the king asked?

"The Assyrians are one day's march from Jerusalem, my king."

"No, oh no!" the king exclaimed. He looked at Shebna whose face went white.

They couldn't hear the rasping laugh of Zeus.

"This is rich," he laughed, "what did the fools expect. Those faces, you should see those faces. They fell into the trap." He laughed again. He looked at the door as it opened.

"Hezekiah," Isaiah entered unceremoniously, "repent before the One Lord and Jerusalem will be saved." He ignored Shebna as a non entity. Shebna shivered with fury. He is the king's trusted advisor. He slunk from the room to plan his revenge on Isaiah.

"Isaiah, what will happen to Jerusalem," the king's voice was shaking.

"Jerusalem will be destroyed," Isaiah answered, "but humble yourself and pay the tribute to Sennacherib."

"I will do so immediately," Hezekiah answered.

He is in some ways still a child, Isaiah thought.

"Hezekiah is about to pay the tribute to the Assyrians," Zeus reported to the assembly of princes. They are gathered once again just outside Jerusalem.

"I want to say something," Lucifer interrupted. "The Master Plan is threatened by this, even smaller nation than before. We succeed, mainly through the efforts of Zeus, to divide the nation. We even drove them into captivity and filled their land with aliens. The One Lord has interfered by sending prophets. These individuals had a powerful influence on the people against us. We tried false prophets in the court of Ahab, but Macaiah worked so powerfully against him, he finally died."

"Our best efforts seemed to be countered by the One Lord. The whole world belongs to us except this small patch of land inhabited by the most stubborn people that ever lived. What more must we do," he asked the assembly in general?

"We are still trying to destroy them as a whole," the prince of Assyria said.

"Isaiah interfered again. The king will pay the tribute. Those blasted prophets," Lucifer's voice steadily rises. The gall of defeat became too much. With vitriolic curses, his voice now a shrill screech, he ranted and raved against the prophets in general and Isaiah in particular. "I hate them! I hate them!" he screamed and shook his fists in the direction of heaven. He glared with blood shot eyes towards his henchmen, who remained silent. "I want blood to flow in that land. No mercy! Kill them! Mutilate them! Rape their women! Do what you must. Use anyone and anything, just destroy them," He stopped to catch his breath.

“We plan to destroy them, Supremacy,” Zeus said softly. The soft voice seemed to calm Lucifer. “The Assyrians will not accept the tribute this time, but will continue conquering Jerusalem.”

“Good! Good!” Lucifer said.

Meanwhile in the capital city of Assyria, Ninneveh, another drama is unfolding.

“Who is this man, walking about my city unmolested,” the prince of Assyria asked?

“His name is Jonah, my prince. He proclaimed destruction unless the city turned from violence and sin,” a demon said.

“He can’t do that,” the prince said angrily.

“Where does he come from,” the prince asked?

“Come, listen to him.”

Jonah stopped in the center of the city plain and raised his voice above the din of the market.

“My name is Jonah, and I will show you the way to save yourself. My God caused me to be swallowed up by a fish after I was thrown overboard from a ship. I stayed in the belly of the fish for three days. I repent from my disobedience and the fish disgorged me on dry land, near your city. Repent now, leave the way to destruction and the city will be saved.”

“This city got three walls, each seventy metres high. The walls are thick enough for four chariots to drive abreast. A deep moat separates each wall,” the king’s general said.

“The city will fall. I don’t know how, but it will,” Jonah said.

“We will confer with the king,” the general said.

“They actually believed that preposterous story about the fish,” the prince of Assyria said incredulously.

“Shall I have him killed,” a hideous monster asked? He licked his lips in anticipation.

Suddenly the host of heaven appeared in the city. A bright light seemed to envelope the city as the demons scattered to the outside wall. The sound of silver trumpets echoed across the land.

“Michael, you again,” the prince asked?

“Yes, ‘tis I, you will not be allowed back in the city again for some time. This city has an important role to play sometime in the future.”

“Do you want battle, Michael,” a red mist seemed to cloud his eyes. Michael saw the tell tale signs of insane bloodlust taking hold of the prince.

“You will be defeated, prince,” Michael said. “The One Lord has will it so.”

“I don’t care,” the prince yelled and drew his sword. To his surprise his

movements seemed sluggish. He kept on missing taking hold of the sword. This has never happened before.

Through the red mist he saw Michael laughing. The prince turned and with his demon horde left the city. He stopped about a kilometre away from the city and turned toward Michael.

“I curse you by all that is evil, Michael,” he screamed. He cursed and blasphemed the heavens, the angels and the One Lord. Exhausted, he turned and left for the land of Israel to report to Lucifer.

“I could do nothing, Supremacy,” the prince reported to the assembly of princes. “My every move was blocked, somehow.” Lucifer cursed fluently for a while. He don’t doubt the prince’s story. The Assyrian were a black hearted tyrant, well known for his cruelty and his short fuse.

“We will take the city later on,” Lucifer said.

“My king, the Assyrians took the tribute but refuse to withdraw. They demand unconditional surrender. They demand that you and your house be delivered to him and the gates to the city be opened,” Eliakim announced.

“Call my advisors,” the king command.

The advisors troop into the audience hall quietly, their faces stern.

“Eliakim, Shebna and Joah will go to the Assyrians and explain our situation. They have to see reason,” the king added naively.

The three men under the flag of truce stopped before the Rabshaka. Behind them the massive doors was shut to the city of Jerusalem. The people gathered on the walls to listen to the conversation.

“You will surrender or face the consequences,” the Rabshaka said in the Aramaic tongue.

“Do not use the Aramaic tongue, if you please, speak in your own language,” Eliakim asked politely.

“What! You presumed to prescribe to me,” the Rabshaka yelled. “I will speak in whatever language I choose.”

The prince of Assyria was getting excited. He smelled blood. The very thought of all the mangled and raped bodies cause his nerves to tingle.

“Steady there,” Zeus said to the prince.

“They are my people, about to conquer the sandfleas,” the prince of Assyria’s voice became thick with passion.

“Leave it for now,” Zeus warned, “The sandfleas must be sold into slavery. That way the One Lord will know that His chosen people is as nothing. He will look down on their slavery and see their suffering, and they will suffer.”

Eliakim and his team returned to the king. They must prepare for a siege. The king tore his clothes and entered the temple to humble himself before the One Lord.

“No!” the prince screamed. “I will attack the city.” He drew his sword as he speak. “Out of my way,” his sword made a red streak as he swept it in a circle.

“Stop!” Zeus said but too late. He ducked as the sword swept over his head.

“They are mine and mine alone,” the prince lost all self control. Years of being under the claw of Zeus surfaced.

“They are my people and we will att.....,” he screamed.

“With my permission,” Zeus interrupted angrily. “I won’t let you jeopardize The Plan.” He drew his own sword.

Although the prince was a powerful demon he was no match for Zeus. Zeus ducked under his arm as the two swords clashed with a shower of red sparks. Zeus drew his knife and the prince disappeared in a puff of smoke.

“He was a capable prince but lust for power was his downfall,” Zeus remarked.

“During night the humans sleep. I will leave for Babylon to confer with my prince there,” he turned toward Lucifer, “with your permission, Supremacy.”

“So, the next world power will be Babylon,” Lucifer asked? Zeus nodded. “I think the final blow to this nation should be done by Babylon. One of Noah’s descendants built the city, and what a city!”

“If only Nimrod were still alive,” Lucifer mused. “It is fitting that Babylon finally destroy Israel. Babylon – the beginning and the end of the line of Noah.” The demon host and their princes left Jerusalem.

“It is abnormally quiet in the Assyrian camp,” a guard mentioned to his

companion.

“Yes, lucky for us,” he said.

Michael arrived at the Assyrian camp at midnight. With him is a cloud of impenetrable darkness. He pointed wordlessly to the Assyrian camp. The dark entity gazed at the peaceful camp and turned towards Michael.

“They are all mine?” His voice was deep, although a whisper. It is the same voice that whispered dark meaningless syllables at midnight. A voice you can actually hear, whispering in the trees, as you walked through a graveyard at midnight. A shiver ran down Michael’s spine.

“Yes, there are a hundred and eighty five thousand men in the camp,” Michael replied.

“I go,” the dark entity whispered. A cold breeze seemed to follow him as he moved purposely toward the camp.

The sentries heard nothing as Death approached. The moon seemed to darken, then turned blood red. Every man in that camp died that night. Not a mark of violence on any of them.

“It is done,” the darkness returned as the voice whispered from inside. He left without another word.

“The camp of the Assyrians are wiped out, Supremacy,” a demon came to a tumbling halt in front of Lucifer. His eyes were wild with fright.

“What do you mean, ‘wiped out’,” Lucifer roared. He grabbed the demon by the neck and shook him. “Speak up, you little rat.”

“Not a mark on the bodies but they are all dead.”

“How can they all die, just like that,” Lucifer wondered.

“It must the One Lord who did it.” He thought about the matter for a while. He looked at the little demon still in his grip and flung him to the ground. “Go, tell the princes I want to see them,” he commanded.

The princes arrived wondering what had happened. “Zeus! your plan failed,” Lucifer said immediately.

“Not so, Supremacy.” Zeus could see that Lucifer wanted a fight.

“The Assyrians failed.”

“Yes, I killed their prince myself,” Zeus said carefully.

“Remember, I plan to end the job with the Babylonians.

“Ah, yes,” Lucifer said non-committally.

“The Assyrians are finished as a nation. The capital that was preserved by the One Lord will fall.”

“How,” Lucifer asked?

“I am in the process of raising up the Babylonians as a powerful nation. I

am taking control with immediate effect.”

“Don’t fail now.”

“I won’t,” Zeus said confidently. “The people of Israel will again worship the Baals. Hezekiah will eventually die. We’ve been working on his son, Manasseh, and what a spoiled brat he will be.”

Manasseh became king in Jerusalem. He immediately instituted the baal worship. One of his first acts was to kill the prophet Isaiah who was a thorn in his flesh, much to the delight of Zeus.

The fortunes of the nation of Israel wax and waned depending on the spiritual situation of the kings.

A new world empire came to the front. A powerful king, Nebuchadnezzar, subdued the mighty Assyrian empire and began his path of conquest. He laid siege to Jerusalem but accepted tribute from the king. As soon as he returned to Babylon the king of Jerusalem, Zedekiah rebelled. Nebuchadnezzar returned with a vengeance. The prophet Jeremiah issued repeated warnings but in vain. The last tribes of Israel were taken to Babylon as prisoners and Jerusalem was destroyed as a city.

Lucifer was elated. Finally the little nation was in bondage.

He congratulated Zeus in front of the horde of demons and placed him second in charge of the horde. Beelzebub was furious but he was in charge of the nethermost regions from where few beings return.

“The whole world is now under us. We can relax and enjoy our power.” They left the Middle East and roam the planet seeking to expand their control.

Sixty years went by. Daniel, the prophet, discovered in the writings of Jeremiah the number of years that the nation will be in exile was seventy years.

“Supremacy, Daniel said the Exile was to last only seventy years,” a demon messenger arriving from Babylon, said.

“What! Why didn’t our people pick that up? Are you sure?”

Lucifer was thinking furiously. How did they miss that. “Where is Zeus? I want him, now!”

A few hours later Zeus arrived in a city called Pergamos. Slowly but surely Lucifer had established his headquarters on a hill overlooking the city. This city was central to all the nations of the known world. From his seat in Pergamos

he directed the machinations of his princes. His network of cults were established as official religions in every city, town and village throughout the planet, except for a few million people on the banks of the Great Rivers in Mesopotamia.

“Zeus! What is happening in Babylon,” Lucifer demanded?

“Everything is according to plan,” Zeus answered.

“What about the seventy years thing.”

“What seventy years thing,” Zeus wanted to know.

“The Israeli’s will be released in seventy years,” Lucifer nearly shouted the words.

“No, they will not, even if it is written,” Zeus said. All this noise about seventy years. Lucifer must have better things to do. “I will withstand their release, even if I have to use all the princes under my command.”

Lucifer looked at him narrowly. So, you finally made a mistake, he thought.

“I’ll be watching,” was all Lucifer said. Zeus spread his enormous wings and left for Babylon without another word. No use in speculating about the seventy years. He missed it.

“I want to know every move that Daniel make,” he commanded his demons. They arrived in a city called Susa and went looking for Daniel. They found him worshipping the One Lord. Lucifer looked at him with disgust. When will the man ever stop.

“We tried various ways to be rid of him but he is under protection from the One Lord,” Zeus explained.

“What is he going on about now,” Lucifer asked?

“Listen!”

Daniel was on his knees praying for the release of Israel.

“We will not allow this to happen,” Zeus said firmly.

“Sent for the prince of Persia to join us here,” he commanded a messenger.

“I want everybody to actively withstand Daniel,” Lucifer said.

“We will, Supremacy,” Zeus promised. The horde took to the air. They met Gabriel on his way from the Throne room.

“Stop, Gabriel,” Zeus commanded, “We can’t let you pass, this time.”

“Ah, Zeus, you know of course that my message will go through to Daniel,” Gabriel said.

“Not this time. You will have to go through all of us,” Zeus remarked.

Gabriel lift a silver trumpet and before they can stop him he blew only once. Suddenly the sky was filled with angels, dressed for battle. He blew again and a company of large, heavily armored angels arrive.

“The warring angels!” Zeus gasped as he took a step backwards.

“Nice to meet you again, Zeus,” Michael said, “and the prince of Persia here as well. Well, well, this promised to be interesting. But wait! Where is his royal highness, the chief skunk, Lucifer. Oh, he couldn’t make it. Business elsewhere?”

Michael laughed but kept his eyes on Zeus. The sing song note in Michael's voice infuriate Zeus. He felt the urge to destroy this smiling face. He remember the many defeats at the hand of this, the mightiest of angels.

"You consider this a serious matter then, Michael," his voice sounded like a squeak.

"O, very serious, indeed," he mimic Zeus's voice.

"Don't try me, Michael," Zeus screamed.

"We will try you, and your horde," Gabriel said in his melodious voice.

With a scream of rage the demons attack. The battle rage to and fro across the sky. Michael was enjoying himself tremendously even if this was an important affair. Finally the horde broke off the attack to re-group themselves. The verbal war continued. Zeus was becoming more frustrated as the days drag by. They are slowly loosing ground as the angelic host pressed ever downward.

Many angels and many more demons died during that period. Finally, Zeus and the prince of Persia were confronted by Michael.

"Who wants to be first," Michael asked?

The prince of Persia drew his sword. Zeus watch the battle for a moment and decide that the prince may need help. With a scream of rage he launched himself at the pair.

Michael just laughed. With a quick parry he deflect the sword of Zeus and with a mighty blow sever the wing of the prince. The prince went spiraling down and disappear from view.

Zeus attack with furiously, but Michael deflect each blow.

"I see you are tired, shall we rest for a while so you can catch your breath," came the taunting voice of Michael.

Zeus said nothing but kept up his attack. He soon realize that he is in serious trouble.

"You want to escape destruction," Michael asked?

Michael redouble his attack and Zeus was driven back little by little.

With a cry of frustration, Zeus, in a final effort to slay the smiling angel, threw himself at Michael. Michael side stepped and swing his sword. Zeus disappear in a puff of smoke.

Twenty one days had passed. Gabriel appeared beside Michael and grasped his arm.

"All right," he asked?

Michael just nodded. He was exhausted and Zeus was a formidable foe. He pointed towards the city of Susa and Gabriel understood. He must complete his mission.

The injured prince of Persia recovered. The Persian army smashed the Babylonians. Under Darius I the Israelites were allowed to return to Jerusalem. The walls were rebuilt under Ezra, Nehemiah and Zerubbabel. Ezra

established the Great Synagogue.

The Grecian empire were established as the new world empire. The Medo-Persian alliance were defeated in a few decisive battles. The Grecian empire without a prince did not last long and disintegrated when Alexander died. His empire was split into four parts.

Lucifer and his princes played the world stage. Nations were moved like pawns on a chess board to fulfill the Master Plan.

Empires fell and rise again. Jupiter became the strongman as the Roman Empire smashed all opposition. Jupiter set up a network of princes all across the globe as the Romans expand their territory.

“Can you give us feedback on your operations, Jupiter,” Lucifer asked?

“Yes, Supremacy, I have established the Roman Empire as a world power. I want to take you back to the ancient city of Babylon, if you will indulge me for a moment,” he began.

A chorus of voices gave their assent.

“In that city, under Nimrod and Semiramis, we established a priest caste through whom we control the people. The power of the high priest of that order have been preserved, even when the city fell. The high priest in the province of Etrusca, in northern Italy, inherit that power. We directly work through him to achieve our purpose.”

“At this moment the Roman legions infiltrated Etrusca and the king, who is also the high priest, will bequeath his inheritance to the emperor of Rome. In the Roman Emperor we will now have the Order of Babylon and the Order of the Etruscans, all in one person. As High Priest of these two orders he will have power to destroy who he will.”

“Palestine is now part and parcel of the Roman Emperor. We will suppress them and persecute them. I already have one person, called Antiochus Epiphanes, at work. He is doing an excellent job of it. There is at present a minor sect, called the Maccabees, working against us but I am confident that they will soon be destroyed.” He remained silent, watching the reaction of the crowd. They sat in spellbound fascination as the beauty of the scheme became clear.

“Any questions so far,” he asked?

“What you are saying is that the Roman Emperor have the spiritual power of both the Babylonian and Etruscan orders,” the prince of the Celts asked?

“That is correct, he possess information that is not privy to normal humans,” Jupiter answered. “Nothing much have changed since Nimrod. We are still the ‘Old Gods’ and are still worshipped; as the late Zeus said, ‘only names and places have been changed.’”

“What are your future plans, then,” Lucifer asked?

"Maybe it is time to move your seat from Pergamos to Rome," Jupiter said quietly.

This was a daring suggestion. Lucifer thought for a moment. This will move him closer to the world stage and, most important of all, he can keep an eye on Jupiter, just in case.

"You are right, Jupiter," Lucifer said, "Pergamos has served it's purpose."

"The road ahead is clear, Supremacy," Jupiter said, "the small nation of Israel is surrounded by a very strong and powerful nation. In the face of recent history, I have decided to be more lenient on their religion. In the past we tried to eradicate their religion totally. That was shown to be a mistake. The Romans absorbed the religions of other races as they go along. The Jews can keep their religion as they wish. Other religions will be more available to the nation."

"Good idea," Lucifer applauded, "more choices makes decisions more difficult."

And so the Roman armies conquered the known world as far as the Celtic nations in England, the northern parts of Germany and as far as Pakistan in the east.

The Romans were not too cruel but reign with an iron fist. The Roman legions were the extension of the Emperor and his will were enforced without mercy, wherever there was the slightest hint of rebellion.

"All are well on schedule, Supremacy," Jupiter reported to Lucifer in Rome. "On the return from exile, Ezra opened the Great Synagogue. New sects came into existence at the same time. We have managed to infiltrate these sects. The laws of Moses have been refined and slowly but surely, new laws and regulations have been introduced. The sect of the Pharisee's are well adapted for this. They made religion austere and very difficult."

"A stroke of genius, Jupiter," Lucifer said.

"Yes, the three sects, between them, will make the worship of the One Lord a near impossibility. Not even the most devout follower of The One Lord will pass the stringent requirements. This will make it easier for the people to follow the other religions."

Jupiter was proud of himself, and rightly so. With a masterstroke of manipulation he managed to drown the worship of the One Lord in rules, regulations and stipulations.

Traditional values became part of the norm.

Jupiter and his hordes of demons sat back and observe their handiwork. Through four thousand years of setbacks they finally achieved a kingdom ruled by them.

“This planet is now in our grasp. What I took from Adam is now finally mine. The One Lord lost. I am the winner!”

Beelzebub held a party in honor of the occasion. The party was held in one of the compartments of the underworld. Lucifer gloated at the tormented souls in this dark domain.

“You will be glad to know that I finally conquered the world above. Many more souls will join you soon.”

He looked around and his eye rested on Ahab and Jeroboam.

“Ah! My favorite kings. You did my bidding without hesitation.” He watched the flames enveloping them and smiled. Their screams of eternal suffering and anguish was like music to his ears.

The demon horde laughed. They felt pride at their work.

“We may have to extend our lower kingdom to make room for the souls on top,” Lucifer bragged.

An unforeseen thing happened. Lucifer and his hordes did not expect such a thing to happen. Events begins to unfold that will change the lives of many and will influence nations far into the future. An event that will eventually lead to the utter defeat of the horde.

CHAPTER TWELVE

In a small village, called Nazareth, two people met under a fig tree. The dust cling to their clothes. The summer this year was particular hot and the villagers avoid the open sunlight as much as possible.

"I know it sounds impossible, but I am pregnant, Joseph" the young girl said impatiently. Sometimes Joseph is as stubborn as a mule. It is enough to drive one up a wall.

"How can you be pregnant when no man touched you, Mary," Joseph asked? He hoped to be married before the end of the summer, but now all his plans are dashed. This story about angels telling her she would be pregnant seems far fetched to him.

Joseph remembered the prophecies of the prophet Isaiah. The young virgin will give birth to the Messiah. As the years dragged by, no Messiah came to light. He looked at Mary, a girl of extraordinary beauty. He was lucky to be in love with such a girl. She would be a fitting mother to the Messiah, but he must be logical about this.

"I must return to the carpenter shop, Mary, we can talk tomorrow," Joseph said wearily. All this is too much for him.

"Don't leave me now, Joseph, I need you more than ever," Mary said. She reached for him but he turned to leave. She stared at his retreating back. Why must men be so foolish? She wanted no other man than him.

Joseph was thinking about his situation. The only reasonable thing to do was to break off the engagement. His parents will understand. The strict religious laws of the land demands that he leave her. Somewhere from deep within him he felt a stirring. How he longed to just hold her.

The issue was still unresolved when he went to bed that night. The moon was bright and not a cloud could be seen. He tossed and turned in his bed and finally gave up. The heat and the thoughts about Mary troubled him deeply. He went to the roof of the house and sat down, staring over the countryside. Exhaustion finally took its toll and he drifted into uneasy sleep. His last thoughts were about the most beautiful girl in all the world with dark auburn hair and smiling gray eyes.

He saw himself sitting against a wall, sleeping. He looked around as a figure approached. Something very strange about the figure. He waited breathlessly. The figure halted in front of him and with one sweep pulled back the cloak from his face.

Joseph beheld the most handsome face he ever saw. A bright light seems to come from within the figure. Joseph felt a peace he never experienced before.

"Joseph! Joseph!" the figure said, "do not be afraid to take Mary as your wife. She has been overshadowed by the Most High and she will have a child and you will name Him, Jesus."

Early the next morning Joseph left his house and ran all the way to Mary's house. He knew it was against the custom but he doesn't care.

"Mary! Mary!" he shouted. Mary's father came stumbling out of the

house.

“What is the meaning of this noise, young man,” he asked angrily?

“I must see Mary, sir, immediately,” the words came tumbling out.

“What for! Look at the time. Decent people should still be in bed.”

“I am awake, father,” Mary said, coming forward. She suddenly knew that Joseph was a changed man. She stood looking at him.

Her father completely forgotten, he walked toward her and took her in his arms. In that instant her future and her Son’s were certain.

“Supremacy! Supremacy!” a shrill voice screamed. A little demon came flying down the stairs into Lucifer’s presence. He careened into Lucifer and fell to the floor.

“Watch out there,” Lucifer said. He was in good humor. Everything was in shape on his planet.

“supremacy,” something strange happened in the Jordan River this morning.”

“It can’t be that serious,” Lucifer said.

“You remembered the baptist, called John,” the little demon began. he moved back when he saw the frown on Lucifer’s face.

“What about John,” he asked softly?

“This morning he was baptizing people when his Cousin arrived.”

“So-o, what is so special about his Cousin,” Lucifer asked?

“When he came out of the water it seems as if a white Dove came over Him. Then a voice was heard, saying: This is My beloved Son, in Him I am well pleased.”

“What!” Lucifer jumped up screaming in anger. He suddenly remembered the prophecy of Isaiah. A virgin will conceive. He paced up and down. he was sure he dealt with the problem twenty-nine years ago. A lot of babies were killed. How did the One Lord protect this Baby? Those fools! Humans can’t be trusted to do anything right. That bungling idiot, Herodus, let Him escaped. He cursed long and fluently. This is serious indeed.

“Sent Jupiter to me, this instant,” he directed the demon messenger.

“I go, Supremacy,” he answered and left.

Lucifer resumed his pacing. Maybe it is time to visit Jerusalem and see for himself. Always a good idea to keep an eye on things. He will wait for Jupiter and then visit Jerusalem. Somehow the One Lord has done something unexpected.

Jupiter arrived in a flurry of wings.

“Something is wrong I presume,” he asked?

“We leave for Jerusalem, something strange is happening.”

They arrived in Jerusalem and immediately confer with the local prince.

“The Man’s name is Jesus,” he said. “He left for the wilderness about twenty five days ago and hasn’t been seen since.”

“Jupiter, you wait here. Find out what’s happening. I have the strangest of feelings. I will find this Jesus.”

Lucifer came upon Jesus sitting on a rock staring in the distance. He reeled back in shock when he recognised the One Lord.

“You!” he stopped.

“There you are, Lucifer,” the One Lord said, “I can see you didn’t expect Me.”

“No, I haven’t,” he acknowledge, “but-a-a, what is Your plan,” he asked in bewilderment?

The One Lord in human form. That has never happened before.

“I will tell you. I came to take back what is Mine.”

“You can’t,” Lucifer said, “Adam gave it to me, and.....”

“But I can,” the One Lord interrupted. “think back to the time of Abraham.” The One Lord remained silent.

“What about Abraham,” Lucifer asked perplexed?

“Think about it,” the One Lord replied.

He stood and left Lucifer in complete confusion. Why is the One Lord in human form? What does He hope to accomplish? What is His purpose? The questions only serve to confuse him further.

He flew back to Jerusalem to call for an emergency meeting of the demon horde.

“We have a problem of the utmost urgency,” he announced. “The One Lord is present in human form in the wilderness.

The bombshell caused consternation. This is unheard of.

“He is in human form. That will make Him vulnerable to attack,” Lucifer said. Concentrate all demon activity in this vicinity and keep a close eye on what He is doing. I will now go back to the wilderness and visit Him. He has been without water and food for nearly thirty eight days.”

Lucifer left. Evil incarnate invade Palestine. He arrived in the wilderness and found Jesus sitting on a precipice.

“Back again, so soon,” He asked?

Lucifer looked at Him. He saw a dusty Figure, weak with hunger and thirst.

“Can the One Lord actually be killed,” he wondered.

“You claim to be the Son of the One Lord,” he asked?

No answer.

“If You are the son of the One Lord change this stones into bread,” he said.

Jesus looked at him. He felt the intense hunger pains gripping His body. His tongue seemed to cleave to His mouth. What would be easier? One word and

all would be over. He pulled back His shoulders.

“It is written: Man will not live on bread alone but on the Word from the mouth of God alone,” Jesus answered. The words came out in a whisper.

“So, the One Lord is weak in His body,” Lucifer thought. “The One Lord made a serious mistake.”

Lucifer left to plan his strategy. The next day he found Jesus in the same place. He immediately went on the attack. He raised his arms to the heavens and they suddenly stood on the roof of the temple. Weak with hunger and the burning sun, Jesus stood teetering on the wall. He looked down and saw the people moving about their business far below.

Lucifer opened his wings and flew to a point directly in front of Jesus. He do not fear the height for his great wings kept him afloat.

“If You are the Son of the One Lord, throw Yourself down, for it is written that the One Lord will sent His angels to carry you.” He waited in anticipation.

Jesus knew he had to get off this wall. The wind speed is tremendous and He could be swept off at any moment. He knew for a fact that the host of angels are waiting for any kind of signal from Him. He saw humanity in pain and confusion and clenched His teeth.

“It is also written, do not tempt the Lord your God,” He forced the words from His mouth. He was shivering from cold and His lips barely moved. Lucifer cursed and with a rush of wind they were back in the wilderness.

“Listen to me, Jesus,” Lucifer said, “just follow my lead and all will be well. If You do as I say, well, I can protect you.”

Jesus just looked at him and turned His back. Lucifer cursed again. He left the Man in a state of exhaustion.

The next day he was back.

“Look at you,” he taunted. “the Creator, looking worse than a beggar. Listen to me and all this wilderness thing is behind us. I can transport You out of here in an instant. Imagine cool water to drink and wash. Clean clothes to wear, and maybe a girl to help soothe the pain out of the body.”

Jesus looked at him. He saw the tempter as a hideous monster, out to trap Him. He shook His head.

Lucifer clenched his teeth.

“Look!” he shouted. All the kingdoms appeared before Jesus. He can see the waterfalls, the green fields and great rivers winding their way to the oceans. “All this I will give You if You worship me. All this is mine. I won it fair and square. Imagine that, You can be King on this planet over all the kingdoms if You acknowledge me.” He waited in anticipation. He knew all humans lusted after power. This would be power indeed.

Jesus knew all this. He can be out of here in an instant. As King He can rest and relax and enjoy the good life. Lucifer saw His resolve weaken and smiled.

Then Jesus lifts Himself and shouts:

“Leave Me, satan, for it is written, you will worship the Lord your God alone.”

Lucifer blasphemed and cursed. This Jesus is tougher than expected. He turned and left. Immediately angels filled the sky and minister to Him.

For the next three years Jesus perform miracles throughout the land. He took twelve men and trained them. One of them, Judas Iscariot, had a flaw. Lucifer and Jupiter watch as infirmity demons had to leave when Jesus healed the sick.

“He has immense power,” they reported, “we can do nothing against Him.”

“We must find a way to kill Him,” Lucifer said.

“We can work through Judas,” Jupiter said.

“Money! That’s it! We can use the lure of money on him,” Lucifer said.

During those three years Jesus went about healing people, driving out demons and in general made Himself Immensely unpopular with traditional religion and demons alike.

“Everytime He appeared on the scene we must flee,” the demons complained to Lucifer.

“He is the Son of the One Lord. He won’t escape my revenge. It was a sad mistake to become vulnerable by adopting human form.”

During Passover Jesus was arrested and brought before the Governor on false charges. Judas Iscariot, one of the twelve, betrayed Him for money.

“We got Him,” Lucifer shouted, “He is now in my domain and He must follow my rules.”

“We must be careful,” Beelzebub warned, “He can summon the angelic host to His side.”

“I have a feeling He won’t,” Lucifer brushed aside all warnings.

After the mock trial, demon, Jew and Roman vent their fury on Him. The body was changed to a bloody mass of flesh. The mangled body was crucified and after unimaginable agony He died.

The demon horde was ecstatic. Lucifer was smiling and laughing and slapping his princes on the back. They closed the huge bronze gates and proceeded to party. Lucifer looked at the saints on the other side of the abyss separating them from the hell fires.

“I have killed the Son of God!” he shouted. he laughed maniacally. The saints only looked at him, turned and moved away. “I am the greatest in all of creation,” he shouted.

A loud bang on the doors interrupted him.

“Who dare to interrupt me, the greatest in the creation,” he yelled.

“Open! For the King of Glory will enter,” a loud voice was heard.

“you can’t come into my domain,” Lucifer yelled, but his voice was uncertain.

With a loud crash the doors were ripped off their hinges, never to be repaired again, and Jesus entered. He walked towards Lucifer.

“I will have the keys to your domain, satan,” He said in a loud voice. Lucifer tried to stare Him down but he had no chance. Jesus took the keys from around his neck. The rest of the demon horde cringed on one side.

“I have come to empty one side of your domain,” He said matter of factly. He turned and vanished, in an instant, only to reappear on the other side of the abyss. The saints rushed out to meet Him.

“Abraham!” He called, “we finally meet, in the flesh, so to speak.” Abraham was delighted to meet the One Lord face to face. He gathered all the saints to Him and said: “We are going home. Come!” The saints vanished. The One Lord stopped, looked at Lucifer, and vanished.

“I warned you,” Beelzebub screamed. He was pacing up and down. The appearance of the One Lord left them shaken. Lucifer was abnormally quiet. He raised his arms and the babbling died down.

“I won’t pretend I know what happened just now. He truly was the Son of the One Lord.” He glanced at Beelzebub. “The fact is, He pulled some trick, always legal, you understand. Something to do with His Blood Covenant with Abraham.”

“What will we do now,” Beelzebub asked? He was pacing frantically.

“We will continue as before. We will take as many people as possible. He won a major victory, but all is not lost.”

The demons dispersed, still wondering what happened. Meanwhile the body of Jesus was lying in the tomb. A faint glow could be seen around the Body. Then with a surge of power the Holy Spirit empowered Jesus as He opened His eyes. He rose from the cold stone slab and moved toward the door. The heavy stone slab in front of the door rolled away. He stepped out of the tomb and saw the angelic host waiting. The air was covered with angels. They were shouting with joy as the One Lord appeared. The noise echoed around the globe. A bright light could be seen surrounding the tomb. The angels watched as the glow spread ever further.

Far away the demons cringed when they heard the shouting and saw the bright light expanding until it reached heaven itself. The One Lord smiled and the angels shouted. They had many questions to ask.

“I will do a new thing,” the Lord announced, “a mystery from the beginning of creation.” He pointed to some of the women at His tomb.

“There, it will start.”

- The End -
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