

**GUY S.  
STANTON III**



**THE**

**QUEST FOR  
PARADISE**

THE QUEST  
FOR  
PARADISE

Book Three  
of  
Water Wars

Guy S. Stanton, III

# Words of Action

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*The Quest for Paradise* / Guy S. Stanton, III. –  
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# Available Books

## **The Warrior Kind Series**

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Book 2: *A Warrior's Journey*

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## **Water Wars Series**

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Book 2: *The Proverbial War*

Book 3: *The Quest for Paradise*

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## **Non-series Books**

*The Kingdom* *Cerilean*  
*Tegas, 2015*

*Fallen Ambitions, 2015* *The Will*  
*To Thrive, 2015*

*The Lost Empire of Ophir, 2015*

*Freedom's Glory, 2015*

# Table of Contents

MYSTERY BRIDES

'DOWN THERE'

DISCLOSURE

PROVISION MADE

THE FALL

HARD TIMES

GIVEN AWAY

PARADISE

HOPE LOST

ACT OF DESPERATION

PASSION'S GRIP

CHOCOLATE



*Dedicated to my Wife.*

*It seems strange now, but without her  
counsel this book wouldn't have been  
completed  
as for quite some time I put off  
finishing it,  
because I simply didn't like it. She told  
me though  
that I should finish it, instead of  
bypassing it  
and writing something else. Wise  
words, as for  
whatever reason, I quite like the story  
now and I'm  
not really sure how I ever couldn't have*

*felt that way.*

*Thank you my love for inspiring me  
to keep moving forward and not give  
up.*

## *Author Suggestion*

A cautionary note. The previous two books of this series were to a large degree independent of each other, but Book 3, is very much constructed off of the premises and world building discussed in the previous two books. So please don't read *The Quest for Paradise* out of order. That said, if you should find yourself in the possession of this book, but haven't read the previous two books, (*Journey into the Deep* and *The Proverbial War*) then the solution is simple. Read them first. *Journey into the Deep*, Book 1, is perma-free at all major ebook resellers and if you contact me in regards to *The Proverbial War*, at

[guyactionwords@gmail.com](mailto:guyactionwords@gmail.com)

I will see to it that you get a free copy of Book 2 for the purpose of an honest review and to better prepare you for the elements held within this book, The Quest for Paradise, which features perhaps one of the most important revelations that I have been blessed to write about yet. I hope you enjoy this final book of the Water Wars Series. The Boxed Set will soon be available. Same deal. If you're willing to give an honest review then I'll send the Boxed Set to you for free.

*Sincerely,*  
*Guy Stanton III*



## Chapter One

# Mystery Brides

I rubbed at my eyes. All the numbers on the screen were running together. There were many things about being an archaeologist that were fun, but cataloging and assigning reference numbers to artifacts was not one of them.

Something blurped on the screen in front of me and looking down I saw I had a message. In need of anything to distract me from the blurry data streams of endless digital paperwork I moved my mouse to click on the blinking icon.

Instantly I regretted my action. On a silent groan of dreaded expectation I clicked on the email that had my father's name on it.

Whatever it was that he wanted of me was already pressing on my mind with restrictive force. More words of anger as to my choices in life which he was of the opinion had been poor ones?

Oh he'd encouraged me to pursue archaeology, but specializing in biblical archaeology had not been to his liking. Now as I scanned over the brief message I found myself rather shocked by it.

The message was rather non-accusatory and strangest of all he wanted my help with something of importance, *'Hey Sam I've got something important for you. Something that actually uses your field of expertise. Looks like you*

*were right after all. How about we catch some dinner at Roberto's tonight, say 7 o'clock? Love, Dad.'*

I stared at the screen in a mixture of hope and something akin to hatred, because of the emotions the simple message had evoked within me. Hope in the sense that my father wanted my help with something as I'd always sought to please him that is up until a few years ago.

Hate because I felt myself falling into the trap that I'd been thrown into far too many times already in my life. The trap of wanting to please my father in order to receive love in return. It never worked out like that though and instead I always ended up feeling used.

Despite knowing all that I did I helplessly watched my fingers move as



if remotely upon the keyboard, “See you at 7:00 Dad.” My mouse clicked and the Send button flashed.

Oh no, did I really click the send button! Yep, I had, as I confirmed by checking my sent email folder.

Silently despairing of ever managing to wean myself away from the influences of negative people of prominence in my life I clicked on the return email that had already popped up, “*See you later baby girl.*”

I stared at the brief reply in wonderment. Just what did he want?

What was his line, ‘*Looks like you were right after all*’, about?

We hadn’t spoken in four months and then it had been a big blow up with lots of screaming on his part to which I had eventually just walked out from and

gotten in my car to drive away as every hateful word replayed within my consciousness for the entire two hour drive home.

It had been Thanksgiving and dad had rented a cabin on a lake in a resort area for us to celebrate a day that always before we had celebrated at home. But with mom's death seven years before Thanksgiving had never been the same and so I hadn't been too opposed to spending it outside of the home full of memories from growing up there.

My announcement though at last year's Thanksgiving hadn't been popular, as I well knew it wouldn't be. I'd told dad and my two sisters after most of the gluttony had been accomplished that I would no longer be celebrating December 25th as Christmas.

“Well why not?” My father had screamed at me.

“Well because for one it’s not the day of Jesus’s birth.”

“Well that’s not a good reason for not celebrating Christmas!” He’d stormed back with.

I’d known going in that it would do me no good to argue, but it was in my nature to try to get my point across so I had tried. I had explained the pagan traditions of Saturnalia and how Jesus was born by best accurate Biblical account around September 29th and that in reverse Christmas Day was really the birthday celebration of the child of Nimrod of the Tower of Babel and his wife Isis.

I also went into the word semantics of the word ‘christ’ as to how it does not

refer to Jesus in specific, but rather it can mean any lord, with the occultic symbolism of that day, Christmas Day, being twisted to mean the celebration of something opposite of Jesus, hence anti-Christ, even as the reborn spirit of Nimrod in the occult world is to them the spirit of anti-Christ.

I had explained that December 25<sup>th</sup> hadn't been observed by the early church and that later the reason given by the Catholic Church to move the birth of Jesus to December 25<sup>th</sup> had been so that pagans could continue to celebrate their pagan feast days and traditions and be called Catholic all at the same time. Then instead of just wrangling with my father, my sisters had lit into me big time.

They'd said about how I was trying to

deprive their children of a good time by taking away the joys of the holidays not to mention their presents and so on. Mind you my nieces and nephews at the time were showing the most interest that they had exhibited all day in terms of listening into the adult conversation, which now had them looking up from the screens of their iPhones and tablets with interest.

I'd countered my sisters with the plea of, "Shouldn't we try to be authentic in our walk with God, especially when God specifically says not to observe the celebration times and feasts of the pagans?"

Then my one brother-in-law had broken into the conversation in high dudgeon as if he hadn't been listening to anything of what I'd previously said,

“Why do you have to be one of those people making it hard for everybody? You’ll be telling us we have to throw our Christmas tree out next!”

Well that had fallen rather conveniently or as the case may be inconveniently with what the conversation was about and I had responded to it by quoting Jeremiah 10, which specifically forbids the cutting down of a tree and decorating it in one’s own home. Oh my father had really lost it then.

Blood vessels had pumped to capacity as he’d screamed, “You take the Bible far too literal Samantha! You better watch out or it will ruin you! Goodness knows you’ve already let your over attention to matters of faith cost you a promising career as an archaeologist. Is

this all you do sit around thinking up things to cause trouble? Look what you've done and how upset you've made everybody! You ungrateful.....” He'd gone on and on, until finally I had just stood up from the table and left.

Now staring at the brief message before me I could only wonder as to what had magically put me back into my father's good graces. Something wasn't right, as I didn't believe in magic.

I did then what I should've done before sending off my reply. Closing my eyes I prayed, “God I don't know about this. I was faithful to share what You revealed to me and I was rejected for it and now I doubt his sincerity about me being right about anything from his perspective which I doubt has changed. What is this all about? If I shouldn't go

please tell me now and I won't go."

**"Go."**

Blinking I looked up and whispered, "Why?"

**"Because I wish to preserve you even as a faithful father does for a child he loves."**

Feeling on the verge of tears I whispered out brokenly, "But my father doesn't love me like that! He has something up his sleeve and I know it won't be good for me in the long run!"

**"Samantha you have no father other than Me for even as I created you in My own image I am Father of all. Listen to Me and do as I say."**

Crying I pressed my face to the keyboard and nodded my acceptance of my Heavenly Father's will even as I felt the love through His words that my



earthly father had never shown to me.

“Oh God, I don't want any more pain! Please help me to only listen to Your voice and not to the voice of any other.”

**“Keep My ways and I will be with you always. I hear every prayer of those who put their trust in Me.”**

A silent moment passed and then, **“Tell me Samantha what is it you want of Me?”**

Blurry eyed I looked up at the fuzzy screen before me and then about at the littered papers which were the evidence of my work and forcefully I said, “I want to be happy! I feel so alone!”

**“You do not belong to this world, but to Me and I jealously keep what is Mine. How can that soul which is entrusted to Me find joy when they are separated from Me for I am Spirit**

**and you are of the flesh? Do not think it strange how you are set apart from the ways of the world for indeed I am calling you to Me and I honor your faithfulness of spirit above all else. You will have reward both in this life and far more in the world to come, and yet the trials of this life must go on a little longer.”**

Feeling shaken beyond belief I slid down off my chair to the floor as it suddenly felt like my little office at the university had become hallowed ground. I lay there praising my Abba Father, as I felt the current of His Spirit course through me like a tide of living water sweeping away all the hurt and struggles of my life.

I was ready to do anything for my Heavenly Father, even as I no longer

feared the mechanization's of my earthly father. Peace swept through me and I lay enshrouded in it completely at peace with life for once.

\*\*\*\*\*

My eyes opened and with some alarm I lifted my head up off the floor. One glance at the clock which read 6:30 had me coming to my feet in a hurry.

How long had I been out? Hours seemed to be the unavoidable answer and yet as opposed to any embarrassment over having slept on my office floor I instead felt fortified by a strength it seemed as if potent enough to keep me awake for days on end.

Busily I closed down everything and glancing in my small compact mirror I

allowed myself to take the time to smooth my tangled hair out a bit. My father would just have to receive me the way I looked, which frankly wasn't bad.

I snapped the compact mirror shut and slung my purse on over my shoulder. Closing my office door I shut and locked it and hurried out of the building to see that my little car was the last one on the lot of the small Christian college that I worked for.

Hurrying to my car I jumped inside and turned the key and faithfully my little pile of nuts and bolts roared to life before then coughing painfully.

“Easy. Easy.” I cajoled, as I feathered the gas pedal a little. The engine caught on with a little gentle nudging and its mechanical cough was left behind.

I eased it into Drive and began making

my way to the highly expensive Italian restaurant named Roberto's. Annoyingly I hoped that my father intended to pay as I was on the lean side of the month currently.

The restaurant's parking lot was full, but I managed to squeeze into a small space at the back. One of the benefits of having a small car.

As I made it to the front of the restaurant I saw my father waiting outside. Approaching him I watched him shake his head ruefully as he asked rhetorically, "Still driving that rust bucket around?"

"Every day."

"Why?"

"Well I decided that eating was more important. Shall we?" I said in gesture to the restaurant's doors behind him.

My father blinked several times in the face of my rather uncharacteristic briskness of bearing before turning to hurry through the doors behind him. I watched the restaurant doors slam shut and the desire of one day having a man who cared enough to wait and hold the door open for me occurred to me all over again with potency of spirit.

Belatedly my father turned back and half shoved the door open. I caught it before it hit me and said, "Thanks.", without really meaning it.

We were seated at an elegantly laid out table with a good view and silently I thanked God for the opportunity of having good food tonight. All I'd had all day was a couple of granola bars and the promise of food not out of a wrapper or can had my stomach yearning for the

sumptuous event of consuming good Italian food to begin.

We ordered and after I had prayed silently I began to enjoyably sample the first offerings of food that came in the form of fresh bread and a salad.

I noticed that my father kept glancing up from his food to gaze at me curiously. Finally he began a more serious topic of conversation than the idle chitchat that we had engaged in since being seated, “So what’s professionally new for you lately?”

Looking up I shrugged before saying, “I had an article published in Bible Archaeology Comes Alive Magazine. I even had a radio interview to go along with it.”

Beaming with a smile rather uncharacteristic of him in relation to

anything to do with me his youngest child he said, “I know! I read it and I’m not the only one. Some very influential people read it as well. People who have contracted with me to do some work for them.”

Straightening up a little I asked, “You’re an astrophysicist who works for NASA, why would anyone contracting you be reading about my work in Biblical Archaeology?”

He shrugged, as if to say he didn’t know either, but what he said was, “As of late there’s lots of things going down in regards to Biblical events that have attracted the notice of very important sectors of the government laboratories that I work with. Have you heard about the plans of soon implementing the construction of the Third Temple in



Jerusalem?”

“I’ve heard the rumors, but I also know that they don’t have enough of the sacred red dirt needed to make the corresponding sacrifices that such a building would entail them to consistently have to make. Without the sacred red dirt and some other missing artifacts their plans are little more than just plans.”

“Sacred red dirt you say. Didn’t they find a good bit of that stuff a few years back when they excavated a hidden Levitical priest hole near the Dead Sea that was hidden away about the time that Rome sacked Jerusalem in A.D. 70?”

I stared at my father in frank amazement. Never had I seen him so interested in the field of expertise that I had chosen to occupy my time with.

Amazed or not I instantly distrusted whatever it was that my father was up to. Calculatingly I responded by saying, “I see that you’ve been doing your own research as of late into obscure Biblical matters. A few tons of sacred red dirt however do not make much of an impact when you consider how much traditional Jewish sacrifice rituals use of the stuff. A few tons will be used up within a year’s time of full on animal sacrifice ritual practices.”

Smiling slyly my father nodded before innocently asking, “What makes this red dirt so special anyway?”

If he knew so much about a several year old news bulletin in concern to the sacred red dirt discovery near the Dead Sea then he must surely know the dirt’s origin as well, but to humor him I said,

“It’s made from a certain kind of plant material that no longer exists on the surface of the earth.”

He nodded approvingly, as if I was a star pupil with the right answer to the test question. I was tiring of this game quickly and if it hadn’t been for my desire for the food that would be coming shortly I would’ve very much entertained the notion of standing up and leaving the restaurant.

Our food arrived and focusing in on it I wasn’t quite prepared for the sight of my father’s hand reaching across the table to lay something golden and glittery on the table beside me. My eyes wide I stared at the curiously worked little golden amulet, whose emerald jewels glinted brightly up at me, from off the table’s dull background.

My eyes rose to my father's smiling visage and under my breath I asked, "Where did you get this?"

"Can you tell me what it is? Wait I know you can. I can tell my playing along with the questioning stuff is working on your nerves, but humor me I'm wearing a wire for the benefit of my superiors so they can listen in."

"You're wearing a listening device?" I stammered out with even as he gestured to a dot on his shirt lapel.

"It even takes video. What? You don't think I'd go walking around with a historical artifact worth millions of dollars on my own do you? Now for the benefit of those listening, what is this?"

Glancing around, as if to see those listening in, I cleared my throat and said, "It's the symbol of one of the kingdoms

that was sworn over to King Solomon through one of his wives. The kingdom in question appears nowhere else in recorded history and the name of it is synonymous with no earth culture we are aware of and yet she was regarded highly by King Solomon and it's said that like Solomon's mistress, the Queen of Sheba, she was reputed to be of a darker exotic appearance. Some claim India as a possible place of origin, but there is no mention of such a kingdom ever occurring there and they have a rather detailed history dating back to that time and before. As strange, as the occurrence of the exotic princess of that symbol is, there is also the unknown knowledge of just where in fact many of the princesses of nations King Solomon married came from as in the ancient

world surrounding Israel at that time there was simply not such a volume of nations or city states as to support the hundreds of wives and thousands of concubines that King Solomon amassed within his personal harem.”

My father nodded encouragingly before adding, “Anything else? Perhaps more about the red dirt.”

I stared at the man who was my father, who I felt was betraying me in some unseen way. I didn't want to say anymore, but my spirit was immediately prompted to do so and grudgingly I gave into the prodding of the Holy Spirit by divulging all my thoughts on the matter, “It is a belief of mine that Solomon engaged into alliances that stretched past our known world. Indeed, as the builder of the First Temple, he was the one that

procured the red dirt which to all knowledge hasn't been seen on the surface of the Earth since the great flood of Noah's day. He got the red dirt by which to perform the Temple sacrifices from somewhere and I think one of these marriage alliances could have been what it took to seal the deal for the procurement of such a rare commodity."

"Where do you think he got it from? Another planet maybe?"

I felt reticence to say anymore and so I didn't. My father held his hand to his ear as if he was a very poorly trained spy and nodding his head as if in answer to a unheard conversation he then smiled at me and said, "You're in if you want to be."

"In what?" I asked.

"Enrolled in an expedition that's

tasked with the unraveling of such mysteries as this red dirt and beautiful amulet.”

I looked to the amulet resting upon the table. To some it may seem beautiful, but to me it held no allure. The symbology of design was a bit simplistic, but the general idea trying to be represented in the amulet piece was that of a curiously worked altar.

The altar even had a name, the altar of power. The problem for me though was that the altar was not to my God. In my work I came across many such pagan symbologies and to a one they all shared in the commonality of all having seen the passage of innocent human babies pressed down upon them to be slaughtered.

My God required no such sacrifice. In



fact He had provided the sacrifice needed by offering up Himself to serve as the replacement for any future sacrifice whether of animals or of anything else. All one had to do was to believe in that sacrifice of the Savior, Jesus, His son in order to be saved, as by Jesus's intercessory sacrifice and resurrection all sins are forgiven.

“Aren't you going to answer me?” My father asked impatiently.

Coming out of my daze I glanced from the amulet to my father as all that had transpired in my office with my Heavenly Father earlier in the day reoccurred in fast-paced realization. Nodding my head I said, “I'm in. When do I pack my bags?”

He blinked and then blinking again he asked, “Don't you even want to know

how much the job pays?”

I smiled somewhat bittersweetly, “Some of us don’t formulate all our decisions off of what the bottom dollar accrued amount will be.”

He actually had the good grace to blush a little and with the decision made I went about devouring the excellent food set before me. I wasn’t as hungry as I had been but something said I had better pack down the calories while they were available.

I was going on an expedition. I wasn’t quite sure where they intended this expedition to be headed for, but if I was the one in charge I knew where I would look.

Dinner passed on uneventfully as father really had little to say to me even during the best of times and we’d

already conversed more intimately than we had in many years.

We were in the parking lot and headed for our respective vehicles when my father called out, “You’re sure this won’t be a scheduling hassle for you? I mean up and leaving from work like this.”

I shook my head no, “Classes let out over a week ago and I didn’t have anything scheduled trip wise for the first month of summer anyway.”

He’d interrupted my brainstorming session as to what to pack for the expedition and more importantly how to pack it all. But his question did provoke an alarming one of my own, “How long are we going to be gone?”

He shrugged expressively, “Who knows. It’s the government.”

Suddenly locked up with tension I

asked, “How am I supposed to pay my bills such as my apartment rent while I’m gone?”

He held a hand to his ear and seemed to listen. I was on the verge of stepping closer and repeating my question, when he called out, “Your first month’s salary has already been transferred into your account. It’s immediately available. A car will be by to pick you up on Monday and you’re to bring just one bag with you.”

I stared at my father in amazement. The government was still directly listing in on all this!

How could this not be as alarming to my father as it was to me? He waved at me benignly before hopping into his convertible and tearing out of the parking lot soon thereafter.

I however continued to stand there in the parking lot. Dimly I heard the buzz of overhead bug clouds dancing in worship to the parking lot lights. My hand itched to make its way to my purse and check my phone, but I fought the urge off.

Not a safe thing to do in a parking lot. I hurried on to my car and once there with the doors locked I couldn't refrain myself from waiting any longer.

Pulling my phone out I engaged the Google app and had to wait the customary length of time for my old phone to crunch ones and zeros in order to do something basic for me. Finally I got to my banking hub and punched in my password and all the ridiculous other hoops they make one jump through.

“Come on. Come on.” I repeated, as the screen loaded and then I screamed.

I looked around the car hurriedly to see if anyone had heard my scream. The coast was clear and so I let my eyes track back over to the five figure deposit number.

“\$18,000.” I whispered.

It was even available right now long after banking hours were over. That never happened!

My mind ran rampant all of a sudden with all I needed and could accomplish in three days with such a source of wealth. I'd set up my apartment for at least three months in advance as well as my phone bill. I'd pay off my two credit cards. Heck, I would even buy myself some new clothes, shoes, and a bag for this trip!

“Wait a minute, slow down.” I cautioned myself.

Closing my eyes I asked, “God is it all right to use this money?”

No response came, which left me the difficult conundrum of solving out the moral effects of my own decision. I didn't like what the government did with my money, especially when it came to sponsoring things like abortions.

On the flipside this situation wasn't about the government and what they did, rather it was their money now in my possession as earned income. Did that however do away with all the moral objections that I had with what the powers that be did with the money allotted to them out of people's taxes?

Glancing into my rearview mirror I sighed. It occurred to me then that I did know at least one determining factor as to how to solve the situation.

God knew I needed the money. It wasn't right to default on my rent or let my bills go unpaid. Perhaps it wasn't savory either, but the reality of the moment was that I lived in a cursed world and the choices I'd rather not entertain sometimes demanded otherwise.

“Thank you for the money God. Help me spend it wisely.”

That said I fired my car up and it seemed to purr with new life. Two questions immediately occurred to me. Was I going to get 18,000 every month and secondly was this expedition going to go on that long?

Resignedly I admitted that I'd signed up for something that I really didn't know anything about. God knew however and that was enough.





## Chapter Two

# ‘Down There’

### **The next day.**

Another conundrum. Dress for warmth or cold?

Personally I tended to think towards the warmer side, but I backed my wardrobe up with a few thermal long-sleeved shirts that I could slip under my more tropical geared clothes if need be. It would definitely have helped if the government would have handed out some kind of list as to how to pack for the expedition at hand.

While clothes were important I didn't want to go overboard on them and fill my pack up with them. It would be a good idea to lay down some survival gear too. I for one didn't fancy the idea of casting myself into the beckoning mercies of the government's long arms in expectation that they would have everything else besides clothes in readiness for me.

I went to the other side of the local Cabela's and tossed items as they appeared in importance to me into the shopping cart. I found a great backpack, which the price normally would've caused me to see stars, but not today!

With empowerment I finished my shopping experience feeling very much pleased with all my selections. The backpack was going to weigh a ton, but I

was strong.

Though slight of frame I worked out regularly with weights. Actually I preferred lifting weights to other exercises like running. Running could get old and there were far less muggers with knives lurking in the weight room than there were lurking about the shadows of town parks at 5 PM.

That's not really why I didn't prefer to run though. I just liked the challenge of weights more than the repetition of running.

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Feeling a bit like on the verge of entering a new era of my life I waited patiently on the street outside my apartment. In the process of doing so I

received a few curious looks, which I did my best to ignore.

Being a college town and me being a woman I decidedly stood apart from the rest of my sex right now. What girls were still in town, no doubt the ones who would soon be enrolling in summer classes, were wearing decidedly less than I was.

Only in the movies did you see the pretty lady archaeologist with shorts all the way up to mid thigh. I was pretty, but a lot more sensible than that or at least lately I was, experience had helped to make me so.

First off there were these things called bugs, not to mention poisonous plants, and thorns. The kicker of all though is having to kneel down on bare knees in the rock and dirt of a dig site. Never

again!

As a sophomore in college I had been almost laughed off of a dig once because of showing up in the romanticized version of shorts with a white billowy shirt half unbuttoned to show a snug tank top below. I'd stayed the whole day at the dig site just because. The shirt had become permanently stained brown in places and my knees had bled.

I raised my arm up to peek at my watch. The government was five minutes late.

Normally I didn't wear watches as I didn't care for tracking the passage of time, but I thought it might be useful to have a watch this time as I could always pop the crystal shield cover off and use it to start a fire.

I'm not sure why even from the onset

of this expedition that I expected things to go wrong, but I very much was. That said I still felt that I was supposed to go.

“C’mon!” I groused. It was getting a bit toasty in the Virginia sunlight with long sleeves and pants on.

Another five minutes went by and then with a roar of extra horses to spare a big black SUV peeled around a corner. But of course it was black, as all big hunking government vehicles seemed to be. That at least was true to the movies.

It came to a rolling stop alongside the curb and two men got out. One was the size of the Hulk and for the most part had only an expression of vague perceived consciousness about his face. It was creepy.

The other man was shorter, but well-built with the smile of a used car

salesman. Of the two I considered him the most dangerous.

“Sorry we’re late. Have you been waiting long?” Smooth Dude asked affably, while Beef Man approach to lift my backpack up without any perceived effort.

However upon lifting the bag Beef Man glanced from it to me and his smallish close set eyes seemed to ask a question. As if telepathically the Smooth Dude asked the unsaid thought of the other, “You sure you’re going to be able to carry that bag honey?”

Defensively I squared my shoulders and said, “I’m strong for my size and I wouldn’t have packed it as I did if I wasn’t able to carry it.”

The man’s eyebrows arched some and he looked about to argue when the back



window of the SUV rolled down partway and a voice said, “Stow the lady’s bag Harper. I have no doubt that she means what she says.”

The Smooth Dude shut up on the spot of whatever he’d been about to say and Beef Man hustled with my bag to the back hatch.

I stood staring into the cool gray eyes of a rather handsome looking man that had dangerous written all over him in a way that the other two men didn’t come close to matching. He smiled at me and gestured to the other side of the car, “Won’t you join me?”

Swallowing I made my way around the front of the car and opening the backseat door behind the driver I pulled myself up to sit on the leather upholstery of a seat that I wondered absentmindedly

as to what it might have been silent witness to through the years.

My door was closed by Beef Man, who then slid into the driver's seat, while Smooth Dude took his seat on the passenger side opposite. The walls of the spacious SUV seemed to close in on me almost instantaneously.

Finding it hard to maintain composure I glanced out my dark tinted window in need of distractions from the stifling environment within the SUV, which was created in part by my own fears of the unknown. I was really trying hard to not question God right now, but the niggling thought that He had made a mistake popped up again and again within my mind.

I commanded the errant thought into subjection and willed myself to continue

to keep trusting in God's mercies. I knew God was with me even now, but it was hard to reconcile how much like a trussed up lamb ready for the slaughter that I felt like right now in the presence of wolves.

The pack leader spoke, "You know I really can't figure it. Just how can someone with a buffoon of a father like yours come to be so different from him?"

Startled I glanced at my co-occupant of the backseat and unsteadily I asked, "In what ways do you see us as different?"

The man snorted and with a sardonic smile he turned to gaze out his window before saying, "Pardon my choice of words, but in all essentiality your father is nothing more than a useful idiot. You on the other hand are one of those rare

individuals that comes without a price tag. I respect that as there is so little these days that isn't for sale.”

I didn't know what to say to his unexpected complement of me so I said nothing.

“And oh by the way the 18,000 is paid weekly not monthly.”

Gaspng I asked before I could think better of it, “Is there nothing you people don't know? How do you know about my surprise at the money? Have you bugged my car already?”

“As a matter of fact we have, but I assure you of one thing. I'm glad to see you have the money that you now possess so you can hopefully go buy yourself something better to drive from now on. That car of yours is a death trap on three wheels and a half!”

“Leave my car out of this! I want to make it clear that I resent being spied upon!”

He nodded, “Dually noted, but I’m afraid with an exercise of such extreme importance as this all such liberties go out the window. Every facet of your life is ours to know and believe me we’ve already run them all. Besides the fact that you show a natural inclination to pick up a gun if provoked adequately and go to war with the government you see as overbearing you came out among the highest of security clearance checks. Congratulations by the way on that. The whole dinner sham with your father was really nothing, but the implementation of an intense study of ours over the past several weeks on a number of possible candidates for the job we have.”

Shaking my head I asked, “What can I possibly know or be so much of service to you to warrant so much attention and to be paid so much weekly?”

He smiled deprecatingly before his face turned pensive. Sighing he said, “It saddens me to say this, but people like you Samantha make up only a very minute category of people who have their eyes open enough to see the world for what it is without allowing the lure of entertainment, devices, money or religious affiliation to get in the way of your own observations and arrived at deductions as to how everything ticks. You are very rare indeed. You are a member of a select group I might add that the government as a whole seeks to marginalize and pass off as being a bunch of sticks in the mud scientifically

speaking as it concentrates all its effort in keeping the masses unaware to the reality that we are all surrounded by. And oh, if the amount of your salary is bothering you, don't let it. You're the lowest paid member of the expedition and in my book that indeed is a crime."

I looked at the government man, who for all intents and purposes was being entirely on the level with me. On the level about exactly what though?

Softly I said, "You're being awfully candid with me. Pray tell why?"

"Why yes I will. Disclosure, full government disclosure is coming. The few members of your select group who exist in the broader avenues of the public will soon be exemplified for sticking to your outdated arguments and beliefs. Such disclosure is why I haven't

had to make you sign off on the whole list of penalties of perjury and treason should you tell anyone anything of what you see and hear. After this expedition the whole world will know what we do.”

“Which is exactly what? I’m still unclear why the amulet belonging to one of the lost wives of Solomon should be of such importance to the government.”

“Oh come come now. You know more than you’re letting onto. You and I both know the condition of this dimensional plain of Earth we live on and the inability to go up so what does that leave us with? Down. We are going down into the Earth and we aren’t the only ones. This whole venture is more and more taking on the aspects of an out-of-control game show. The Russians have put



together a team. China has a team. Brazil and South Africa have a team. Chile has a team. The European Union has a team. It's rumored that Saudi Arabia is even entertaining notions as to jumping into the fray and last, but not least in terms of significance Israel and India have combined to make a team. A team I might add that is viewed by most as having the best likelihood of success because of some long-held secrets that the Israelis aren't telling anybody else about. This whole venture is becoming very much a race with the goal of technological domination over the rest of the world being the prize at the end of the tunnel."

"Just what is it that you think, 'down there', as you put it has to offer our modern world in terms of technology?"

The man's eyes turned to me and I

saw an intentness that was dark to behold, because of its severity of purpose, “Unlimited power, which by the use of will hopefully finally provide us a way to get out of this time matrix box we’re locked up in. Not to mention all the other natural resources there are to be had and used for our country’s benefit.”

I shook my head in consternation at what I was hearing. Was it really all that important to be a god versus being the children of the one true God?

This man had already said so much to indicate his awareness of the shifting fabric of lies that humanity as a whole was being fed on a daily basis as to constitute the apparent need to take faith in a Divine Creator, but I saw none of that comprehension in this man’s intense

gaze. I began to feel then that I must be very much within the presence of a devout satanist.

**“You are.”** Came the still small voice of God from within the corridors of my soul.

As an urgent plea I breathed out against the glass, “Help me Abba Father!”

Immediately a voice from within responded, **“I know your weaknesses and your limitations. Behold I am your strength and I hold you firm within the protection of My hand.”**

Feeling calmed down I regarded the smiling man across from me on the seat and asked, “Just what is my job on this expedition?”

“You’re multi-purposeful for one. You have good field experience that factors

favorably and as I said you're more aware to the harsher reality of Earth than most. Your first assignment is not far off. I have a whole underground bunker full of expedition members, who don't have a clue to the fact that the world as we know it is a dimensional plain that does not move. You're going to explain to these wizards of industry and science just how bizarre reality can be after being absent for 500 years from the mouths and knowledge banks of most men."

I stared agape at the man. Not only was he admitting that all my suspicions were true, but he was sharing the other side's game plays down to the last dime.

Smiling he said, "I told you it's going to be full disclosure soon. There's simply no way to go on keeping the lid

on the can.”

I looked away from him and back out my window as I said, “So you’re saying I’ve been selected because the clues to descending below are biblically rooted, and because I know the truth about the world we live in?”

“That about sums it up.” He said.

Sarcastically I sniped, “Just what do you think is going to be the people’s reaction to things like NASA for example? They’re not going to believe me anymore than they would believe you as a representative for the government.”

“Admittedly I expect the criticism to be pretty harsh, but I think after the initial fallout things will cool down. Can’t be helped really. There’s just too many people opening their eyes these days to what the truth of reality is.”

“What a pity for you.” I said darkly.

He spoke, “You don’t much care for me do you.”

I didn’t say anything. In some ways it was good that the walls of lies were coming down finally, but what else was going up in place of them?

He was shrugging the fallout that would result from such disclosure off as something not to be overly concerned about, but he was wrong. People would be absolutely livid.

Every government in the world would be castigated and overrun by demonstrators. Martial law would no doubt be enacted worldwide as not one citizen of any developed nation would be left with anything remotely resembling loyalty to their elected officials who had left them so blindly

unaware of the most base and Creator affirming fact that was ever to be exemplified within the light of day.

I was supposed to eat down the lie that the government was okay, if not seemingly eager sounding, to release such disclosure after striving so hard over the past 70 years or so to keep the secrets of Earth closed off from the minds of the populace? I don't think so!

A thought of paradoxical import occurred to me then. The government was too keen to release a disclosure if the words off this lackey's lips were to be taken at face value. They wanted tumult and mass panic to occur, but why?

Society as we knew it would crumble at the release of such disclosure. It.....

My eyes widened as the full ramifications occurred to me of what

such a disclosure would bring about the creation of. After disclosure no government in the world would be trusted and thus out of the ashes of the resulting protests and anarchy movements a New World Order would emerge.

One that would offer the people of Earth a change from the lies of their former governments, but in reality would be made up of the very elements that had controlled various world governments for a long time and had been the leaders in the falsification and obfuscation of the truth for the last 500 years.

Everyone would accept the need for order after the initial chaos in which the people of most developed nations would lose everything as their fake and artificially supported currencies failed



overnight and they were left without even the most basic of necessities such as water, food, and medical supplies. I felt on the verge of throwing up as it occurred to me in full just how far along into the last days we were.

In a heartfelt plea to God I silently asked the fear of what I thought might be true, “Am I by my actions helping this government in turn usher in the one world government and the Antichrist’s reign?”

**“Prophecy will be fulfilled. They know My words, but they do not see. They are blind and dumb and what they think will be their salvation will only lead to their utter ruin. I am not overcome and by no means will My words fail in all I have purposed for them to do. Go with them, but be**

**separate from their sin of arrogance against the Most High in their final attempt to be Me rather than to be as a beloved and cared for child of My own such as you are. Take no part in their iniquity, but it is My will for the end to come so all things might be made new again. I know your heart. Lead them in truth, but shun the evil which they seek to gain power by in order to provoke Me even as the descendants of My servant Noah did at the Tower of Babel.”**

Feeling shaken I stared out the window for a moment, until the peace and strength of the Holy Spirit came into me so much so that I boldly turned to the keeper of lies beside me and said, “In this upcoming disclosure to the other members of this expedition if you think

I'm going to mince my words or only tell them half-truths you are sadly mistaken.”

“No be honest with them. That's why we brought you. One of the reasons why anyway. It's vital to the success of the mission that everyone be able to comprehend the situation at hand out of a clear and rational understanding of reality. Any clouded reasoning could spell doom to the mission and that we cannot have.”

I looked him over speculatively. Just what were they after?

What did they hope to steal from the dimensional plain below to further their New World Order plans for the surface above? Deciding on boldness I asked my thought, “What's down there that you want so badly?”

“As I said, unlimited power. The

power to alter or make our own gateways so that we might escape this prison called Earth and the imposed limitations of time and space we are all locked up in. It's this we will sell to the masses. Freedom. True freedom."

Shaking my head I asked, "And you think they'll buy that?"

"They did once."

"How very true. Look how that's turning out for you though. Do you really wish to risk it happening again?"

"We have no choice, but I am convinced that we will be successful this time. People will have no choice, but to fall in line with the new order of things if they wish to survive."

"And what of people like me? People who will never take an oath to any new endeavor of mankind that lies outside of

what was ordained for us of God.”

He shrugged and said, “You would be fools not to go along with us. We are this close to unlocking the mysteries of everything and when we do there will be no more need for the God you serve. I ask you plainly why would you rather be a servant when you could be the master?”

“Why can you not be content with the blessed future of all that has been promised to those who believe in and serve God?” I countered with.

“Because I’d rather be in control and beyond the bounds of any law.” Was his clipped reply.

“Lawless you want to be, but you pass by the realization that all that is in existence only came about because of the law of God’s word. Those words will

never pass away and who am I a created being to say to my Creator, ‘Why have You made me thus?’ You would put yourself as equal with your Maker but the truth is you did not create yourself and while you may possess the ability to clone the flesh, the spirit is of the breath of God. All man can do is create a habitation for something already in existence. Why do you delude yourself into thinking that you can make anything new?”

My co-occupant’s face had turned sour against me and I didn’t miss the nervous glances from Smooth Dude in the front seat, who kept looking back worriedly at us.

“Save your preaching for the choir! I base my beliefs in the surety that there is nothing that will be impossible for us

that we purpose to do when humanity comes together as one.”

I shook my head and being at an end of words by which to witness to this man I turned my face away from him. The rest of the ride passed by with him drawn up in arrogance of the spirit of superiority, while humbly I mulled over inside all that I had learned and experienced today.

Truly the end was near and just as surely as God's Word foretold, *“The meek will inherit the Earth.”*

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About a half hour later the SUV pulled down a series of streets leading to an old warehouse district. Idly I began to wonder if they thought they'd made a mistake with me and were even soon

going to be leaving my bullet ridden corpse to rot in one of these old derelicts.

The SUV ventured ever deeper into the warehouse district until coming to the side wall of a rusty old looking deathtrap I watched with surprise as the ground just before the rusty banged up warehouse wall fell away into a smooth even decline until the mouth of a tunnel showed. The SUV dipped down underneath the warehouse wall to become unseen by the outside world.

Looking back I watched as daylight was shut off by the ascending ramp that had lowered to allow us access to this subterranean world no doubt in part funded by the several billion dollar budget allotted to NASA and other organizations like it each year.





## Chapter Three

# Disclosure

The tunnel stretched on and on. It was hard to define time in this seemingly endless corridor beneath the world above. How many roads such as this existed?

Time passed by as our headlights carved through the darkness, but as to how far we went before we began to see signs of greater habitation I could not say other than to put it in the context of several miles. Finally the SUV proceeded on into an underground

working of what astoundingly appeared to me as a breakaway civilization.

There were shops and people and light. If it wasn't for the ceiling of rock I would have sworn we were on the surface traveling down some posh street of shops in the style of Saks Fifth Avenue.

It was both eye-opening and appalling to witness the double standard at play here. Here in this underground realm was a place setting environment as elaborately set up as if it was a doll house with all the accessories, while on the surface the debt slave population toiled away to make the dollars that increasingly bought less in terms of value, while the elite basked in this sunken utopia paid for by the swindling of the masses.

Leaving the glitzy part of this underground metropolis behind the SUV pulled into what appeared to be a military complex. The journey appeared to be near its end.

One thing was for sure though. I knew that after seeing what I had I would never be permitted to see the topside world again. So be it.

Seemingly I was alone in the midst of the workings of a vast governmental conspiracy that spanned generations, but even so my Lord was with me and so who should I be afraid of? They could kill the flesh but my soul was bought and paid for and preserved from above.

The SUV stopped and I got out as an officious looking counterpart to the one I had ridden with stepped forward to say, "Good to see you Frank. She the last of

them?”

My companion, Frank, nodded tersely and continued on past the man. Taking my cue I followed after Frank figuring that was the thing to do until told to do otherwise.

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It was hard to not show open astonishment at the glossy interior of the complex that was alive with technological offerings and designs far above any such as seen on the surface. When the chaos erupted the elite and those who served their interests were going to be quite comfortable down here. At least that's what they thought.

We came to a series of auditoriums and Frank turned to the side and gestured

for me to go ahead of him. I entered the movie like theater setting and made my way down the aisle. There were at least 150 or so people seated about chattering on quite incessantly with each other.

To a man or woman of them they all appeared both a bit shocked and something else. Excited. They were excited. They were excited to be in what felt like the bowels of hell to me.

I heard doors shut and glancing back I noticed that the auditorium doors were now solidly closed with armed guards standing in front of them. The point of no return had very much been reached it would seem for not only me, but everyone else as well.

I very much wanted to step aside and sink unseen into one of the seats and have all the reality of what was going on

just drift away and be replaced with the screen behind the center stage coming alive with a movie, but there was no movie scheduled to play today. Instead I was supposed to address these people and bring them up to speed, which seemed ludicrous, but here I was.

Slowly I mounted the stairs of the stage with Frank close behind me. This was a much different feeling than teaching a class of college kids and anxiety threatened to overwhelm me as the chattering of the flock of magpies ceased to a quiet murmur behind me.

The audience's excitement was something to be felt in the air. For them this expedition was the crowning achievement of their life's work and they felt proud for it. I, on the other hand, was now wishing that I had never graduated

college.

I glanced to Frank as I was nervously unsure of what to do next. He wasted no time, but stepped past me to fill the space behind the stage's lone podium and began to commandingly talk, "Ladies and gentlemen I'm sure you're all quite wondering at the things you've seen today and at the mission that lies before us to accomplish. Well some of these answers to your questions are coming, but first it's important to discuss two items. One is that you are all committed to the task at hand. There is no backing out now. If you prove contrary to doing your assigned tasks then you will be remanded into custody for by the nature of the secrecy of this facility you will be held indefinitely without trial at our sole disclosure. Do I



make myself clear?”

Silence beckoned his declaration of hostile intent even as concern marred the faces of more than half of those seated, while the remaining number only looked impatient for things to begin.

“Alright I’m glad we got that out of the way, but now you all have a rude awakening coming your way, unless there’s something we don’t know about you and I very much doubt that. To assist you in your reeducation please welcome Samantha Anderson.”

There was applause, which abruptly petered off as Frank somewhat narcissistically added into the mic, “A professional within the field of Biblical Archaeology.”

People turned their heads to look at one another in general puzzlement as to

why someone of my professional background would be giving a speech about anything in such a place as this. I was very much alone in choice of belief in this place it would appear.

I couldn't help but fathom why I was being given the opportunity to speak to these people in a way that might truly open their eyes to the need for salvation that existed in everyone's life. Why would the opposition open the door to me to share my faith with people who needed to hear it as badly as the audience before me did?

**“They have no choice but to honor My wishes, even in this. Every man must choose and you are My last witness to these people who have sought all their lives to be blind to who I am and the very role of My**

**existence in everything for by My words everything has come to be.”**

Feeling very much like I would be stoned for what I was about to say I stepped up to the mic in search for the words needed to say to these people in order to open their eyes. How did you tell these people about something so monumental so well hidden from them that never once had the idea ever occurred to them that they had been actively misled and directed down paths of obscurity for their entire lives?

“So.....” I immediately stopped talking as the sound of my own voice being amplified loudly for a moment stunned me. Gathering what little wits I still had about me I spoke again, “What do you all know about our planet, Earth?”

I pause momentarily to let my rhetorical question have weight to it before continuing with, “Well, no doubt the first thing that comes to mind from your earliest experiences at school in kindergarten class is that it is round or as NASA would say, shaped like a sphere. Well, already in speaking to you, I’ve given you two errant facts about Earth. For one Earth is not a planet as it does not rotate around the Sun. Secondly Earth is not a sphere, but rather it is a flat dimensional plain. A dimensional plain that is vastly complex in terms of its makeup.”

I couldn’t have spoken further if I’d wanted to because of the uproar that arose from the audience gathered before me, which was suddenly one in both their dislike of me and for the

inexcusable affront I had just issued to the vaunted status of basic science and geometry so well programmed into the leading majority of the populace. I glanced at Frank as both insults and tantrummed denials were hurled at me from the now mostly standing academia that filled the rows before me.

Smiling sardonically Frank stepped close and speaking into the mic he said, “Who here has ever been tasered before?”

The crowd fell silent almost instantly and Frank went on, “Sit down and shut up! We’re not paying you all the ridiculous sums of money that we are because we want to hear your scholastic viewpoints. In fact we have no need for you at all as we more than have the ability to pull equally, if not more so,

qualified individuals from our own laboratories to perform the work that is needed. The only purpose for you being brought here is to serve as witnesses to the momentous events about to go down so that when the time comes for disclosure on a mass level the who's who of the scientific community will be able to attest to some knowledge of the events leading up to the revolutionary technological age we are about to embark into instead of appearing as idiots to all the people who regard you as intelligent human beings. Now shut up and listen. Questions are welcome, but tantrummed rants are not and will be dealt with accordingly.”

Frank stepped away and I was left with a silent congregation of cowed listeners to pay service to whatever I

had to say. Not sure where to begin in the instruction of the crowd before me I prevaricated for a moment longer and was rewarded with a question from the audience that took my uneasiness about how to continue completely away.

“Can you prove that the Earth is flat?”

“I certainly can Sir. But just to turn your own question back on you, can you prove your belief in the Earth being a sphere circling a star to be true?”

“Why because of Copernicus! He came up with the solar model that we all use today, which is based on mathematical principles that are undeniable.”

“Yes, Copernicus did come up with the solar model 500 years ago and yes he did use math to explain his theory, but he was wrong. Do you have anything

else to base your theory of belief on the Earth being round other than that of a Jesuit Catholic priest that lived in existence 500 years ago?”

The man loudly exclaimed, “Why NASA for pity’s sake! We put a man on the moon!”

“Correction. We’ve never been to the moon. The moon landings and indeed the entire NASA base of operations from day one has been a cover-up of a truly massive scale. There are literally countless rebuttals derived from sound scientific and mathematical principles as well as observational evidence that proves everything NASA is accredited with doing to being nothing more than an elaborate hoax meant to keep you in the dark as to the true nature of the Earth that we live on. Now does anyone here have



any evidence to add that testifies as to why the Earth is round versus being flat that differs from the opinions of a 16<sup>th</sup> century mathematician priest and a US government agency?”

The auditorium was silent even as people scrambled to come up with something to say.

“I know it’s very difficult to be where you all are right now as I once was there myself. What I’m saying sounds crazy, but here you are with nothing to bolster your belief in a round Earth model other than a priest who lived 500 years ago and NASA showing you grainy out of focus pictures of the moon about sixty or so years ago. As scientists you all should be thinking to yourselves that if your belief was true then there should surely be more readily available

evidence to prove it other than taking the word of Copernicus or the guys and gals over at NASA. Incidentally the opposite extreme as exists today within the scientific community was once the case. In the ancient world every advanced society believed in a flat unmoving earth. The ancient Egyptians, the Greeks, and even ancient Hebrews all believed in a flat earth and they would laugh at you if you were to tell them otherwise. As late as the 17<sup>th</sup> century the Chinese maintained belief in a flat earth. The change in that culture occurred because of the religious order that Copernicus belonged to, the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church wanted to become more progressive and it liked new ideas so it began mandating that Copernicus's theory as well as Galileo's was in point,

an undeniable fact that no one should question. It has gone so far in terms of reeducation as to include the moniker taught to all schoolchildren that ‘Christopher Columbus sailed the ocean blue in 1492 and confirmed that the Earth was round’. That couldn’t be farther from the truth ladies and gentlemen.”

Turning to Frank I pointed to the empty screen behind me, “Is there any way I could have a picture of a typical schoolroom map globe put up here?”

Frank nodded and within moments the screen behind me was lit up with the typical globe depiction of the Earth to be found in almost every elementary classroom within the nation and perhaps the world.

“Now this is what, from day one, of

your education you are told the Earth looks like. So in theory any ship captain in the world could take this globe and navigate anywhere in the world by the use of it. Who here believes that's possible?"

No one lifted a hand even as I began to see the dull glints of awakening understanding begin to occur.

"And you would all be right not to answer yes as you just have. There is no conceivable way a ship captain can use a globe to navigate anywhere other than a ship wreck. Captains use charts. Charts that reflect a flat earth. Can we have one please?"

A picture of a typical maritime flat earth chart appeared on the screen behind me.

"See the Earth is flat to a mariner.

Incidentally there are quite a few more easy points I can give you to prove a flat Earth based on ships alone. Not only did ship captains rely on flat Earth maps to navigate by once, but they also depended on the unique properties of light in order to navigate into a harbor after dark. Before the era of GPS ship captains depended on lighthouses to direct them into port at night. This was done by a series of simple math algorithms in regards to the distance that light travels after dark on an unobstructed night. A ship sailing towards a harbor along a seacoast that they cannot even see spots a light in the darkness. Upon seeing the light they reference a handbook to see which potential lighthouses the light could be originating from based on where they think they are along the

coastline. These handbooks contained the exact details of when a particular light could be seen based off of the candle power of the light house's unique beacon. So the first lighthouse beacon is seen and the time is noted. The ship keeps sailing. Before long they spot another beacon of a different lighthouse in the darkness of the night. Consulting their handbook again they now know exactly where they are at sea, because the moment they spotted the second beacon they confirm the identity of the first lighthouse and knowing how far the unique light of each lighthouse travels they now have two reference points by which to triangulate their exact position at sea by. All of this is accomplished some 20 miles or more offshore as that is how far the light source from these

lighthouses typically carry on an unobstructed night. This tried and true method of ship navigation is impossible to accomplish on a round Earth, because the distance given the dimensions of a curved Earth as provided by NASA dictates that visible light can only be seen from 6 miles away at the most before the dipping of the horizon cuts it off from view and yet sailors, since the time of the Great Lighthouse of Alexandria and perhaps even before have utilized the use of beacons at distances of upwards of 20 miles at sea in order to determine their location and where safe harbors lay.”

The audience as a whole was silently still as facts are irrefutable, when they truly are a fact.

“Okay another simple example of

using a ship on water would be the illusion of a ship falling over the horizon. It's often used as an argument for a round Earth, but in actuality it's the opposite. So you're standing on the beach and you watch a ship go farther and farther out to sea until it appears to fall over the horizon and disappear from view, hence in your mind the Earth is round, because that's what you've been taught from a young age and you see no reason to question it as that is what your eyes are telling you. But if you pick up a pair of binoculars and look through them the ship that just disappeared from view is immediately back into your field of vision. All that has been proven by the illusion of a ship disappearing over the horizon is that the visible distance of detail that your unaided eye can see has



been exceeded. Add magnification and the ship is once more back in your field of view. Sea Level is another great way of demonstrating a flat Earth. There have been multiple experiments done, but just to point to one let's take for instance one performed in England. In England they have these water channels which barges were towed down as a means of transporting goods from one place to another in the past centuries before our modern era. These man-made channels are still in existence and are quite straight in some parts. A simple experiment was done where a man with a spyglass stood in the channel about mid chest high in the water. Another man in a row boat proceeded to row down the channel to a distance of 6 miles. At no point did the man in the water lose

sight of the rowboat with the aid of his looking glass. Again this is impossible on a round Earth. Given a circumference of 25,000 miles with a diameter of 8000 miles, given to us by the scientific community of adherence to Copernicus's globe view of the Earth, it is possible to calculate what the curvature of the Earth would be over a 6 mile stretch of flat water. The degree of difference is 18 feet. There is no conceivable way the man in the water could still see the rowboat as from his point of focus on a round Earth the man in the rowboat would have already dropped over the horizon and been out of view. Staying with the curvature of the earth formula as provide by NASA and the scientific community it can be calculated that for every 100 miles traveled there is a drop

of 66 feet in elevation. These aren't my numbers these are NASA's, based off of the simple derivation of an earth 8,000 miles through the middle and 25,000 miles in circumference. Taking this formula then what is your answer to basic geography when it comes to the Nile River? The Nile River flows northward in pretty much a straight line for a distance of 1,000 miles and yet the elevation change over that 1,000 mile stretch of river is exactly one foot. According to NASA's numbers though it should be dropping by at least 66 feet in elevation every 100 hundred miles traveled and yet it is not. Again I know these are simple examples, but if you have any such examples to prove to me other than taking NASA's word that they went to the moon please speak up."

No one spoke so I went on in terms of making the picture of how they had been duped and lied to all their lives take on even more of a stark picture of contrast.

“Okay, could we have a star chart put up? Thank you. Everyone here should know that Polaris is the North Star. Someone tell me what constellation is always a quick aid in finding the North Star in the night sky?”

“The Big Dipper’s forward two stars.” Came a dazed sounding voice from the audience.

“You are correct. But why do these two stars point to the North Star?”

“Because the entire constellation rotates around the North Star.”

“Again you are correct, but it’s a lot more than just one constellation that rotates around the North Star. Can you

show a time lapse of the stars please?”

The screen behind me changed until you could see the light trails of every star in the sky except for one, the North Star, which remained stationary.

“If you set up a time release camera this is what you’re going to see. Every star in the sky is rotating around Polaris ie the North Star, while Polaris itself does not move. NASA tells us that Earth is traveling at a speed of 66,000 mph in its elliptical orbit around the sun. In addition to that they say that the Earth is spinning on its axis at around a 1,000 mph near the equator. In addition to that they say that our entire solar system is orbiting through the Milky Way Galaxy at 514,000 mph. Now match all those exaggerated motions up with what you’re seeing here on this star chart. For

simplicity we're dealing with three extreme rates of speed here: 66,000mph, 1,000 mph and 514,000 mph. If you just took just one of those outlandish numbers of movement and applied it to our Earth as a ball shape, do you think you could still maintain the perspective that you see being played out in our night sky night after night without fail? The answer is categorically no, because if the Earth moved at all our perspective of the overhead star constellations would shift and you wouldn't see this perfect circular rotation of every star in the heavens moving around the North Star day in and day out year after year after year. No constellation in the night sky would be recognizable because your point of perspective would be constantly changing and yet you have but to go out

at night and spot the Big Dipper exactly where you would expect to find it. To better put the incongruity of the Earth being round and belonging to a specific solar system into perspective for you further would be to say that the only place on Earth, if it's round like NASA says, in order to be able to see such circular orbits of the other stars around the North Star would be to stand dead center on the North Pole and yet each of us can go outside and observe this phenomenon for ourselves. The only explanation for this cosmic fact of circumstances is that the Earth is flat and orbiting nothing. Earth, in fact, given this evidence of the movement of the stars, is at the exact center of the universe. What about gravity you say? Well I'm sorry to keep breaking cherished tenants of

scientific faith for you, but Newton had it wrong as well. Gravity does not exist, but rather it would appear that elements such as temperature, density, and the mass of an object form the reaction that you know and call gravity. Some within the scientific community, perhaps even this room are now openly admitting that, but here consider this simple proof for why gravity according to Newton on a round Earth does not work as a plausible theory. The plumb bob, one of the oldest tools of architecture, is a heavy bulb shaped piece of metal that is fastened to the bottom of a length of string. When the string is held up the heavy metal bulb is permitted to swing back and forth. When it becomes stationary you know according to Newton that you have an exact vertical straight line, because the



point of the heavy bulb is pointed to the gravitational center of the Earth. Okay. So you put a perfectly straight post in the ground that's lined up with the vertical length of string. Then walk 100 feet in another direction and repeat the exercise. Once again you put a new post in the ground that's perfectly aligned with the string. Both posts are straight and yet if the Earth was around the distance between the top of the two posts would be greater than the distance at their bases. If you were to build a structure of any kind on a round Earth the structure would be wider at its top than it would be at its base because of the degree of difference caused by the curvature of the Earth. No one here lives in such a lopsided structure because the Earth is flat and not a round ball or

sphere. Do you begin to see the enormity of how all of humanity has been lied to for the past 500 years? Once you get past the shock of it, even common sense is enough to show that gravity cannot exist in any meaningful reality as Newton constructed. Picture the globe model that you have all been taught to accept without question and then realize that 70% of it is comprised of massive amounts of water. What's keeping the water in the northern hemisphere from all sliding to the southern hemisphere? They tell you in school that it's gravity that holds thousands of feet of ocean water in place and yet you and I who are comprised of 70% water and move about freely unduly affected by gravity as we go about our daily business when in theory if gravity is so strong as to hold

the oceans in place then you and I should be glued to the surface of the globe like paper clips on a magnet. Some argue it's like the principle of a bucket full of water being swung around so fast that no water has a chance to spill out. No water escapes it's true, but it's definitely moving and moving quite violently. Do any of you feel such movement? In fact if one is to take NASA's word that the Earth is not only moving, but that it's actually spinning at a thousand mph near the equator then all it would take to prove a round Earth would be to jump into the air and discover that you've moved at least a hundred feet or more in the one or two seconds that you were airborne. This doesn't happen, obviously, just as a jet flying at 500 mph from New York City to London England

doesn't have to travel an extra 1000 mph in order to overcome the spin of the Earth that it's supposedly flying against. Literally I could go on and on with scientifically verifiable proof after proof that are testable, observable, and repeatable that all prove that the Earth is flat, while all you have to go on is the faulty math of Copernicus and a government agency named NASA that faked the moon landing by filming it in a desert at night with a director from Hollywood who was paid a large sum of money to lend his cameras for the filming of the faked moon landing. The supposed moon rocks have all been shown up to be rocks from no other place but Earth. The European Union version of NASA, the ESA, just a few years back showed you the spellbinding

journey of a satellite that they sent to an asteroid. A moving asteroid that they actually landed the satellite upon. They can accomplish all this, but somehow in 60 some years they've never been able to put a man back on the moon or even give you one photo other than the original faked Apollo moon shot of the Earth from space. The answer often given is that there is no reason to return to the moon, but then they're constantly releasing findings that tell the mass public that the moon is one big hunk of platinum and other precious metals so then the question is why wouldn't we be going back to the moon? We can send a satellite deep out into space and land it on a moving asteroid, but we can't repeat a 60-year-old three-day mission to our own moon? These are the people

that the whole Earth is putting their faith in to tell you that the Earth is round. Copernicus by the way was an extremely wealthy man. He went so far as to build his own observatory in order to prove his theory, only he never installed a telescope within it. Again this man over all the ancient civilizations that told you the Earth is flat is the more believable one? So why the lie? Why is it so important to not let the average person on the street know that the Earth is flat? Well it's all about control. You need to go no further than to look at the UN flag to realize what's going on. Flag please.”

Dutifully the UN flag flipped onto the screen behind me to the tune of gasps of shock from the audience.

“Behold your flat Earth everyone. The UN flag as you can see is an exact

replication of a flat Earth map. Now do you notice anything missing from the picture?”

A silent moment of hushed calm passed by before a shocked voice answered, “Antarctica’s not on it!”

“That’s correct Antarctica is missing from the UN flag and for good reason. Do you know that it is actually illegal for anyone to go to Antarctica? You and I are not permitted anywhere near it. Now I wonder if you could dig me up a map with a true representation of Antarctica?”

No sooner had I spoken then an image of a flat Earth with an icy shelf of land ringing the entire outer rim of the disked plain of Earth appeared on the screen behind me.

“Antarctica is the biggest continent

you've never seen. It spans the entire area of our known existence as it circles around the dimensional plain of Earth holding back the waters of the oceans from spilling away into space. All the numbers that you've been taught in regards to the size of landmasses are incorrect. In actuality the diameter of the dimensional plane of Earth is closer to 25,000 feet than the 8000 feet you're told exists through the center of a round globe. Some continents are larger than their shown on maps while others are made smaller. Africa for instance is much larger than shown on any modern map, while North America is smaller than it is shown. Now I know what you're all thinking. Why doesn't somebody just sail over the edge? Well to answer that is to say that in addition to



the inhospitable landforms of Antarctica there is also a continuous ice wall of 150 feet in height that was discovered by Adm. Byrd in the mid-1900s. Every NASA released photo of a section of the Earth that you might see while browsing the internet is a composite image that has been photoshopped. In fact most of them are paintings. Don't believe me, then consider how one only has to look overhead to see how rapidly cloud cover changes or how fast a thunderstorm system moves by and yet if you look at a composite view of the Earth spinning as provided by NASA, you will notice that the clouds barely move at all. When in reality from such a distance as from low Earth orbit the movement of the clouds should appear hectically fast as they are ever changing,

even within the view of the naked eye, let alone a broad release capture of what is supposedly the Earth rotating at a distance. Again you can find all this evidence readily available for yourselves. All you have to do is open your eyes and see what you have been programmed by the elite not to see.”

Frank cleared his throat warningly from behind me, but I ignored him for the most part. “Another question you probably have is why don’t air pilots discover it or ship captains. Well in answer to that, ship navigation is no longer done as it once was. Now we have GPS, which was gifted to the world courtesy of the American Defense Department. With GPS you only go where they want you to and you only see what they want you to see and like most

people you don't question the oddities because you were programmed along with how to spell your name in kindergarten that the Earth is round. What oddities am I speaking of? Well let's have a traditional globe view map of the world to look at. Okay here we are. Say you're in Johannesburg South Africa and you want to fly to Brisbane Australia, which is a straight shot across the southern portion of the Indian Ocean. Now from all appearances the simplest thing for you to do is fly nonstop to Brisbane Australia. It would be about a 10 to 12 hour flight nonstop. This doesn't happen however. Instead your flight goes northward. You transverse the entire length of Africa to land in Delphi in the United Arab Emirates. From there you fly to Malaysia and from there you

finally complete the journey to Australia. You arrive after thousands and thousands of miles longer than it should've taken and almost double the time at around 20 hours flight time. What is the reason for this traveling nightmare? Quite simply put on a flat Earth Australia is not relational to Africa the way they show you that it is on a globe map. Australia is actually farther northward and yet few think to question and those of us who do are branded as idiots because they believe in the archaic belief of a flat Earth. Now I am a Christian and while I'm pretty sure a lot of you are not, you can at least respect that the Bible is a work of historical import that has been scientifically verified time after time as to its authenticity to the time period it was written in. Faith aside for a moment

consider that the Bible, which long predates all your science and physics algorithms, testifies to the existence of a flat Earth. And it is for this reason and this reason alone that I believe the truth has been so ardently kept from you, because if humanity knew the reality of Earth as not just the third planet from the sun, but rather the source of rotation around by the entire cosmos then there would be no doubt left within the hearts of men that there is a Divine Creator. A Master at work on a grand scale, with designs and long ranging goals undeniable to any man. NASA would have you believe that man has been leaving Earth's atmosphere for years and that the colonization of worlds is but a step away. This couldn't be farther from the truth. There is a dome that

encapsulates the Earth and it is called the Firmament. No the Firmament is not a band of asteroids in outer space separating the outer planets from the inner planets as NASA has told you it is. There are windows and even doors through the Firmament Dome, but these ways are guarded and not accessible by mere man. How do I know this? Well in the mid-1900s both Russia and America panicked. Both nations came to the alarming conclusion that there was a barrier that halted any exodus from Earth. At most points the dome is only 80,000 some miles above the surface of the Earth. In their blind panic at the discovery that Earth very much is a roped off preserve or wildlife habitat if you will, they sent nuclear warheads up into the atmosphere in an effort to blast a

hole through the dome. It was sold to the public by both America and Russia as testing, but all nuclear testing is done below ground. Testing was just a cover story for what was really transpiring. Even though they did not succeed in blowing a hole through the dome they did succeed in spraying nuclear grade plutonium across the atmosphere of the entire Earth so densely that if you take a Geiger counter and scan a person with it you will pick up a radioactive signature. When they couldn't blow a hole through their prison wall they enacted a cover up the likes of which I doubt the world has ever seen before or since. Because imagine what a witness it would be for every system of supposed higher learning to have to admit to the general public that they were all wrong and that

the Bible was right. Now you can take all I'm saying as fanciful fiction if you want to, but again consider that the Bible as a point of historical reference alone is an undeniable fact for at least the past 2500 years. The theory of your round Earth model has only been in existence for around 500 years. So here's some verses to take from the Bible that witness to the fact that the Bible is a flat Earth affirming doctrine and what's more a flat Earth testifies to the God that I as a Christian serve unlike any other religion on Earth.

*Psalm 19:4-6 "In them [the heavens], a tent is fixed for the sun, who comes out like a bridegroom from his wedding canopy, rejoicing like a strong man to run his race. His rising is at one end of the heavens, his circuit*



*touches their farthest ends; and nothing is hidden from his heat.”*

*1 Chronicles 16:30: “He has fixed the earth firm, immovable.”*

*Psalm 93:1: “Thou hast fixed the earth immovable and firm ...”*

*Psalm 96:10: “He has fixed the earth firm, immovable ...”*

*Psalm 104:5: “Thou didst fix the earth on its foundation so that it never can be shaken.”*

*Isaiah 45:18: “...who made the earth and fashioned it, and himself fixed it fast...”*

*Isaiah 40:22.....”sits throned on the vaulted roof of earth, whose inhabitants are like grasshoppers. He stretches out the skies like a curtain, he spreads them out like a tent to live in...”*

*Revelation 7:1 “And after these things I saw four angels standing on the four corners of the earth, holding the four winds of the earth, that the wind should not blow on the earth, nor on the sea, nor on any tree.”*

*Revelation 1:7 “Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him. Even so, Amen.”*

In that last verse it says that every eye will see Him so as a Bible believing Christian, I say there is no other way to view the Bible other than a flat Earth affirming document, as how does anyone propose that ‘every eye’ could potentially see Him, if the Earth is indeed round and that the Bible specifically tells us that Jesus will

appear over the Mount of Olives in Jerusalem. So in conclusion I say that the Earth is flat. It is not a planet. The Sun and Moon rotate around us and in actuality are much smaller and nearer to Earth, which is easily verifiable by taking simple mathematical measurements of sun shadow using instruments such as a maritime sextant device. All the data that proves a flat Earth is hidden and preached against by the governments of the world, because at one point in time the realms of academia left belief in God behind and said it wasn't important, only then to realize in full the delusion they had hoisted upon themselves and thus they invoked a massive cover-up to not only hide their own mistakes, but also the malicious need to see that people not be exposed to

facts that affirm the presence of a Creator as opposed instead to a series of random acts such as a Big Bang or the Theory of Evolution. Time has moved on and the lies have only gotten worse. To quote a famous NASA scientist, Robert Jastrow, *‘For the scientist who has lived by his faith in the power of reason, the story ends like a bad dream. He has scaled the mountains of ignorance; he is about to conquer the highest peak; as he pulls himself over the final rock, he is greeted by a band of theologians who have been sitting there for centuries.’* Well I think that lays out sufficiently the proof and quite obvious to behold reality that we all live on a flat Earth versus a rotating ball or sphere. Any questions?”

“What’s the purpose of this expedition

then?”

“Well that hasn’t exactly been shared with me, but if I had to speculate I would say this. Once upon a time a man rose to power by influencing people to be of like mind and he began to build a tower with the sole purpose of invading heaven and taking the throne of God by force. That man was Nimrod. This expedition is nothing else but the latest attempt by which to find the means to build that proverbial tower in order that man’s arrogance might assault the throne room of God as it once did in the days of old before the nations were divided by language. I.....”

“Yes, I think we’ve all been brought up to speed. Thank you Samantha. Orientation is now over. You all know the truth and I suggest you get over any

unspoken animosity about it as it won't be tolerated. The whole expedition is being pushed up as it appears the Russians have already embarked theirs, with the Israeli/Indian team not far behind. Everyone proceed through these doors to the side of the stage.”

Dutifully the cowed herd that still seemed to be in a state of shock obediently filed out of the amphitheater room. Silently I prayed that they took my witness to heart and avoided becoming enlisted in this gathering army of darkness for yet unknown purposes.

**“The timetable is mine and as such I must give My permission. Even as they hate Me they also fear Me and can only fulfill what I have already purposed to occur at the appointed times.”**

With that revelation felt I moved on down off the stage, but I kept back from the pack. I had no desire to rush headlong into whatever fate the government had planned for us.

## Chapter Four

# Provision Made

Something struck me hard as an internal force the closer I got to the double doors the group was exiting through to the point that it soon felt like I was climbing Mount Everest. My eyes drifted to the two men to either side of the door as the panicked thought that I might be having a heart attack occurred to me.

No, my heart hurt and indeed my whole body felt on the verge of collapse, but whatever the cause was it came from



no natural occurrence. Barely managing the force to muster a whisper I asked, “Jesus what am I not seeing?”

Instantly the reality of perceived existence seemed altered in a way that revealed so much more, but put a blur over the physical aspects commonly seen by the eye. The two guards by the door I was headed for were not what they seemed.

I felt a quake of fright sweep through me as I saw the beings cloaked with the outward manifestation of men look at me in a way that did not convey anything that could be remotely called good. All in one it was as if I dimensionally saw both the still forms of the guards standing rigidly at attention in the physical while other dimensional beings of ancient origin stared at me with both a

cunning and a lustful quality that was beyond description in the way it rose apprehension within my soul.

In college I'd had demonic encounters that as a new Christian had been difficult to deal with, but in the end the situations had strengthened my faith and yet to overcome these beings of darkness before me now didn't seem possible at all.

**“Look to Me and it shall be so with your faith again.”** Came the calm assurance from within that alone was what gave me the strength to walk further in the direction of what seemed to be a gateway passing into hell.

Inwardly still quaking I did my best to not look at the manifestations of pure evil that stood to either side of the doorway that I had to pass through. My

attempt to shut them out was soon made impossible though as they began to speak with me, *“You are beautiful and what a way with words you have.”*

*“Truth is in your ways and your words echo of righteousness. You have no idea how much more beautiful that makes you to us.”*

*“The more inner beauty you have the more of a delightful time it will be to corrupt every last facet of your being until you become awakened, as we, to all there is to know of good and evil.”*

*“We were once far more beautiful than you and while now we have freedom of our own we have to settle for stealing beauty from others. At best we settle for innocence and suppleness of form, but you possess even more!”*

*“We want you!”*

*“We’ll have you!”*

*“In a thousand ways with enough pleasure to fill a thousand years.”*

*“Don’t be afraid. All we want is everything and we’ll have it too. You can’t resist us for we are powerful.”*

*“We’ll use your body until we crack your spirit and then we will know peace, because we won’t be the only ones to have to face the judgment to come.”*

*“You’ll enjoy the ride we promise.”*

*“We’ll make you famous.”*

*“Don’t resist our conquest of you, because that can hurt.”*

*“We won’t be denied anything while as yet it is our time to reign in the glory of our fall.”*

*“You have no covering, but soon you will have no life at all for you have no*

*authority that binds us from you. We choose whom we will and we choose you!”*

Feeling broken down spiritually to the size of an ant my lips nevertheless moved in a whisper of a steady repetition that echoed of the foundation that I was built on, “Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil. Thy rod and Thy staff comfort me and surely.....” I reached the doorway that lay between the two fallen angelic tormentors.

It seemed that my utterance of the words of God visibly wiped the lust from off their faces and with anger they both reached for me. There was nothing I could do.

I had not known that this type of power on the side of evil could exist to

this degree in that I felt completely overwhelmed by the power of these fallen creatures who evidently had the power to do with me as they willed. Did my faith in God for protection count for nothing?

In the selfsame moment I reasoned that though my body was abused my spirit would be forever beyond their reach, but just the same the thought of the unholy use of me by evil was just too much to bear and on a plea I begged, “Jesus please!!!”

The laughter of my tormentors stopped as before me a body of light formed. I didn't know what to do.

“Walk on Samantha. I'll hold the way.”

I glanced up into the face of the being of light that held the outreaching hands of

my two tormentors locked in place. They were resisting and yet the sounds of their struggle against greater authority were dimmed from my perception.

Staring into the face of the blinding light I somehow came to the conclusion that it wasn't Jesus before me and as such I was wary of doing anything that had been asked of me.

“Wise you are to question of what spirit I am. I am not fallen as these, but I've been sent to intercede for you by the Father and His Son Yeshua through who all of mankind are blessed with the hope of redemption.”

At peace as to whose side the angel before me was on I stepped forward and let the light of his countenance seem to form a wall at my back. That was what I felt for I dared not look back even as I

felt praises to God roll off my lips.

The light spectrums of physical reality whirled into place with ever quickening motion and with a deep breath I was back from wherever I had been taken to outside the parameters of what seemed like time itself. My skin felt flushed as if it had narrowly avoided the heat of flames even as my spirit pulsed with an awareness that I had never felt to such a degree before.

The group before me was entering through the doors of what appeared to be an ultrahigh speed train of some sort and I quickly followed suit. As people stepped aboard they were directed to private alcoves the length of the train where their physical baggage had been stored.

Still not sure of what was up or down



I blindly followed the directions given to me as best as my foggy brain could comprehend them. Even then I felt to myself as one lost.

I saw my backpack up ahead then and I hurried to it and sat down in the seat beside it unmindful of anything else. My hands shaking I unzipped a side pocket and pulled a Bible in a Ziploc bag free from it.

I didn't take the Bible out of the bag. There was no need. All I simply wanted was the comfort of the words of God in my hand.

“His Spirit even now breathes from within you and the words you hold are they not already inscribed across the plains of your heart?”

I opened my eyes to view the man sitting across from me. He was the one

who I had stepped through and yet now instead of being clothed with light he appeared as an ordinary man.

Smiling warmly he said in continuation of his words, "Your body is a holy temple unto the Lord. You have great authority for He who is inside you is greater than any within the world."

Staring at him I felt my lips quiver and my grip on the small Bible intensified. My jaw felt locked and I sat in the agony of wanting to know something.

My rescuer leaned forward and with earnestness said, "I am here to strengthen you. You only in part can understand how trying the trial you just came through was upon your body and soul, but fear not for the Lord both preserves and restores. I am here as an emissary of that peace. No harm will

befall you.”

Looking around I saw that we were alone for the moment. There were people both ahead and behind the double opposing compartments of the open style floor plan of the train, but nobody was seated across the aisle from us.

Glancing back to him I stared at the angel and as if sensing my inability to speak he commandingly said, “Speak.”

My lips opened and I really don't know how he understood what I blubbered out, “You said my body is God's temple. I know and believe that, but.....but.....”

“How does it seem that you were without power to halt their defilement of you as you are a spiritually preserved woman whose faith is in the Lord?”

I nodded my head vigorously in

response to his finishing of my thought.

“In the beginning God made man in His image and out of the man He made the first woman. Now a man’s covering is God, because man was brought forth from His image, but as a woman you’re covering is from man, because you were taken out of man. You have no husband and so you have no covering in the physical. Do not confuse this with your spirit, which is treasured and kept from above as it is with all believers both male and female.”

I nodded slowly. I’d known that, but well, I’d never imagined how literal it could be. In a way right now I was free game to the other side.

“Not so Samantha. Your proof is even in the fact that intervention was made for the steps of a righteous man and in your

case, a woman, are ordered of the Lord.”

Nodding my head as I stared at my lap I whispered, “Thank you.”

“All glory goes to the Father.” He replied with simply.

Looking up I asked with dread, “Will they be back?”

“Their time is short. Not only theirs, but many others who chose to live outside the perfect harmony of God’s grace and majesty. Their wish is to destroy many and eke out whatever pleasures they can before eternal damnation. The disruption of the final destination of the saints of God is of particular importance to them. It is never safe for one who confesses the redemption of the Father’s Son over their life for forgiveness of sins so long

as they remain within the world.”

I knew that, but knowing that didn't make me want to suffer being used as a play toy by evil just the same. My mind grappled with the unsteady peace of the moment.

I was safe for now, but at some point evil would return. For a split moment I remembered in vivid detail the emotions of my encounter and it was enough to bring tears to my eyes.

Surely it must look to God and this messenger of His as if I was having an extreme lack of faith and in response to that worry I said, “I'm so sorry to doubt God's provision like I am, but I'm scared!”

The angel said nothing but simply nodded.

Looking at him I debated about

something that had only just occurred to me, but looking around at my surroundings I despaired almost instantly of my previous thought ever becoming a reality.

“You have not because you ask not.” The angel reminded my doubting mind.

Looking to him I asked plainly, “Could God provide me with a godly mate, like right now? I..... I would be very grateful for that covering and God knows that I’ve been praying for a husband for a long time.”

“God does know and it is within His will to grant good things to those who call upon His name and faithfully wait in expectation of what they ask for to be granted unto them.”

Not being able to help myself I asked with a worried glance toward the cabins

forward of mine, “There don’t seem to be any men who are godly here. It’s as if all the men have had their souls sucked from them.”

Smiling the angel said, “With God anything is possible, however for you the question is not so much where you are right now, but rather where you will soon be.”

That was true. I hadn’t considered that.

“Samantha.”

I looked to the angel. He gestured to my free-flowing hair, “It helps to avoid notice by members of my kind if you have your hair covered and it is a God honoring precept even unto this day for you to keep.”

Blinking with surprise I nodded and then with even more surprise I stared at



the now empty seat across from me. I wasted no time however in wrangling a ponytail and a baseball cap from my pack though.

Corralling my thick blonde hair together I twisted the ponytail off and then I fit my bunched up mane through the back of the cap. To complete the picture of becoming incognito I slid a pair of dark sunglasses on.

With all that done I felt a certain measure of invisibleness from the unseen corridors of the spiritual world around me and for the first time I felt myself relax a little.

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It was hard to tell that the train had even started to move, but I had the

inclination that it had. A speaker chimed out, “We will arrive in sub-Saharan Africa in approximately 30 minutes. Please be ready to leave the train.” Exclamations rang out all along the train as to how such a journey could be made so quickly.

I shook my head with disgust. The government was doing nothing but to gloat in the face of these leaders within their own assorted fields of industry as to how very little they comprehended of the technologies at play within this underground paradise of the governmental elite.

Sadly, the end result, was that all these people would no doubt listen and follow all that was required of them, because to them knowledge was akin to faith. To have so much advanced

knowledge being exhibited to them within the framework that they lived in was to say that the government must be God and in blind obedience they would do all that was asked of them all the while completely forgetting just how they had been countlessly lied to for years on end by the same government.

I didn't buy into their game and I for one served a God who didn't lie about anything. Instead He continually showed me the way forward, while lovingly caring for me along the way of my journey into eternity.

While the speculation of how an underground train could travel beneath an ocean and reach a far continent blew back and forth hotly among the group I was with, meanwhile I contemplated on something else. Just what kind of men

were there within the hidden realms of an inner region of Earth?

My mind ran wild with all the possibilities. Better than even the enjoyable speculation on my part about such a matter was the peace I already felt in that my longtime wish for a husband had indeed been granted.

I could've had my choice of many men through the years, but instead I'd asked God to choose for me. Now I felt it very keenly at the depth of my being that I had already been matched with someone else to form a complete whole of one flesh made up of two souls.

All I had to do now was wait and survive in the meantime.

## Chapter Five

# The Fall

I filled my cup full of hot chocolate. The speakers had announced five minutes ago that we were but 5 minutes away from our destination. I'd taken the warning for what it was and risen from my seat to get a drink of something warm and fortifying for who knew what lay ahead.

The sound of someone clearing their throat had me glance up to witness an older gentleman who'd just poured himself a cup of coffee. He'd obviously

been trying to get my attention, but I wondered for what reason. When I had walked in search of this amenity station all those I had passed along the way had gone deathly silent and viewed me almost as a plague of some kind.

“That was quite the talk you did. I..... well, I find myself rather shook up over it all. You made some very well-reasoned points, which I admit I’m struggling to counter.”

“The evidence is all there and there’s far more than what I alluded too. I lied about nothing.”

“No, I don’t think you did. One thing in particular does puzzle me and that is, why are we here? I mean, I know what they said, but it’s been my experience that big brother rarely tells the pawns the true way of things, which would seem

quite exemplified today, if in fact, you are correct and that my world is flat. Do you see what I mean?”

“No..... I'm not sure I do. I mean I don't trust the government either, but.....”

“No no not that. Think about the story we're being fed. We're in a supposed hurry to get started because we're competing against the Russians, as well as teams from all over the world, right? Do you really believe that? The world isn't set up like that. I mean there is really no Russia or America, rather there are the competing egos and petty rivalries within the central government that moves the governments of the worlds as if they were but chess pieces. Not to sound as a conspirator, but really the world stage and the boundaries of

nations is nothing but a game anymore. We're supposed to believe that the soul goal of this mission is to find a mythical power source beyond all equal, buried within the realm of a hollow Earth? What's even more unbelievable is that there's a consortium of nations that are competing against each other for the prize as if it's the second race to create the successor of the atomic bomb. No, I don't buy any of that. Do you see the gap in logic?"

I nodded slowly as his words continued to open up corridors of thought within my mind. He went on, "I think what is up is actually something much simpler. All of this is but a clever ruse, an act of self-preservation by the world's elite, as there is no need for some all-powerful energy module of



antiquity. I've personally worked on zero point energy generators. They exist. There is no need for fossil fuels or coal or any of that stuff. There are patents on cheap modules that can be inserted into vehicles as they are right now that would enable them to be powered off of tap water or rainwater or even seawater. Again I repeat all this jockeying for a mythical power source is nothing more than the proverbial carrot being held in front of the donkey.”

The overhead speakers blared out warningly announcing our imminent docking and for everyone to return to their seats. The old man who'd gotten quite agitated with the explanation of his thoughts turned to go.

Stepping forward I gripped his arm. His aged eyes turned to me and keeping

my voice low I asked, "Just what do you think is going on? What do you mean about preservation of the world's elite?"

A deep well of bitter sadness seemed to open up within the man, but his words came forth with a fierceness to them, "Ask yourself if this was nothing but an exploratory mission then why so many soldiers? They outnumber us better than 30 to 1."

My eyes widened and looking around I asked, "Where?"

"There have been five trains before us today. I heard some of the staff talking. They just finished this track two days ago and ever since then it has been in constant action."

There was a hard shuddering that threatened to shake us off our feet as the train began to slow down. We had but

moments before it would be stopped and I might not get the opportunity to talk to this man again. He seemed to sense that as well and hurriedly he said, "In early 1945 the Germans began shipping out all of their finest scientists from Europe to a secret base they had set up in Antarctica. A secret base that mind you your Adm. Byrd was unable to conquer with an entire Navy carrier task force several years after World War II was officially over. Germany knew they couldn't win the war in Europe so they went deep and solidified their position. I think what you're seeing here is the announcement of some global catastrophe or war on the surface that the global elite think they can't win so they're going deep in order to set up a base of operations by which to ensure a continuity of global

governance after the ashes on the surface settle!”

People were leaving their seats and reluctantly I let go of the old man. Before he was pushed along by the crowd he called back, “Mark by words that we aren’t on the right side of this equation! Such an equation calls for an unseen integer to reset the equation to zero. New math isn’t always good math.”

I lost sight of the man. Was he saying that we should be in active sabotage of this mission?

It would seem so. If so, then why hadn’t God told me so from the start?

“God, what is going on?”

There was no answer and as the last of the herd swept past me I dodged quickly back up through the cars to sling

my backpack on. I hastily started back the way I had come.

On the way I passed two stewardesses who didn't seem to have heard me behind them as they stared out a portal talking. I paused and did my best to eavesdrop on their conversation.

..... *“Have they told you about your mother yet?”*

*“It's iffy. They say if the base gets up and running before the clock hits zero then all requested family visas for base personnel will be honored, but you know how it is Sally.”*

*“Yeah. I don't have a family, but if I did I'd sure pity them right now up there on the surface.”*

The other woman nodded affirmatively and I moved on unseen. The old man had been right!

Leaving the train I received quite a number of suspicious looks for being so far behind the others, but smiling in a blasé fashion I simpered about having to get my makeup just right in an effected glitzy manner that was far from who I was. The soldiers rolled their eyes and directed me on to where I was to go in order to catch up.

I hurried on, but I didn't miss the piles of supplies marked as military gear that were being unloaded everywhere from the train. This truly was a military incursion instead of the scientific expedition which I had been led to believe it was. Just who or what was putting up such a fight in the inner regions of the Earth as to warrant this extreme of a military front?

Idly I wondered how things may have

changed within the Earth's crust since King Solomon had acquired his underland brides. The mood at present seemed to hint at one of extreme hostility towards those who dwelt upon the surface of the world.

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“Okay, listen up everyone, this is no cakewalk you've been enlisted to participate in. We will come under direct enemy fire once we breach the portal opening and that's if we breach the portal. We have to tunnel down through some awfully hot stuff to reach Paradise and folks it is a paradise! I've been there and take it from me I'd rather be down there than up here. Problem is the people down there don't want us

there. Yep that's right, there's people already where we're going and they don't like us not one bit! Can't say I blame them much, but we need what they've got and that's that. Democracy in action folks. I don't know what they brainwashed you with in society, but here's where you meet the real world. We are a heavily armed task force with but one mission. To come away with the prize!"

I shook my head in consternation at the strutting Marine Colonel who moved back and forth braggadociosly in front of us. The group I was with, as a whole, looked completely clueless as to what was going on.

Poor things didn't know what to think. First they'd been shown an underground side of the government that they hadn't



known existed. Then they'd been told that the Earth was flat and now they were being addressed by a hardcore military warhound, who was informing them that they were about to be dropped into a combat theatre of war.

“I'd take questions, only I won't, as I imagine a lot of you would like to beg off and run home crying to your mama, but that ain't happening! You're here and you're going. Thing is that without the establishment of a secure landing area we don't yet have a feasible means of getting back to the surface once we go down.”

Group members were looking at each other now with a rapidly escalating comprehension of horror. All those big fat incentive driving paychecks had been for show, because nobody was coming

back until the mission was a success.

The Col. was revealing a bit of the game plan it would seem and bitterly I listened on as he rambled, “..... But once we have a base, well then, anything’s possible.”

“But what about the ancient power supply module we were told about?” Cried out a voice from the crowd.

The Marine Colonel laughed, “The what? Is that the story they told you up top? Oh don’t get me wrong they got power and lots of it down there, but that ain’t what we’re after. No sir, we’re after territory! A new manifest destiny for America. There’s everything a body could want down there in terms of climate. While stuff goes societal nuts up here you fortunate gents and brawds will be living the good life down below. That

is, if we get our base started and secured, which ain't gonna be easy. Okay, that's it for your briefing. All right, through that door double quick now! There's no time to be wasted as new land is going fast down below and I by gum plan to see that the good old US of A has a larger share of it than anyone else! Now get along there!!!” He cried out angrily at the last at his audience of shellshocked scientists and mathematicians, who had thought they were on a quest for science in an untouched paradise, only now came to find out with buyer's remorse that the journey they had embarked on included a side trip through hell.

As a group we were shoved along by helmeted soldiers in full battle regalia. The scene was reminiscent of cattle

being coerced to go through spring gates in order to be auctioned off at a livestock yard.

In the pandemonium of panicked voices and unsteady constitutions my eyes found the old man, who turns out had only been too prophetic in his thoughts, only now to see that he didn't look good. In fact he looked downright awful!

He saw me and lifted a hand beckoningly. I fought my way through the press to get to him.

He went down and shoving my way through I knelt down beside him. I was pretty sure the man was having a heart attack.

The skin of his hands was clammy as he pressed his briefcase luggage piece at me with desperate resolve. His voice

grasping heavily he said, "Take it and protect yourself! Sabotage if you can. Code 1-3-9-7-0-4."

The old man was drifting away fast, but his eyes flared once more and grasping my arm he said, "I believe in Jesus! Not sure about what you said today dear, but soon I will know."

Nodding my head vigorously as I clutched onto the man's hand I said, "Yes you will!"

He nodded as he said with his eyes closing, "So good to see someone young in these last days who is yet passionate for my Savior. May He bless and keep you always."

I was shoved hard by a soldier and had no choice but to let go of the old man's hand. Before I was pushed too far along though I snagged the thick

briefcase with a foot and sent it sliding further ahead.

Scrambling a few feet away from the soldier wall steadily advancing behind me, I snatched it up and hurrying forward I pushed my way into the back of the pack as I had no desire to be the first in this mad push of humanity or the last.

A massive loading bay opened up and people were scattered apart and pulled toward giant screw looking ships that were poised upright over shimmery portals on the floor of the hanger. It felt like I had suddenly left the comforts of reality behind and entered a world of science fiction.

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The upright cigar shaped vessels were massive and the hanger bay was a-flood with activity of all kinds. Troops were pouring into the farthest cigar shaped vessels, while supplies and tech type people were disappearing into the ones closer to me.

A soldier grabbed me by the upper arm and pulled me roughly toward one cigar vessel off to the right. Everything about his manner was offensive. In a way it seemed as if all the soldiers around me moved within a rather mindless stupor that made them seem more like cattle dogs than human men.

The grip of the soldier upon my arm felt like that of machine and as bad as I wanted to pummel away at the man I refrained. In all likelihood I'd get my neck snapped if I resisted, but I was

caring less by the minute if that should occur.

The weight of the suitcase combined with the weight of my backpack helped to keep me aware of reality. Just what was in this suitcase that could be used as a form of self-defense or even sabotage?

I didn't know, but my grip on the handle of the case did not diminish even as I was hustled up a steep flight of stairs towards an opening in the side of a downward pointed vessel that it seemed I had been allotted to. Out of breath I made it to the top only to be roughly pushed inside.

Everything about these enforcer type soldiers seemed meant to intimidate, and all I was left with was the urge to pull the trigger if the opportunity should present itself.



“Strap up now daisies and Jim Carey’s or you’ll have to tell Lucy bye-bye!” Called out an officer, whose closely inset eyes seemed to confirm the mental instability that he was even now manifesting along with the accoutrements of his leering smile and sing-songy voice.

The creep factor I had for this man was immense and for fear he might be one of the fallen watchers I scrambled quickly past him and down the aisle of seat like harness contraptions set off to either side of the gangway.

“Bags below and above it doesn’t matter because below is same as above!” Came the officer’s somewhat cultic chant from behind me.

Hurriedly I un-slung my backpack and shoved it into a vacant space beneath the

seat harness that I had picked out for myself. Taking the briefcase I lifted it and shoved it above my head into the cavity of space above the seat harness.

“Go to! Go to! We mustn’t be late!” Chimed out the officer with a look to his face that sang of lost marbles.

With a quiver of suppressed terror I sat back into the seat to only then gasp with fright as it secured me in a way that echoed of a theme park ride. Closing my eyes I tried to shut everything out if for only a moment.

I opened my eyes to see as I had somehow expected the officer’s face alarmingly close to my own. In many ways I was helpless in the current situation, but being defenseless in the face of a demon infested soul was not one of them.

Through gritted teeth I said, “Beat it in Jesus name and don’t come back!”

The officer drew back from me as he repeatedly blinked with surprise. He moved away then looking oddly befuddled about what was going on and then further away from me down the line I watched the possessing entity snap back into control with an almost invisible shake of the officer’s body, “Aha hello and here you be one by two soon we go down where the rabbits be!”

Warning alarm lights went off and those base personnel not in their seats quickly got into them. There was a loud horn sound, which seemed to signal debarkation as the cigar shaped vessel I was in began to spin like a theme park ride from hell.

There was no holding the hot

chocolate down. In miserable horror I felt the spinning craft suddenly drop.

The change was so sudden within the bay of the vessel that everyone who wasn't already wailing screamed now in abject horror. I crammed my eyes shut and pleaded, "Oh God please hold me!"

The spinning sensation was suddenly gone and all we were left with was the sense of falling through space. The bay of the vessel I was in reeked of vomit and worse and even in more sickening fashion I watched bodily fluid on the floor start to float upwards as if in replication of the faked NASA videos attempting to show the effects of gravity. Were we really falling that fast?

I didn't have long to think on it before with a grinding of metal we slammed into something hard and seemingly

unmovable. If it hadn't been for the elaborate harness my neck would have been broken, as it was it only felt like it was broken.

The spinning was back, only accompanied this time by the deafening roar of metal grinding on something hard. Dimly opening my eyes I witnessed that many people were unconscious, perhaps even dead. I couldn't say for sure, but what was sickening the most was that the few soldiers that I could see from my strapped in position appeared to be perfectly fine.

Just what had they given or done to these men to turn them into the zombies that they were? I didn't know.

With a scream I felt the vessel pass downward in the next moment even as

the atmosphere within the cigar shaped vessel became oppressively hot. Magma? Again I didn't know.

I was pretty sure that in addition to drilling through the crust of the Earth that we were also traveling between different dimensions. Speakers crackled and I heard the sounds of war being played out upon them.

It seemed as if part of the fleet was under attack. The oppressive heat left till there was just the feeling of free falling again.

Suddenly the vessel was slammed hard. My head even braced as it was felt like part of my brain had been shook loose. There was a ripping of metal followed by a bright color that seemed to burn my eyes to look at it.

I blinked and in wide-eyed horror I

watched the other half of the vessel opposing me start to slide away. The tunneling vessel had been sliced in two!

Open sky of an orange hue now lay before me and I had nothing left in me but to scream as my eyes took in an alien environment filled now with black smoke from what seemed like the open carnage of all the vessels that had been situated in the hanger bay above. It appeared as if none had survived and even now pieces were being carved off here and there from arcing laser strikes that issued forth from below.

The half of the ship I was strapped to was likewise struck. A smaller section just sliced free seemed to go upward as the heavier chunk I was affixed to sank for whatever it was that lay below faster because of its greater weight.

I saw a woman in the section above screaming hysterically and all I could think was that I was just like her in this moment and yet in life apart from this trip to hell we were no doubt nothing alike. All thoughts whether abstract or near fled from me as did all conscious thought as my section of the vessel impacted.



## Chapter Six

# Hard Times

Blinking I stared upward for a moment. The harness apparatus had departed and I was free to move, but I wasn't sure that I could.

My finger twitched and mentally I urged further movement. My arm lifted.

Trembling I brought my hand to my face to feel at my nose and find out why it was hard to breathe. My nose and face was caked with dried blood from the nosebleeds of all nosebleeds.

Everything came back to me as I tried

to clear my nasal passageway. We'd been attacked. The fleet had been destroyed and then I had landed.

With alarm I gripped at my seat and pulled myself upward. Groaning with the effort required of lifting my body that felt dead to me I felt myself break a sweat.

The panic of laying here paralyzed helped drive enough feeling to my extremities so that I could lift and with my last bit of will I turned myself over. Slumped over my seat I rested for a moment.

Not really wanting to I lifted my head and looked about. The section of the vessel I was upon was afloat upon a sea of deep blue color. Not too far from me lay the shoreline of a landmass, which had the tropical outline of a jungle just

past the white sands of the beach.

Looking about at the piece of floating debris I was upon I made the grim discovery that I was the only one left alive. Even being alive I didn't feel quite that lucky actually.

Death almost seemed a better alternative as at least then I'd be in no threat of continued danger or the feeling of pain. I shook my head as I sought to get positive thought restored. I was alive and I needed to be grateful for that.

Looking about I saw other pieces of debris like mine further adrift out to sea. Towards the land mass smoke rose up from what looked like a crash site on the island.

I heard a distinct cry for mercy and glancing back out to sea at one of the other floating pieces of debris I was in

time to see the pulsed discharge of what seemed like a hand-held laser go off. Eyes open with alarm I quickly reasoned that the defenders of this realm were cleaning house and that was enough to drive me into action.

Standing unsteadily I reached for my backpack beneath my seat and then crawling over my seat I secured a grip on the briefcase. The seafloor was rather shallow here as even 100 yards out to sea or so I could see that it was still only about 2 feet deep.

I slipped down over the torn carcass of the machine that had brought me here to land in the warm water with a small splash. Breathing hard and in general overall pain I slogged my way toward the shore.

I had no wish to be lasered to death.

To say subsurface relations were hostile was putting it mildly.

Almost as shocking as my survival was the knowledge that despite the strength of our numbers and gadgetry of equipment that I now only had myself to look at as a remnant of this descent through paradigms. I didn't know what the purpose of it all was, but right now I just wanted to get away from this beach and survive.

Getting close to the beach I started to run for it. The surf crashing about me was deafening.

My foot landed in a hole halfway up the beach and I went tumbling forward into the sand. Suddenly there was crashing beyond that of the surf and looking up I saw trees falling every which way as bolts of laser intensity

crisscrossed back and forth across the upper plain of the beach that I was upon.

With a scream of fright I crawled forward out of the crashing down path of a severed behemoth of the forest. The ground shook and I fairly bounced up to my feet from the impact of the large tree with the sand beneath me.

I ran straight into the jungle then for all I was worth. The pack on my back hampered my flight, and I was on the verge of throwing it aside when in my hysteria I became aware of the fact that there were no signs of disturbance taking place around me.

Breathing hard I looked about my lush surroundings and tried to listen for anything out of place. By all accounts it seemed that I was the only thing out of place.

Slowly reason took hold again. I could not afford to be out of place or I would stand out even more than I already did and my chance at survival would be practically nothing.

To survive I needed to become as unnoticeable as possible. Kneeling down to the damp forest floor I ran my hands through a puddle of damp mud. For the first time I realized that I no longer held the briefcase.

Looking back over my shoulder towards the beach I debated over the merits of going back to get the case. Shaking my head I turned back to the puddle and brought my muddy fingers up to my face to wipe across the exposed skin of my neck and arms. Whatever the case had contained it was beyond the reach of sanity right now and what was

more was that there was no expedition left to sabotage anyway.

The muted color of my clothes and backpack didn't stand out overly and now without my white face glowing in the darkness of this jungle environment I felt far more comfortable at not being detected. I moved on then deeper into the jungle as quietly as I could.

An hour later I thought I heard the faint sound of surf again and so I made an abrupt turn and headed in the opposing direction. I wanted nothing to do with the coast and the flashing lasers of its denizens.

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Out of breath from a hard climb upwards I bent over at the waist to take



the pressure off my lungs. As my breathing stilled I heard sounds over my breaths for air and without hesitation I fell to my face and did my best to disappear.

Reaching my arm out I pulled the large leaves of a plant close by even closer in the hopes that it would better conceal my head and backpack. Seconds went by and then feet tromped so close that I could feel the vibrations of them off the ground beneath my cheek.

Soldiers, but whose?

Daring a glance I confirmed that they were indeed soldiers, but they weren't American soldiers. The best that I could make out was that they were Indian.

The sudden crunch of a foot landing beside me and my concealing vegetation being pushed away from me confirmed

for me that my days of freedom were over. Slowly I got to my feet and turned to face the Israeli soldiers who held their guns leveled off at my midsection.

Their faces reflected a seriousness that was only to intent to shoot me if they saw the need for it. I didn't move a muscle for fear of one of them being trigger-happy.

A voice rang out behind me in heavily accented English, "An American. One of the few left alive I wager. Shoot her."

My panic increased to a fever's pitch as I subconsciously felt the pain of soon to be felt hot lead as it ripped through me.

"No, delay that. She might prove useful. Cuff her and bring her along." Came another voice that I attributed to an Israeli officer.

“Useful for an evening’s diversion maybe!” Rang out the Indian commander’s voice in broken English as both he and the men at his back laughed.

The Israeli soldiers did not laugh however and perhaps for good reason as several of their number were female. Female soldiers who looked more interested in the moment in pulling the trigger on their allies than they did on me.

One such female soldier pulled my hands behind my back and then I felt the metallic feel of cuffs close over them. Her action brought me into view of the Israeli officer who had in effect saved my life.

Not sure it would do me any good I mouthed out, “Thank you.”

He gave no indication that he’d seen

the acknowledgment of me thanking him though and abruptly he turned away. I was pushed forward even as the straps of my pack were sliced and the pack itself thrown off to the side.

I hesitated to move forward as I took in the sight of my carefully prepared pack laying discarded to the wayside as if but so much trash. I was rewarded for my hesitancy by being pushed harshly forward by the muzzle of a gun barrel pressed into my back.

I got the picture of things pretty quick. Keep moving or get bruised.

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I leaned my head against the tree trunk before me. It was hard to say what time it was as it seemed that time was forever

the same down here as there appeared to be no change in the orangish glow of the clouds hovering overhead.

One look however at the surrounding soldiers confirmed that at least for them it was time to sleep. I was tired, but my clock had me thinking it to be midafternoon on the surface and so sleep evaded me now.

I kept my gaze focused on the waves of the sea I could see crashing in the distance. We were a good distance off and far higher in elevation, but it seemed that if I listened hard enough I could hear the steady crash of water on rock. In fact the repercussion of the waves' constant action upon the shoreline seemed to echo through the ground that my bottom was sitting on.

I shook my head to distill the

imaginings of a tired mind, as logically there was no way that I would ever be able to feel the action of the waves from so great a distance. I shook futilely at my cuffs. There was no escape from them or the tree they had my arms looped around.

Things were only made marginally better by the fact that my arms were at least held in front of my body now instead of having been secured behind my back. It had been hard walking for hours on end like that.

I'm not a vain creature, but something inside of me cringed at the sight of the messed up skin of my wrists, which had bled quite a bit and now looked scabbed and awful to behold. Any mercy I had at first attributed to the Israeli half of this contingent had undoubtedly been misplaced.

It was very clear to me that to them I was something less than human in terms of value. Even the women looked at me with hard eyes and when I had fallen at times earlier in the day they along with the men had been right in there pushing and shoving at me to get me back up on my feet.

Over and over I was simply left with the impression that everyone who I had made this descent into Paradise with was some form of a soulless reprobate of an individual. It made me so mad to be treated like this and in frustrated helplessness I rattled my chains against the trunk of the tree once more.

Willing myself to rest I leaned my head against the tree. As I quieted down in inner thought it was hard not to notice the continual shaking of the ground

beneath my bottom.

How could water, no matter how powerful, echo so much vibration through solid rock over such a distance as I was from the waves of the beach?

Glancing up I watched a white capped wave form and mentally I prepared to feel the aftereffect of its contact with the land. The wave spilled over and crashed against the rocks. Expectantly I waited for it, but nothing happened.

I lifted my head away from the tree as I then watched wave after wave come in to shore. Why didn't I feel the action taking place on the distant beach as I had before?

Maybe I hadn't been feeling the power of the sea upon the land all along. The ground shook and in sudden disquietness of spirit my mind leaped to



the conclusion that whatever was causing the vibrations must be rather large and moving this way.

In a jungle like paradise like this that spelled just about one thing and one thing only. I felt in the need to scream as I continued to feel the echo of footsteps through the ground I sat upon.

Looking around at the sprawled out soldiers I took in the heavy armament that each of them was packing and I was about to call out to them, when I got the distinct impression that I was not supposed to do that.

“Then what do I do God?” I whispered, as I craned my neck around to see if what I felt was in any part visible yet.

**“Climb.”**

The thought within my consciousness

was sure as it rang with the authority of the Master of my heart and rising to my feet I did my best to accomplish the command. Far from being an impediment the cuffs actually helped my ascent up the tree.

There were no low-lying branches and with the aid of the chain I formed a walking grapple anchor with the other side of the tree, as I shimmied up it, being very grateful all along for the heavy treaded hiking boots that I had bought.

Finally at about twenty feet off the ground and spent of all breath and energy I reached the branches of the tree that halted any further ascent. I hung there in an exhausted stupor as I willed myself to not let go of the tree and fall back to the ground.

It was hard, but even the tree trunk pressed against my face was shaking repetitively now. Something very big was coming closer and closer.

Then something touched me and I about let loose of the tree altogether. Somehow I managed to mostly keep from screaming and what sound that did escape was partially muffled by the small brown hand that was quickly pressed against my lips.

I stared into the dark eyes of a beautiful raven haired little Polynesian girl. Willing myself to tamp down the sudden terror her unexpected touch had evoked, I worked on reclaiming a better hold on the tree and getting my breath back under control.

The little girl held a finger up to her lips of the hand that had just been

pressed against mine and made the universal sound to be silent. I nodded quickly as all throughout this startled moment the tree had never stopped the repetitive vibration that signaled the approach of a monster.

The little girl beckoned to me to move upward into the concealing leafy fronds of the tree, but I stared hopelessly at her as it occurred to me how I was still in plain view from the ground below. Wordlessly I shook my chained together hands and nodded to the branches between me and her.

Far from being put back the girl began folding the fronds of the tree that seemed in some ways reminiscent of a giant fern upward until she hugged a good many of them flat to the tree's trunk. Gaining some footing on the leftover stubs of

bygone branches I moved upward.

My chained together hands passed over the little girl's body. She let go of her grip and one by one the fronds bent back down and offered us a faint shielding from those below.

From my perspective it seemed that we had attracted the notice of no one below including the sentries who seemed to have drifted off to sleep with the rest of the contingent of foreign expeditionary forces.

I noticed something then. The tree wasn't shaking anymore. My gaze met the girls and all the warning I needed was to see the way her eyes had widened in fear to know that things were about to get very bad!

A roar let loose that had even the loudest thunderclap beat in terms of

intimidation. I crammed my eyes shut and reflexively grasped ahold of the little girl's body as if to protect her somehow.

It was really hard to keep from screaming as the jungle shook and ear shattering shrieks of soldiers completely overwhelmed sounded out from below. What was worse though was the sudden clack of teeth clamping together through something soft and squishy sounding.

In horror I shuddered against the tree as a bloody carnage ensued below the likes of which no horror movie could ever equal in terms of gore. The soldiers hadn't even fired their guns.

I heard them screaming from all corners in a maddened way that said they'd lost it entirely. The screams became distant and all I was left with

were the sounds of a beast's feast on the flesh of those caught napping.

Eventually even those sounds drew to a close and scarcely being able to bring myself to take a breath I heard the lumbering gait of the super predator of this patch of forest move off, perhaps in pursuit of more two legged meals. I couldn't help but think what fools those above were to even dare to venture forth into this subterranean paradise of hidden dangers.

Opening my eyes it was only to marvel at such an innocent looking child, as crouched with me in this tree, could be born and survive in such a place as this. I needed to get her away from this place of death!

Something of my intentions must've shown to the girl as she suddenly shook

her head violently in protest of any movement on my part. With bated breath I saw her walk the fingers of both hands out through the air between us as if replicating imaginary figures.

I didn't understand what she was trying to convey to me at all. Understanding however was suddenly made very clear when almost without warning a swarm of fleet footed creatures swept into the shattered campsite below and commenced to tear it even more part than it already was.

Looking down I watched in grim fascination as nature's garbage disposal unit swung into full action.

The swarm of dangerous looking creatures didn't stay for long. They tacked off after where the large beast had lumbered off to and were soon out



of sight.

The little girl moved then and started to urge me to continue climbing up the increasingly spindly fern like tree, until with a groaning creak it bent over and toppled both me and the girl into the understory vegetation of the jungle. The landing hadn't been without pain, but at least I was free of the tree!

Standing up I looked around. Except for torn up vegetation and blood splattered leaves here and there it was hard to tell that 60 some soldiers had just been here but a half-hour before. Give it a few days and this patch of jungle would be the same as it had been before.

The little girl's hand tugged on one of mine and I followed along trustingly. It began to rain and the crimson speckled

leaves of the jungle understory  
vegetation were soon washed clean.

## Chapter Seven

# Given Away

“You uplander?” The girl suddenly asked in heavily accented English.

It was the first time I'd heard her say anything and my surprise was without equal at hearing English words come from off her lips.

“Yes, I am.”

The girl nodded as if it had been a foregone conclusion to her. We'd stopped in a grouping of boulders in an area of the jungle that was broken up here and there and devoid of tree cover.

We were afforded a filtered view over the surrounding landscape that ran along this side of the stony mountain ridge that we were traveling along. In the distance as far as I could see was coastline. My sense of being on an island intensified.

My gaze came back to the girl who was an enigma to me. She was all but naked except for a brief skirt about her waist that appeared to be made of twisted together grass like reeds. She was the picture of unspoiled naivety and oneness with nature and yet she spoke English of all things. How on Earth could that be possible?

“You speak my words?” I asked.

“A little. A woman teach my father and I learn too. She very good woman. She look like me, but come from up

there.” The girl said pointing upwards with a finger.

To my continued shock I realized that there must have been a good bit more interaction from the surface to these hidden realms than even my former government had been aware of.

“Will you take me to her?”

The girl shook her head no and pointed towards the sea, “She on the far islands. No monsters there. She come not often now. She have.....” The girl seemed to struggle at a lack for words and to make up for it she cradled her arms together and rocked back and forth suggestively.

“A baby.” I filled in for her and she nodded with a pearly toothed smile. Then impulsively she reached forward and felt at several strands of my blonde

hair, which had pulled free of my ponytail at some point. I'd lost my hat long since at some point along my forced march.

The girl said something in her own language and though its meaning was hidden I was pretty sure she was quite taken by the color of my hair. I very well may be the first such woman she'd ever seen and so I let her touch my hair.

I watched her eyes scan down me speculatively and then tilting her head to the side she asked, "Why you wear so much?"

"Umm, I just do. It's how we dress from where I come from."

She nodded and then somewhat prophetically sounding she said, "You here now. I take you home."

She got up and started off again and I

had very little else to do but follow my somewhat enigmatic little companion. She'd helped to save my life and the least I could do was extend her a little trust in return.

That said the future opening up before me was one of imposed worry over all the things that could happen.

Several hours passed by and in consternation I broke the silence of our journey to ask, "Your parents let you travel so far from home?"

The girl shrugged, but offered no comment. Then the girl spoke, "You uplanders make unsafe. I know forest. I safe. Your kind kills."

How true that was. "I'm sorry. I.... I'm not like that."

She looked back and viewed me for a moment before succinctly saying, "I

know. That why I take you home.”

She went back to leading the way forward and wearily I continued to follow.

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Rocky upthrusts of stone rose all around us like great teeth and as we made our way through the silent citadels of rock I asked worriedly, “You live here?”

The girl nodded and made the motion for me to be quiet, but it was too late. I barely had time to take a sharp indrawn breath before I felt the piercing quality of the sharp spear points being pressed against the skin of my belly, back, and throat.

I held my breath in fear that to breathe



I would impale my throat on the sharpened stone point held pressed to my throat by one warrior of but several which had appeared seemingly out of nowhere. The little girl was shrieking out excitedly and jumping up she latched onto the spear shaft connected to the spear at my throat and forcefully tugged it away.

I had the impression that the muscled warrior allowed the action more than it being a case of being overpowered by the little girl. I watched him reach forward and grip the girl by the top of the head with one hand and lift her up towards his face to angrily shout into her face.

Her response was to spit full into his face and kick him so hard in the groin that I found myself involuntarily flinching at the look of pain that passed

across the warrior's face. The spear points ringing my waist held by the other phantom warriors relaxed just slightly as they all broke into laughter and called out taunts to their companion writhing in agony upon the ground.

He'd dropped the girl in order to clutch at himself and now my rescuer stood feet spread wide as she faced the recovering bully who even now was making the attempt to get back on his feet. It was clear that he wanted to hit the girl, but something held him back and so he settled for a spiteful glare that had heat to it.

Another voice rang out and I watched as another warrior who had more bearing of character to him strode upon the scene. His eyes scanned over me to then fall upon the girl who looked far

more trepidatious in the presence of this warrior than the one she had sucker kicked.

The warrior's voice rang out with sternness to the girl as he gestured at me. The girl bravely drew her shoulders back and stepping back to me she surprised me by grasping a hold of the chain linking my cuffs together. She then tugged on it a bit forcefully and uttered a simple line of speech that I watched roll off the surrounding warriors with combined effect.

The stern faced warrior blinked and then blinked again. He turned his face to the side and despite his best efforts I saw that he was on the verge of laughing out loud.

Drawing from some deep reserve of control he redoubled the look of former

sternness by placing his hands on his hips and approaching to stand toweringly over the little girl, who looked quite intimidated now. Just what had the girl said to the man?

The man spoke to the girl and the way he spoke hinted at both a fondness for her, but also had a tone of reproach to it. Pointing to me once more with a shake of his head he said something more to the girl that seemed to have a demeaning ring to it.

Surprisingly then though I watched the girl's fear evaporate as her face broke into a full smile that showed all of her teeth, an action which seemed to shock her accuser. She pointed to me and then in a quite respectful tone she said something in her own language which she capped off with by placing her hands

on her own diminutive hips as if in echo of the warrior's actions before her.

This time the warrior's face wore a look of shock in the aftermath of the girl's words. Then with a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach I watched the warrior's eyes come to trace up my form until his gaze culminated with my face and hair. Whatever was at play was definitely not good!

The warrior's gaze moved back to the girl, who arched an eyebrow at him in a gesture that echoed of one far more advanced in years than her own limited experience of 5 to 6 years of life. The warrior shook his head and chuckled before reaching a hand out to tussle up the girl's hair.

She grinned impishly and the warrior made a gesture to the others gathered

around. The spear points were withdrawn and then I was being tugged forward by the warrior the girl had seemed to overcome with her words.

In desperation I looked to the girl who wasn't following along. With a beaming smile the girl called out, "You live! I tell them you my slave. No fear. I give you to my father. You be his woman when he comes back."

I stared at her in horror as I was moved along further into the shadow of the towering walls of rock. How could such a sweet little girl do such a thing?

I wanted to scream at her, but I knew that she'd saved my life by doing what she had. How could I be angry with her and grateful at the same time?

She'd given me to her father!

In a daze I followed along behind the

warrior who led me into a cavern like opening in the rock that was lit brightly by torches. The semidarkness was suddenly gone though as I suddenly found myself back in the bright orange glow of this sunken world.

Before me lay a brief section of cultivated looking trees that were surrounded about by high natural stone walls that effectively ringed in this little hamlet like a natural fortress from the rest of the island. The open sided end of the hamlet hidden from the rest of the island was bordered by the ocean whose waves were broken up by a long wall of breakers that I doubted even a ship could make its way through.

I was very much a captive all of a sudden in a way that didn't promise to have any escape from it. I was led out

along a stone trail through the boulder wall that protected this village of people from the harsh realities of the island at large.

As soon as we got down to the tree level people began to flock from everywhere as word spread. I found myself blushing as the strictures of the society I had been born into were noticeably absent in almost every way here. The reality that this place could be my permanent future was overwhelming.

The people, despite the shock of seeing me written plain on their faces, were still open and as friendly looking to me as the girl had been. We made a circuitous path through the fruit trees and gardens of these people until I felt my shoes sink into the sands of the beach, which I was led across.



My ponytail was long gone now as it had been moved by the actions of so many curious onlookers just as the girl had been in terms of wanting to feel at my hair. Now as my hair blew about my face I fought to come to grips with my new reality.

I didn't resent these people. I didn't even resent them for what would happen to me. However I just couldn't wrap my mind around why this should be God's plan for my life.

Looking back I saw that the people of this place had drawn up in the sand and no longer followed. Looking forward I saw a structure of stone that had a roof thatched with bundles of dry grass.

It was built on an uprising of stone where the ridge of rocky breakers that guarded the harbor arced back into the

land. The house overlooked the outlying ocean as well as the protected harbor of the village. It was a house of distinction and so was its owner most likely.

I climbed up the path of steps that had been carved into the natural rocky outcrop until we reached the door of the house. There was no solid door or coverings of any kind over the many windows that were located around the sides of the house.

The wind was free to blow through and as I stepped within the confines of the house I felt a familiar peace sweep through me. I needed to see nothing of this house's interior in order to sense something profound at once. This place was a home and it felt blessed and in order for it to be so a good man must reside here.

I felt tears slide down my face. Perhaps God had a plan after all.

The warrior who had brought me here watched me now closely. In his hand he had a rope, but he looked reluctant to make use of it.

Guessing at his intentions I made my way to a low-lying bed along the one wall and sat down on it. Looking up at him through my tears I said, "I won't try to run."

He must've understood, because he dropped the rope to the floor. He nodded affirmatively and then went to the door.

I watched him stop and turning back he said in heavily accented English, "My brother good man."

Nodding my head I said, "I know."

The warrior left then and I was alone. Rising stiffly I walked across the room

toward something that caught my eye as it ruffled about in the breeze.

It was a book, but not just any book. It was a Bible and the dog-eared and much used appearance of it reflected the reality of someone's intense study of it.

I felt increasingly more relaxed by the moment within this place of peace and warm sea breezes and seeing the Bible seemed to make all my emotions culminate and spill over. Picking the Bible up I then made my way back over to the bed and taking my shoes off I lay down on the bed tucking the Bible beneath my cheek.

Now all that remained was to wait for my man to come home. In expectation of that eventuality I fell asleep.

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*The barest whisper of the sound of flesh moving across stone was all the warning Okani had of his brother's return. Standing up he turned and came face-to-face with his older brother, who did not look pleased.*

*"They told you?" Okani needlessly inquired.*

*The anger on his brother's face was evidence enough. Tolak made to move around his brother and climb the stairs, but Okani gripped a hold of his arm and stopped him to say, "Do not be angry with Sheatera. She only wants to be happy and she thinks she's made a way to have back what she lost when her mother was killed last year."*

*Tolak breathed out heavily before then speaking in a low angry tone*

*fraught with frustration, “What was she doing being out so far from the village?”*

*“Probably looking for you. You are not home often any longer brother. She needs you to be here. The woman inside is her way of making you stay.”*

*Tolak snorted and nodding sympathetically Okani said, “I know you don’t want this, but a woman is not a bad idea and Sheatera needs the security of a family. You have to do what’s right for her and besides the stranger..... you might just like her.” Okani finished with at the last as he released his brother’s thick muscled arm.*

*Tolak gave him a dark look before looking away. Turning to look at the house once more he said, “Let none of*

*our people leave the confines of the ridge. The uplanders are everywhere and the Sea People have declared all-out war. I am not sure that is such a good thing for us.”*

*Okani gasped in surprise to hear such a statement from his brother, “You think we should let them come and destroy us as once Solomon did?”*

*“No, I do not, but this resistance could prove just as fatal for us brother.”*

*“I do not understand!” Okani exclaimed.*

*“I know and yet just the same I feel it is true. Have the people start building what extra boats we may have need of in case we must flee this place.”*

*Tolak advanced up the stone stairs as*

*his brother called out, "But the Sea People will protect us, right?"*

*"The Sea People will do well to just protect themselves. Despite their advances they are far more fragile than you and I, brother. Now leave me to deal with this stranger."*

*Okani fell silent as his brother disappeared within the house. Obediently then he turned to see to the accomplishment of all his brother had said to do.*

*\*\*\*\*\**

*Tolak knelt down before his bed to view the golden haired vision that lay there more closely. Desire for the exotic haired woman rioted through his system almost instantly, but he was not*



*a man controlled by the wants of his flesh and yet it was hard to deny the appeal of the woman that lay before him now upon his bed.*

*Her white skin and golden hair was so at odds with the appearance of his people and yet she remained enticingly female just the same. His gaze took in her form mostly hidden from his view to then focus on the chains about her wrists.*

*His desire stilled as he took in the signs that this woman was an outsider even among her own people. Her head shifted and in startlement he saw his most prized possession situated half under her head.*

*Carefully he removed the words of God from beneath her head and standing up he went to his table to set*

*them back where they belonged. A sudden premonition had him glancing toward the horizon in search for a storm, but the clouds continued to glow orange with no hint of graying.*

*Just the same he picked the Bible up and wrapped it in a watertight covering and set it in a box beneath the table. Straightening he turned back to the golden woman on his bed and debated about what to do.*

*His lust for her already was too much to be of a rational mind so quickly he left the house in search of a place of solitude in which he could collect his thoughts as to whether to accept the gift that his daughter had brought him or not.*

## Chapter Eight

# Paradise

Something wasn't right and yet the urge to awaken was stifled somehow. It was hard to think. Something said I needed to wake up and yet there were competing voices telling me to remain asleep.

Those voices promised pleasure as did their touch. My eyes shot open and my scream was cut off by a hand that cruelly pressed my head flat to the bed.

*“Almost. Almost we had her cajoled into accepting us unknown within the*

*realms of her fantasies.”*

*“Her spirit is strong, but no matter, there’s still the pleasure of her flesh for us to corrupt.”*

To my everlasting horror I beheld the two fallen messengers from the underground facility hovering just above me. The chains that had bound my hands were gone only to be replaced now by lengths of rope.

Bonds of rope that secured my hands and feet to the corners of the bed that I had lain down on what must’ve been hours earlier. That wasn’t all though.

I was naked! Oh God this couldn’t be happening!

I wanted to scream, but it was as if a choking hold remained about my throat even though the fallen messenger’s hand had left. I was truly helpless before

these vile creatures of spiritual darkness and the comprehension of that in my eyes had them laughing with delight.

I saw things then of an angelic ability that no earthborn woman should have to witness as even with a 1000 impressions within the corners of my mind they informed me of how they planned to corrupt me with the unnaturalness of their union with me.

*“It’s time that we had you. We don’t often have to wait this long.”*

*“Yes, a highly favored one is she. All the more enjoyable for us she will be.”*

They both laughed and made to cover over top of me seemingly at the same time and yet the lust of their eyes was halted as a large hand closed about each of their necks from behind only to then crash their heads together before flinging

them both bodily across the room to smash against the stone wall of the house. Even in my state of paranoia I couldn't help but wonder how the fallen angels could suddenly become so subject to objects such as stone or a man's strength as I had just witnessed.

The man in question now stood between me and them and never had I beheld such anger on the face of a man before as I did now and yet I felt no fear for myself. Silently, as if in a daze, I asked in the spirit, "Why are such beings of power subject to a mere man's actions?"

**"They are trespassers and defilers of My established order. They have no power, but what I at first gave them and My words do not pass away. Even so let every man have dominion over**

**his household, even as I have purposed for it to be. They have no authority here, because they have been given no authority, but instead they have come as thieves in the night seeking to destroy that which is good. Know ye not that one day you shall judge angels?”**

My vision was blurred, but I watched through the legs of the man who had saved me from a defilement worse than death, as the two fallen beings looked with fear upon the man who had laid ahold upon them and overcome them with ease. It was hard to keep my eyes open as what felt like shock began to seize ahold of my body and yet it was my fervent hope that the man destroyed my enemies without quarter.

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*Tolak with wrathful fervor burst out with, "Is it even now as in the days of old that you castoffs of your heavenly kind have thought so highly of yourselves as to think to defile the women of my people with the corruption of your fallen seed in order to bear forth even more monsters than that already plague these lands since times of old? Members of your kind were cursed once for this and even now do I do so again!"*

*"She is not of your people!" One said.*

*"We have prior claim!" The other said, as they both sang out in desperation.*

*"You have no justified claim upon*



*the daughters of men unless men have given them over to you!” Tolak stormed back with in rage.*

*The one fallen messenger sneered triumphantly and seemed to increase in strength as he said, “And we have such a lawful claim as her father gave us dominion in return for what advancements in position of authority we bestowed upon him.”*

*Tolak stepped forward to the surprise of the resurgent fallen angel’s claim of dominion and gripped the fallen messenger once more by the throat. Now quaking beneath the grip of Tolak’s hand about his throat he heard the man of the house, whose home he had entered without authority being given to him to do so, say, “She is no longer under her father’s covering! She*

*is mine and I condemn you to the Creator's judgment reserved for those of your order who have transgressed and done that which you were forbidden to do! Now I cast you out by the authority that has been given to me by my God never to return!"*

*With wails of grief both spiritual entities now locked within the physical dimension, because of their blinding lust were pulled along by Tolak and hurled out the door of the house as they were now powerless to overcome what they had brought upon themselves. Before they hit the sand of the beach they disappeared from the presence of a righteous man's house.*

*Tolak wiped his hand across his face to clear it of sweat, as the unreality of all that had transpired became fully*

*realized, as the adrenaline of the previous moments slowly faded. He had not had such an encounter since the days immediately following his salvation, when he had confronted and cast out the witch doctor, who had ensnared his people for generations with superstition and cultic beliefs of practice, from the village.*

*How close evil had come to defiling his home this day. With sudden remembrance for the woman Tolak rushed back into his house.*

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I could do nothing to help myself, but continue lying here as I was bound to the bed. In some ways I very much felt like I was drifting from reality into death.

In desperation I whispered, “God?”

**“Be subject to your husband and you will be safe and soon fully restored of everything you desire and more.”**

Hands were working at my bindings and then I felt myself lifted free of the bed and transported outside. In a daze I felt myself clutch onto the muscled shoulder I lay against in order to stabilize myself.

With a gasp I felt the man holding me jump and then with a shriek of fright I felt water engulf me in a warm embrace. Despite the warmth I felt myself shivering uncontrollably as my legs were let down until I could stand for myself.

The water was up to my neck and looking around I saw that I was in a

solitary pool of water in a rocky landscape surrounded by the ocean. My eyes came back to the man who had brought me here and took in the real look of concern in this stranger's eyes for me.

“You were cold. You needed warmth. I go now.”

Like a drowning person I reached out to grasp his arms before he could move away. He remained within the pool of warm water.

I stared at the water unable to do more in the moment than I already had with this stranger. Forcing myself to speak past my chattering teeth I managed to say, “Please don't leave me alone!”

The arms I clutched flexed powerfully. A big hand splayed across my back, while the other cradled the back of my head, as I let myself be

bodily pressed to the man I now belonged to.

Hesitantly I let my arms close around the man that held me and tentatively I experimented for the first time in my life with leaning into a man's presence. The water lapped at my chin, but I sank no lower in the water as I gave up all pretense of standing and instead allowed this man I belonged to support me.

I closed my eyes and relaxed against him as the feel of his physical strength and the knowledge of his spiritual maturity became peace itself in this moment of turbulent upheaval. In some ways I should have been embarrassed and in a way I was, but I didn't care right now.

Time went on and I knew we should leave the warm water, but the man made

no move to do so as he supported me against himself effortlessly. Finally I whispered out, “Thank you for saving me.”

I felt his head nod against the top of mine and then his grasping hold on me changed and just as assuredly I knew that everything was about to change. He raised me higher in the water and with eyes still closed I felt his lips form over mine in a gentle kiss, which after a long moment of discovery I returned as best as I could in my inexperience.

Opening my eyes I stared into his. He let the kiss break off and with barely enough room to form words between our faces I said as a tear fell down my face, “I’m scared. I don’t know your name or even if you can understand what I’m saying. I....”

“Tolak.” He said simply cutting in.

Staring teary-eyed into the man’s face before me I took a deep breath and said with what little courage I had left, “I’m yours Tolak.”

He nodded and deeply said, “I know.”

His lips were on mine again and I lost myself in the simple enjoyment of a man’s domineering kiss. A kiss that turned into a possession over all that had been formerly mine and was now made his.

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The feeling of being watched had my eyes opening despite the desire to remain asleep. The little girl who’d rescued me from a monster only to then deliver me into the passionate embrace



of her father now had her smiling face positioned but three inches in front of my own.

Blinking I tried to come to a better awareness only to be embarrassed by that very awareness. Fighting the desire to move in order to cover myself I whispered, "You shouldn't be here."

The little girl's face drew back with puzzlement as she asked, "Why?"

Meanwhile the question to me was how the child could even ask the question of, 'Why?' Did it not occur to her that her father and I were quite, well, naked and..... no, I guess it didn't and why should it.

Her culture was very different than mine and yet despite liking the girl I really wanted her to back off and give us some privacy. I was in the process of

trying to put together words to express that when the voice of my lover rumbled out from just beyond my ear, “Go Sheatera!”

The girl sighed loudly and after a moment’s hesitation left the one room house. Laying still after the girl’s exodus I did my best not to let on to how the deep tone of my lover’s voice had affected me.

He spoke again, “She has no manners. Her mother.....died. I have not been a good father since then. Could you teach her?”

“Yes.” I whispered, as I felt the sudden responsibility of becoming a mother settle down upon me.

Tolak’s lips closed over the soft skin behind my ear in a pressing kiss that had me closing my eyes. Then speaking with

that voice of his that caused shivers up and down my spine he said directly into my ear, “Thank you Samantha.”

I'd finally told him my name at some point within the eon of time it seemed in which we had been making love and ever since then the sound of my name coming from off this man's lips had never ceased to not thrill me. My stomach however ruined the moment by grumbling hungrily to which he chuckled in response to.

In mortification I tucked my face away, but in one smooth move he was standing and then pulling me up to my feet as well. He went to a corner of the room and opened a box and pulled a colorful strip of cloth out.

Coming to me he tied it about my waist. Looking down I saw that it barely

covered anything. Adjusting to this culture was going to be hard. Did he really intend for me to walk around bare chested like all the other women of his people?

Looking up with the heat of my embarrassment burning brightly all across my face I saw him hold up one finger. He went back to the box and came back with a longer strip of fabric.

He wrapped it about my chest and then supportively over one shoulder before tucking the loose end beneath the soft fabric at where it ran beneath my armpit. Feeling like my face was 10 shades of red I whispered, "Thank you."

He nodded and taking my hand he led me from the house and out into the orange glow of this inner world. Trustingly I followed his lead as he led

me up the beach and towards the most delicious of aromas I had ever smelled.

Along the way island women, clothed in nothing more than what passed for a skirt such as what I wore, came up close to slip beautifully worked necklaces of flowers over my head. The warmth of these people, the idyllic setting of this protected village, and the feel of my lover's touch through my fingers and all the memories that evoked of what had transpired between the two of us, all went to convince me that somehow against all odds I had ended up in Paradise.

Would it last though? I didn't know, but I intended to enjoy every moment of it while it did last.

The smell of food was overwhelming and I couldn't help but tug a little in the

direction of it, but Tolak led me off elsewhere and with a forlorn look backwards toward the direction of food and the crowd of snickering individuals who were delighting in my lack of knowledge I obediently followed the tug of my husband's hand. He was following along a trail through some trees and jungle undergrowth, which suddenly opened out on yet another stretch of beach, but we were the only ones here.

A stone seat sat in the sand of the beach and all around it lay platters of delicately prepared food. Walking barefoot after Tolak through the warm sand I prepared to enact some ritual of where I served him food, but to my surprise he led me to the chair of stone and pressed me down to sit upon it.

In wordless surprise I watched him

kneel down on one knee before me. He picked up a leaf wrapped bundle of what looked like meat and rice combined with spices and with utter sincerity he said as he held the food up to my lips, “As my wife it is my pleasure to serve you.”

Feeling a tear slip down my cheek I forced myself past the sentimental emotions I felt in the moment to take a bite. I truly was in Paradise.

Bite after bite of the best tasting food I had ever had washed down by the clearest water that I'd ever seen had me so wrapped around this man's finger that I would've done anything for him. He'd honored me as a Queen, but of a truth he seemed to be a King among his people.

Slipping off the stone seat onto my knees before him I asked, “Why all this?”

“Why would I not choose to honor the woman I have accepted as my own? We are now one flesh and to honor you is to but bless myself.”

Rubbing at my eyes I said laughingly, “Oh my, you could pick up any girl in the world with a line like that.”

“Pick up?”

Smiling into his face I said, “Never mind.” Still smiling I asked, “May I serve you now?”

Pivoting to rest his back against the stone chair situated in a beachfront setting meant for lovers he smiled and said, “As you wish.” And so I did, until all he was hungry for was me and I held nothing back of what he desired of me, as by his example to me, to honor him was but to bless myself in return.



## Chapter Nine

# Hope Lost

Reaching out my hand I felt at the carving that seemed so lifelike as to be real. Only half of the statue was unspoiled like this though.

The woman's other arm was missing and half of her face had been smashed away. Even given the damage the statue had received the flawless rest of her creation would have commanded the attention of every museum in the world.

I moved deeper into the ruins set atop the bordering ring of stones that walled

the village off from the rest of the island. Chartering a way through fallen pillars I came to perhaps the centerpiece display of this ancient site.

A bronze sculpture depicting a man with the royal bearing of a king stood with a sword in one hand, while with the other hand made a gesture that said 'Give me more or else!'. The casting of the bronze statue was flawless in its creation. However instead of being enthralled with the man of bronze and the commanding presence of his scowling gaze I found myself rather disliking him.

The man depicted in bronze was King Solomon, who more and more to me was nothing but a man of vanity with a penchant for roving maliciousness in order to get his way at any cost. In the

height of his reign he had unlocked a means of descending to these lands, but he hadn't come alone.

He'd brought with him an unholy legion of demons that were subjected to his authority by the many sorceries he had enacted upon his fall from the ways of God by which to give himself more power and prestige over the courts of men. With his demon armies he had come down to war against the ancient kingdoms of this realm, who in the end had begged for his mercy to stop the torment that he had unleashed upon the islands of the inner Earth.

Solomon relented and he called his dogs off so to speak, but in return a yearly tariff of all the varied and vast wealth of the lands below was to be sent to the surface in order to fill his

treasuries without fail. He took the princesses of the island kingdoms as hostages so that their fathers did his bidding without question and thus a hatred was formed in the hearts of those who lived below for those who ruled above on the surface of the world.

Towards the end of Solomon's reign however things went wrong. Ill in health and unable to muster the control he'd once possessed over his demon minions things began to fall apart.

The demons and their fallen angelic fathers wishing to eclipse the reign of King Solomon usurped his control over these lands of Undersea. Solomon wishing to please his crying and pleading brides ordered the portals to the surface to be destroyed, but it was already too late.

An unholy wave of offspring arose within the underlands and their monstrous appetites were such that they sought to devour all. The kingdoms fell as people fled to farther and farther outlying islands until all memory of the glory of former realms that had once existed seemed to vanish from memory.

In the absence of humans to devour the monsters of fallen angelic creation warred among themselves until they ripped each other apart until only a few of them yet remained to plague the remnants of mankind. Slowly order was restored by the intervention of angels who had not fallen and slowly a few scattered survivors returned from the outlying seas they had taken refuge upon.

The former island kingdoms and all the advancements of the past were

forsaken though for the people had no desire to be destroyed by the conquering appetites of yet one more invader to these lands. Instead they sought to live peaceably and to this day they had in large part done so.

There were exceptions to this however. The Sea People were descendants of both the native peoples and those of slaves brought by King Solomon by which he sought to extend the diversity of the island people's genetic appearances into even more exotic appearances by which to provide himself and his courtiers even more in terms of women of exotic quality with which to fill his courts with. Such were the actions of a king who forsook honor in order to play the part of a fool.

The former slaves of Solomon, in fear

should Solomon ever return to Undersea, took to living underwater, but unlike the Islanders on the surface they retained control over the advancements that had been common to them in their former days before King Solomon's loss of control over the dark spirits that he had employed as warriors for his pursuit of everlasting glory. Now this underworld of islands and expansive seas was a hodgepodge of varying people groups and once more it lay under the threat of invasion, only this time there was no combined front to withstand the aggression as Tolak's people were more interested with being left alone than taking a side in any conflict.

Above all Tolak's people clung to the simple life that they had enjoyed for centuries. Their reasoning did not go far

enough as to show them that to the invaders they were little more than innocent resources to be used and exploited by those with broader ambitions. Some like Tolak understood this, but few others did.

Tolak had shared all of this with me of the history of these lands and I true to my love for my profession as an archaeologist had listened in rapt detail to every word. Now however my soul was filled with disquiet for what would take place within this hidden realm as those above coveted to have control of it even as King Solomon once had.

Tolak's people would not even fully heed his warning of building extra boats. Oh they made the attempt at it, but their actions were one of slowness as they had no wish to leave their homes and



brave the oceans of Undersea.

“Samantha?” A little voice called out.

I turned away from yesteryear’s sorrows and called out, “Over here Sheatera.”

The little girl scampered around a corner and then with a quizzical look asked, “Why you come visit the old ones so much?”

“Because history fascinates me.” I said, in reply, as I took her hand and together we headed back to the village down below the escarpment of rocks where once King Solomon in his vanity had this temple built to suit his own latter life quest for self-glory and deification.

“You like bad history?” The little girl asked sounding perturbed.

Laughing I said, “No, but the stories

whether good or bad have a message to teach. We can learn a lot about how we should live in the present based off of what has occurred in the past. Learning from our mistakes if you will.”

The girl nodded and then changed subjects abruptly, “Did you hear the thunder booms earlier?”

I felt a line of worry crease across my brow as I glanced at the inner reaches of the island. “Yes, I did. Thunder without any evidence of a storm.”

Shaking my head as I tried to distill the worries evoked by such a conundrum I said, “Come let’s get back. Your father will no doubt be wondering where we are.”

Making our way through the village I had apprehension once again creep over me as the normal bustling activities of

everyone going about their daily lives was strangely absent. I picked up our pace at the sight of a gathered crowd upon the beach up ahead.

Reaching the crowd I pushed my way through, until with a gasp, I beheld what everyone else already had. All along the surf line of the beach bodies had washed ashore and even now with each new wave more were coming to shore. The bodies were not those of uplanders. They were the Sea People.

Struggling to keep the contents of my stomach down I left Sheatera, who was crying behind and made my way out to where Tolak and several other warriors stood gathered around the bodies deposited on the sands of the beach. At Tolak's feet lay the body of a young girl with hair it seemed that went forever.

There did not seem to be a mark on her, but she was just the same very dead as were the rest of them. Tolak glanced up and I noted the worry etched deeply into his face. In an emotionally gruff voice he showed his respect for me by asking my opinion, “Do you think it was poison? I see no marks upon them.”

Glancing to the sea that continued to crash waves ashore I shook my head, “If it were poison there would be other sea creatures as well, but there are not.”

Tolak and several others nodded in apparent agreement. I kneeled down beside the girl and not even wanting to touch her for fear the loss of such a young life would become even more real to me, I made myself do it anyway.

Going on a hunch I combed the girl’s hair away from her ear and as I’d

suspected there was the blood I thought I might find. Pressing my hand to my mouth to cut off a sob I felt Tolak kneel down beside me.

Glancing to him I gestured to the girl's ear and said, "Those muffled noises you heard several hours back that sounded like thunder, but had no storm clouds?"

He nodded grimly and I continued, "They must have been explosive devices that the uplanders dropped into the water. Such an explosion underwater would carry a shockwave with it. The shockwave must have blown the eardrums and perhaps even ruptured the brains of all the Sea People in the immediate area."

Tolak looked steadily down at the girl laying still upon the sand as I began to mourn the loss of what likely must've

been entire communities. The proof of that came ashore with each new wave which brought more and more bodies with it.

Through my tears I glanced at Tolak and whispering I asked him brokenly, "Do you hate me?"

Turning shocked eyes to me he exclaimed, "Why hate you for this?"

"Because this and maybe even the extinction of your own people is coming at the hands of the people I come from up above!" I wailed out.

Half turning to me he grasped my shoulders and shook me slightly as his eyes bored into mine, "You not responsible for this! People above, people below, it makes no difference, some good some bad. There are islands not far from here were my own people

eat each other without any help from those above. Evil is here just as above and those of us who know good and are of the Creator's light must not blame ourselves for what others do. We stand by our actions and your actions are good. You a good woman!"

Looking into the sincerity of his eyes I said, "I love you!"

He pulled me against his chest and for a moment I had peace, but it couldn't last. Pulling back from him I said, "They'll come here now. Without the Sea People to shoot their crafts down they'll overcome the monsters of the island and be here before you know it. You can't make peace with these people who are coming Tolak. They are evil and your people to them are nothing more than an exotic resource by which to

exploit and use up till you're all gone!"

Tolak nodded and letting go he stood up and bellowed out commands in a voice within his own language that none of his people went unaffected by. As one they peeled back from the beach and ran for their shelters as the events of this day finally woke them up to the reality that they weren't safe here anymore.

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Hours wore on as the whole community worked to build the crafts that they had lagged behind in accomplishing over the past several weeks since the order had been given to build them. Already the provisions for the journey that Tolak's people would face were piled high on the beach.



Standing within the dear little house that had been my home for but a few blissful weeks in Paradise I acknowledged that my fairytale had come to an end. Paradise wasn't so much Paradise anymore.

Turning I left the view of the beach which even now saw native built log rafts being pushed down it and made ready to be plopped into the heavy surf and went to one of the windows that faced the open ocean. I didn't know what lay out there and truly did it even matter as where could my adopted people go to flee from the elite of the nations above who were descending even now as wolves to ravage the flocks of these gentle peace minded people.

These invaders would spread out until their polluting touch had spoiled

everything and everyone. They'd send out drones with heat seeker devices and one by one capture the little flotillas of escaping people or terminate them where they found them in order to complete some warped ethnic cleansing on the part of their masters.

I could see it all happening before my eyes. There would be no escape for Tolak's people, but what else could they do?

I felt Tolak's presence behind me and I leaned back against him before turning and pressing my face into his chest as I relished the feel of his arms about me one more time. Looking up at him through my sudden tears I whispered, "Could you make love to me one more time before all that's good about Paradise has been lost?"

His lips closed over mine and I kissed him back with all the passionate fervor I felt for him and the life I had hoped to experience within the reach of his arms for years to come that now had been reduced to but perhaps a few hours.

## Chapter Ten

# Act of Desperation

It had been a long journey and one fraught with peril, but now the old man's suitcase was once more in my possession. Okani reached for it and I let him take it from me as Tolak, myself, and several other warriors headed for the shelter of the jungle.

It was a complete miracle that the case had not washed away in a high tide, but thanks to trees felled by laser fire the case had gotten snared and held up from floating back out to sea. Reaching a

sheltered alcove we stopped and silently Okani passed the suitcase to me.

Even now the sounds of trees falling in the distance sounded far too close for comfort as the invaders from above went about the process of setting up a base from which they would establish a foothold in these lands of Undersea. I only hoped that the journey to reclaim the old man's case had been worth it.

Logic dictated that if Tolak's people were to even have a chance at escape then they needed a diversion through which to buy some time in order to do so and I was hoping that whatever the case held that it would be the key to accomplishing that. Like a remembered phone number of a beloved relative I dialed in the lock code for the case that the old man had given me.

The case popped open with a hiss of expressed air. The first thing I saw was a synthetic looking handgun, which I took out and set aside. It was very light feeling for a handgun.

The rest of the contents of the case were literally foreign to me. That it was an elaborately contrived suitcase bomb I had no doubt of, but how to make it tick? How had the old man even got this past the scanners for that matter?

The answer to that came a moment later as I realized that all the working parts of the bomb were made of either plastic or some other synthetic material. The old man had been quite the terrorist it would seem, but strangely down here this bomb of his fabrication seemed almost patriotic.

I saw a lever and given the tubes of

what I surmised were liquid chemical triggers set to react with each other and form an electrical discharge I now felt confident of how to set the bomb off and I indicated as much to the others gathered around. Closing the lid I glanced around my silent audience and whispered with grim reality, “We have to get this within their camp before we pull the lever. One of the armies down here has female warriors. One of you has to get me her clothes, while the rest of you take out those they will have watching for attackers. Do not let them point their weapons at you, because metal will shoot out at high speed and kill you. Understand?”

They all nodded solemnly, but I wondered how well they comprehended what they were up against.

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A perimeter fence of razor wire and what appeared to be the disturbed dirt of landmine placement greeted us at the jungle's disrupted edge that ran parallel to the one side of the impressively sized outpost that had gone up virtually overnight. Climbing a tree with Tolak accompanying me, I looked out over the encampment only to discover a grim reality.

There was no gateway through the erected fortifications. How then to get through?

I heard a high pitched whistling noise pass by and in the next moment my world exploded. Flames shot up past me from the ground and I would've been



shook free from the tree altogether if Tolak hadn't gripped a hold of me.

Trees were falling and with a crack of groaning protest the tree we clung to began to fall as well. I screamed in fright as we were plunged downward to smack into the charred Earth below.

The desperation of the moment had me on my feet almost instantly, but any cognitive ability to reason had been knocked from me. Looking around in a daze I saw the warriors that had come with us all lying around torn apart and dead upon the ground.

Dimly within my brain I realized what I hadn't accounted for, proximity sensors. I was such a fool to think I could've thrown a wrench into the cogs of such a technologically superior foe!

I didn't see Tolak and in alarm I

wheeled about in search of him only to see him reaching down to pull the suitcase, which though charred still seemed intact, from his dead brother's grasp. Oh God!

There was no time to lament though and this Tolak knew full well. Charging towards me he grabbed my hand and tugged me along after him at high speed through the jungle even as more incendiary devices began to fall in a spread out grid pattern all around us letting off earsplitting blasts of flame that charred the lush vegetation of the jungle into ash.

How we made it past the rain of fire I don't know, but we did, only we didn't stop. I did my best to keep up, but after an hour's run I collapsed into the jungle trail face first.

Everything seemed to hit at once. Not only had I not succeeded in buying time for my husband's people, but I'd misjudged the enemy and gotten his brother killed!

Paradise had somehow suddenly turned into my private hell!

Why had God even brought me here? To torment me?"

I hit the ground with my fist on a cry of impotent rage and looking up I abruptly stilled. Tolak was beside me asking if I was okay, but all I continued to do was stare into the distance for a moment longer.

Breaking my concentration I gripped a hold of Tolak and pointing I said, "I need you to get me over there!"

Tolak looked past me and beheld the island's solitary volcano. He glanced

back to me and I repeated, “Get me there with this suitcase if you hope to see any of your people have a chance.”

“I go.” He said definitively.

“No, I’m going with you!” I protested.

Tolak took my face into his hands and forcefully said, “You my woman! You listen now and go back to the village! I flip the lever and come for you. Now you listen and go!!!”

Before I could protest further Tolak pulled the suitcase from my hands and tore off through the jungle headed for the distant volcano.

“Tolak!!!”

He didn’t stop, in fact he was already out of view. Feeling like my heart had been ripped from my chest I got to my feet and screamed his name again, but he wasn’t coming back.

Crying I turned in the direction of the village and obeyed his final wish. I don't know how I made it there, but when I did I made it clear to everyone that the boats needed to go into the water.

As usual they were resistant to any cause of action, but then the ground quaked beneath their feet even as the top of the volcano that had steamed away tranquilly for years on end tore away to let off a solid column of black ash that streaked up to slam against the cloudy dome like ceiling of this inner world.

When that collision of ash with the orange glowing clouds occurred everything went bad. The clouds crackled electrically and began to dissipate until I actually saw overlying rock layers, but worst of all the sky

turned dark as the constant orange glow of the clouds diminished until all that lit up the surrounding landscape was the distant glow of the horizon.

What had I done? I'd killed everyone!

The villagers took to the boats in a screaming mass of panicked anxiety and pushed off into the troubled waters of the sheltered harbor, while I alone just stood there on the beach beholding the work of my own hands. I had thought it was the right thing to do. How could I have been so wrong?

I heard a whining sound and then the sputter of an engine. I heard the engine conk off for good at the same moment I saw the aircraft.

With a gasp my eyes took in the freefalling unmanned drone. It streaked overhead to then seconds later pulverize

itself against the one side of the stony protecting border of the village.

It exploded terrifically, as all the ordinance it had been carrying with it went up in the blast of its crash into the rocks. If I hadn't ordered for the volcano to be blown that predator drone even now would be blowing the villagers apart within the walled confines of their own village.

What did it matter now though how my adopted people were to meet their fate? At least this way I was managing to take out our would-be killers and spoil the plans of the world elite, who had intended to occupy and build beachside condominiums, while the world on the surface fell apart.

That was at least something. I found that small solace though right now, as

ash began to fall all around me, in the gathering darkness as the orange glow of the horizon receded farther and farther away.

Something else terrible and yet awesome to behold was transpiring now. Rolling cracks and groans of rock under pressure began to sound out loudly, only it wasn't the ground beneath my feet. It was the ceiling of this inner world.

Oh God it was all going to collapse!

Just then to make everything even more terrible a little hand slipped into mine. Looking down in startlement I beheld Sheatera standing there.

I didn't yell at her for not going with the others as what point would there have been to even doing that, but it was heartrending to know this bright little life was about to be extinguished before



it had the opportunity to bloom and produce seed of its own. Kneeling down as the groaning cracks and grumbles of overlying rock sounded louder and louder I took the scarf off that had encased my chest and afforded me some modesty while there had been a time for such things and wrapped it about Sheatera's face.

The ash was falling heavy now. The little girl was trying to be brave, but death is a hard thing to accept. I pulled her to me as chunks of rock the size of cars and buses began to fall and shake the ground so hard as to nearly topple us over onto the sand.

A familiarly large handed grip seized my arm and not being fully able to believe it, but with little else choice but to, I found myself being drug into the surf

that was washing farther and farther ashore as the rocks above fell into the harbor. It was getting very dark and hard to see anything at all.

I connected with something wooden and then I heard Sheatera's breath umph out of her as water splashed about suddenly. Then it was my turn to be lifted up and dumped into the dugout canoe fitted with an outrigger.

Scrambling around I helped pull Tolak onboard. The water had done little to wash the ash off him and his face was mostly obscured by a cloth that he'd wrapped about it, but he was here and alive!

Somehow everything just felt better somehow. Even if we died right now it would be better because I would die with him.

I could tell despite the mask that he wore that he was as emotional as I was, but the situation demanded more of him than to be expressive right now. Seated at the back of the canoe he picked up a paddle and plunged it into the troubled waters and the canoe shot forward.

Climbing over Sheatera as splashed up surf spilled into the canoe I reach the forward prow. I searched for and found a paddle and glancing back to squint in the darkness I did my best to match my paddle strokes with those of my husband even as Sheatera bailed water out of the canoe as best as she could.

It was a mad fight for survival, which I wasn't really sure why we were attempting, other than it felt good. Well almost good.

Hacking and spitting on kicked up

water spray I couldn't even make out the way forward, but I kept paddling. The water abruptly became less perturbed and I stopped paddling in order to wipe at my eyes.

We were past the breakers and for the first time I actually gave us a chance of coming clear of the chaos erupting behind us. A red glow helped illuminate the darkness and looking back I took in the majestic sight of the volcano spewing lava globs across the breadth of the island as rivers of the stuff coursed down the volcano's ruptured sides.

The old man's foresightfulness had certainly made a big impact. My gaze switched to Tolak at the back of the canoe who was still powerfully paddling away. His face was clear of the cloth now and he was grinning. Far from

being enamored with the rosy glow of molten heat behind us he was instead enraptured by the sight of my chest bared to the breeze.

Smiling reprovably I reclaimed my chest rap from our child and turned forward in the canoe. I didn't really care about any exposure of myself to either my husband or even Sheatera, but the dotted outlines of the native boats ahead and the men they held I did care about.

I would only ever be one man's prize catch and I was proud to be so, beyond grateful to God actually.

You truly never knew how far you had to go in life before you found the right one, but when you did it simply couldn't be any better. I went back to paddling and steadily the distant boats drew closer and closer.

Thankfully it was also getting lighter, but as a whole darkness was spreading out from the island and its still ash showering volcano. Drawing within shouting distance of the native fleet I then witnessed yet one more strange phenomena of this underworld paradise.

I'd thought I'd seen it all, but that apparently was not the case. Coming up fast on the seaward side were ships. Not just any ships. They were warships. Old warships.

Turning to Tolak in shock I was even more surprised to see joy on his face. He knew these people sailing World War II era ships about?

What made the scene even more incongruous was that one of the three ships was American and the other two were Japanese. Apparently one war was

over at least.

The natives up ahead were forsaking their crafts and climbing up rope ladders that had been thrown down over the sides of the navy vessels. Snapping myself out of my daze I busied myself with trying to be a tad bit more presentable than I currently was.”

## Chapter Eleven

# Passion's Grip

Tolak wouldn't let go of me all the way up the rope ladder, but insisted on climbing up the roped net half behind and over top of me, while unhindered Sheatera scampered on up the ladder to the top like a monkey. Did he really think I was in that much danger of falling? Even if I did fall I could swim.

I really couldn't fathom his elation at the sight of these antiquated warships. They weren't going to repel an invasion made up of the surface's current top



notch military tech. One predator drone would carve up these rust buckets like so much fine dust swept under the carpet.

Glancing over my shoulder at him I said, "I can make it from here. Go on around if you want."

"I like it here." He said with a grin.

Then it occurred to me for the first time how much contact was taking place between us. I'd had no idea and now I couldn't help but blush as I realized just how much he wanted me.

Oh why did he have to do things like this in the full sight of everyone like he was? I sped my pace up intent on leaving him behind and he let me, but not before I felt him kiss the back of one bare thigh.

Reaching the deck I was pulled over the railing by willing hands to come

face-to-face with several naval officers and of all things a black man. I'm not a racist person, but the oddities of this underworld place were adding up.

World War II ships and now a black man with the appearance about him of having been an uplander at one point in time. How on Earth had he gotten here?

Tolak was beside me then and smiling he reached forward to shake the black man's hand and then the hand of a Polynesian looking woman who stepped forward from behind yet another white man. To say it was getting diversified down here was to put it lightly.

Tolak introduced me, but then abruptly switched from smiling to saying, "We must go! The ceiling is becoming unstable. It's happened before in the past, but never so bad as this."

The black man named Eli nodded, but then asked, "I believe you, but have you got any idea as to where to go? We're all washed up on the West side too. The Chinese and the Russians are crawling all over the place back there."

Tolak glanced among the men and women before him uncertainly. It was clear that all present were at a wash as to what to do. Their world had been overrun and to their knowledge they had nowhere left to go.

Reaching my hand forward I took Tolak's and as his worried gaze came to mine I asked, "You once told me of portals by which King Solomon invaded this world from above. Where are they?"

Slowly, as if not understanding where I was taking this Tolak responded with, "They were all destroyed, but for one. It

lies by itself on a small island of nothing but sand somewhere to the south. I do not know where for sure.”

“I know where it is, but why go there?” Eli asked.

Looking around the group I asked at large, “Forgive me, but it would seem that nowhere in this inner world is safe as the worst of society above has even now come down to you, right?”

I didn’t wait for confirmation but continued with, “It would seem then that the only thing to be done is to leave this place and go back to the surface.”

The group blinked as a collective whole and the Polynesian woman who spoke with an American accent asked, “Is that even possible?”

“It was at one point in time, at least for King Solomon. How far is this

remaining portal from us?”

“It’s at least a two-week journey at the rate the native boats can travel at towards the southeast. The portal, when I discovered it years ago, appears to be locked. How do you intend to unlock something created by the likes of Solomon?” Eli inquired speculatively.

Quickly doing some mental math for a two-week journey by native boats I reached the conclusion that the distance was an approximate match for something I’d always wondered about. In answer to Eli’s question I said, “I happen to be an expert in the field of Biblical Archaeology and in particular the era before and around the reign of King Solomon. As to the portal having been created by Solomon I would have to disagree. Used by him perhaps, but

created, no. That's why it's probably still in existence today unlike the other portals.”

“Where will it come out at on the surface?” One of the ship captains asked.

“If my calculations are correct it will open out within the original parameters of the plain which the Garden of Eden was located in.”

The group stared at me in shock. The big white guy who seemed to be connected to the pretty American said, “I thought the Garden of Eden was located under the Persian Gulf?”

“That's one theory, but I believe it to be wrong. The Garden of Eden is most likely in Africa and it is in a very remote place and if things really are falling apart on the surface right now, as to be

suggested by how desperate those from above are to conquer this place, then I very much doubt that anyone will notice the sudden appearance of quite a few exotic people popping up unexpectedly in a remote corner of the world.”

There was a brief moment of silence, which Eli broke by saying, “It would seem that you are a very special provision of God for the peoples of these lands when we have need of it the most.”

I felt myself blush as Tolak said affirmatively, “She is!”

Eli turned to the captains and said, “I think it would be best if we split up. One ship going to each of the three remaining gatherings of our combined people. That way we’ll be able to cast off towing lines and speed up the progress of the

native vessels. We'll rendezvous with our collected fleets where the current waters start. Do you know the place I speak of?"

The three captains nodded.

"Then let's get to it." Eli said authoritatively and the group broke up.

I saw Tolak say something to a ship's officer standing nearby, who then headed off into an interior hall of the ship and then before I was prepared for it Tolak was hustling me off after the officer. What was the rush for?

I followed along after the officer who abruptly stopped and gestured off to the side. I was pressed from behind within the confines of a tiny cabin off of the main hallway to the tune of the hatch door being shut securely behind me.

Feeling flustered and out of breath I



nonetheless willingly turned around in preparation for what I knew was to be an extremely passionate encounter with my husband. Instead of the passion I'd expected to see upon Tolak's face though all I saw was raw emotion and for the first time I saw tears coursing down my man's cheeks.

He wasn't even looking at me as he leaned back against the hatch door as if holding the world outside at bay. I couldn't stand the look of almost shame that there was to his downcast features and feeling choked up myself at the sight of tears falling from off his face I rushed forward to him.

"Tolak! Honey look at me!" I pressed, as I lifted his head up.

The look of misery within his gaze had tears falling from my own eyes. I

knew then what it was. He was always so strong that it was easy to forget he was just as human as I was on the inside.

“Your brother?” I whispered.

He nodded and then his hands closed over my hips tightly. His hold wasn't gentle and with his voice raw with the emotion he felt he said, “I want to forget, but I can't!”

Nodding, I said, just before my lips closed over his, “I have you and you have me. All the comfort I can offer is yours my love.”

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*Kim stood alone at the prow of the ship as it cut through the waters of this former undersea paradise. Darkness was spreading across the sky behind*

*them, as the orange clouds above that had always given their light slowly began to dissipate from view.*

*She'd been here in this lower world for going on four years now and she was sorry to see it go like this. Most, of all the things that she felt herself grieving for though, was her brother, who she had to leave behind.*

*Kokie wasn't dead, but the future was uncertain for him and the people that he'd become king over. Over half of the Sea People had died in the fight to keep this undersea paradise free from the influences of those from above.*

*Those remaining were fleeing to the most remote area of the sea that had no islands at all in close proximity. How it would go for them it was hard to say, as they were now greatly reduced in*

*number and the sea beyond the homes they'd made for themselves near the coastlines could be a very dangerous place.*

*Warm arms closed about her and she rested back against Colt's embrace. Softly she spoke, "It was a hardship to come here and now it's one to leave. I'm scared of what we're going to find up their Colt. I don't think I belong within the strictures of society as it exists up there anymore."*

*Colt nodded before grimly commenting, "There may not be much of a society to blend in with. Anyway it would seem we're not going to pop out of the ground on Saks Fifth Avenue so relax a little."*

*Kim smiled, but the sorrow she felt inside didn't go away. Raising her*

*fingers to her lips she blew a kiss towards the open waters of Undersea in a farewell kiss before then turning and taking what comfort was to be found within her husband's loving embrace and the knowledge that their twin boys still had a chance to survive the destruction of the only place they'd ever known as home.*

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Seventeen days later a mixed multitude of people in varying boat classes converged in on a small spit of land located seemingly in the midst of nowhere. The horizon to the rear was black as night, but here the clouds above shined brightly.

In fact of all the places I'd been in my

brief time down here I had never seen this level of brightness. It was so bright it almost hurt the eyes and yet it was wondrous to gaze upon the phenomenon that was taking place before me now.

A twisted cylindrical column of both flowing water and molten flowing magma spiraled up from the sands of this tiny island to climb impressively upward until it disappeared in the bright clouds above. In fact it appeared as if the hot rock and water was by some unknown process creating the glowing clouds of this hidden world, because the clouds moved away continuously from the semi-molten column of rock and crystal-clear water to disperse off in every direction.

It was a wondrous sight to behold and in quiet awe the people of this

underworld land of seas made their way from the gentle lapping surf up onto the clean sands of the beach that surrounded the spiraling column. It was warm, but not as warm as it should've been given the presence of the flowing magma.

It was as if everything, at least here in this place, was being held in a perfect balance of harmony as opposed to all the contrary actions of nature elsewhere. Taking Sheatera's hand with mine, who in turn was holding the hand of a little black boy of about her own age, who was the son of Eli and his wife named Keturah, we walked towards the only sign of a structure not of nature that the tiny island of sand possessed.

Leaving Sheatera to be with her new playmate I stepped forward past yet one more bronze relief statue of King

Solomon sitting on a throne to approach a doorway framed by molten stone that led inward to the clearest of waters that was wreathed in bubbles that floated upward as if in replica of a fish tank without walls of glass to hold the water in. Such design as this no man could boast of.

This was a place of God's design and establishment and yet turning to view the sculpture of King Solomon from behind I could not but admit the foolishness of my own kind in their ever present pursuit to be as gods in replacement of serving the Father of all creation. Truly towards the end of Solomon's reign all had become vanity and yet his actions of selfish conquest and exploitation reflected nothing new under the sun as having occurred within all the vast



achievements that he had made. Man, without the intervention of God, was doomed to repeat his mistakes, until the day when time would be finally over.

“Any idea as to how to unlock the way to the surface?” Eli asked from where he stood off a short distance with his arm about the waist of his pretty wife.

Glancing to him I said, “Nothing is locked. The way to the surface lies before you.” I said in gesture to the doorway of bubbling water framed with lava.

Eli glancing to where I had gestured and said, “I know some ancient Hebrew and from my study of the inscriptions on the base of the statue the way to the surface isn’t open to everyone. One must be of Jewish heritage in order to be

translated upward. If you enter the water and you're not Jewish the warning given is that instead of passage upward one will go downward into the pit of hell itself."

Kim's voice broke into the conversation and she said what I had just been prepared to point out, "Who among us does not believe in the risen Savior?"

Of the several thousand people massed around the column of fire and water no one spoke and Kim said, "Once it was otherwise, but all of you have given up the false beliefs that some of you harbored and even such as a body of believers though we be not Jews by blood we are nonetheless grafted into the tree of life by our belief in Jesus Christ and thus we are spiritual Jews and heir to all the promises and

provisions of God. This place can be nothing else, but such a provision for those of us who put our trust in God and His son Jesus Christ. Our God has not saved our souls and led us so far only now to trick us into falling to our deaths in hell. Come, I and my children and husband, will show you.”

Then leading by example Kim with two wide-eyed toddlers and a husband in tow moved past me and entered the stream of bubbling water that moved upward like a spiraling spring from the purest of sources. Like a high-speed elevator Kim and her family swirled upward and the water was so clear as to show all those gathered below that the family moving upward was under no distress of either drowning or being boiled alive by the interweaving bands

of molten rock flowing upward.

Eli shrugged and said, “Well I guess that answers that question.”

Keturah playfully shoved him as she said, “And who is it that’s always saying, ‘walk by faith and not by sight?’”

Smiling good-naturedly Eli took her hand and then the hand of his son and led them toward the gateway to the surface. The son however had no wish to let go of his friend’s hand and neither did she in return.

Looking back Sheatera glanced to her father to see if it was okay and he obligingly nodded. With a giggle of delight then the two children jumped into the bubbling stream and swirled away upwards.

Native islanders, black people, white people, asian people, and every

combination thereof filed past me to enter the spring of upward coursing waters that led to the surface to the very place where it had all begun for mankind some 6000 years ago. It took a while, but finally it was just me and Tolak left of all the people wishing to flee the destruction of this former paradise.

Rusty battleships of differing eras and crafts made of wood drifted idly about now masterless and of no more use to those who had depended on them for so many years. Tolak stepped into the stream and I made to follow, but feeling a sudden urge I looked back.

I saw nothing, but my spirit from within seemed to warm and I heard in an audible voice, **“Well done Samantha.”**

“Thank you for everything Abba Father! I love you!!!” Turning then I

jumped into the stream of bubbling water and began my own journey back to the surface and the turbulent world of men.

## Chapter Twelve

# Chocolate

Rising through the water banded by molten strands of liquid rock was an experience unlike any other. I didn't choke for lack of air and yet my lungs were full of all the air I needed as if it was being pressed into me.

The journey upward was wondrous

and it ended far too quickly. At some point far into the journey the bands of lava arced off elsewhere and the water alone continued to rise to the surface.

It was dark for only a little while. Above was a watery blue blur of color that grew bigger and brighter, until with a gasp of air I burst free of the water and felt the light of the sun rain down upon my face once more. Now that I had missed.

Swimming my way to the edge of the water I was pulled clear of it by Tolak. Smiling at him I took his hand and stepped out into the ancient setting we had quietly invaded from below. The difference however in our passage into this place though was in the fact that we wished to destroy no one or even hinder them in the slightest from living in the

way that they wished to.

We brought no weapons of mass destruction with us and our only means of survival was by the mercy we found within the good grace of our God, who would provide for all our needs even as He had promised, as His Word is true.

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*Eli looked about the deep valley that stretched all around and that opened up deeply before him. What was this place?*

*The cliff like walls and steep sides of what must be a caldera of epic proportions rose steeply all around to the point he doubted that the thousands upon thousands of large African grazing animals that he saw for as far*



*as the eye could see could even leave this place of sanctuary if they had wanted to. Samantha had said this was the Garden of Eden, while it didn't look as he had imagined that it would, he felt that she was correct somehow.*

*Admittedly a lot could change in the passage of several thousand years, along with the advent of a global flood. Reaching down he dug his fingers into the soil and straightening up he viewed what he held with a sense of awe.*

*Glancing to Keturah standing nearby he said, "Can you believe that once man existed as nothing but this red dirt I now hold, until God molded it and breathed the breath of life into him so that man would become a living soul?"*

*Smiling Keturah said, "I can believe it my husband as I walk by faith and*

*not by sight.”*

*Giggling she dodged out of the way  
has Eli through the red dirt at her, but  
she didn't escape his embrace of her,  
for why would she want to.*

\*\*\*\*\*

Tolak kept looking about in wonderment. The sun above all else seemed to be his sense of biggest marvelment and walking beside him I enjoyed his ever evolving interest with his new surroundings.

Coming upon a group of the others that I now all called my friends I was assaulted with questions of, “What is this place?”

Chuckling I said, “Just what I told you it was, the plain of the Garden of Eden.

Where Adam and Eve actually walked with God I do not know for sure, but there was a special land in which the actual garden was located in and this could be that land. The clues that Scripture has given us that many have failed to see and decipher through the years are the four rivers that originate from just one river. Every river at its beginning starts as from either a trickle of runoff water or an underground spring. Nowhere in the current topography of our world do we see four rivers come from one as is laid down in Genesis 2:10. *'And a river went out of Eden to water the garden, and from there it divided and became four riverheads.'* Clues about the four rivers are given along with their names: Pishon, Gihon, Hidequel, and the

Euphrates. Although there is a river today named the Euphrates in antiquity the Nile River was first called Euphrates. It's the only apparent river of the four that is still easily traceable, but if you reassemble the landmasses as they once were and strip away the hiding layers of the ocean waters, the old river basins are apparent even today. The island of Madagascar was once situated off the north east coast of Africa and just to the east of Saudi Arabia and the channel between it and those land masses was one of the rivers. Another of the river basins went north up along the coast of modern-day Israel. As I said all you have to do to see the old river basins is to strip away the layers of seawater to view the underlying topography. Before the fountains of the

deep were broken up at the time of the global flood there was far less water upon the surface of the land than there now is. Indeed, Undersea, was likely entirely full of water upon the Earth's creation as the Bible says God laid the foundations of the land on top of water. The fourth and final river basin traveled out around the top of Africa towards the Atlantic and would have outletted near where the Amazon flows into the Atlantic Ocean today, but in those days South America and part of North America were pressed up against Africa. When the land was divided in the days of Peleg both Madagascar and the American continents sheared away at where the crust had been worn thin by the great rivers which once flowed. The spring behind us once flowed in far

greater volume than it does today and yet it is still some twenty acres in size. It watered this whole plain and from here it flowed outward and became the initial source of water for all four rivers. This place is known today as the Ngorongoro national Park located in modern-day Tanzania. Another clue if you need it is that in reference to the early days of creation the Bible says that Satan walked among the stones of fire until iniquity was found in him. The volcano you see over there is the only one like it in the world. The lava is hundreds of degrees cooler than any other lava found in other volcanoes and yet it remains viscously molten. It is even possible for a human to walk near the open lava activity, because the temperature of the lava is so much less than anywhere else

on Earth. The ancient people of this land call the volcano, The Holy Mountain of God, and have oral histories passed down to this day that speak of the presence of God in the form of a cloud descending upon the mountain and residing there. This whole basin has been declared a sanctuary and it's no secret among the world elite of the ancient significance of this place. Why they didn't go ahead and run with that knowledge to realize that the spring is a portal to the land below I do not know. As this is a very special place, perhaps they were not permitted to desecrate it. All along the rim of this basin are resort establishments built to serve both the vacationers interested in viewing the rich animal diversity of the crater as well as those come to visit the cradle

place of all humanity. Even with that said this is a very remote area of Africa and we shouldn't be bothered too much if we hold together.”

In shocked reverence the group broke up in order to explore for themselves the birthplace of their own shared origin. For myself I headed off towards what appeared to be several buildings, which the sunlight blazed off brightly, as it was about midday.

Tolak and the people of his village followed along. Reaching the buildings I wondered about the premises that were deserted. It was a ranger station, and from all appearances it had been quite active until recently.

I located a generator and startling Tolak I gave it a crank and the thing roared noisily to life. Tolak's people



looked a bit overwhelmed, but I was very curious about something.

I motioned for them to stay outside and then I went into the interior of the main building. Walking through the rooms I located a computer and I turned it on. That done I tried to engage the Internet.

The screen flickered and gave me a readout stating, 'Not Available'. I looked away from the computer thoughtfully. There was plenty of outgoing signal, but apparently no Internet to connect to.

Becoming more intrigued by the moment I went to a table and picked up a radio. I flipped through all the channel frequencies only to be rewarded with static each and every time.

Going to a desk I picked up a satellite

phone. Turning it on revealed that it had battery life, but that there was no signal. I powered it off and set the phone back down.

It would seem that all forms of communication and perhaps even all of society had fallen. By what means I did not know for sure, but whatever it had been appeared to have been all-inclusive.

Going to a wall I picked up a walkie-talkie from off a charging station and engaged it, “Anyone out there? I repeat does anyone read me?”

I let off on the mic and waited, but nothing answered me but static. I laid the walkie-talkie aside and made my way back outside only to be greeted by the sight of a group of African tribesmen standing by Tolak, Eli, and his wife. Kim

and her family were also there.

Joining the group I listened to Eli, who apparently knew enough of the language that he could communicate with the men. Eventually he turned to us after a long and quite animated discussion and said, "They say that several days ago everyone fled. Even the staff of the resorts located along the crater's rim. One ranger told them that they should hide in the caves along the crater's edge, because rocks were going to fall from the sky and hit this place. The headman here says his people knew better than to do that as this is a holy place so they stayed out in the open. Two days ago they said the night sky lit up as rocks on fire went that way towards South and North America. Then not long after that the world shook and all the caves the

rangers told them to hide in collapsed in on themselves, but that is all the damage that occurred here. He says he thinks it is much worse elsewhere. He says we are welcome to stay here as he knows that we came from below and that for us to reach the surface that we must have found favor with the Creator. He says he doesn't think any of the outsiders will return. They were very fearful and said that the surrounding volcanoes of this place would likely all erupt, but that doesn't seem to have happened. I thanked him and he says his people will help ours to settle in and make homes within the crater if they so wish to. I told him we would accept his generosity on all counts.”

All of us felt a little in shock at how our lives and futures had so artfully been

cared for and in a daze the process of settling the survivors of Paradise into their new home was begun.

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The sun was starting to set over the one side of the crater's rim and finding a moment to take a break from the hard work we'd been engaged in all day I found myself paired off with Kim and Keturah. Admiring the sunset together we noticed the fading sun glint brightly off of the windows of one of the resorts located along the rim.

As if speaking to herself Kim said, "I wonder if they left any chocolate bars lying around."

Seconding her comment I added, "And ice cream."

“What is this chocolate and ice cream you speak of?” Keturah asked curiously.

Both Kim and I looked at her sympathetically as she stood between the two of us completely clueless as to what she was missing out on in life.

“What?” She asked, questioningly glancing from one to the other of us.

All of a sudden a lightbulb seemed to flash in both Kim and I. Kim leaned forward to peer around Keturah to look at me as I did likewise, “Do you think they left the electricity on?”

“If they didn’t I bet I can figure out how to turn it back on. I just hope all the ice cream hasn’t melted.” I responded back with in earnest sincerity.

“Those commercial freezers are pretty well insulated. I bet stuff would stay frozen in there for days regardless of

how hot it was outside.” Kim responded with helpfully.

“You’re right!” I breathed out.

Both of us then sadly came back to reality as our eyes fell along and traced the expansive distance that separated us from our desired culinary nirvanas. The resort was a very long way away.

Morosely we all three leaned back against the wall of the ranger outpost.

“Dessert aside it would be worth it just to have a hot shower right now with a set of clean linens to sleep on for about a week straight.” I said mournfully.

Kim groaned and said, “There might even be some left behind clothing with which to make some decent clothes out of.”

“Now I could go for even that!” Keturah commented with in emphasis.

Kim's husband had come up unnoticed by the three of us and upon clearing his throat all of us looked over to him. Wearing a bit of a mischievous look about him he asked, "Any of you ladies interested in getting a bath and maybe something cleaner to wear?"

All three of us came away from leaning against the building and Kim threateningly said, "Spill the beans Mister!"

"Well it just so happens that I have found some gasoline and a beat up old Land Rover to put it in. With Eli's help I've managed to get it running."

Kim bounded forward with a scream of triumph. Colt attempted to put on a serious face as holding one finger up he said, "Now the deal is you have to take your husbands along."



“Did he forget to mention that we’ve also set up babysitting for the evening?” Eli added, as he and Tolak came up behind Colt.

All three of us chuckled. Men!

Kim sidled up to Colt and said, “Who else would I share chocolate with but you Sugar?”

Colt looking entirely enamored with his wife pointed off to the side and said, “Your chariot awaits.”

She grabbed his hand and yanked, “Well come on then!”

Keturah sidled up to Eli and said, “I find that I very much want to try this chocolate they speak of.”

Eli’s eyebrows rose and he said as he raised one hand to purse at his lips, “I’m not sure you should have any my love. It might spoil you.”

Keturah drew her fist back and laughing Eli said as he held up both his hands, “Okay! Okay! I will take you to the chocolate. See what a monster you’ve already created Kim.”

The two couples laughed together as they headed for the old Land Rover, which sounded as if its last two legs had already given out on it and all that remained was the memory of former life. Together holding hands Tolak and I trailed along behind the others.

Leaning down Tolak whispered, “I don’t understand any of this. Am I going to like where I am going?”

I chuckled and looking up to him I said, “Tolak, if I can guarantee you anything in life, it would be that you are very much going to enjoy everything that transpires this night.”

“Everything?”

“Everything.” I stated firmly, as I made up my mind to make tonight an extremely special one for my man.

“Then it will be the same as every day I am blessed to spend with you, as the addition of you in my life has made everything better.”

With a choked up sounding voice I said, “I can never repay Kim back enough for her teaching you how to speak the English language, but I sure am going to try!”

Kim looked back with a smile and said, “You don’t owe me a thing Sugar. To God goes the glory for everything.”

# A note from the Author

*A little bit about what went into influencing the story.*

- So if your reading this then I guess you've decided to stick around even though I may have blown a few holes in your belief structure in regards to this Earth we live on. When my eyes were opened, which wasn't too long ago I have to confess to being completely overwhelmed. Pardon the pun, but it truly is Earth shattering to come to grips that the Earth is flat and not round. And hey if you don't believe it that's fine, but well how can you not? When I come to the revelation of something completely new within my life that challenges former beliefs of mine I like to have multiple sources of info, in addition to prayer, confirming exactly what it is that has made me alter my view on something

and so why shouldn't you as well. Below I've taken the time to list some links to various YouTube videographers that have posted videos on the Flat Earth debate and which helped me come to my own stance of believing in a Flat Earth, as opposed to a round or spherical Earth. I don't endorse all the content or beliefs of all these YouTubers, but I do believe in the relevance of some of the work that they have done so check it out and see the facts and arguments for yourself. In addition I also wrote a blog article that covers the Flat Earth issue towards the end of it, which you can link to [here](#).

- Very Informative Flat Earth Channel: [My Perspective](#)
- Check out his Flat Earth Clues – 10 Part Series: [Mark Sargent](#)
- Good Flat Earth videos / General Good Person: [jhenningkelloggia](#)
- Has some good Flat Earth Scientific Proofs:

## Mr. Thrive and Survive

- Good Flat Earth Video showing actual footage: [TETs TRUTH TUBE](#)

- Good Sceptic Mainstream YouTube Video: [Vsauce](#)

- Good video showing airplane flight paths: [hundred44000](#)

- Great Documentary: [A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Moon](#)

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# Guy S. Stanton, III

## *A few things about me*



I live in the country and I'm glad of it. I have a beautiful wife sent from God, who graciously puts up

with me. God has blessed us with three  
awesome children

that I am very proud of. It seems authors always  
mention

whether or not they have pets and so I will give  
the rundown: two dogs(Kregridor and Thora)  
and six fish (Melvin, Larry, Buggy, Charky,  
Buttercup, and Croony). As to my interests,  
well, writing  
and waiting for the Kingdom of Shamayim.



