

The Clash of Choice

Carl Hiltz

THE CLASH OF CHOICE

Unedited version

Contents

CHAPTER 1	
SUDDEN AWAKENING	6
CHAPTER 2	
RECOIL TO REALITY.....	15
CHAPTER 3	
A FRESH AUDIENCE	22
CHAPTER 4	
MEANING DISCOVERED	25
CHAPTER 5	
THE RETURN	33
CHAPTER 6	
CHAOS IN THE DARK.....	38
CHAPTER 7	
A MISTERY REVEALED	42
CHAPTER 8	
A KINGDOM CAUGHT IN CONFUSION	46
CHAPTER 9	
DILEMMA.....	50
CHAPTER 10	
THE LIE EMBILLISH.....	54

CHAPTER 11	
HEADING FOR A CLIMAX.....	60
CHAPTER 12	
CAN THREE BE ONE	64
CHAPTER 13	
EVIL PROCEEDS	69
CHAPTER 14	
ANOTHER PART OF THE PUZZLE.....	73
CHAPTER 15	
AN UNBELIEVABLE EVENT.....	77
CHAPTER 16	
THE APPLE OF HIS EYE.....	84
CHAPTER 17	
A RIDE TO EVIL'S REALM.....	90
CHAPTER 18	
BOTTOMLESS?	98
CHAPTER 19	
WHEN WILL THIS STOP	105
CHAPTER 20	
SINISTER CONFESSION.....	115
CHAPTER 21	
THOUGHTS OF ESCAPE.....	124
CHAPTER 22	
JACOB'S 101	135
CHAPTER 23	
THIS PAUSE THAT REFRESHES.....	135

CHAPTER 24
UNCOVERING..... 141

CHAPTER 25
REASON FOR THE ADVENTURE153

CHAPTER 26
WHAT IS VISION? 161

CHAPTER 27
CRASH OF INSIGHT 168

CHAPTER 28
A FINAL PART TO THE PUZZLE175

CHAPTER 1

SUDDEN AWAKENING

"Ah! Ah! Let go! Legion Help, they've got me!" Allen struggled to break free of the vice grips tightening around his legs but the harder he fought, the tighter they squeezed; it felt like a hot iron slicing into his ankles. Panic was so strong it sucked his breath away; he felt like he was being torn apart.

The escape route was so close! But his struggling seemed more and more doomed to failure.

His mind overflowed with thoughts of home and friends; then a riveting thought snapped into focus, the possibility of returning to that sinister prison that robbed him of life. Out of sheer fear, with his last ounce of strength, he lunged forward emitting a frantic cry of despair.

The gripping dread was suddenly broken!

What a scene; smothered and bound up in his bed sheet and blanket, wringing wet with sweat, his mind racing, trying to get his thoughts together he lay there in total exhaustion; his heart beating so hard he could hear it and feel it pounding within his chest.

Not again, he thought to himself. Allen had been experiencing this recurring nightmare over and over again but tonight it was more real than ever. He envisioned the Dark Region, Vulpine, Helop, and the Duns; those creatures of evil holding him in their sinister grasp. He remembered how he was caged in, with a sense of being lost and hopeless, with no future and it went on and on. His body shuddered as he rolled these memories over in his mind.

Since his escape and return to earth, the life he expected to live wasn't happening. He reflected on his glorious departure and the task he was given by the ruler of the Kingdom of light. It had energized him to return to earth and make an important impact on people's lives.

What a discovery he'd made; not only the way Vulpine deceives the Creators much loved creatures but also the mental prison they so often find themselves experiencing.

Now he would be able to share these truths with everyone he met, they would be so grateful and the world would become a superb place to live in, evil would be overcome.

But it wasn't happening, frustration, frustration, frustration!

The reaction he received was opposite, instead of acceptance, rejection was growing in all his relationships; so questions flashed through his mind, did this whole thing really happen? Maybe his

doubts are right, maybe he should just abandon this role or assignment? A sense of unknowing began to grow in his mind.

Then it happened!

"Allen," the voice was hushed but very clear. "Allen," there it was again. He held his breath and hoped desperately it was Legion, that wonderful friend that helped him escape from that 'mind holding prison'.

"Legion, is that you?"

"Yes. Hello my friend."

Rivers of joy filled emotions swept over Allen's body. Then, just as quickly fear filled questions burst into his mind: is this another nightmare, more added torment, more sinister reaction playing with his brain; is this truly the reformed Dun that had rescued him from the Dark Region? He grasp his head between his hands and shouted to his mind, turn off, turn off!

With hopeful confidence he blurted out this recognition, "Wow Legion, it is you! Man it's good to hear your voice; wait till I put on the light so I can see you."

He wanted desperately to see this transformed Dun in all his splendor standing at the foot of his bed. In the darkness he reached for the switch on the night light---"Don't do that Allen, I'm not visible in your world at the moment. When I was a Dun I could venture

anywhere in the universe and not worry about appearance except it was different when I was on earth; there I was only revealed in the actions of those I harassed or in some extreme situations where I 'took up residence'. Can you remember the demonic actions you saw in your first adventure? But things are different now I'm no longer a Dun and my role is different. I'm on a specific assignment, to accompany you back to the Kingdom you once visited."

Before Allen could respond; a sudden interruption!

The bedroom door opened; it was mother.

"Allen, are you all right? I thought I heard you talking to someone."

"Yeah, yeah," Allen stuttered, "I, I, just had a bad dream."

"Oh Allen, again," his mother's voice reflected deep concern. "I do wish we could do more to stop them. Are you sure you're O.K?"

"Yeah Mom, I'm fine."

She proceeded to offer comfort. "We'll talk more about it in the morning and we'll try to arrange another talk with Dr. Thompson--- Good night dear". "Good night Mom." She closed the door.

CHAPTER 2

RECOIL TO REALITY

Allen was almost afraid to speak again. Keeping his voice very low, he inquired.

"Are you still there Legion?"

"Yes, but what was that about a doctor?"

Allen was so glad to connect with Legion that he just ignored the question and whispered, "Man, am I ever glad to have someone else to talk to about what's been happening to me since I returned. You won't believe the level of frustration I've been going through. People think I'm crazy!"

There was a pause and Allen felt really uneasy in not being able to see Legion; it was like talking to himself with no face to see only a voice. Uncomfortable about what he was experiencing, he thought he should let Legion know his feelings.

"Are you staying? I can't see you, so I'm not sure if you're here or not."

"For this journey, Yes, I'm here," was the welcomed reply.

"I know some of what's been happening to you but let me hear your side of the story." With that reassurance Allen took a deep breath and began to relay his tale of woe.

"When I first regained consciousness, I was no longer in the City of Light with you, Michael, Gabriel, Theos and all the others; I was in a completely different place.

"It's a hospital room, in a bed with a great huge bandage wrapped around my head and lots of tubes and wires attached to my body, I looked like a Frankenstein's monster;" a chuckle from Legion slipped out that was an encouraging sign for Allen.

"My mind immediately went into overdrive. I had no idea how I got there or what was happening, but there I was---The Blob.

"Many of my family were there; Mom, Dad, my sister, Grandma, a couple of aunts and a cousin. I wondered---what's with this fuss? When Mom realized I was awake she exclaimed, "Allen!" then she gave me a big hug; it really felt warm and comforting. There were times I thought that would never happen again. Dad squeezed my hand tightly and that was really good too; it seemed they all wanted a piece of the action. I'd never experienced such a hubbub of activity with so many hugs and kisses at one time, I almost flipped out. Everyone said how thankful they were to see me awake. I'd been unconscious for

four days. After all the gushy stuff was over, I ask what happened and here's what they told me."

"Mom said I was knocked unconscious during an immense storm that struck our house. They'd been away for the day, so they had no idea what had happened until their return. What a shock. Finally they managed to get through all the emergency vehicles, crowds and confusion. They were told their house had been hit by a violent intense wind and a giant wall of water had broken over the shore line demolishing our house. An on looker told them the weather forecasters on T.V. said; in the recorded history of the area nothing of this magnitude had ever happened before. It wasn't just our home that was destroyed; the whole neighborhood was struck and devastation was everywhere.

"Funny Legion, as they said that my mind went back to that day I was coming home from school and racing my bike down the laneway to our home. I remembered there appeared weird menacing clouds. I thought for a moment they formed monstrous looking figures swirling very close to the ground. I was spellbound by their appearance.

"Get real, I said to myself; you've been watching too much creepy T.V, just get home.

"As I've continued to think about it in light of this whole mess, I can't help but wonder was there any connection?"

No response from Mr. Invisible.

"Anyway, Mom carried on. She told of how they saw medics putting me into an ambulance; but they had no idea how serious it was.

"Once the police knew who they were, they were instructed to follow the ambulance to the hospital and were given an escort.

"When they arrived and finally found out the details, they were told that I was unconscious and was being placed in critical care under observation for a severe concussion and possible internal injuries. She said she felt her mind rapidly fighting wild horrifying thoughts about the future. Each day she visited, I laid there unconscious and her hope for my recovery was being eroded little by little.

"The doctors said they had done all they could do and now they just had to wait.

"I was out of it for four days. No movement, no sign of life except what the monitors were beeping. Unexpectedly, just like that I woke up. I felt great and wondered what all the fuss was about and couldn't wait to tell them what had happened.

That started a whole series of bazaar events that has led my present way of life into a series of disasters.

"Hey, wait a minute:" a look of wonder crossed Allen's face.

"Did I hear you say a minute ago that you knew something about this but wanted to hear my side of the story, what did you mean? Did you see what was happening and didn't let me know you were there?" As this thought loomed in Allen's mind his voice grew louder, "Legion!"

"Don't get excited, I'll explain later," whispered Legion "and keep your voice down or your mother will be back in here. For now just carry on with your story."

Softening his voice and feeling reassured, Allen continued.

"O.K., like I said, I was feeling good, so I began to try and paint a picture for them about my adventure, the places I had been, the people and creatures I had encountered and the horror I had seen and experienced in the Dark Region.

"As I was telling the story a doctor came into the room. I thought maybe he had some news. But to my surprise he just stood by my bed and encouraged me to continue. I felt like one of those 'story tellers' my Mom used to take me to at the local library when I was a kid.

"So much had happened, and while trying to tell them about it, I found myself racing a hundred yard dash with thoughts and words, how in the world do you tell a story like that?"

Legion responded with "I hear you, go on."

"After a while I began to sense that something wasn't right; I'm no rocket scientist but I saw those in the room looking at each other in a way that caused me to slow down and then the lights went on, "Presto! I began to realize, this story was unbelievable to them.

"Gads Legion, if someone told me this story, I'd be saying to myself, what's with this guy, this is unbelievable."

Allen and Legion both sputtered out another low giggle. Even though this was serious they saw the humor and couldn't help themselves, it led to a full belly laugh.

It took a little while but Allen finally returned with this serious note.

"The only thing that raised a question of whether this story was a 'fairy tale' or not; was one obvious hitch---the earring. It wouldn't be a big deal to the others, but for Mom and Dad it was big time. I had never worn one because of wrestling, I had decided against it; though some of my friends did."

"Do you still have it Allen," Legion questioned? Allen paused, "Well, that's another story in this Sherlock Holmes mystery."

Dumb remark; Allen immediately became aware that his answer may be out of Legions experience, he wouldn't know Sherlock Holmes; would he?

"Sorry Legion that may not make any sense to you."

"I've been around Allen, carry on Watson."

Allen wondered if Legion could see the smile on his face. I guess he'd been around long enough to remember the detective Sherlock Holmes and his sidekick Watson in books and T.V.

As usual Allen's mind always had questions and even here he couldn't help but ask himself one right out of place with the matter they were discussing but the thought was there, how old is Legion anyway? Of course Legion being no dummy, pulled Allen right back into the story at hand. "I'm waiting;" came the voice.

"OK OK, I sure wish I could see you." Even though the room was darkened there was enough light coming from the windows to see the chair sitting close by; he walked over, sat down and continued.

"After a day I thought I'd like to go home and my progress seemed to please the meds. Like I said, I felt fine. Just before my release that doctor came back into my room. He was alone and took some time to introduce himself. He said his name was Dr. Thompson and he was very interested in my case: he was very friendly and asked me if I would tell him the whole story of my adventure?

"I thought, great! Finally someone's going to believe me. He sat down in a chair beside my bed, opened up a note pad, took out a pen and beckoned me to begin. Legion you don't tell this story in just a few minutes so after about a half hour of just me talking, Dr. Thompson

interrupted me and wondered if we could continue this talk but do it at his office?

"I thought it was cool so I said sure, when? He said he would arrange a time and contact me at home with the info. Shortly after that I was released from the hospital with what I thought was 'a clean bill of health'.

"Of course I couldn't get this whole experience out of my mind and so at home my topic of conversation repeatedly centered on it. It took a while [I think I'm a slow learner] but finally it hit me; it was beginning to create a strain in our family relationship. That was confirmed when Mom took me aside after an evening meal and in a loving motherly way, gently suggested I 'cool' the topic and try to regain life as normal: I was being obnoxious by controlling the conversation. Of course she was right about the conversation part of her request but what would my normal life look like?

"I'd been out of school for over two weeks so it was decided it was time to return.

"I was totally unprepared. Already news had spread about me and for sure, things weren't normal. My long time friends were polite but not very interested in conversation or doing anything that included me. Even the coach of the wrestling team suggested I lay off for a while longer, just to be sure; whatever he meant by that I didn't have a

clue. My life was turned upside down. It was never like this before. After about a week, I felt trapped by the rejection and withdrew from trying to be a part of any people contact.

"During this time I was meeting twice a week with Dr. Thompson. On the first visit I learned the Doctor was a psychiatrist.

"The lights came on again! Everyone thought that the concussion had scrambled my brain; but I didn't have a concussion according to test from the hospital and that presented a dilemma, no concussion, what's going on, what's with this story, am I making it up?

"I told him about the nightmares I was experiencing and that seemed to confirm for him that there was some damage to my understanding. The time spent with him was like walking through a strange world of thoughts, ideas, and flights of my imagination, that he tried to decipher in an effort to bring me to reality. How's that for jargon Legion, those are his words not mine, cool eh?

"Wow" was the unseen reply.

"One thing he did that I regret and don't know how to change is--- Allen hesitated, he convinced me to give him the earring: he felt it may be connected to the nightmares. At that point I was ready to do anything to be free of them."

Legion gave what sounded like a restrained sigh. "Oh, Allen, that's a biggie, we'll have to come back to that one, go on."

Allen knew he had a problem because of Legion's reaction but for the moment he thought it best to just carry on.

"I did one more thing that added fuel to the fire. I knew the spooks were still happening, do you remember that was the name we gave to those sessions that Stacy held at her house.

That's what started this whole thing!"

Allen felt himself flush with resentment as those words came out of his mouth and rung in his ear.

Legion sensed what was happening and reminded Allen what could happen if he allowed his mind to dwell there. "Yah, I remember, roots of bitterness begin to grow with their attached problems. Quickly he caught himself and carried on.

"As you know, the purpose of the spooks is to attempt to try and connect with the 'other side'. So I wanted to go and let my friends know their playing with fire; man I know there really is another side. Guess at the reaction I got?" He didn't wait for a response. "It was like trying to mix oil with water. After briefly sharing with this group and seeing their faces, I knew I had drawn a blank.

"They never even ask questions. Their conversations turned to talking about other things; some recent event, the latest movie, or their newest electronic doohickey. I not only felt ignored..... I was; so I decided to just leave.

"The feeling of being rejected came back over me again and captured my thinking. Legion, that's a very lonely place. Your mind begins to entertain all kinds of thoughts. And with my present understanding that I learned in my adventure with you, I know who plays on those thoughts and if possible encourages harmful actions that further isolate you or cause you to grow those deeper roots.

"I'll never forget your warning about what might happen if we allow that process to grow, how you watched [as a Dun] for any signs that you could use to attack minds and work to have bitterness or resentment morph into your own personal demon with the intent to wreck you. I wish everyone could realize that danger. Even though I recognize this because you told me, it's still a battle I fight; it never seems to end.

"I won't tell you the descriptive words that were used to accompany my exit from the spook meeting. I found out later that there were some really strange things happening there that my input would further mess up.

Jason, the guy who ask Stacy's mom to do that curse thing, is on his own track, venturing deeper into the dark region, generating an interest among a larger audience some young some older.

Allen paused.

"Legion", He asked in a questioning tone, "why do people want to become chummy with evil?"

Legions paused..... "Probably lots of reasons but I have one major theory: I think it gives them a sense of power or importance, even a little thrill that gets them to believe the deception that whispers---you're special".

Yeah, Allen thought under his breath that seems to make sense to me.

"I think Stacy fits that image. She really seemed to take pleasure in the attention she received at the spooks and at other times too. I believe people think she has some kind of control or power to communicate with the unknown that will give her an advantage and she appear 'special', then they think their special too because---they know her.

'Bad move', Allen muttered under his breath and he heard Legion produce a hum sound; that he took as a sign of agreement.

"Back to the story", confirmed Allen.

CHAPTER 3

A FRESH AUDIENCE

"As I walked out the door from Stacy's, I heard my name called. I turned around and there was Conny; she's a senior and I remembered that she was present a couple of times when I first tried to share my story. One time in particular was in the food court at the mall. It was very unusual for the whole gang to be there at the same time; I can't remember that ever happening. She seemed different than most of the others; like I said they just didn't seem to get what I was trying to describe. One dude said;" "hey Allen you should write another Star Wars movie." "Everyone got a great laugh out of that, but Conny seemed to be really interested; though she never said boo at the time."

"Can I talk with you for a few minutes," she asked? I was keen, "Sure can."

"Let's go over there," she pointed to a small grassy, tree shaded area across the street with a bench; a sort of a mini park. As we got

there and sat down, I turned and looked intently at her. I hadn't paid much attention before but as I looked closer, for the first time I could see she was quite stunning with a very friendly face that almost seemed to glow. As I mentioned earlier, she was rather quiet; she never seemed to draw attention to herself but she was liked by almost everyone that knew her.

"I remember once at a spook meeting at Stacy's house, she challenged Stacy on some of the comments she made about connecting with the spirits on the dark side. She questioned the intention and wondered if it was a good idea; suggesting it may be risky. Stacy responded very callously and I was impressed with how Conny reacted, she didn't argue back but just kept her own ideas open so others would know where she stood on the subject."

"Allen" she began, "I've listened to your story a couple of times and I want you to know, I believe you're on to something."

"Wow, I thought---that's different." She continued, "I'd really like you to meet a friend of mine. I think he might help you realize that much of what you've experienced is well-known by many others and you're not alone. Would you like to meet him?"

"Would I, when, where?" I was so energized by her comments that I found myself eagerly pressing her for answers and that caused her to say "Hold it, Hold it! I'll make arrangements and I'll let you know where

and when. Is that OK?" "She could see my excitement. I tried to calm down.

"Sorry---sure, sure, that's great."

"With that she gave me a smile, voiced, "I'll get back to you;" got up and walked back across the street and out of sight.

"Legion, you have no idea the anxiety levels I went through for the next two days waiting for her phone call. It's like that old saying; I was as jumpy as a cat in a room full of rocking chairs---no response from Legion. Allen thought to himself, no sense of humor.

"I was consumed with thoughts of what was going to happen, who is this guy, what if he doesn't believe me, what if she doesn't call? This whole thing invaded my mind like preparing for a test at school. It was the pits and stressing me out.

"One day, two days; then at dinner the third day the phone rang and Dad said"---"it's for you."

"I almost shouted when I said ---Hello!"

"Hello Allen."

"It was her. I didn't even return her greeting, I just said, what's up?

"She gave me an address and asked if I could be there on Wednesday night. I told her I'll be there. I could feel my heart begin to race a little bit faster. What time?" "Seven."

CHAPTER 4

MEANING DISCOVERED

"I was so wound up, I arrived ten minutes early. It was a small neat house situated on a tree lined street in an older neighborhood of the city. Most other houses looked very similar. There was nothing unusual about it.

"As I was standing there the front door opened and in the doorway appeared an older gentleman, my guess would be in the eighties, with snow white hair and beard. He motioned for me to come up onto the porch."

"Are you Allen?"

"Yes" I replied. "Come on in. Conny will be here in a few minutes. She just called and told me she would be a little late."

"As I entered the front door, the white haired one took my jacket, hung it in the closet, motioned me with a "please" and directed me down a long hallway. At the end I entered a cozy room that housed a well stocked library of wall to wall books all neatly shelved and it was

warmed by a snapping, crackling, and glowing fire place. It was so inviting I felt at home right away."

"Allen, my name is Jacob." "His voice was full and distinct. He resembled what most of us would see in our minds eye if we pictured a wise gentle old grandpa type, packed with years of adventures and wisdom."

"Conny told me quite a bit about your adventure. She also told me most people don't seem to believe you and your accident seems to give them all the more reason for questions, am I right?"

"You're right on" I agreed.

"Well Allen, I hope to help you unpack some of what this is all about."

"That was music to my ears. The door bell rang."

"There's Conny now."

"After letting her in and accompanying her down to the library, we shared greetings and sat down in his wonderful oversized, stuffed, leather chairs and he began to tell me this amazing story."

"Allen there's scores of very ancient manuscripts that support or parallel many of the events you're telling people. I've been learning their value for most of my life and I find in them, truths that have great significance for living."

"They tell of a King and his Kingdom that's in our very midst but we can't see it. They also reveal the story of a raging conflict.

"The King has an enemy and though you and I can't visually see either of them, we can see devastation every day on the social media outlets and even in personal heartbreak that are the results of this conflict.

"These ancient manuscripts have been written down and saved over the centuries and great numbers of people all over the globe have believed what's in them and live their lives by what they revealed. It's so valuable that over the centuries martyrs have given up their lives in defense of what's written in them. Countless others today gather often to talk about and incorporate their timeless truths.

"He said that the truths they contain if practiced, would revolutionize the world."

"I told him what I had experienced would too but I can't get people to listen. I said I'm all ears, and ask him to tell me more about these writings. In the back of my mind I was pretty certain I knew the writings he was talking about."

"He said he would briefly tell me what was in them and then we could compare notes.

"I thought; me at my age comparing notes with this older, wiser, intelligent man of age and experience. I was intrigued to say the least."

He said, "It begins with a description of a wonderful Kingdom inhabited by creatures that lived in great purpose and harmony until one of them [the reason we don't know for sure] became discontented and created a revolt. It appears the essence of it was to take over control by convincing the dwellers in that realm that they couldn't trust their present ruler.

"As a result that dissenter fell from the incredible realm of innocence to the next level; losing his influence towards two thirds of the inhabitants that dwelt there. The other one third that chose to believe his lies rebelled with him and they were banished.

"But one day the glory that makes that Kingdom seem almost beyond our belief will fully come to renew our earth; without the rebel and his sinister schemes and temptations". Jacob's voice was getting louder and the words were coming faster as he ended that last sentence.

"Now earth was a new realm that was created." Jacob stopped, lifted up his hand and said "Hold it Jacob you're getting to far ahead in your story."

"In an apologetic tone he said". "I do get excited about it." He chuckled and carried on.

"Let me start again. Way back, I mean way, way back, it appears this earthly creation process was birthed from what I call the *three in*

one minded council." Allen, "what's that, I've never heard that term before"

He carried on. "There were two other participants along with the King that devised wonderful purposes and then carried them out. It's breath taking to read about it: the forming of the whole universe and then this special sphere itself. The final act was to create beings, place them on the earth and actually dwell with them. That event forms a great mystery that's still unfolding.

"They were the greatest ingredient of the creation; beings that could be instilled and trusted with the very essence of His nature. They were given two powerful gifts: to love and the ability to choose freely!

"These qualities alone would create a paradise never experienced before in the entire created universe and---they would be allowed to rule it.

"For an age, that first heavenly paradise flourished. But with your present knowledge and adventure Allen, you probably know what happened there."

"Vulpine?" was said in a questioning tone.

"Yes, the story says he at one time was called the 'shinning one a covering cherub' but for some reason he misused that position of trust and was successful in deceiving a third of the inhabitants of the Kingdom of light into believing that the Creator couldn't be trusted;

that he was keeping something from them. That one time cherub deceived them by introducing a convincing lie saying that they would have a greater life if only they would follow his direction instead."

Allen interrupted with a quizzed look on his face.

"And they believed him?"

"Yes and the one now called the Deceiver was successful with those special earthlings too, he used the same tactics as in the first rebellion. But that's getting ahead of the story again.

"The writings call him a liar, a deceiver and an accuser which leads to his ultimate action---the destroyer. And of course looking at past history and present day activities, we can see he's a master at orchestrating these evil traits".

Allen injected another inquiry, "We know the enemies name but is the Kingdom ruler Theos?"

"Well Allen yes, we'll call Him that for now if it helps you compare the stories.

"It goes on and on telling how Theos never stops trying to get the creatures that he loves to avoid listening to the 'Liar'; instead to trust Him for their lives. It's a long and sad story Allen. But here's the good part, Theos can never be out gunned [that's an old term I use from my past] do you know what I mean Allen?"

"I watched some of those old westerns on T.V. Jacob, yeah, I understand."

"We all got a snicker out of that."

Jacob continued to tell the epic, describing episodes of Theos and His constant combat with the forces that continually tried to destroy His earthly creation. He told how the scripts over and over again revealed that His enemy has introduced limitless measures and recruited other free will agents both earthly and angelic to help him in his goal to disrupt and destroy. Some of his tactics are depicted in the writings as natural catastrophic disasters; others are represented by monster figures that represent his exploits in influencing government, principalities and powers often represented by appalling earthlings, drunk with power and using religion and violence to reign and rule. Unseen forces are those creatures that you're familiar with, those that are constantly on the prowl to rob, steal and imprison our minds.

"I call those last one's Dun's" interrupted Allen, Jacob acknowledged with a nod of his grey head, and then added "For sure."

Allen was intrigued with what Jacob was revealing. He had heard much of this when he was younger from his mom and dad and some older people but then he never paid much attention to it. It all seemed so made-up and he was such a fact guy. Besides he had more important things to do. But now armed with his adventure and its

experiences he thought---If this is true, what could be more important?

"Before you carry on Jacob [may I call you that]? I've always been encouraged to show respect to older people by addressing men as mister and ladies as Miss or Misses."

Jacob howled with laughter. "That's so unusual Allen. Excuse me for being so amused, that's rare today, certainly, please call me Jacob".

"O.K. Jacob, I'm going to tell you something that Legion let me see when he escorted me back into that realm of wonder. I think you'll be astounded with the details."

CHAPTER 5

THE RETURN

Allen started his story by first describing Legion. Jacob was amazed. Then he proceeded to disclose these astounding series of events. He said to me "Allen, I'm aware of what you've gone through and what's happening and that's why I'm here. I want to show you something that will help clarify your understand of your mission; that in turn will give you greater insight on the cosmic conflict and with that you will have impact.

"I can have impact! That statement stuck like Velcro in my mind."

Legion continued, "What you're engaged in is not a simple straightforward matter. When you were chosen to become a part of it, there was a process that took place.

"You were seen as a youth that had an open and questioning mind, especially in matters connected to the important what and why questions of life; like, why am I here, what's this life all about, why is

there so much evil in the world, is this all there is, could there be something more?

"You didn't always accept the common answers that were given when you heard deep question's surface in conversation. As a matter of fact it's very noticeable that few people take the time to ponder those issues. Perhaps they think there are no answers. Your mind was open to seek out and question what most youth don't think about or if they do, the answer doesn't seem that important right then and besides that, many don't remain quiet enough or long enough to think past their next text message; too much stuff to demand their attention but you we're different.

"Even most adults seem to be satisfied to hold simple answers to these questions or avoid them altogether unless something happens in life to cause a surprise, especially an untimely incident like sickness or death. Even then, often what surfaces is a simple; that's life or His ways are higher than ours. A common one is---it's all in His plan: perhaps there is some a comfort that comes from those explanations but what kind of picture does that reveal of a loving caring Creator? It can just leave you with questions that get buried in an unanswered grave where sooner or later---they will resurrect again.

"The results of your life up until the return from your adventure had shown you were a good choice to reveal some questions to think

about and that's still the way you're seen. That, my friend, is why I have been given the honor to be your guide as you carry on seeking and finding new and deeper understanding."

"As Legion went on, I realized this news I was getting, really expressed where I was in my daily life and how different I was from many of my friends both young and old. Before my adventure I had questions but I sure didn't have the answer I have now."

As Allen was processing this, a thought burst into his mind! It was like a voice said, "Hold on there! Stop! Ditch that attitude that says you now have all the answers."

"Learn to listen", the voice said. "I confess that brought me up short. All I could do was say thanks under my breath."

Legion pulled Allen's mind back. "Allen, in order to give you an even deeper insight, I'm going to make it possible for you to re enter my world. Theos has given me the means necessary for this to happen and has instructed me to be your shadow as you get insights into the reasons and happenings that caused that rebellion to erupt in the first place and the fuels that keep it alive even today and"---Legion paused, these words slowly forming---"and maybe even get some understanding on how it may end"!!!

"I was amazed! What a shocking statement. What could it mean? "Before I could think of a question to ask about it, he continued."

"Do you remember how you were transported into the Kingdom of Light?"

"Yes, it was through my computer monitor but its downstairs, I don't have one here in my room."

Legion then directed "I don't need a computer screen; just get up and walk over to your windows."

"Slowly I began moving toward them. The storm that roared across the great lake had caused severe damage and our home was completely redone; my new bed room had a wonderful view of its vastness."

"O.K., stop in front of the windows," Legion instructed. "Place your hands on the glass."

"I gently followed the instruction: push gently."

"Whoa---just like the computer screen, my hand went right through the glass. I took a deep breath and continued to press my whole body against the large pane and sure enough I not only passed through it but I was in his realm once again. I could tell because I was floating just above the ground."

"Great!"

"It was Legion, right there beside me, hailing that warm greeting. "Man it was good to see him with my eyes not my memory. Like I told you before, He was still magnificent. In many ways very similar to Gabe

and Mike, my other two celestial friends; not that dark sinister creature I had first met as a Dun.

“My first glimpse of his sheer size gave me a sense of security: look at his gleaming attire; like before it had that glow of radiance; very engaging to the eye and those wings, what a span: then, a moment of sheer joy!”

"Come on," "Legion stuck out his massive arms and I just floated into them. Not very macho but who cared, for the moment nothing else seemed to matter except this oneness. It was something that I hadn't sensed since leaving the Kingdom of Light and returning to earth. Something in me wanted this to go on and on; no more adventure, no more rejection, no more questions, no more anything. Just let me stay here. Then like a huge bubble busting, I was brought back to reality.

CHAPTER 6

CHAOS IN THE DARK

"Allen I'm going to show you things that are available for humans to know but few take the time to think about them seriously. They're events that have taken place and some still to happen.

"World events seem to be moving at an increased pace on earth and one of the reasons, is because of our escape from the Dark Region."

"Are you kidding? I wondered what that could have to do with this present time."

"Yes", Legion reaffirmed. "Never before had anyone escaped from the Dark Region.

"As a result Vulpine became enraged. When his fury is unleashed all the Dark Region creatures tremble with fear and never had it ever reached an intensity that could compare with what happened after our breakout."

There was a pause as this statement just hung there in space. It allowed Allen to draw up his cautious courage and inquire,

"Can we back up a bit? I've always had a nagging question about Vulpine." Legion nodded a go ahead, ask the question.

"I was amazed at how much responsibility and authority he was given in the Kingdom of Light, why in the world would he want to rebel against Theos? In my first adventure I remember hiding behind a tree, before that battle took place, I overheard Vulpine talking with some of his leaders about the rebellion, I saw the encounter that took place in the palace stadium and the terrible consequences of Vulpine and all the rebels being banished to the Dark Region. It doesn't make any sense to me why he would chance that; there had to be a strong reason.

"Well Allen, I don't know all the details of what happen or caused that event to take place but here's what I do know.

"One day, Vulpine called a very important assembly of all the hosts in the Kingdom of Light and remember; I was one of them. In his role he often did this to keep us informed about decisions the Supreme council had made or was making concerning matters affecting our Kingdom.

"Theos always requested feedback from His loyal leaders. Even though He had all wisdom and authority, His ways of doing things were

always done to demonstrate His constant love by making decisions that were for the good of all who lived there.

"Never did He use his unlimited power to control or pressure things to happen. He is a master of waiting and persuasion and allows creatures to choose their way of doing what they think right. It's what freedom is all about.

"Needless to say this could cause all kinds of problems for Him; especially in the actions He's forced to take to address the messes that freedom can create.

"To deal with them he will often appear [to some or should I say many] as acting just the opposite of his real character and his motive would be interpreted as punishment rather than an effort to correct or guide.

"Allen, forgive me if I am talking in what may appear as riddles, but so many of his creatures don't understand His ways. And I must confess I was one of the chief creatures that didn't and I got caught in the consequences long ago. But as you know, nothing is impossible with Theos! I'm a living example.

"Come with me now and I'll reveal to you a pivotal historical event."

"Are you going to use that instant replay thing that I was exposed to before?" "Ah, you remember," acknowledged Legion "and the answer is yes, here we go!"

CHAPTER 7

A MISTERY REVEALED

Legion excitedly announced "Look!"

A scene of immense proportion began to emerge.

It took Allen's breath away just like his first glimpse of Niagara Falls as a young child. He remembered his father played a joke on him as they arrived at the lookout high above that abyss. As they were about to get out of the car to peer over the edge at this gigantic gap in the river his Dad told him to cover his eyes and then, ever so slowly he led Allen to the railing. He remembered hearing the roar and feeling the rumble under his feet but never dreamed what the cause of this wonder would really look like. Then his dad said "look!" As he removed his hand Allen was spellbound; that mighty cataract cascading and plunging hundreds of feet into the chasm below caused breathless fear and awe at the same time. With this memorable lapse into the past, Legion interrupted with the present comparison.

"This is a meeting of the entire host of the Kingdom; the numbers will stagger your mind."

In a breath it caused the same fear and awe as Niagara, in fact far greater!

Legion directed, "Get ready; there's a historic announcement imminent!"

The vista continued developing to a stunning magnitude; it revealed not only impressive numbers of creatures but also their colors and shapes; large magnificent creatures, each one having their own original identity and appearance.

Allen had always thought that the creatures in this realm would all have wings but that wasn't the case, some did and some didn't. Their radiant attire of long flowing robes shimmered with unlimited shades and hues from the ambient light. Peculiar as it might seem, they were suspended in space at multiple levels, some appeared standing on what appeared to be a bottom level but it was like a cloud of white moving vapor, resembling the effect dry ice would create when sprayed during some stage productions Allen had seen on earth. The brilliance that emitted from this scene was irregular, it seemed to be moving and changing color and intensity.

As usual things in this realm are always different than what you would experience on earth so you had no reference point or past experience of words to compare it with.

The host was arranged in a great bowl shaped formation with Vulpine in the centre: suddenly it grew intently silent.

Allen remembered from his first visit that Vulpines appearance was far more spectacular than any of the other creatures; his size, his eyes, his presence, his attire, all require attention. That almost regal exhibit produced authority, power and unquestionable approval from the mass.

He raised his arm and his clear and piercing voice split the silence.

"My loyal subjects, [this opening comment stuck in Allen's mind] I have just come from the Royal Council meeting. I have learned of a monumental decision that has been reached". Complete silence engulfed the vista.

"It has been decided that the Creator is going to fashion a new society of beings, they are to be called humans. At this point I can't tell you why or how this decision has been decided but I can tell you this;" he paused; an extended silence did its job, every creature held their breath, and then the seed of cosmic rebellion where birthed---"they will have a place in the Creator's realms that will eclipse anything He has ever made before." The silence was like a gigantic gap that hung in

the air waiting to be filled; then more deadly seed was planted; “So the position that we have enjoyed from the beginning will change. It appears that we're going to be replaced as the so called 'Apple of His Eye', with a new handiwork that will have unique connections and relationships with Him. I have no idea what this will mean for your existence but it certainly does give you something to consider when you look to your future.”

With a wave of his arm he abruptly dismissed the host and disappeared from sight.

Allen stood there with his mouth wide open!

He turned to Legion and ask, "what did you think when this happened?"

Legion replied, “A shock wave went through the whole throng. I couldn't imagine what that announcement meant or what impact it would have on me.”

CHAPTER 8

A KINGDOM CAUGHT IN CONFUSION

It could be seen on Legions countenance that his telling of this part of the story was difficult for him. It brought back bitter memories. He hesitantly continued.

"After Vulpine dismissed the host, the impression he left began to swell in minds like an athletic injury after a crushing impact. It spread like wild fire causing groups to form and the questions, questions, questions. I'd had never seen an atmosphere of division and confusion before in our peaceful realm.

"I watched as Vulpine reappeared and moved quickly throughout the mass and begin to gather together clique's of his loyal followers. Of course I was very interested in his further explanation of the Creator's decision.

"He began to paint a picture of Theos that had never crossed my mind.

"He suggested such things as; we would lose our place of importance and Theos would spend most of His existence with these new human's and for sure many of the privileges we have, would be lost, taken away or at least diminished; we may even become servants to these new creatures. Worst of all he questioned what might the future hold, could we really trust that Theos might already have more plans in store that would further diminish our roles?

"Rumors already were being spread that He was going to create a whole universe and that raised enormous questions. That's when an alternative emerged, one that many bought as the only way to preserve our present state. It was just what we all wanted to hear.

A Vulpine proposal---"If I would become the ruler of the kingdom, I would continue ruling just like Theos has in the past. Things will continue just as before. In fact I will give greater authority and power to those of you that will support my plan."

Allen's eyes popped wide open, "man, I can see why many bought that plan. Like you said who would want to gamble with what might be in the mind of Theos for the future when the present was cool and focused just on you."

Legion spelled out a universal truth: "well now you know just how destructive a simple statement can be---if you don't know all the facts.

"Many of us believed him, so he told us to spread the word and see if we could convince others of his wise plan and consider a junta to achieve his goal of making the whole realm even better.

"That was the beginning of the end for many. The consequences of that choice to follow Vulpine caused the creation of the Duns which in turn led to other morphed monsters. Combined they now create morbid impacts on the earth." Legions voice sounded very remorseful as he described this epic.

Allen lifted his right hand to the side of his head as an indication of a coming question. "This may sound dumb Legion but I have to bring it up: do you remember at the very beginning of his announcement he used the term 'My loyal subjects.' Didn't that ring a bell with you?"

"Yes" was the reply. "But Allen you must remember the role that he played for eons in our realm: he was the very representative of Theos throughout the whole kingdom and looking back on it now I think he actually began to believe he was a ruler or should be the ruler.

"Only now can we see his true character in names like Deceiver, Accuser and Liar and then the climatic one---'The Destroyer'. All this only became obvious after his disloyal attempt to seize power; it never crossed our minds at this first exposure to change.

"However; what happen as a result of this announcement was, multiple bands of the host began to form all over the realm. It got to

the point that all we did was argued and everyone was forced to make a decision. Only one of two choices; either reject Vulpine and remain loyal to Theos or believe Vulpine and cast your vote with him.

"What were the advantages? What were the disadvantages? This went on and on. Such conflict engulfed the realm.

"Then another ingredient of this dilemma entered the mix. We heard that Theos had been informed about what was happening. What would that lead too?

No one knows the depth of betrayal that He felt as the situation was explained to Him. He wondered how could a faithful friend that He trusted, that walked with Him and watched Him rule in love and wisdom, betray Him: Little did He know [or did He] that this would happen again in a different setting and time.

But now the kingdom was at stake!

CHAPTER 9

DILEMMA

Allen's mind soon captured the significance of this story and he listened intently to the next section of events that addressed his gnawing question; how would Theos deal with this problem? It was almost like Legion could read his mind as he continued with a further description.

"I've heard from trusted friends since I've been rescued from my consequences of rebellion, that Theos considered a number of possibilities.

"The easiest one would be to just eliminate Vulpine. He had the power to do that. But if He did, what would the host think? They had never seen Theos rule in that manner and if he did, would the accusations that Vulpine already had spread plant more doubt in their minds? You can't trust Theos, don't cross Him, don't question His decisions or else---fill in the blank. Elimination wasn't a solution."

As Legion spoke Allen agreed that particular decision could bring more problems than a solution to Theos and I wasn't in His nature.

"Another way, what if Theos just made the announcement that what Vulpine was saying was untrue? Would everyone just believe Him or would the doubt still be there especially as the plans really did go forth to create the humans? Uncertainty would stay alive and well.

"How about just sending Vulpine and those that side with him off to another universe or distant galaxy? The state of 'don't cross Him' would still be in effect; and on top of it the evil one would still be free to roam with his lust for power penetrating wherever and however he wanted with no restraint unless Theos dedicated many loyal subjects to just keep track of him and his hoards; it's not a way to bring about a convincing solution for those remaining."

Legion stopped, took a deep breath and continued with new remarkable statements that revealed true loyalty.

"Theos is all wisdom, power and authority and love. It's too bad that trust isn't embedded in every one of His created creatures so deep that we can always rest in His ways, knowing that He would never, never do anything that would cause those of his creation to lose their relationship with Him.

"Here is another critical truth of His character. He'll pay any cost; He'll allow or even be blamed for something He didn't do: in order to

rescue or redeem those trapped by the evil one, that's true love and sacrifice in action."

Allen's mind knew those statements were important because Legion said them very slowly and distinctly. Legion also knew this was brand new info for this young intellect, so he allowed silence to do the work of reinforcing the truth. Like wet cloths put in the clothes dryer Allen tumbled those statements over and over in his mind wanting his pondering to produce the permanent result---Theos is good.

Finally after some time had passed, Legion sensed it was time to carry on, he continued, "So none of these solutions would achieve restoring His reputation or gaining our trust; but He had a better way, and as this story unfolds you'll see how it works. It's not a quick fix but it's the right fix."

At this point, the story reveals a twisted creature that pride completely penetrated and he became addicted to a character seething for power and recognition at any cost.

"The event that follows has caused his influence in the universe to almost destroy what Theos had designed for us.

"He introduced a destructive way to live and it has impacted and is impacting humans on earth big time.

"The term that describes its operation on earth by humans is 'survival of the fittest'! We'll find out how it works.

"But we're getting ahead of what you need to see in order to more fully recognize the problems you're having in trying to share your adventure with others.

CHAPTER 10

THE LIE EMBELLISHED

"Vulpine got word that Theos knew about his plan and as a master deceiver he knew he had to do something to convince Theos not to react in a way that would strip him of his unique role. He had to create a situation that would cause calm to be restored to the realm. He was no fool, he knew there would be some consequences for him now but what could he do to minimize their impact? He couldn't even entertain the thought of what it would be like to lose the role of prominence he has held for untold ages.

"Then his diabolical mind had an idea.

"What if he admitted his role in the upsetting of the realm? What if he said he was sorry and if given another chance he would never do anything like this again? Could he convince Theos, He was always forgiving; it was in His very nature. Vulpine pondered this idea and decided to try it. So he requested a meeting with Theos and the council.

"In the meantime many of Vulpines' loyal subjects came to him and said there were unlimited numbers in the realm ready to side with him in a junta to overthrow Theos.

"They like his idea!

"Allen, here is a scary principal.

"Once you spread a thought right or wrong and you persuade or convince others of its value to them, it's impossible to stop it. When it's wrong the fallout causes unlimited hurt, anger and division. In this particular case there will always be a question whether Vulpine really had regretful thoughts or not. But the results seem clear---he lies.

"Anyway, Vulpine was committed! As I look back now, I wonder how I could ever have believed such a lie about my Creator.

"The time for the meeting arrived. The whole realm was in anticipation to see what would happen. All those arriving were directed to the immense Kingdom stadium. It was filling up quickly; no one was sitting down in the seats, there was great tension; you could cut it with a knife: layer upon layer of host waiting and suspended in mid air: forming a gigantic 'bowl like pattern' similar to what had happened for Vulpines announcement only larger. The meeting had become a flash point for all those interested in the outcome and that appeared to be everyone!

"We didn't have to wait very long before Theos and the Phims [His attendants] came into view in the splendor that always accompanied Him. The stress was like an elastic band being stretched and just ready to snap. He took His place in the very center of the assembly.

"He slowly scanned the whole throng. I believe He was looking inside each of us; His eyes like two search lights lighting up any darkness. The stillness was deafening, if there is such a possibility.

"His search stopped at Vulpine and His words came out like a warm breeze on a cool day."

"Hello my trusted friend".

"That greeting cut through the crowd like a dagger piercing each heart. Everyone wondered, how He could offer a greeting like that knowing what was happening? But in looking back I can see how the 'Incredible One' is always choosing to represent the highest good of others no matter what it costs him. That means He'll always create an atmosphere of sacrifice that will reveal good over evil. Like I've said time after time, His ways of dealing with situations are remarkable. It never fails to achieve the highest good in any situation even though at the time some will question His ways.

"Vulpine boldly approached Theos. Every ear was poised to hear what he would say in return to the greeting: he bowed his knee before Theos in an act of humility and said,"

"Mighty one", he paused: "I have come to clarify what you may have heard; it concerns something that I have supposedly done. I don't know what details you have so, I want to tell you myself what has happened and appeal to your mercy, wisdom and justice to sort it out".

"With that he turned to face the multitude and continued."

"I want all of you to hear me"; as he stood up to his full stature, his radiance was something to behold; no other created creature could compare with his appearance. Theos had fashioned him special in form, wisdom, speech and overall ability to represent Him to the Kingdom.

No one would ever suspect that under that regal guise lurked a sinister plotter, wanting to rule the universe.

Turning back to Theos, Vulpine continued

"Why would I ever want to do anything that would give you the impression that I wished for more authority and power than I have?

"The whole realm adores me and responds to my every wish. All of my needs and wants are supplied. No one challenges my decisions as I carry them out for you; I have full meaning and purpose so whatever you have heard about unrest, I wonder if it may really be a conspiracy by others that are planning to challenge your authority for some reason? And if that is so, if you believe me and allow me to keep my

position, I will hunt those creatures down and bring them to justice for you".

There was a great cheer went up from many in the assembly!

What a powerful promise from Vulpine.

It appeared any sign of rebellion was being dealt with very skillfully by this apparent loyal subject.

But many of heard a 'mixed message' and further questions clouded their minds. Legion continued "but I was being swayed toward the belief that Vulpine had everything under control and Theos would let him deal with the situation as he described.

"The immediate question was; how would Theos respond to this declaration by Vulpine?

"Again there was a lengthy silence. All eyes riveted on Theos as He spoke this reply."

"Vulpine, nothing like this has ever happened before in the Kingdom. You've been a loyal subject, we've spent countless ages together, we have jointly walked the whole kingdom, and everything I have decided or created has been done with your knowing. This is such a shocking event for everyone.

"Therefore", every one held their breath---"I'm going to do two things; call the council together and confer on this matter and in the mean time, I think it best and I believe you would agree, you should

step aside from your role until all the facts are revealed and a decision is reached."

"Vulpines countenance never changed: he slowly bowed toward Theos, then turned and quickly vanished from sight. A growing rumble filled the air as the exit of the countless diverse occupants began.

Confusion still reigned."

CHAPTER 11

HEADING FOR A CLIMAX

Legion continued his story. "I wasn't sure what to do, so I followed those that I knew were faithful to Vulpine and ended up in the northern part of the Kingdom; that's where most of them resided.

"What a sight!

"I found noise and confusion everywhere I went: a great number of factions intently discussing what they thought.

"As I joined one of the largest gatherings, I looked up and there was Vulpine suspended above a vast, very vocal throng. He motioned for quiet. A hush quickly spread over everyone. There was something about his countenance that was different than usual; it was a sneer across his face, his voice thundered."

"There it is! You see"! "His voice sounded like a trumpet call, to prepare for a battle.

"Theo's suspects many of you are against the decision He has made to create humans".

"I couldn't quite put together what he was saying with what I was suspecting but apparently many did because a resounding "YES" exploded into the air. Vulpine was superb at convincing beings to come along side and agree with his ways. This gathering and its acceptance was a prime example of that skill.

"I didn't want to be left out or appear that I didn't agree so I went along with the pressure of the crowd. There seemed to be an unseen force that took control of the event and out of it a plan was devised to go ahead with the rebellion. In time the number of the host that sided with Vulpine was about a third of the whole Kingdom. I was one of them. A wrong choice, but I made it.

"There was a celebration coming up in the Kingdom. The annual tribute to Theos was being planned. Vulpine was responsible for the whole event. He was quite remarkable in the role he held.

"Do you remember that Allen?" A nod of agreement was given. "Here's something you didn't know. Prior to the celebration he became very bold and sent a message to Theos telling him that in spite of what was happening, he was planning to carry out the tribute. He said it took enormous time and effort to put it together and it was going to be spectacular not only that but all the inhabitants were encouraging him to do it and there were scores of them that were involved; they would be extremely disappointed if the extravaganza was cancelled.

"This was very cunning on his part. He hoped this would show Theos that he was quite comfortable while waiting for the decision affecting his future and try to convince Theos he had everything under control.

"Would you believe this Allen, Vulpine looked directly at me and ask me to deliver that message to Theos.

Legions huge hands shot upright, "I was stunned!

"Nothing like this had ever happened to me before. Living in the Kingdom was nothing short of magnificent for me. Of course to entertain the thoughts of it changing like Vulpine outlined was unnerving to say the least.

"He handed the message to me; looked me directly in the eye and said," "do well Legion."

"Something happened inside of me at that moment. Something I didn't understand until much later. To be seen as this important and given this responsibility, caused a sense of special worth to fill me. I was sent out as someone of significance to visit the royal palace and deliver this vital communication.

"As I travelled toward my destination all kinds of far out questions began invading my mind.

"Was I doing the right thing? Who was I to have such a responsibility?"

What if the council could see through my words and saw that I was embracing the rebellion? Could they read my mind?

"I realized I was having the same kind of experience that you describe grips you in this type of situation; mind boggling, brain cramps, all my lights blinking or whatever term reflects this state of unanswerable questions exploding in my mind like a popcorn maker."

CHAPTER 12

CAN THREE BE ONE

"When I arrived I was told that Theos was pleased and wanted me to come in and meet not only with Him but the full Supreme Council.

"I was flabbergasted.

"Drawing on all my physical strength and mental power to even move because my knees were shaking like jelly, I followed as the Phims accompanied me to the Council Chamber. How did they know I was coming? Why were they pleased and wanted to see me? There I go popcorn thoughts again, just like you describe happens to you.

"Allen, I'd never had the opportunity to be present when the Supreme Council met. I knew there were three of them and that they had been together forever. I mean even before the Kingdom of Light was created or we were created they were together.

"As difficult as it is to understand, they were together before anything was made. They thought the same, acted the same and when necessary even reacted the same, because they had been together

eternally. Therefore because of this oneness, ultimate wisdom, power and authority guided their decisions. Even if one acted independently the decision was accepted by the other two because they all would have reach the same conclusion. Remarkable!

"I guess you could say they were 'ONE'.

"There they where, to use words to describe them or the setting is beyond my ability but the word, 'glorious', though feeble is my attempt. They sat around a beautiful round table. It had four chairs. Three resembled a very comfortable looking throne shape but one was uniquely different, not so much in appearance but more what happened as I fixed my eyes on it---it almost seemed to beckon me, I felt I wanted to sit in it. The ancient one motioned for me to be seated. As I sat down a strange awareness gripped me. There I was sitting with Deity on the same level. Nothing to separate me, I was just like one of them. My very being seemed to almost merge with them; weird and wonderful, what a moment.

"They had a glow about them that seemed to stream toward me and as it engulfed me, I felt I was transparent.

"Each had a facial expression that enhanced their sparkling eyes. The One I called the 'Ancient of Days supported a large white beard with a head of hair resembling white cotton flowing down to his shoulders: and His robe, it reached to the floor and reflected a

shimmering velvety texture of deep purple with a golden cord that encircled it. I can't explain it but He looked like he had lived forever.

"Another 'One' gave me the sense of a strong and mighty warrior; I thought, if I were ever in danger, I would feel confident in this magnificent being standing in, and saving me, no matter what the peril was. He gave off an awareness of protection with His perfect features. His attire was regal in color and was composed of a gold tunic with a purple sash positioned over his shoulder, matching slacks and foot ware of superbly crafted reflective material that almost looked like they were aflame. Like I said words are an insufficient means to describe my view.

"It shocked me to be in the presence of these infinite ones that were so engaging to me. I had pictured them as very aloof, unapproachable, and for sure very firm in any interaction with others.

"As I looked back, in my minds eye, I could see how Vulpine had tried to paint a picture for us of a council much different than they really were.

"The third member caused something very unusual to happen to me. I can't recall anything about the appearance but I immediately felt like I was being examined thoroughly through and through, right into my very thoughts like a super x ray machine. Then it felt like my mind

was being washed with a warm solution to cleanse it of any darkness or deception. As this was happening I became very uncomfortable.

"All this was transpiring in a very exceptional manner; it seemed to me that as I made eye contact with each one, everything stopped and I was given the opportunity to soak in a brief glimpse of their character; each encounter just seemed riveting as I was suspended in space and time.

"I've learned that each one plays a distinctive role in governing the entire universe presently in existence and any others that might be created; like this was big time Allen!

"Then I was pulled back to the moment!"

The Ancient One spoke. "We were told you were coming to see us, what can we do for you."

"The greeting was so friendly and even though I was greeted and accepted so warmly, I was becoming more and more uncomfortable. The message I was given for them was a bogus one. Its intent was to give Vulpine more time to plan and prepare the rebellion and then further opportunity to carry it out.

"I had to get out of there, but how breathtaking it was to experience this moment. I kept trying to convince myself that what Vulpine said about how things would change; that the council would

no longer be giving full attention to the residents of the Kingdom, that others would share our position or even replace us--- was true.

"I had to remember that he promised the present exciting activity of our uniqueness would stay and be an everyday experience even greater, when he became ruler. Its amazing Allen how we can convince ourselves to believe something we want to happen will really come to pass, though the evidence seem questionable.

"Someone has said wake up and smell the roses. I was still asleep.

"I told them I had a message from Vulpine. I tried to convince them that it was valuable for their Kingdom even though I knew they could see right through me.

"I tried to persuade myself that I had done a good job as they smiled and thanked me for coming. I felt a great relief mixed with wondering anxiety as I exited and returned to tell Vulpine the result of my contact.

"There was certainly a difference in the manner the council exhibited greeting and the way that Vulpine accepted my return. No warmth or sense of value as a being; he just heard my reply, nodded his head and carried on with his plans. But it was too late, I had chosen.

CHAPTER 13

EVIL PROCEEDS

"A short time later, Theos sent a message to Vulpine allowing him to go ahead with the celebration. I was very surprised. That's probably not the way I would have handled it. But I'm not the council.

"Mean while, in secret Vulpine and his cohorts were continuing to plan the revolt.

"Allen you know what happened and you saw what took place on your visit to the Kingdom."

Allen agreed, "Yes Legion I did and listening and watching how it got started and then how it happened, leaves me wondering why it didn't succeed as Vulpine had a master plan all worked out."

Legion's reply, "Hey, Don't ever underestimate Theos Allen. After my meeting on behalf of Vulpine, the council continued discussing the situation. Their wisdom is remarkable and it didn't take them very long to realize what was about to happen. So they did something never done before in the Kingdom.

"They created a special host of protectors; that's where Mike and Gabe your celestial buddies; were given their special roles.

"They were granted a unique device for protecting the Kingdom. But in creating the device there was a great truth divulged about Theos and His character, something that had to be considered and upheld; something that reveals his very composition.

"He never has created or will create anyone or anything with the intent to forcefully destroy them even though they may rebel.

"So what kind of weapons could he select that would keep this reputation in tact?

"Remember what you saw in the struggle between Vulpine and Mike? Their weapons were unheard of, appearing sword like in shape but never being used like one. They had the capacity to cause severe distress but were never designed to take a life. In Mike's hands they were meant to protect; in Vulpines they were meant to destroy.

"As you recall, as long as inhabitants of the Kingdom wore their earring, they never had to worry about separation or downfall so the possibility to destroy had never risen before in this glory. Vulpine knew this too, so in that fatal matchup all these factors were involved.

"Though you know that Theos allowed Vulpine to go ahead with the planned celebration and all the events that transpired, here is something else you didn't know: before the celebration and the day of

festivity arrived, most everyone was engaged in excitement. It had been talked about throughout the whole Kingdom. All except those who had sided with the rebellion were coming in full expectation of an occasion full of jubilation and joy.

"But even prior to its beginning, Vulpine continued to recruit supporters. He was a master of the lie. He constantly was able to convince many to believe that things were changing in the Kingdom and Theos could no longer be trusted to always look out for their good.

"He relentlessly pounded the idea into the resident of the Kingdom that they were losing their position of first place and everything that went with it.

"But chiefly he emphasized the decision to create humans was only the beginning. He convinced listeners that more and more creations and creatures were planned. He painted a convincing picture that left many feeling unimportant, minor, insignificant and finally of no consequence at all.

"He would not let this happen. He said. "I will share rule with you. You will be secure and life as you now live it will continue forever."

"Of course Allen, this appealed to those listening. But many others saw through the plans and both sides became entrenched. With faithless hope we buried ourselves into believing that perhaps the celebration would ease the tension.

"The day arrived. Those of us that had sided with Vulpine had our orders. We had no idea that a protective force had been assembled. We thought victory would be a piece of cake.

"Looking back you might have wondered where Vulpine got his weapons.

"In his cunning way he found out about Theos' plan and without telling anyone of his leaders, he convinced a loyal subject close to Theos to steal weapons from the Kingdom's supply and have them delivered to a staging point with easy access by the rebels, all ready for the rebellion.

"That loyal subject was promised a very high position in the new government. It seems no one is above believing as truth, the sly clever lies and schemes he devises. What a deceiver!

"You know the rest of the story Allen, you were there. The battle caused every inhabitant of the Kingdom to hold their breath as they beheld good and evil competing for control of the age."

CHAPTER 14

ANOTHER PART OF THE PUZZLE

Legion then described another part of this extraordinary story that happened after Vulpines defeat at the celebration and his banishment to the Dark Region.

This was a direct result of their escape from the prison of darkness and what transpired after the breakout. Allen paid close attention as the events were revealed.

Legion continued “Vulpine had placed a demand on all the Duns to come together! His anger was boiling over beyond the usual.

“Recently there was incredible unrest in his domain of destruction because the word had gotten out of the escape. Anger displayed by many Duns and other dark side fiends were fanned by Vulpines hate. This resulted in severe demands being imposed on the whole evil empire. His fear group was called to action. They enjoyed flexing their power in an effort to quell this possibility never considered before in the Dark Region. For the first time, like a hidden virus, a new question

brewed: if it was possible for someone to escape [which no Dun ever thought could happen] could it be done again?

Legion never realized as a Dun how many of those that had chosen to side with Vulpine were full of regret for their decision. It was just never spoken about, because if Vulpine found out or if there was even a slight hint that this was on some minds, all hell would break loose and no one ever wanted that to happen. He had a system in place that if any Dun even hinted they were disgruntled to another Dun; if that Dun snitched---they would receive a reward. If they didn't and later it was found out, [and it always seemed to work that way], Vulpines full wrath would explode on them” then a pause---he didn’t give details. “But needless to say it worked flawlessly as no one was openly dissatisfied.

“Vulpine was fixed on terror and destruction and no one was exempt. But, in spite of fear, freedom lurks in the heart of all created beings.

Soon the rumor had spread and thoughts floated around in the open that captured the imaginations of many Duns; thoughts like, he never did produce what he promised or will we ever attain victory? So dissention was growing and he knew it.

It was evident, only the immense fear that constantly hung over the Dark Region kept everyone under 'fright control'.

"As age after age went on; fear and hate caused some of the Duns to develop into monsters of hideous proportions and strength. Their whole mind was washed to believe their reason for being was to serve Vulpine and to punish anyone who hinted of disloyalty.

"Now a relentless action was demanded by Vulpine.

"He commanded the Duns to create chaos in the Kingdom of light; to make raids and destroy anything they could. They thought up countless schemes, each one trying to create greater destruction to satisfy this brute. There was a constant battle between darkness and light, but it was rare that anything major took place. It was securely guarded by the 'Protectors', Mike's constant surveillance.

"Because of the intense battering and threats by Vulpine and his mindless pawns, they still attempted to create havoc. They were gripped with fear on one hand for doing damage because it led to clashes with the Kingdom protectors but on the other hand it was a worse fear if they didn't obey from Darkness himself. It was fear for them no matter which way they chose.

"Theos though he had completely contained any response from Vulpine by banning him to the dark region, that area where the rebels were sent after the rebellion---but that rogue never gives up. He always found a way to interfere and mess up Kingdom living."

Theos was forced to make a move!

"It's an amazing thing I began to realize, He never uses His power to destroy anything that He has made. This next scene is perhaps the closest anyone will ever hear about that could be interpreted as Him using His power in a vindictive way."

CHAPTER 15

AN UNBELIEVABLE EVENT

After considering every possible way to eliminate the dilemma, the supreme council made the only decision left---banish the whole Dark Regions inhabitants to earth. Many wondered at that decision and many wouldn't understand until future events reveal why He did it and why it was the right thing to do. It might help to remember: He didn't impose it to inflict a punishment on Vulpine but to protect those He loved in His Kingdom of Light.

So, Mike and his 'Protective Warriors' were given the call to amass the inhabitants of the Dark Region in preparation for their banishment.

What a job to be given, they would have to go into that world of lost souls where Duns, morphed Duns and those imprisoned were under the ageless conscript of evil.

It was so eerie and never before experienced. The protectors had to generate countless efforts to complete their task. Clash upon clash took place as their light penetrated every corner of the dark realm.

Legion told Allen that it was impossible to describe in words the multi encounters that took place in the engagement. Sounds, smells, rumbling, and cosmic energies were constantly unleashed. Finally after vast encounters 'light' completed their seemingly unending challenge and sent word to Theos that it was finished. Darkness was trapped. It was His move.

With great distress for the Council--- banishment began. It was the beginning of an event Legion said he would never forget.

When they arrived at the departure area, they called together the 'Protective Ones'. There was much discussion with Mike and the other leaders. All the council was engaged in the discussion. After considerable dialog Theos voiced a command in a tone and volume not only heard by the inhabitants of the Dark Region but it reverberated throughout the whole Kingdom,

“COME OUT!”

Following that command, there was a sight to behold. Never before and never again will there be a spectacle like this.

Legion shuddered to think at one time he was a captive in that dark world. As the scene unfolded, he told Allen that his internal 'shock meter' vaulted to the top; he had never experienced or even thought anything like this could happen but here it is unfolding before his very eyes.

Exiting from the huge dark door where the Dun's; those dwarfed creatures with their dark hooded cloaks and those beady red eyes. Next came other shocking beings; Helop and his swarm that he hadn't seen before, Legion had heard about them but had never been directly exposed except once when he and Allen were almost recaptured during their escape from the Dark Region. That exposure was brief but it left a lasting impression that resurfaced with a touch of fear.

There they were!

Huge forms resembling human features but their outlines revealed a texture of liquid fire. They slithered rather than walked; even the other creatures remained separate from them.

There were countless other forms of evil, similarly difficult to describe, other than to say: though real in this realm, on earth they probably survive only in the world of nightmares and farfetched imaginations. Many were terribly deformed, resembling ghostly transparent beings with gross body parts not breathing but expanding and contracting as though they were activated by a bellows pumped by some unseen force; all this shrouded in an eerie darkness. Others had a corpse like appearances very disproportioned with multiple lifeless limbs protruding from their remains. Additional forms with a body covering resembling large scales similar to the hide of alligators, some had heads that were oversized even for their huge bulk;

enormous eyes had developed in order to see in the darkness and some that had vast folded wings they used to cover their mass, as though they were trying to shield themselves from any light that revealed their grotesque appearance.

Then what finally emerged seemed to resemble shadowy prison cells with what appeared as beings enclosed inside. They were just like the one Allen was held captive in for what seemed like an eternity prior to the escape. All this was accompanied with rising and falling sounds like low groans of distress and laments coming from the cell occupants. Those watching this nightmarish event were torn with remorse to see and hear the cost of pride and selfishness that came from embracing the temptation to self fulfillment and Vulpines lies.

With the absence of earthly time, this march of consequences seemed endless in its duration but finally all those in limbo were gathered.

What a spectacle; gross, frightening, disgusting forms. Any Halloween costume party no matter how deformed the characters dressed, they couldn't come close to this scene. Each one the product of Vulpines warped mind. Legion's memory flooded back; this could have been happening to him.

Then an enormous transport, capable of holding a great cargo slowly drifted into view. Without making a sound it descended and

landed. It looked somewhat like a huge cylindrical saucer. Its size was massive, larger than a football stadium. It was black in color, no windows or apparent opening of any kind. Vaguely, somehow it resembled some kind of a vast living creature, because watching it closely as it descended and came to rest, it almost seemed to breathe. It's gigantic form swelled and then diminish in size, with a rhythm of a giant lung. Even being a part of this dark region for eons Legion was never aware of what he was presently seeing. The nightmare continued to emerge. Those departing were directed by the protective warriors to enter a section of the transporters perimeter that was opening up like a gaping mouth ready to swallow its prey. Though its cargo was individual beings, their appearance seemed to converge into one slithering mass of menacing wickedness; a virus that had no cure. Ever so slowly but entirely they disappeared into this gigantic mechanism.

The sight was staggering to the mind!

At last Vulpine!

He was still outstanding. His original splendor was gone and replaced with a repulsive rebel appearance that reeked of revenge but he was still most menacing in size and form. He stopped and stood in the doorway with his arm raised and shaking his fist toward the onlookers.

Then a chilling sound, one heard before, that familiar sinister laugh. It generated a sense of fright as it was a replay of the one Allen had heard when he witnessed the climax of the Creation panorama on his first adventure. Why the laugh? Did he know something the onlookers didn't?

Though extremely large, the fiend filled carrier was loaded to capacity.

The door slammed shut with a crescendo that resonated throughout the Kingdom, its echo resounds throughout eternity.

Then absolute silence as the formidable payload mounted to the sky. The departure was very surprising, like its arrival no sound was emitted. Not a swish, a hum or a tremble, only a streak of light that trailed behind as it vanished from view.

Legion spoke with a keen awareness; "Allen, I got a glimpse of Theos' countenance as that cargo disappeared and I couldn't believe what I saw; it was just like the one on his face when Vulpine and the Duns were transported away from the City of Light by Mike to inhabit the Dark Region--- intense sadness.

"My mind goes tilt when I try to figure out this astonishing Creator. Why would He be sad? He rules and interacts with countless situations. He never makes a wrong decision but when He is forced to make one that may appear overly harsh, He seems full of remorse and

grief wishing there was another way." "You're so right Legion. He is amazing," agreed Allen.

That payload was destined for another realm in the universe---the earth.

Theos had completed his plan for this new address and he was spending time there, walking, talking and pampering the inhabitants of this sphere; creatures called humans. He had created a paradise for them. In it they were destined to live with Him forever. Never before had Theos created such a design, one with such opportunity and potential to not only experience His love but too learn to demonstrate it as they ruled and cared for it.

As this event was retold by Allen to the group he hoped he was making sense and not boring the listeners with too much of his story all at once. But there was so much to tell. They seemed to be intent on what he was sharing so he thought he would continue with another segment of an immense description of Theos and his love of humans. He took a questioning glance at Jacob and received a nod to continue.

CHAPTER 16

THE APPLE OF HIS EYE

Allen took a new fresh deep breath and relayed his description of this one time spectacle.

“Jacob, from the extreme picture of horrific evil to the other extreme of good, I was permitted to witness this exquisite event.

“I think it’s the most intimate sight ever crafted by Theos. I believe that anyone that gets a taste of this will have their heart altered forever. No love story ever written in song, poem, book or play can come close.” Here's what he described.

It began in a meeting of the supreme council.

They had been deliberating from the beginning on how this creation should come to pass. Nothing they had ever planned before could compare.

How to make a human!

Who would have any idea where to start? Now, what should it look like? What size should it be? Should it have wings? What about

thinking, should it be able to think or should it just be programmed to do what it's told? How many should be made? Not only ruling the creation itself but what about interaction between them if we make more than one? What if something went wrong? The amount of issues that could happen was endless and needed to be measured ever so carefully. It appears the whole process was a delight for them. Joy became a bi product every time they engaged in the creative planning process of these special living possessions.

The cosmos was a joy to create and develop but the special globe on which these beings would live was given extraordinary deliberation.

Then the moment arrived. Earth was prepared: the trees, mountains, rivers, animals, birds, sea creatures, all in abundance occupying their places. There was a moon to grace the night sky and a dazzling inferno in just the right position to bring warmth and light to the day. The whole council seemed to have a ball in the formation of their designs but now Theos was about to introduce the main event--- fashion a human.

Here was about to emerge from the heart of the Council the 'Apple of His eye'.

They arrived at a region on the globe carefully selected and then preceded with the preparation. Theos began to create. Slowly He gathered together some rich pliable earth from the bank of a gentle

flowing stream. He carefully molded it in his hands and begins to fill in the outline He had formed on a soft bed of grass under a beautiful huge shade tree whose branches seemed to hover protectively; offering cooling shade for this momentous inauguration. Many times He returned to the river's edge each time selecting just the right color, texture and density of substance and skillfully fashioned the form into what the council had decided. Time was not a factor; it had to be just right. Meticulously in detail after detail His hands formed and reformed this masterpiece: different consistency of earth for each area. He crafted two perfectly matched eyes to view this magnificent creation then ears acutely placed for best response to the sound of chirping birds or babbling brooks, hands that could gently caress and yet be strong enough to cuddle with care a yet to be made strikingly perfect mate. Legs firm yet flexible to carry him to the farthest part of this paradise, and a heart that could beat out a rhythm of love for this epic that was planned and now being made authentic by the creators. Finally it was complete, perfectly formed inside and out. Oh, the nose, 'just a little adjustment'. Smiling He stepped back and joined the others. All seemed delighted at the outcome.

Now the final step!

The form lay motionless. Theos glanced at the other members of the council. He could tell they were bursting with great anticipation--- just like He was.

Acknowledging their approval, He slowly and deliberately got down on His hands and knees next to the creation, hovered over it, gazed at it for just one more final approval, then gently pressed his lips against the formed mouth and breathed His life into this feat of love and it became a living being.

"Slowly it began to stir; with careful exertion it achieved its goal--- to stand upright. The council watched as its arms rose upward, next its hands rotated and fingers flexed. The eyes blinked and the head turned from side to side as the vista before it burst into focus: then the first step for man. What a sight! His head turned as a strange sound floating on the wind caught his attention---a voice!

"Alpha" Theos spoke! Those ears for the first time heard that sound that forever would ring in his memory: this first 'apple of His eye' turned and saw his architect. The look that revealed Creator to creature was imprinted without end in his being and the first embrace between heaven and earth took place.

Allen stopped. He had been telling his story without stopping for such a long time and had been watching Jacob's eyes and facial

expressions. Deep furrows lined his forehead and often his head would nod a little.

Allen looked intently at Jacob and decided to just wait for his reaction.

Slowly he got up from his chair and walked across the room and stood in front of the blazing fireplace that shared generously its relaxing warmth. This white haired source of wisdom poised in front of it for a moment head down, hand stroking his white beard and then turning around said " Conny, Allen, I'm at a loss for words. I'm almost afraid to have you go on Allen." Tears were streaming down Jacobs face.

"I'm amazed at your journey and the things you say you saw. This last scene is breath taking. There is so much union between what you are sharing and the ancient writings that I have been pondering all my life. Allen, do you think we could stop for tonight and carry on tomorrow? I want to search out some sources and ponder some questions that formed in my mind as you've talked and besides, this old frame ain't what it used to be, ha, ha."

It was getting a little late; and Allen agreed it was a good idea to pack it in for the night, yeah, how much could be told and soaked up in just one night.

Quietly they all walked back down the hall toward the front door. Just then another door opened and a voice said "please, before you go, come in and have a hot drink". Behind that voice was a gentle looking, fair haired lady with a delightful smile. She materialized into what you would expect a wife of a man like Jacob to look like; slightly bent over but firm in her steps, the wrinkles around her eyes and her mouth seemed to enhance a cheerful countenance that immediately made you feel welcome.

"Yes" Jacob said and nodded us into the room with a low coffee table and some comfy chairs. "This is my wife Rebecca". After warm greetings we all sat down to a grand, 'hot chocolate and cookie ending' to a remarkable evening.

"Conny and I thanked Rebecca for her thoughtfulness. Jacob opened the hall closet; putting on our jackets and saying good night we closed the door and crossed the porch.

As Conny and I were going down the steps she said "I hope this has been helpful for you Allen". "Conny you have no idea". Then she said something more encouraging. "I want to introduce you to a group of others that wonder and think with Jacob. Would you like that?" "Well do bees like honey?" We both chuckled and she proceeded to say she would set it up. We bid good night and went our separate ways.

CHAPTER 17

A RIDE TO EVIL'S REALM

It was already dark as Allen began his bike ride home. He pondered the events of the night and was feeling so accepted by Jacob and Conny.

From where Jacob's house was located it was a long ride to his home on the shore of the Great Lake. To get there he'd have to bike through a large subdivision and around a thick isolated forest. Going through the forest would be an option and a significant short cut that would save a lot of time but the path was narrow and it was dark, not to mention his bike light wasn't that great either; ah what the heck he thought, it's getting late and he was in a hurry to get home, so he decided to take the path.

His mind was spinning from his meeting. And like Jacob he had many questions forming in his mind too. He needed to get them arranged for their next meeting.

He left the well lit city street and entered the forest path. It was pitch black and like he previously thought, the light on his bike didn't illuminate the trail very well. As he chattered along over the rough path, he was startled as he heard a noise off to his right. It sounded like a growl or moan. His immediate thought was a dog on the loose. He started to pedal faster; another louder sound; he immediately deduced---that's no dog. His whole being began to shiver with this unknown interruption; still hoping to out run whatever it was he put forth a last ditch effort.

Futile! There is was again but this time it was hovering behind him and he positioned it in his mind, just above his head.

Greater panic as the sound became a touch!

Then he heard his name, "Allen"! The voice echoed like it was coming from within a deep well. At this point he was paralyzed by fear! The echo demanded---"Stop, you can't escape me!"

Exhausted, he complied. Slowly laying his bike down and stricken with fear, he peered into the blackness.

As his eyes became more accustomed to the darkness and with the faint backdrop of the city lights, he could just barely make out a form. A great hulk appeared hovering a few feet above the ground. Slowly it descended and stood directly in front of him. The image before him was quite dark and therefore very difficult to make out any distinct

features. But he could see it was black, had a hood and then there they were---red eyes peering right at him. It had all the features of a Dun.

Allen had never seen a Dun as huge as this one. Most that he had come in contact with had shrunk in size from their original appearance but this one certainly was different. Immediately Allen sensed 'this is a messenger of trouble'.

Then these dreaded words from the 'deep well'; "Vulpine has sent me to take you to the darkness, a region into the depths". That voice, 'Vulpine', 'depths': Allen couldn't breathe, he couldn't make his feet move, throbbing filled his brain, and he just stood there frozen, like a statue. Why is this happening? What's the point? Allen was freaking.

The hulk came closer; he felt himself being locked into strong arms and lifted into the air. Where ever he was being transported, he knew it wasn't good!

Then an astonishing sight! He was moving and looking down on his small city from a great height. In the darkness he could make out the city shoreline and the expressway that extended from one end to the other, over there he could see the bright lights glowing from the huge stadium where a sporting event was happening. He was held securely by his captor and travelling at a great speed. The city soon faded from view as the speed increased.

Then a transform, he realized that he was inside an enclosure made of what looked like glass or a Plexiglas material, whatever it was it was transparent and an eerie glimmer illuminated the inside. Every once in a while he could see other lights below but mostly it was just black. The hulk was there too sitting behind and to one side; he wasn't green in color like the Incredible Hulk Allen knew from TV but was about as large. He seemed almost transparent at times. It was all so weird and mind numbing. He wondered if he was dreaming.

No dream---a light!

He saw it on what he assumed was the horizon. It cast a faint glow on the surface of the earth far below. It appeared similar to the space pictures often shown on T.V. or in the media. Also, with the sighting of that faint light, a shocking awareness gripped his attention!

They were plunging straight downward at an enormous speed.

Greater terror than even before grabbed him, he quickly doubled up like a ball and held on tight, they were going to crash! All kinds of images passed through his mind's eye: home, school, parents, friends, summer camp, wrestling events. It was like his whole life was being played out on a movie screen.

Then slam, he hit!

Was he dead? He was almost afraid to move. Gradually his perception of his surroundings kicked in. Much to his surprise the

impact didn't crush him to bits as he expected. He sat there, trying to make sense of the moment. He moved his fingers, blinked his eyes, sat up straight and as his vision cleared, he viewed what appeared like water all around him and he was descending deeper and deeper, toward what he expected would be the bottom. As his descent continued he anticipated that everything would get darker and darker; he was surprised, he could see everything quite clearly and he was O.K.

He sat there spellbound. Slowly deeper and still deeper he descended. What a place. He began to make out sea creatures of every conceivable shape size and color. Many resembled those he had seen from watching the National Geographic channel on T.V. or photographs he had seen in nature books but nothing prepared him for this view. He marveled at their appearance; some glowed with eerie solid colors, others with translucent colors, and some that just simply changed colors. Look, there's one with long trailing tentacles, no there's five, no ten, gads, their all over and those tentacles, they must be 20 feet long. They probed everywhere. Allen was sure they were looking for prey and maybe he would be it. There were others with huge shells that glided along with jet propulsion. The varieties were countless; on and on they came into view emerging from corals, weeds, caves and multiple hiding places they sought for protection or to ambush. The strange vehicle Allen was in was invading their

territory and it was more interesting to some than others, it was especially appealing to those looking for more than just satisfying their curiosity.

Down more, down further, down straight, down, down, down, it seemed to be endless. He was trapped in a time warp over which he had no control.

His mouth dropped open! His hands gripped the arm of his seat like vice grips.

A creature of immense size materialized and drifted slowly toward his volatile container. He thought if this is glass its breakable, right? And that meant---he didn't want to think about it.

It looked like something out of a nightmare with one, two, three, wow, seven heads with a horn growing out of each one. It had scales over its entire body and three more large horns jutting out of a tail that shifted slowly from side to side, it propelled it through the water. It was translucent but emitted a deep red color and its size if compared to any whale would make the whale appear as a minnow; it was gigantic. All the other creatures scattered wildly in whatever direction they thought safe; if indeed there was one.

This nightmare fastened its gaze on him. A chill oozed up and down his spine. This Denison of the deep slowly circled around him moving closer and closer. Its sheer size transmitted to Allen that at

any moment it could abolish him. The silence was deadly; even his heart seemed to stop. He swore he could feel this nightmare right through the transparent barrier that separated them. Breathlessly he waited for the climax.

Then to his astonishment it slowly began to turn away, its huge bulk dislodged great volumes of water that rocked his capsule violently as it disappeared from view.

Allen was trying to make sense of things that were happening, often reflecting back briefly to his life on earth. A stupid thought entered his mind; stupid but there it was; on all those nature programs he watched on T.V. at home and in school they never presented anything that looked like this.

Was it a lockness monster? What a stupid thought at this time; get real Allen, an inside voice mocked his question.

But that was the 'always questioning Allen'. There would be more.

The Q and A quickly vanished from thought as another outlandish image slowly materialized from the depths.

This one was focused even more intently on the capsule. The word beast seemed to flood Allen's mind as he searched for words to express a description. It had a face similar to a human but the eyes were way out of proportion, huge, round and glaring. The mouth seemed to have teeth much like a great white shark and the body

resembled a crab- like shape with multiple legs and feet that acted like flippers. The beast continued towards Allen's protective yet volatile transparent fortification, like before, he hoped it was able to protect him from what he thought was about to happen. Yikes! Arms emerged from the side of the beast and at each end its huge hands slowly folded into fists that began to beat the capsule with violent blows.

This is the end Allen thought, nothing could stand the repeated pounding that the brute was hammering inches away for him.

Just as Allen thought his stronghold was going to crack open, the enormous creature he had seen before with the seven heads, horns and long scaled body appeared. Allen braced himself and prepared to see a great battle begin between these two titans. It was strange but all that happened was to watch this giant 'thing' deflect the beast's attention away from Allen. The brute abruptly stopped its assault, glared at Allen and to his surprise both of them just drifted away.

As always happened with Allen his mind would race with a hundred questions all at once. This encounter was just one more package for reflection if he ever got out of here. One more story for rejection when he told it to others because of its unbelievable content.

His attention was immediately yanked back as a new vista appeared.

CHAPTER 18

BOTTOMLESS

Huge, deep crevasses and trenches emerged in slow motion. They seemed to beckon like they were alive, daring any outsider to enter their lair at the centre of the earth and you guessed it; Allen was drawn straight for one that seemed bottomless. Of a dozen possible dark destinations, this one drew him like a magnet.

As he began the plunge, Allen became aware of another fact; he was alone in this craft.

The 'hulk' had vanished!

The mind went into motion. Where is Legion, is this for real, what happened to the 'hulk, am I going to die? He plunged downward, downward, deeper into this never ending subterranean abyss, his ability to see clearly had disappeared, it became murky, all he could make out were images resembling walls passing by and he realized he was in a very fast moving water filled tunnel and headed for a destination he was sure he didn't want to experience.

Suddenly, brilliance!

It engulfed him. He shielded his eyes from the change of gloom to intense illuminated wonder and beheld a view that took his breath away.

He was suspended very high above a mammoth cavern. How high, he couldn't tell for sure but high enough to see a vista that even his wild imagination never could make up.

His eyes became adjusted and he could see something that resembled swirling cloud formations similar in shape to tornados or waterspouts and they were circling around in this vast chasm. As he tried to clarify and then figure out what this was he became aware of another 'far out' part of this image.

Duns, yes Duns, masses of them, they seemed to be forcing those tornado like formations into their circular rotation: similar to spinning a large top. As he watched, those swirling tempests grew in size shape and intensity, and then they became comparable to what you would see on the TV weather report or in the Wizard of Oz movie. Spellbound, he watched this spectacle unfold.

Then further disbelief; he saw a huge opening slowly appear on one side of the chasm and one of the twister formations was pushed by the Duns out into an already raging lightning and thunderstorm. Then the opening closed.

Stunned, but with no time to reflect on what he had just seen, he now found himself being propelled away. Swiftly, there he was jetting down the concourse again. No one can imagine how Allen's mind was reacting to these unbelievable events. Trying to understand them in his mind was like trying to push a piece of wet spaghetti through the eye of a needle.

Then, just like before his transporting device delivered him to another strange gigantic subterranean area.

Surveying this vista caused his mind to react like a ping pong ball in play.

“What, Gads, I'm losing it!” burst forth from his lips. He could make out huge swells of water; they were slamming into the walls of this huge basin creating water surges of massive proportions and yes, they were being energized by other hoards of Duns transferring astounding latent energy into the mix, causing massive turbulence. It rolled, swelled, tumbled, pitched and whatever words you could use to describe this potential devastation.

There it is again! A huge opening began to appear, walls of water were poised to gush out of the latent turbulence wreaking havoc within the cavern. Moment by moment it opened wider and wider; astounding as it might sound in trying to accept or describe this picture, instead of the water gushing in from what appeared to be the

ocean, the turbulence was being pushed out by those Duns; without a doubt, looking to create another form of what's termed---natural disaster. Then a resounding crash as the exit shut. Where was that headed? What would it become, and then the mother question, what was it?

These exposures were just two in a continuous chain of exhausting events that revealed many other natural catastrophes that appeared headed to impact the earth, including one other with uncanny frightening life forms.

This site more than any other burned into his memory: exposed oversized swarming grasshoppers or locusts. As he was ushered into this site, the noise immediately became deafening; a high pitched buzz that screamed in his ears. Quickly he tried to cover them as best he could from the blare of unbearable intensity.

This chamber took on the shape of one huge nest of these fully grown winged creatures and massive numbers of those in the process of being birthed, together with all levels in between. And you guessed it, all attended to by Duns. At full maturity the dominant features were their heads and tails. Their heads resembled that of a horse but the face was human, their oversized curved tales resembled that of a desert scorpion. There was little doubt that the adult one's had potential for great harm. The action was hypnotizing for Allen to

watch, as row after row of the fully developed hoards aligned with each other in columns and squads. They resembled a huge army arrange in battle formations and anticipating departure. To Allen the sound emanating from this spectacle far surpassed what he thought a dozen jet airliners taking off under full power would sound like. He knew they spelled devastation of a special kind with their tails protruding and then arcing back and forth over their body in a deadly rhythm.

Each prior vista that Allen had visited revealed the Duns preparing what could be labeled as natural disasters.

But this last scene added more 'players' and of a different type, sinister underworld creatures! The common factor was they all seemed to be controlled by an influence as they revealed their potential for unlimited destruction. It was like they were getting birthed and readied to do something never done before.

All this seemed to be happening in slow motion; in this dimension; time for Allen often stood still.

These episodes were being indelibly and deeply etched into his memory.

They were so unbelievable but also so real.

There it was, another stupid thought: maybe one of those storms created in one of these subterranean horror chambers leveled my

house. His head was crammed with reflections, like water overflowing from a plugged basin.

“Not again!” He heard his own cry. Yes, once more he was being propelled down this rushing underground channel with his capsule responding to an unknown controller.

He entered yet another setting. It was a smaller cave but still incredibly huge in size. The walls looked like solid black rock with massive ledges that seemed carved right into them. It was shadowy and again quite difficult to see clearly. His eyes began to adjust and as he moved closer to one wall, awareness kicked in and something familiar seized his gaze.

A Dun? Yes, it was a Dun and it was attached to the wall.

Everything was still, ghostly quiet, nothing moving and then a wild recognition surfaced, one way beyond belief; the Dun hanging there was not just hanging, it was hanging upside down!

Allen scanned to his left and there was another one, then to his right, yes another, above, yet another; that old sense of panic reached another level. He rubbed his eyes and shook his head and still couldn't believe what he was witnessing; but there they were, all over the walls
‘of this foreboding cavity’.

They reminded him of scenes he had viewed on nature programs about bats, how they find a cave at dawn and sleep all day in a

downward position until the evening, then they would go out in mass and do their thing. Thirsty vampires crossed his mind.

Is there a connection? Before he could think further, one of the Duns right in front of him moved and then another. Progressively like waves the whole cave became filled with the sound of their movement and fluttering wings. It was a frenzy and like the others the noise became deafening. More and more joined the mass as they let go of their bat like grip of the wall and began to circle the cavern, their black outlines blanketing the whole expanse and their red eyes blurring as they raced by, revving up their speed. Then that opening again, it appeared in the upper part of the cave and hoards of shrieking bat-like creatures streamed out through the opening resembling a long twisting and turning serpent slithering into what appeared to Allen, the night sky.

He remember how Legion had told him that the Duns were trained and empowered to constantly seek out those who's minds they could influence and try to capture them. Is that where these where going?

CHAPTER 19

WHEN WILL THIS STOP

Allen was afraid to even think of what may come next. For a brief moment his mind was set on home, family and above all--- how do I get out of here?

Those thoughts were quickly pushed to the back of his mind as he became aware he was on the move again.

When will this stop?

How much can one human take?

What's the point of all this?

The questions froze his mind; he couldn't think.

Waves splashed around his craft and the walls flew by in a rapid motion, like riding through a subway tunnel filled with water. This ride seemed much longer than the others and Allen felt like if it was possible he was going downward, further into the depths. Despair engulfed him like a suffocating aroma of death.

Abruptly, the craft stopped. The stillness was shocking after all the tumult of the past hazards he had experienced.

What is this place? This was a common question to Allen.

He suddenly realized something; up until this time, in the midst of these outrageous scenes, he was kept separated from them; isolated in this craft and no one had seen him [that he knew of] and he hadn't had any contact with anyone [except that beast] and he was sure thankful for the way that ended.

Then out of nowhere he heard a voice, small but distinct. "I'm with you." Was it real, was his mind playing more games? He faintly remembered while on his previous journey to the City of Light, someone had assured him with that statement. He listened intently for the voice again but only silence. He made a decision to believe the voice. Though still and small it conveyed a measure of assurance, enough to go on and engage his surroundings.

He scanned his present scene, it was very different. First off, it wasn't nearly as huge as the others. It had an immediate different feel to his usually bombarded senses. It was quiet with a radiating aura of light that presented a strange illumination. Looking more closely, it seemed to Allen to resemble a cathedral with ancient gothic ceilings and walls, like those built in the Middle Ages and seen in history movies or books. He remembered seeing a video once of some

massive religious shrines and domes and this resembled that type of structure.

It wasn't glittering gold and bright on the inside but dark and gloomy. Faint rays of differing colored light seemed to glide around this enormous edifice casting menacing shadows one moment and highlighting certain areas the next. He stood there fascinated by this sight. On one wall there were huge carved figures and portraits that caught Allen's attention. Each of these was highlighted by a golden stream of high intensity light but they were all too far away to make out any details.

Gads! He realized the craft was gone. He scanned carefully but it was nowhere to be seen. He felt his body shudder.

There he was alone, mouth wide open, marveling at this massive structure and its fixtures.

His eyes searched this deep underground chamber for any movement or sign of life. The uncanny stillness seemed to seep into his very bones, it was chilling, like walking alone on a cold dark night in a constant rainy drizzle.

He didn't know which way to go. But he needed to explore and see if there was any hope of escape.

He decided to begin by slowly walking towards the central area that was elevated higher than any other location on the floor. It

almost looked like a stage or at least the focal point of this daunting residence. A closer look revealed a massive throne like seat. No one was sitting on it. What or who was it for he thought? Whoever sat on it would be huge.

He took a step and dread paralyzed him; it was crazy; the sound of his boot hitting the hard surface of the floor set off a thunderous echo that reverberated around the cavern. It grew and grew in volume and became so earsplitting that in panic he covered his ears and slumped to the floor. The intensity of the sound did not let up. It continued to crush in on him. The usual thousand questions saturated his mind and he no longer could cope. He doubled up into a fetal position, pressing his hand to his head and crouched motionless against a wall, waiting, waiting, and waiting.

After what seemed an eternity the sound dissipated but Allen didn't move. Then a voice split the silence.

"Allen!" He knew that voice. "Come with me." Allen tried to get up but his knees were so weak they buckled under him and he couldn't get his balance. "Here, let me help you;" a strong hand clasps his and aided him to his feet. As a beam of light revealed the face of this helper; the recognition jolted Allen's mind like an electric shock.

Dr. Thompson?

What in the world was he doing here? Again before Allen could collect his thoughts, 'the doctor' continued, "let me help you up." Gaining his balance he responded as helplessness beckoned Allen to--- follow him.

He didn't have much choice because 'the doctor' had an unyielding grip on his arm and powered him down a long walkway on one side of the 'cathedral'. The walkway was carpeted so they moved very quietly. Walking along close to the wall Allen could finally distinguish some of those statues and huge pictures located all around the interior.

It was uncanny but in one way or another the portraits resembled 'the doctor' but wait, look at that one, it's a gigantic statue of Vulpine! They actually seemed to change before his very eyes. First one was 'the doctor' then one was Vulpine. "Oh no", he thought, it must be his mind; he's lost it.

Where was he, what is this? More and more questions lined up for answers like the ticket seekers waiting for entrance to a midnight movie.

He continued to be dragged along and was helpless to stop it. He could see they were coming to a corridor that led to a narrow bridge spanning a deep wide chasm. A bright reddish glow illuminated the area around the bridge and a deep rumble was heard and also felt as the ground beneath him was beginning to throb.

Gradually a full view of the abyss emerged. It was deep and wide; clouded in vapor rising from a molten source that looked like liquid lava. His mind flashed back, yes, panic, it reminded him of the one he had seen when he and Legion were planning their escape from the dark region.

And then 'crunch time' again, he felt a numbing grip seize his thought process. Horrible memories flooded in from his previous imprisonment in the Dark Region; a familiar character, Helop 'the keeper of the pit of terror'

Yes! There he was, just like he remembered.

His image resembled liquid fire. His whole body [if you could call it that] flowed within its frame. His voice was like thunder as he barked orders to his workers that mindlessly obeyed; they fueled and stirred this molten inferno. What a sight!

Then the horror scene out did itself, Allen, felt the firm grip on his arm become even tighter, he looked at the doctor and right before his eyes Dr. Thompson morphed into Vulpine, unbelievable! The seemingly kind, considerate, interested doctor that he had spent so much time with began the change into this huge evil creation that is the source of everything from broken relationships to all out war between nations. How could he turn from a seemingly helpful human to this villain of evil?

Then to cement this nightmare he heard that laugh that had brought chills up and down his spine on past occasions.

As this was happening he heard those same gripping words that Helop had bellowed in the Dark Region; they started reverberating hauntingly in his head.

"You'll never escape from here." Helop had looked up and saw Allen; He started to move toward him.

Vulpine commanded him: "stop!" "You'll get your chance" he barked and then that laugh again.

Suddenly a number of Duns surrounded Allen and continued gripping and forcing him to cross this gap with its heat, smell and noise mixing in Allen's brain, like a mix master scrambling thoughts right inside his skull.

They continued and forced him down a long tunnel that was dimly illuminated but no lighting source was evident. Up ahead was an opening and Allen wasn't ready for what he was about to see. He didn't need those night vision glasses that he found necessary to wear in the Dark Region. Without aid he could weakly make out the nightmare.

It was the prison!

He recognized it immediately. It was his dungeon; one he thought would be his home for a time without end. There where row after row

of those cells as far as he could see. Not just one level but multilevel, again as high up as the light would allow. Moving in and out among the cells were Duns. Their black forms and red eyes were everywhere.

"Allen"! That voice jerked his attention back to its source; it was Vulpine!

Having him call his name had a startling impact on Allen. What a difference from the result when Theos called his name; the difference between being in light or darkness.

What a creature he had turned into. No more Dr. Thompson, but the one that stood in the doorway of the vehicle that transported the Dark Realms cargo from The Kingdom of Light to Earth.

Allen mustered up all his energy and with great fear and wonder asked,

"What do you want with me"?

The laugh!

"I'm done," thought Allen.

The nightmare spoke. "Do you know where you are"? The sound of a reply stuck in Allen's throat he just shook his head no.

"From this realm I rule the world. You've seen what no other human ever has and as result you are an enemy to me and I intend to eliminate you".

At that moment all Allen could envision was being dragged to the molten caldron, turned over to Helop and being thrown into that boiling cavity; all thoughts of escape were gone.

The 'Frightening Figure' continued, "I would have done this long ago but Theos has placed a safety covering over you that up until now has protected you but you no longer have that precious earring---I do!"

Allen remembered how that friendly [or appeared friendly] doctor talked him into surrendering his earring, in the hope of eliminating those awful nightmares.

"Escape is impossible!" The voice was strong and emphatic.

Even as that pronouncement boomed throughout the whole cavity, a sliver of hope sprung into Allen's mind, it ignited a spark of remembering; those words that were spoken once before when he was trying to escape from the Dark Region. "Don't be afraid"

Nothing is impossible with Theos! Legion had demonstrated that to Allen in his last adventure; and he connected that truth with the still small voice. HOPE imbedded itself into his mind.

Vulpines' voice cut short that memory and demanded Allen's attention.

"Look closely into those prison cells, what do you see" he mocked?

Allen peered into one of the cells very close to him. The light wouldn't allow him to decipher specifically what was in them but he was quite sure he knew.

Vulpines questions were becoming a common occurrence, it seemed answering them only gave support to his macabre arrogance so Allen just didn't produce any answers but it didn't stop the boasting and threats.

"Those, 'my little problem', are minds, human thought machines."

That sinister sneer again swept across his face and his eyes seemed to squint with an angry defiant stare.

In that sentence the word, 'problem' wedged into Allen's consciousness; "I'm a problem for Vulpine?"

Allen had never thought of his venture as presenting a problem to this warped master mind, but to hear this was another slight taste of encouragement in this thirst producing marathon of 'darkness'.

The 'sneer' teamed up with his voice: "My faithful Duns have been at work in the earthly domain for eons. And do you remember, that traitor Legion, he disclosed to you how they work but not everything.

Allen couldn't believe it but it appeared that Vulpine was about to describe more of the great hidden deception that Legion had already divulged to him on his first journey.

CHAPTER 20

SINISTER CONFESSION

Vulpine moved in very close to Allen, he positioned Allen's face squarely between his hands and peered directly into his eyes. That touch sent a shock like electric current through Allen's body not only because of the touch but what he saw revealed in Vulpine's eyes; there for a brief moment he saw evil on display.

It was like a movie clip or a daily video news report; he saw a brutal war with killings of untold young lives, a domestic dispute with violence in the household, children being abused in despicable ways, an assassination of a beloved leader, and multiple thefts of innocent lives through drugs and other substance abuse, a scene of refugee camps representing greed that robbed thousands of people of meaningful existence, a vicious beating in a dark alley, people excusing evil for good just to maintain their power to rule.

Abruptly the 'screen' went blank!

More mind overload for this 'held one'.

Then, more toxic talk poured out from Vulpine like pollution of a chemical factory's unmanaged waste disposal.

Slowly, without apparent awareness, something unusual was happening, Vulpine was releasing his grip on Allen but he still kept rambling on.

"My well-trained Duns descend upon humans and are constantly offering ideas to their minds. Ideas that persuade them to choose selfish actions that fulfill their own desires; they're told they were born for this; it's their right or duty. Slowly but surely they become addicted to this way of thinking and then their actions become automatic. Their locked into their prison of thought---again that contemptible laugh.

"Then; Theos has lost!" he boasted loudly so the whole mass of the wicked horde could hear his charge.

He was on a roll and continued to reveal more of his sinister plot his voice would intensify as each point was finished; forcing their impact like a stabbing knife into Allen's memory.

He raged on. "Those humans are never told that this way of living will bring hurt, pain and damage to anyone, I have deceived them into believing there are no lasting consequences; it's natural, it's just the way life is.

"I've devised a marvelous scheme, don't you think?" This morbid creature actually danced with glee and laughter yet again, bellowed throughout the chamber.

"I made it work in the Kingdom of Light and it works on earth too."

Then out of the blue a sudden change of tone like a low moan accompanied an equally sudden confession or admission---"Theos destroyed me."

Vulpine suddenly stopped his ranting. The chamber grew deathly silent. His posture changed from the feet wide apart, arms raised high and fists clenched tightly tyrant, into a weary bent over rejected being.

"Look what He did to his loyal friend. He banished me from my position."

Would you believe it, Vulpine was having a pity party. He almost appeared for a brief moment, like a poor innocent victim.

Was this an act? You bet!

Then a rebound began along with another round of ranting. What a deceiver. More boasting mixed with lies. But the more he boasted the more Allen could see how deceptively he works and that is vital to know.

But and it was a big but, at this moment he was being held captive, what good does knowing this diabolical info make? "I'll never be able to tell anyone about it." Or would he?

One moment he thought one way and the next was a flip flop.

As with all boasters Vulpine wouldn't shut up. Another round of lies spewed out. "I can convince anyone that will listen to me that Theos can't be trusted and that's what I want all his precious mortals to believe.

"Every time my 'darlings' go out hunting, they bring back more that chose my way to live rather than that stupid sacrificial waste of time that some do-gooders recommend.

"Look! See my prizes in this prison of darkness," he taunted. "They still walk the earth but their minds are in confinement here."

All these declarations pouring from this poisonous mouth kept pounding like a sledge hammer in Allen's ears and shattering his conscious thought.

"Stop, Stop!" His mind screamed!

He's not only a monster but he's gone insane!

Unwillingly but unable to avoid him, Allen was a witness to Vulpines proud and grave declarations of his actions directed toward earth since his defeat and removal from the Kingdom of Light. Now his bitterness has turned into big time conflict between darkness and light.

Then right before Allen's eyes another metamorphoses began to happen!

This raging being, began to shake with fury, his eyes narrowed his facial features became like a roaring lion, teeth of iron and a mane that tumbled down both sides of the body resembling huge wings, then more transformation; the body began to inflate like a huge balloon; it began to stretch into a long slender form of a serpent, with great plates or scales all over it like a giant alligator: they flashed reflective light as it continued to expand into this breathtaking renovation. Four crocodile type legs began to protrude from the underbelly of the snake like torso; those gigantic wings began to stir into motion. The mouth spewed out a despicable spray that gave off a disgusting odor and instead of fire, darkness blanked its target.

A dragon! Not possible! A dragon, not possible! Allen's mind played ping pong again with how to describe this sight.

He had seen many pictures of dragons and this was no Disney Character; Vulpine didn't look like any of them and yet he resembled all of them. If that sentence doesn't make any sense to the reader, at this point neither did the whole epic to Allen. But it will.

CHAPTER 21

THOUGHTS OF ESCAPE

As this makeover was occurring there was great commotion being created: the Duns all became so preoccupied with what was happening that they let go of Allen and he found himself able to move freely.

Escape jumped into his thinking!

Carefully he began to retrace his steps toward the entrance of this chamber of horrors.

No one noticed him; at least that's what he thought.

The blockbuster event that was happening continued to captivate all the demonic spectators. They danced, shouted and seemed to almost deify this figure. It was reaching a frenzy level of uncontrollable magnitude.

He started to sneak away a little faster and then when he thought it safe, he broke into a full one hundred yard dash. He was afraid to look back and he didn't need too because he heard a thunderous voice bellow; "Get that chosen one!"

Then in unison from all the demons the cry grew louder, “get the chosen one”. The whole cavern shook with that howl of intent.

Allen felt numb, he had no idea where the strength to carry on came from but he just kept running hoping it wouldn't cease until he found some way out.

He was approaching the bridge over the deep crevasse that spanned that pit of doom.

“Helop, would he be there?” In panic he kept on charging with all his might, hoping to increase his chance of escape by getting across that searing snare without being discovered.

He reached the edge of the bridge; quickly he peered down into the seething pit with its boiling, heaving, caldron of breath robbing smells; no Helop! He felt the adrenaline surging through his body like an exploding sky rocket; his heart was throbbing like a base drum.

He was approaching the far end of the bridge that would spell victory from the pit; only one word crowded his focused mind---run, run! As he was about to clear the bridge, it happened, there it was blocking the way; that seething mass of moving flame!

It raised two huge arms that appeared like blazing torches and bellowed "Got Ya!"

It was too late for Allen to stop, as a matter of fact he couldn't. Helop began to charge toward him, so with one last surge of strength

he closed his eyes, and plunged straight into that frightening slithering, blazing mass.

He felt heat and being entrapped, struggling but unable to move--- suffocating!

Then a voice "Allen, Allen, wake up!" There he was entangled in a bundle of soaked bed clothes and P.J.'s; like many times before Dad and Mom both gently consoling him and continuing to assure him that he was OK and safe at home; while carefully but quickly releasing him from the confine of his frightening snare.

"Ouch!" Allen pulled his arms towards his body. "What's that", his mother asked? As his eyes became accustomed to the light shining from the bedroom ceiling fixture, his center of attention locked on his arms: painful burns became evident. As the bed cloths touched them, he sounded a yelp. Everyone was startled, especially Allen. "Where did this come from?" Mom inquired.

With that question, Allen's thought machine started working at full capacity with another question: What do I tell them about this?

He was able to avoid an immediate answer as Mom gently pulled one arm toward her searching eyes.

After looking closely and carefully at the extent of the burns and determining hospital help wasn't necessary, she went off and came back with some bandages and balm from the medicine cabinet and

gently began dressed the wounds. Being a nurse for many years influenced this decision and avoided a late night trip to the hospital and the hassle of answering embarrassing questions.

As they further discussed how this may have happened, Allen thought quickly and suggested that while thrashing around during the 'nightmare', he must have knocked over the nightlight on his bedside table, the shade was knocked off and the glass from the bulb was shattered all over the floor---he couldn't think of any other way to explain it right now and he knew the Helop story wouldn't fly.

So after making sure Allen was OK and cleaning up the mess, everyone felt it was safe to return to their bedrooms and hopefully complete the rest of the night with an uneventful slumber till morning, when discussion would start again.

CHAPTER 22

JACOB'S 101

Allen couldn't wait for his next meeting with Jacob. He wanted to share the whole account and the effect these new realm visits were having on him. Somehow he thought this 'wise one' would have some answers for dealing with them. They have to stop or Allen believed he really would go insane.

So here they were, seated around the table in his warm and friendly room. Conny had brought a friend. His name was Jim. She said Jim, Jacob and many others spent time together seeking to understand and learning from the ancient manuscripts and many others sources that Jacob had in his library. After warm greetings all around, Jacob interrupted the conversation and asks Allen if there was anything he'd like to share. He could tell from the expression on his face that something was up.

He took a deep breath and started. "Jacob you'll probably think I'm crazy just like everyone else". Jacob gave a chuckle and assured Allen

that wouldn't be the case; so he anxiously began his story about the adventure he experience after leaving the house last night.

At this point he didn't tell them about a possibility that it might have been a nightmare. He thought it might color their conclusions. But his abrupt ending did cause Jacob to have that look on his face that met with the question "Do you think it was real Allen"?

Allen bowed his head, extended his arms with palms up, paused and said, "I don't know Jacob, everything is so confusing, look at these burns" he revealed his bandaged arms "and what about the earring and all these events; how do I explain them?"

The room was quiet except for the crackling of the fireplace.

Then Jacob began. "Allen the truths you've heard and those dramatic visions, line up very closely with many of those recorded in these thousand year old writings. It will take some time but I want to add or should I say compare your journey alongside of what I have discovered over the years. I too have questions and doubts at times when I share but doubt is good because it keeps me searching. If I didn't entertain questions I'd always think I'm right about everything and that's dangerous; all heads nodded. We all know people like that. Faith grows from the evidence given from the uncertain. If you're certain of something, you don't need faith.

"Often people, good people that have read and pondered these events and sayings for much of their lives, have different ideas or ways of interpreting them. But almost all serious seekers find one common thread woven throughout the whole story: it was said well by our modern day mystic Richard Rohr, "life is not about being correct it's about being connected". Many hear a Creator communicating and interacting with his creation but I think few have ears that clearly hear what He's really trying to accomplish. To many are looking for answers on how to understand Him for their salvation [which is good] but pondering and interpreting His incredible actions not only His teaching, will show His deeper desire to release from us from the slavery of Vulpines 'survival of the fittest philosophy' and a reconnection to His sacrificial life style---that will change our world." Allen didn't react but there was that 'survival' bit again.

Jacob went right on, "for those that do, the results are amazing; an actual bond begins to grow and confidence builds that He cares for them. He's looking to reveal what I believe He calls a Bride and Groom covenant."

Now that was a new term for Allen.

"You mean we're going to get married?" Allen gave a slight chuckle. "That's exactly right" Jacob said with a sense of fact in his voice. The ancient book uses the example of a perfect marriage to represent His

commitment to us; we'll talk more about it later. "Allen, you're on a path that will lead you to wisdom and knowledge that will give you new reasons to live out each day with purpose and meaning far beyond anything you ever imagined. I predict your adventures are not over."

Allen found himself full of questions wondering what Jacob meant, but for once he put them on hold, wisdom was flowing.

Jacob's thoughts continued. "You've experienced a picture of life that very few ever do. I don't know anyone that has had such vivid and bizarre sounding experiences. Your contact with the Dark side has left you with occurrences and memories you'll never forget. But I have a concern; the intensity of those experiences and memories may leave you with a fear that will over shadow their symbolic and practical meanings. They do relate to the intense battle that rages here on our planet. They're meant to expose the conflict not to scare us into predicting how or when future events will happen. There's a book in these ancient chronicles that reveal many creatures similar to the ones you saw. At a later date, I want to spend some time with you on that, but first let's take a brief look at the other part of the story or shall we say conflict, let's begin with The Kingdom of Light: seeing this side will allow us to explore the other side without fear or hopelessness.

"Do you recall what it was like spending time there? Do you remember that atmosphere that you described to me, the one charged with joy and peace, what did you hear the inhabitants say about Theos?" Jacob didn't wait for Allen's reply to the questions as he was quite sure he knew the answers. "I think I could go on and on and with each question your reply would be the same---it was good it was great! Am I right?"

Allen chuckled at the machine gun fashion Jacob was asking questions, it reminded him of his father's assessment of his method of questioning when he was young and even now if given the chance. "For sure", Allen acknowledged.

"Well, one question is how did that joyful environment stay continuous and so powerfully full of life even in the midst of the 'deceivers' determined disruption?"

Here's another question to build on; is it possible for us to experience a taste of that Kingdom here and now, even in the midst of that same 'evil one' trying to disrupt our every day existence? Keep that question in the back of your mind as we carry on."

Allen looked at Conny and Jim; their eyes reflected a glow of anticipation as they all awaited Jacob's further thoughts.

"Tonight is a great beginning. We'll spend many more nights around the fire enjoying this astounding, story of life---I never get tired of it."

Jacob with that twinkle in his eye announced, "Now let me place a few thoughts on the table about the Dark Side," heads nodded in agreement.

"First, according to what I can find in this incredible ancient story, Vulpine will be eliminated! Conny affirmed with, "Hey! What, a great place to start"; they all gave hardy thumbs up to that. "Like I mentioned before, I think many of us will be surprised at how that will be played out in spite of many people using the writings maps, charts, and calculations as a crystal ball to interpret current events and predict the future.

"Next, we can embrace the promise that we'll all enjoy a new heaven and a new earth that will descend from the one you visited Allen and we'll exist in it for a very long time, probably longer than any number we can begin to think up. One poet said 'when we've been there ten thousand years there are no less days to enjoy it than when we first begun and the best part is, there's no hint of the evil one! His schemes that we're all tempted with day after day won't fly there---its love time with no tempter!

"Just think; no attraction to meet my desires; they're already met so, I can help meet yours, [if you have any]. But real meaning and joy begins when we see the value of this good news and what it proclaims now---not waiting for someday, though that's another joy to talk about, especially for us 'older ones'," a smile crossed the wise ones countenance.

"Shall I go on?" Jim joined in for the first time with an enthusiastic, "Are you kidding, I'm listening.

Jacob was really wound up. "In the new setting there'll be no more death, no sickness, no sorrow or tears other than for joy." He stopped and they spent some fun time talking about what this might be like and how they thought it might impact each of them compared to how things are now. Everything was so new to Allen but man it was cool hearing this and being with others that were as excited about it as he was.

Jacob had such a way of describing these incredible realities. He got so pumped sometimes he would shift thoughts in mid explanation or statement and here is an example.

From the incredible truths just revealed he jumped into this haunting, sobering question.

"But, why don't we live like we deeply believe these wonderful promises?"

That inquiry brought everyone up short.

To set the stage for this probe, in a jovial tone he replied to his own question with; "I'm glad you ask that question Jacob." That broke the serious thoughts and gave way to a chuckle; but this was serious because the expression on his face reflected it.

He continued. "Here's where a wrong perception of what Theos is really like has deceives us.

"We may not say it out loud but we actually think that His way to live revealed in the ancient writings won't work for us. An example is His astounding call to forgive those who hurt you [sometime termed enemies] do them good, even pray a blessing on them.

"Most everyone will say, are you kidding, do you know what she did to me or Hey, I believed that person and I've been paying for it ever since." Jacob paused, stroked his beard slowly, looked intently at them and then continued.

"Perhaps the most destructive lie that's held by humans; the one directly opposed to His way to live, the one that influences men's minds more than any other in making their decisions, the one that is tattooed on our mind, I call---Survival Of The Fittest!" There's that term again, Allen perked up.

Quiet enveloped the room.

What the heck is that? No one said that out loud but everyone thought it in their mind.

He continued. "It's interwoven throughout our whole society and our history. We've been led and taught to believe it's the normal way to live this life.

Again no one said it but one thought filled all the minds; come on Jacob, spell it out; what does that mean---then He did.

"Whatever it takes no matter the cost, the time or whomever it may hurt, I want to be acknowledged by having things my way.

"We won't admit it openly in fact we'll even say we don't approve of anyone that acts this way but underneath we want to be acknowledged, to be seen at a level of importance, looked up too or admired, those are just a few lurking examples lodged in our minds. It's my right we say, not out loud but we think it. Some do unthinkable acts to achieve this goal.

"That way of thinking and living my dearly loved ones has caused constant conflict between people and is the cause of death and destruction of untold magnitude. Just look at the present world, take a look at history or to bring it home---your own life."

Excitedly Allen interrupted. "Wow!" I've heard that before, I was told that by Legion during my visit to the Kingdoms, he said Vulpine tempts every being with this proposition.

"But then he told me the alternative way that Theos' offers, a way that would change the world for good if carried out. And I saw it working in the Kingdom of Light."

Just like Jacob's bomb shell exposed the basis of evil, here was another one exposing the basis of good. "What was it Allen," Jacob asked expectantly?

Allen paused for a moment and then he carefully formed his thoughts into words. "It almost sounds too simple; he called it by one word LOVE."

"Awe, I've heard that over and over again" piped up Jim. "Everybody's telling everybody, all you gotta do is just love"

"Your right Jim," Allen agreed "but here's the problem; we've been sold a wrong idea for that word. As unbelievable as it sounds, in our culture when we hear it, a picture is formed in our mind that's the product of Vulpines influence on this earth. The most beautiful gift Theos has given has been hijacked. It's almost always revealed as a strong emotional feeling towards someone; often its actions are presented in the movies and on T.V. with some fuzzy warm sense attached with sexual implications." "Often" replied Jim, "ya got that right: not only in Hollywood movies but T.V. commercials, books, magazines, selling cars and for sure beer: the other day I saw it used to sell water softeners; that got a giggle, "you name it, it's everywhere."

Jacob added his thought "and that variation of the truth my friend has invaded this world and has become one of its most powerful addictions of evil we're trapped in."

"Ya but you know what" Allen continued, "Legion said that's not what Theos meant, nor is it what makes His Kingdom work."

"Are you saying there's a different meaning?" Jim exhibited a look of surprise. "Listen to this one Jim; I learned it in an unbelievable place. Legion explained it to me while planning our escape from that prison of lost hope. It took a long time for our plan to be worked out but during that time we were safely hidden and it was amazing to listen to that Dun revealed so much of how Vulpine works to deceive us.

"He said the correct meaning, the one Theos originally built into his creatures is selfless living, demonstrated in enemy loving and putting others first whatever the cost, but it's been twisted. Deep inside we know it's the right way to live but we don't do it because we think people will mistake kindness for weakness and walk all over us."

Jacob thumped his fist on the table! "Yes Allen Yes! That's it!" The old one lit up like a Christmas tree. He got up out of his chair and bounced around the room like a two year old kid. Everyone just doubled up with laughter seeing this astute old scholar celebrate as if he had just struck oil in his den.

CHAPTER 23

THIS PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

Jacob raised his hand "Let's stop for a moment; I think I hear my beloved coming with 'hot chocolate'". The door opened and his Rebecca, tray in hand glided gracefully to the table and placed a great display of goodies before them. What an oasis in the midst of daily living.

After sampling every one of the variety of goodies available, Allen excused himself from the lighter conversation going on. Somehow he felt he needed to go out onto the porch and get a breath of fresh air.

As he emerged and took a deep breath; suddenly, very softly he heard his name called---"Allen"

He turned around and there he was, Legion in plain sight! Allen never got over the physical transformation that took place when this being made the move from dwelling in evil to basking in light: from that black sinister creature to this indescribable agent of hope.

"I've been given a brief moment for us to meet in your realm and I knew you were hear my friend."

He was magnificent, size, wings, garments and all.

"Friend,"---that word was so prized by Allen. "Legion, it's great to see you; I guess you know what's been happening to me."

"Yes and I wished I could have done something to hold it back, but Allen you needed to experience all that's happened so that you'll acquire a new way to share the good news learned from your adventures.

"I'm so pleased that you've met Jacob. He's very wise and sees things in a way that many others don't. I think his views and your experience will connect you with Theos in a manner that will capture your whole being and empower you to see and live life with a purpose you never dreamed of before." "Man" Allen thought, "That's a mouthful."

"Now Allen it's time for me to depart."

Allen was overcome by those words. It was like some sharp knife just split opened his gut.

"I'll meet you again in the future but for now I'm leaving you in good hands with not only Jacob and the new friends you're going to meet but also someone else to help along the way. Jacob will introduce you.

"Allen", this breath taking being made a request, his voice seemed to choke just a little as he spoke: "tell me again what you said to furnish me with courage and strength as we struggled to make our escape on the runway from the Dark Region."

Allen placed his hand on the side of his head, he paused for a moment and said "I think I said---Fly Legion fly!"

And with that spoken phrase, Legion slowly mounted to the air, and began to glide away. Then suddenly a great surprise! "Am I seeing things" Allen thought? Right before his eyes not just one but three magnificent beings were ascending together. Allen's heart leaped inside of him as he recognized Gabe and Mike. They did their famous back flip that they did after rescuing Allen from the Dark Region, he could hear their laughter and sensed their joy; knowing they would someday reunite. With delight they waved and unhurriedly disappeared from sight.

Allen just stood there, dead still; his emotions spilling out all over him like an over flowing rain barrel in a summer downpour.

As he finally collected his thoughts and emotions he turned to go inside and noticed a very small golden box sitting on the edge of the porch railing. He picked it up, slowly took off the lid and gazed at something he never thought he would see again: an earring with that beautiful stone in it.

More emotion spilled out.

He gently put the cover back on the box, looked off in the distance in the direction where the trio had disappeared and then realized that in his conversation with Legion, he wasn't wearing his earring. Normally that was one of the first objects that caught anyone's attention as they view these magnificent beings---had Legion given his to Allen?

The door from the house opened and Jacob stepped out on the porch. "Are you OK Allen?" He could see the look of amazement on Allen's face. "Jacob, let me tell you what just happened."

His reply was, "come inside my boy and tell all of us."

As they gathered around the table, Allen began to retell the events on the porch. At the end, everyone sat with wonder as he opened the box and revealed the earring. There wasn't any blazing light that flooded the room but the beauty of it gave a sense of awe and a wonder filled everyone.

Softly, almost reverently Jacob spoke. "Allen you have just been shown Love in action!" With that statement hanging in the air like the smell of home baked apple pie, he suggested; "let's call it a night." All agreed, because all minds were going at full tilt. Quietly without a word, they all left the room, put on their jackets and headed out.

As Allen travelled homeward that night, the heavens seemed so vast, so intense; the stars, he felt he could touch them. As he left the city lights behind him on his ride towards the great lake and home, the brilliance of the lunar jewel illuminated the landscape causing wonder and gratefulness to swell up inside of Allen's heart to the point he thought it could burst. What a fulfilling experience the evening had produced.

Allen awoke bright eyed and bushy tailed. No nightmares, no cosmic journey or whatever they should be called. He wondered if wearing the earring made the difference. He never wore it much after he came home from hospital. Each night he would put it on his night table as he wasn't comfortable wearing one in bed. It also became less important because when he told others about his adventures and the meaning of the earring they just laughed. Anyway, as he thought back, he realized Vulpine had been intent on getting that earring away from him---and he did.

The mystery of its significance was something Allen hoped would be revealed over time.

Things went well all day and Allen was looking forward to meeting with Jacob again.

As the family was eating that evening, his parents inquired about his being out each night quite late. He assured them that what he was

doing was O.K. and they didn't need to worry. He was reminded from Dad that all kinds of things [he didn't specify] are happening out there and they just wanted him to keep them in the loop of his life. He assured them that he would and offered some info about Jacob and what was going on at his house. A sigh of relief came from his Mom as she heard Allen mention Jacob's name. "Allen, I think he is a wonderful man. I've heard so many great things about him and the works that he's involved in at the downtown core of the city."

"Really," Allen responded; "I didn't know about that." "Yes he has a wonderful group of volunteers that work together to help embrace poverty, those disadvantaged and the homeless, both here and in other places as well. He spoke at our church."

Allen was delightfully surprised at this disclosure. He told them he was going to Jacob's house again tonight; all were pleased to know everyone was on the same page.

CHAPTER 24

UNCOVERING

It was difficult biking to Jacob's house; the weather had changed as the fall season was approaching. Clouds formed and winds blew in off the lake making the journey more difficult but he didn't mind because he was looking forward to the discussion and maybe some of those goodies.

Arriving he found there were a number added to the group. Allen didn't mind at all. He was so grateful to make new friends that were interested in his story.

In fact there were so many tonight that Jacob had to get some extra chairs. Conversation was buzzing; the fireplace was playing its friendly role and Allen was so overcome with a sense of acceptance that he decided to just look and listen.

The grey haired one gently tapped the table. "Welcome to each of you. Tonight is especially for Allen. I believe it will draw him to the place we're all headed for. A place of understanding that has impacted

each of you; a way that changed how you live and is bringing a new life with meaning.

"Allen, I think it's time to compare some relationship between what you've experienced and what I've been calling the ancient writings.

"Here's my first thought.

"I'd like to suggest we consider the term ancient manuscripts, for the Christian bible."

Allen lifted his finger and said, "Jacob, I know where you're going and it's great." "Thanks Allen, the similarities between so many Bible accounts and the descriptions of your journey are so related that to not connect them seems to me to lose the whole meaning of your adventure. Now here are some more comparisons I'd like to suggest.

"Let Vulpine represents Satan, the enemy and Theos, who reveals many of the characteristics of our God. Your visit allowed you to see a possible reason that led up to a cosmic conflict.

"The Duns represent some of Vulpines forces that at one time were angels inhabiting the Kingdom of Light, enjoying all the benefits extended to them but one third of them joined the rebellion and today on this earth they constantly hound mankind with accusations and temptations that tear down the correct image of the Creator, not to

mention they constantly present to us the theme of 'survival of the fittest'

"Like I said, Theos, like God the Father reveals an awesome personality focused on creating a Kingdom that we are invited to be a part of now and forever.

"The Supreme Council, what a replica of the Trinity. A threesome that has been together since before time began. They incorporate all wisdom that can be known and use that to communicate their purpose to us. Each one playing a role that together can capture our lives and allow us to engage with them in Kingdom living now and in its fullness---soon."

Jacob was really wound up. The more he talked the more excited he became.

"But in your adventures Allen, you never did directly encounter the champion of this whole adventure, his name is"..... Jacob paused and looked at everyone; then he placed his hands out in front of him, waved them up and then waved them downward in time with everyone's vocal response---Jesus! Joyful laughter filled the room.

Conny leaned over and whispered in Allen's ear "after being around the old one for a while you experience this type of behavior and other cute escapades that often invade his teaching. Maybe it has something to do with his age;" they both chuckled.

Jacob continued, "He'll be or should I say is, the main event in this story handed down to us through the ages and revealed by the lives of many historical "chosen ones". Allen gulped as that term was used. He remembered how Gabe told him at their initial meeting at the computer, 'you have been chosen'. He wondered what that phrase meant---he would soon find out.

"Allen I think this adventure you've been on has many parts that help enlighten this wonderful story for me. Though it isn't exactly like scripture, the episode you described of how Vulpine started the rebellion that caused him and a third of the angels to be abolished to earth certainly coincide with the story of how the 'snake' was able to cast doubt on God's character in the Garden story. I'm not sure it was just a test of obedience; I think it was much more.

"He was able to deceive the first pair into believing Theos was keeping something from them, he deceived them into believing they would live forever and would become like God [and who wouldn't want that]? Therefore those lies they believed, caused mistrust to be born into our world. God has been and still is, in a battle to regain our trust in His perfect love for us.

"The part about Vulpine going to the Council and trying to sense whether they would forgive and restore him to his original position, shows that once you begin something and convince others of it [right

or wrong], it's almost impossible, in fact it is impossible to halt it. We need to think before we act, it could be disastrous.

"Your trip to the underworld and the scenes you experienced there reveal how Vulpine can deceive our perception of what he is like. In one place he's disguised as a caring doctor or shall we say 'an angel of light'; the next moment he can morph into a beast or Dragon as he's represented in not only the last book of the bible but in many of the earlier accounts written by inspired authors.

"On another occasion you saw him in the form of a great sea monster as he was depicted often in early historical writings. In one writing he is poised to devour a council member [our champion] when He was about to be born into our world as a human child. In contrast in others accounts he's seen as a superb angel having favor far beyond any others Each description when understood reveals a side of him that's bent on destroying this earth.

"On top of that, something very cunning has evolved---more deception. In our modern world setting Allen, he has been reduced to just evil; not a real being but a 'force' caused or created by a society's cultural failures, or seen as old outdated superstitions.

But I believe and your adventure authenticates for me, he's a real being.

"That leaves us with this quandary; how very important it is to discover how he works: but equally or perhaps more important is to know how the Creator works. In your journey, you've experienced illustration of both. Though your experiences may not specifically reflect all that's written in the ancient scripts, they do reveal a sinister power at work behind the scenes that introduces untold tragedy into the world and I think we major on the 'effects' rather than understanding and uncovering the ever constant 'Cause'.

"Those huge subterranean cavities and what you observed happening in them, divulge to us that Satan with the power he has maintained, found some way to manipulate the principals set in motion by Theos to govern this world; some ways to influence and impact the natural means that worked rightly until this lapse or fall we presently find ourselves in. Of course in the mean time we must not ignore our role as humans in messing the environment too but even that can be seen as a result of his influence on feeding mans greed.

Your description of some events you've experienced, help me to dispute a commonly held explanation used to reason why certain things happen.

"A natural calamity that happens is an--- 'act of God'.

"That's a line long quoted by many insurance companies and accepted almost universally.

"What kind of picture does that paint of the Creator?"

Of course we can't say Vulpine is behind every storm or flood or natural disaster; that would be ridiculous and would cause other problems. But I think we need to be careful that we don't just automatically blame Theos for everything by saying He caused it or allowed it.

"Many others [good people] in our world often interpret natural disasters as the judgment of God. Some especially in our culture may see it as a consequence of practicing some other form of 'religious conviction' or where they allow unacceptable levels of sin to happen in their midst.

"It appears to me in the writings that when divinity had to allow something to happen that appeared like a punishment or judgment, [natural or otherwise] His purpose was to call back, rescue from danger or to use biblical words, to redeem, not destroy. I wonder how often we misinterpret not only natural disaster but consequences from our daily decisions as coming from God---or asking it another way; are the consequences of our rebellion [or sin as some call it] enough in itself or does God need to add extra punishment?"

Jacob let that question hang for a while. It would be one that each listener would find cropping up in their own daily 'life assessment'.

That thought lit up all kinds of lights in Allen's mind too, he hoped to talk with Jacob about that later.

'Gear change!' Wow, these comments by Jacob were so mind bending that Allen felt like a NASCAR racers having to constantly shift gears to stay up with the race.

'Here we go around another bend'; Jacob pushed the pedal to the floor.

"However, I think we can say without question that if given any opportunity, the enemy will attack and destroy; he doesn't even need a reason---he's addicted. He's pictured as a lion roaming the earth looking to annihilate. Someone said he is like a collie dog looking in a butcher shop window, he never gives up; he's just waiting for a chance.

I bet we would be amazed if we could only see how many times Theos has protected us from dangers on the one hand but on the other hand, how has our freewill cause him 'sleepless nights'," more pondering for everyone.

"One area of mystery that will someday be set aright is the animal kingdom. Survival of the fittest reigns there in multiple ways, some aggressive some not but all fit the pattern of---the need for survival.

"But hey Allen" Jacob raised both hands in front of him with one pointing at his head, "remember on your first visit to the Kingdom, the scene you observed there: you saw what you thought at first must

have been a zoo, but all the animals roamed together with no fences or means to keep them separate; lions with lamb's, even children with vipers, great feasts but no killing for food. I was amazed when you told me that. What does that say about the change that's coming? The great description of the new Kingdom suggests a mind bending adventure to come." Allen's nod acknowledged he remembered.

One last thought on natural disasters Allen, I do think their important because they help form our perception of this cosmic clash and its characters. I love the stories told to us from the past. I've found if read through these glasses, they paint a portrait of God's love, even in His judgments.

"Please permit me to use this example. In one part of the ancient narrative we read a story of a man named Job. This incident pulls back the curtain and allows us to observe a scene revealing Satan's destructive ways to undermine the Creator's character. Even the writer of the story seems to infer that Theos did to Job what is plainly the evil one's activity; and for sure in the story a trio of Jobs friends seem to think in a similar manner.

"Someone in the story had the power to create natural disasters that ravaged Job's possessions and later Job himself. His friends in the story claimed 'The Mighty One did it' and He was punishing Job for his way of life. But they are proven wrong. Satan was behind it all. How

could Jobs friends be so wrong? What was their image of Theos? What's ours? Here an interesting observation; Job friends didn't know about the enemy. At least I haven't found any evidence that they did. Some rationalize it by saying that Theos allowed it. But again I ask what kind of picture of Him does that create? However, He is a master of taking advantage of our image of Him that can produce harm and turning it into good---if we'll let Him.

"In another account, it reveals that a member of the divine council visited this earth. Vulpine never misses an opportunity so here's what he tried. A great tempest arose whose purpose it was to kill Him and his close followers as they all set out in a boat to cross a body of water. It was bad real bad and they were shook up to the point that they really thought they were going to die. They woke Him up [can you imagine, He was asleep] and He actually spoke to the 'evil winds' to stop in the same way he often spoke to the Duns when they attempted to destroy. A translation of this recorded rebuke is noted by some scholars to indicate it meant---'to choke'--- Great description don't you think? Remember who created that storm?

"Then, in the last ancient book placed within these writings, it tells of our world changing and a new beginning, we also get a peek at the battle in this cosmic conflict as it unfolds and comes to an end. Some seem to interpret what's written as a sort of crystal ball and if

interpreted correctly will give us timely insight into present world events as signs leading to the end. People have been using it for this purpose for years and years. I was taught to believe that in the final act, a loving Creator will pour out his wrath on all that have refused his love. But I can't put that together with love your enemies; the normal or right way the Creator works and made the world to work?

"I can't help but wonder if there isn't another way of looking at it? Has Satan in his many disguises been unleashing unbelievable destruction on earth ever since he was cast here; in an effort to destroy anything that even resembles God's goodness? The bible does indicate the he knows his time is short therefore he's making increased effort to destroy!

"I think a reasonable argument can be given for that way of looking at the world: especially if our perception of Theos is He's always introducing loving and redemptive judgment [attempting to correct or make things right] rather than condemnation with a legal judgment: a crime has been committed therefore a punishment must be served in order for justice to be achieved. What will be the consequences of 'Vulpines rebellion? Will God deal differently with this enemy than the way He tells us to?

"The writings reveal how over the ages Satan's methods for destruction and victory using the 'survival of the fittest' model appears

to work. It demands rules and laws be set up by governments or dictators that are enforced by armies, demonic driven dictators and multi gods just to mention a few.”

Jacob stopped. He had a very serious look on his face. Then he posed this question. "Forgive this old blabbermouth for asking, does this make sense to you? My hope is anyone hearing this and interested will look around at our world and see the evidence of this menace destroying it and join the sacrificial way of living that's so contrary but the only way to defeat Vulpine.”

At that point Allen spoke up and said "Jacob, I have never heard these kind of statements you've made to help understand life. I'm fascinated with your way of seeing what it's all about. Vulpine was never exposed to me in this way and now I'm getting a completely new pair of glasses to view my reason for being."

"Yes Allen he employs any means his warped mind can create, that will gather allies to side with him to win. Like I said before, what's so incredible is; he knows he can't win and he knows his time is short but he refuses to give up. It's that old axiom 'Once you start something in motion it won't stop and could cause a mess before it runs out of energy. I just made that up but I think it's correct.'" A chuckle surfaced.

CHAPTER 25

REASON FOR THE ADVENTURE

The group continued to listen to these thoughts. Some had heard them before, to others they were new.

Jacob said, "I'll shut up if you'll let me make my final thought for tonight." A chuckle was heard as everyone nodded because it wasn't clear; did every one want to hear this last thought or did they want him to 'shut up'? Jacob knew both possibilities were possible but took a chance.

"Allen, here's why I think what you've experienced, needs to be heard. If we don't expose this enemy for what he is, 'a real 'Being' bent on destroying God's character and His wonderful creation, especially us and if we continue to acknowledge him as just 'evil', he'll continue having his way with our minds. Again I can't say it too often, he's after our minds! Unthinking minds are no threat to him.

"He'll constantly try to get you to fulfill your desires at another's expense and He'll continue to sell evil as just some T.V. series, a movie

or a series of books highlighting the dark side or maybe occult images that feed our need to be entertained by some scary media---and we buy it.

"Our culture is flooded with these images. I believe it numbs our perception of evil and especially its source.

"That horrendous graphic image you saw of minds being held captive; I think graphically represents his level of success. The old chronicles consistently reveal how minds are blinded and covered over by a veil. For sure if you're blinded by evil you can't see very clearly, you may even interpret evil as good.

"I shudder at the thought that Duns have been given the task of capturing our minds. But it sure helps to know that's the major battle ground.

"I wonder if we as followers of the 'Light'; frequently give off the 'message of good news' in a narrow manner. It's often presented in a way that is mainly about us; and that part is incredible, but it's not the whole story.

The part about us is presented as a way to have my sins forgiven; a way to get me to heaven and an absolute necessity for me staying out of hell. We don't say it just that way but for many years it's the way I understood it and many of my friends too. By acknowledging that view, people get 'saved [that's good] But constantly hearing only that

narrow view, those that are 'saved' sit back and rarely press deeper because 'they're saved' and that's the goal of the gospel. That term and view has delighted Vulpine and he's been able to turn it into a divisive tool separating the [I've done it so I have it], from the [you haven't done it so you don't have it] crowd. Instead we should be offering a gift of grace for a life to be healed from being me centered [and its consequences] to a life centered on loving others; It's not something you do, it's something offered to you to embrace; then you do it with gratitude and with help--- but that's not all.

"I've struggled for years with that potentially narrow self centered description of the 'good news' but don't misunderstand me or say that I don't think its important, its vital but when placed beside or together with another three, I think there's an expanded picture of God we need to communicate. These three have caused me to live life differently."

Like Jacob did once before [he seemed to get a kick out of doing it] he paused and said to himself, "What are the added three Jacob: then he paused again and gave that look with the twinkle in his eye, "I'm glad you ask that question.

A predictable cackle again. Jacob lifted both hands and slapped his knees.

"The Good news is;" he did that pause thing again---"one of the council came to our earth and through His coming performed everything necessary for us to connect with Deity, now and forever more. He's called the 'Savior'! What did He save us from you ask--- Death!

"Death, the greatest fear used by the enemy.

He stripped Vulpine of his tool box of death!"

That drew a wide eyed nod from almost everyone.

"How did He do that" he asked?

Like a rubber ball struck but attached to a paddle bounces back, the question catapulted out into the ears of those present, then the joyous reply rebounded back---"By His resurrection!"

Jacob was wound up again. "That historical event is evidence and a promise to us that we will too. It's stated in the writings that death is the greatest fear of man. Some will reject that [until they meet it face to face]. My experience in dealing with people certainly supports the fear factor. But I find it's often masked by avoiding any serious thought about it. Most people young and middle aged don't think much about it unless, like I said, they come face to face with it: old ones like us, well that's a different story"; a group smile unfolded acknowledging Jacobs position that age is a real motivator in thinking about death.

He continued "A writer has said there are three possible choices to think about death.

One, I believe there is an afterlife.

Two, no, everything ends at death.

Three, just avoid the question."

Jacob paused, looked at each one around the room and continued;

"The correct answer will be revealed at their death and maybe that will present a big problem for some.

"For us now it's one or two or three"--- Jacob paused, did that hand thing again and everyone said,

One!

Then another round of ha ha broke forth from that Joyful conclusion.

Jacob held up two fingers, quiet resumed. "Here's the second point in the trio, He came to demonstrate to us what God is really like!

"Let me reveal a haunting historical fact. The view that his 'chosen people' had of Him at the time of his visit to earth was so misunderstood they murdered Him! Just think about that for a moment." An extended pause took charge. Faces could be seen in serious thought. Then Jacob continued, "Once that idea got into my thick head, it caused me to ponder a sobering question---I'm a believer, at least I say I am and that makes me a 'chosen one' like

them, so if the early 'chosen one's missed knowing what God was really like---could I miss it too?

"No, not possible I answered myself.

"But in the back of my mind, tucked way inside, for years I've envisioned a shadow of a so called loving Father, watching intently over me with some sort of correction event that He had stored up. It was fashioned just for me and He would drop it into my life and use it to correct, test or punish me if He thought I needed it or deserved it, or maybe just stepped out of line a bit. I was subconsciously always waiting for that event. My mind battled with: I knew if it happened, I deserved it but I always tried to do things that would keep it from happening. I therefore served with a degree of fear though never admitting it."

It was quite a sight to see the heads bob up and down in agreement with Jacob's description.

He carried on. "I wondered if that's what those earlier 'chosen ones' had for their image of their Father. It appears from recorded history, that it was, or something very close to it, because of the rules and more rules they developed and were pressured into keeping so blessings would continue to flow and that correction wouldn't happen. It was only when I took a close look at Jesus, his life and his teachings and especially His 'love for me', that revealed to me a different

portrait of my God. Time for me to rethink and realize! God is like Jesus or more mind bending Jesus is God. That means that in that old section of the bible, the God we see up there with the big stick is Jesus. Really, can you put Him together with the 'big stick threat?'

A pause, then one more truth,

"His life and death revealed how destructive and hideous sin is!

Read the story and see what happened to this loving, Caring, Healer, Deliverer; the God who left perfection to become a human and experienced the brutal results of the lies that Satan has spread and we believe. When put together, [I've never seen a list] what Jesus experienced reveals to us the consequences we deserves because of sin, Vulpines full arsenal.

"Look at our world. Sometimes I am overcome with its condition.

"That word sin has almost vanished from our vocabulary except for some circles. And even many of those connect it with something that we do as an outward act.

"Examples are abortion, adultery, same sex marriage, murder, euthanasia; there's a long, long list. But I believe the deeper truth; the scary truth that Jesus revealed is--- it's the attitude of my heart that's

the source of sin: A heart that doesn't trust HIM because He has a big stick.

If I believe that it leads to keeping the list, there lays the problem wide open.

"For me it's hard to separate heart and mind. Book after book and sermon after sermon have tried to define the difference and similarities of them both. But Allen's visit to the underworld and the scene of locked up minds that refuse to accept or even consider the 'good news', grabs me and impels me to share with anyone I can, that Jesus has offered a way to not only get those minds released but make sure ours aren't captured in the first place."

"Finally, can I sneak in one more astounding thought about why that Champion came; one that is hidden within a mystery of impossible understanding--- He came to give us the right to become His children." Now it became obvious that the group was overcome with info that they needed to process.

"Jacob", Conny slowly lifted her hand. "Can I interrupt you for a moment?" "Conny you can interrupt me any time."

"I'm always overwhelmed at your insight. Let me say something that puts thoughts like this into action."

CHAPTER 26

WHAT IS VISION?

"Thank you. I've been in your midst and watched your life's work. So before you go on, would you let me share with Allen that you're more than just a nice old man that lives in a nice house on a nice street and invites people to his home for company and talks like this; not to mention Rebecca and her goodies." That brought a nod from the listeners.

"Well I guess if you feel something needs to be said Conny, go ahead."

"Allen, Jacob told me a long time ago, he believed that if people could see and experience God's love from others, that it could be a vehicle to prepare them to hear the story of his love for them too.

"But here's the catch, if you don't have His love first, the type of actions you show may be motivated by another reason, maybe it makes you feel good or eases your conscience, it may help fulfill your should do list, or build up your own importance in your eyes and the

eyes of others. Those reasons will create results, sometimes good but often questionable, because if their done for your good and not really for others: no matter how excellent they seem, its bingo--- I'm subtly doing what fulfills my desires and we fall victims from another 'Source'---fulfilling my need; rather than sacrificial love for others.

"Jacob's life story is enjoyable to hear but it's the results that I want to share. I don't want to embarrass you Jacob but would you let me tell Allen some of what's happening right now?"

"Conny like I said, if you feel you must do this, let me say that without you and so many others, none of what's occurring would take place. I have such a variety of wonderful people of all ages that have caught 'A Vision'---not my vision but their vision and working together, they keep me young and I'm thrilled to participate."

Conny went on to tell of the downtown centre for the disadvantaged, where they can eat a warm meal, find clothing, take showers, do their laundry, obtain some food to take home, all in a caring atmosphere that tries to make them feel accepted and of value. Also there's help to locate housing for those unable to afford the high cost of rent, also a short term shelter for those waiting for something better.

There's a special group that is constantly scouting the outskirts of the city too. They may find country folk that are suffering or in despair

because of job loss or sickness but don't have a close neighbor that even knows about them. Some kids have a club at their school that come together every couple of weeks and share anything they found out that might reflect an unfulfilled need. Those desperate for medical or legal matters also have access to help. There's delivered food for shut-ins, cards sent to cheer those cut off from loved ones or society; he's worked with many city churches and the response has been remarkable.

His connection with some out of the country disaster zones also turns up needs for help that can be addressed to make a difference.

One is a special orphanage, a place to bring dying babies that had HIV aids. They just went there to die and now a few years later because of a new vaccine most no longer die but are living healthy lives; as a matter of fact a school has been built to educate and build God's character into their lives.

Conny continued, "of course he's joined with others to accomplish these acts of love but it continues to grow as more people catch their vision to show what I call their *works of faith*. Jacob slipped in "Cool term"

She carried on with one last important point that she had learned that makes all the difference; "it's not about a vision of finding something to do or even meeting more needs, it's the reality that God

really loves me and from that love for me out flows a host of blessing, that's the real deal---the good news---the practical gospel to others. She paused and looked at each one and voiced this question; is there something you can do to direct God's love toward someone else? That could be as simple as a smile or as complex as running an orphanage.

"Here's my constant question." "Why does Jacob do this?"

"Many that work with him have asked the same question and they get the same answer:" she paused and looked at Jacob and asked him to---"tell us one more time."

Jacob was most uncomfortable with all this admiration being paid to him. He paused, brushed a tear from his eye took a deep breath and said "Well Conny I once heard the wonderful question; what would Jesus do? I think that has proven very effective in many situations and resulted in much good being done. However, I always had some difficulty with it because I realized I wasn't Jesus, some limitations apply, right?" he smiled. "It often left me wondering or wishing I had some 'miracle' power, something over and above what I had, so I often ended up doing nothing. I changed that question a bit and found it much more personal and doable.

"What would Jesus do if he were me? That's close to what was just said but it changed my approach.

"He has shown us that we are all [little Christ's] so with what I have and what I've been given, what can I do to show His love to someone? Then asking for His help in using what he has given me, it becomes a ball to watch what happens. Sometimes I have to stop the crazy pressures that I get caught in and ask myself that question again and again. Sometimes the answer is, go to sleep." A broad smile broke across his face.

He paused and Conny piped up,

"I never get tired of hearing that idea plus the illustration of 'God with a big stick'. Armed with these two thoughts it's tough to hold back, as we no longer feel obliged---to do, we feel grateful and privileged--- to serve any way we can.

"That's what he's been trying to do in asking you to share your story and adventure but also he is showing you another way to tell others about your story.

"It's demonstrating His love instead of telling everyone about the dangers of the Dark Side. That will only bring fear and people don't want that so they shut you out.

"Find a way to tell them about love and they'll listen. Even better find a way to demonstrate love and they'll be prompted to respond.

Turning directly toward Allen she said, "Hearing your story has helped me to see that we're in a much wider conflict than I thought

and that the warning given to us in the bible about not fighting against flesh and blood but against principalities and powers is far more real. Vulpine promotes selfishness [I gotta be right]; Theos empowers to love [what's the best I can do for this person]?"

She poised a statement of profound depth: "have you ever realized that the normal or natural way of living is love. The Creator made it that way. The abnormal way is survival of the fittest, The 'Deceiver' has convinced us that's normal.

"It's a life decision."---she paused "but the big question is; which way makes more sense to run the world?"

"Thanks Conny, That was very kind of you." Old Jacob now had full tears running down his face. Allen wanted that kind of compassion to invade his life. "To see others embrace the life that Savior left us, brings me such joy." Jacob whispered. Then with a great smile he continued; "I'm exhausted, let's call it a night."

Those present readied themselves to leave when Allen spoke up and said "Excuse me can I ask just one more question?"

Everyone paused. "Go ahead" urged Jacob.

"This is always bothering me, how can I be sure that God is with me? I know it in my head and it helps when I remember my adventure but sometimes I feel He's so far away and I can't just whip up a feeling and whoosh there He is."

All eyes turned to Jacob.

"Allen that's something I've always had trouble with. We put so much emphasis on feelings but not too long ago I read an ancient Psalm that said Theos is like our breath and that lit up a thought for me.

"If He is my breath, then take a deep one, and realize without that breath you would be dead. There's a visual connection for you. It's also interesting that the word breath also means spirit. That breath in you, His Spirit is keeping you alive. Everyone is connected whether they know it or not.

"It's too bad everyone doesn't realize it. So Allen when in doubt; take a deep breath--- that's the Divine one; can't get closer than that, right?"

"That's cool Jacob."

"Jim piped up "Hey, let's do it! It was a fun moment as everyone took a deep breath.

CHAPTER 27

CRASH OF INSIGHT

With that statement a deafening crash shook the whole house. It felt for a moment like it would shatter apart, then instantly total darkness!

Heavy rain could be heard beating on the roof. Everyone was aware that there was a storm brewing but this disruption was a total shock.

No one moved; something was different this was not just a normal interruption of power that they all had experience at one time or another. Now they just sat there engulfed in what felt like a deep, bottomless blackness. A presence seemed to compress each body making it hard to breath.

Later some said they felt like they were trapped in a time warp, with their thoughts going round and round in their heads. Then, the totally unexpected shattered the moment.

"Sit tight", boomed a voice in the dark. Those words split the gloom wide open and if that wasn't astounding enough; an accompanying roar of laughter jilted everyone---It was Jacob. What in the world is he laughing about?

Then he blurted this announcement that also cut the black veil covering everyone, "I think he's at it again!" "What, who's at what again" blurted out a questioner? "Darkness himself" replied Jacob.

Would you believe it a slight pause and then a chuckle then another, and another, soon everyone began to laugh; it was nervous at first but before long everyone could be heard just hooting. What a release from the grip of anxiety paralyzing this collection of seekers.

During this moment of hilarity, Allen felt for the gold box he had placed in his pocket, there it was! As the level of laughter receded somewhat, he opened it; every one gasped as the whole room was flooded with light, the earring radiated just like it did in the escape from the Dark Region.

It prompted Allen to shout this reply to Jacob, "So is He!" A group 'Wow' filled the room.

Then like a planned conclusion to this startling event the electricity revived and the lights burst on; everyone watched as Allen cradled the earring back into its captivating container.

No one could find words to express what just happened; spell bound they just settled back into their chairs.

The room grew quiet. You could tell all minds were reeling from these two conflicting experiences of darkness and light.

Finally Jacob broke the silence.

"Forgive me for invading your moment of thought, but I think there's something far reaching for us in this wonder we've just shared. He stood up from his chair, bent over and placed his hands on the table in front of him, paused---then voiced an interesting observation.

"I want to present something to think on as you leave with this experience lodged in your mind.

"Let me start by admitting I have never experienced such an intense darkness as when the lights went out. It wasn't just that they went out we've all had that happen before; it was the deep feeling of obscurity that began penetrating my whole being and though in reality it was only for a short time, in my mind it seemed extensive almost endless."

Allen's mind quickly went back to his imprisonment in the Dark Region. It had seemed endless to him but he remembered Mike telling him differently.

Much to Jacob's surprise everyone was nodding yes and sending out agreement mutters indicating---yeah, me too. "That's remarkable that you all felt the same thing.

"When Allen revealed that light source of mystical proportion from another dimension, it eliminated the darkness and what was so incredible; I noticed there were no shadows in the room. The whole appearance was breathtaking! The color, the intensity, it's ability to lighten the room with warmth and comfort and on top of that, my whole being felt afire with light.

"Darkness just disappeared! I don't know where it went; it just disappeared from our midst."

As usual it was delightful to see this old one so excited and full of thoughts that everyone found helpful.

"Here's my flicker of insight," he chuckled.

"When our champion appears, all darkness will disappear; not even the need for a sun. Exactly how that will take place, I don't know but this experience has stirred me to remember something silly

"When I was a young like way back [a chuckle] there was a little kids song, This Little Light of Mine, I'm gona let it shine? Most of you won't remember it." So the old saint began to sing it.

"This little light of mine, I'm, gona let it shine....." Some knew it and joined in; others just sat back and listened, it was cool.

"I think we can all be a light to scatter 'Mr. Darkness' and his evil.

"Here's one other suggestion.

"Don't get all bent out of shape and entangled about the end times like, when will the return happen, what about the final judgment, first death, second death, who goes here and who goes there. Rather remind yourself of what's coming: you tasted that in the Kingdom you visited Allen, right?"

Allen confirmed with his ever present word of wisdom, "Man it was---cool"

Jacob exhorted, "Learn to live in the time that you have now. I have a feeling we'll all be surprised soon enough.

'The Light', He'll make those decisions quickly and rightly; all that stuff theologians spend their time trying to figure out, though important, won't stop the darkness but when the 'Great Earring' makes His entrance the brightness from His consuming fire will cause all darkness to disappear; it will be burned up. We think we know just how that will happen but the older I get and the more I get to know His character, I think we'll all be surprised. Someone has said that in the end God's offer of love will be responded too in one of two ways. One group with resounding openness and thanksgiving, then abiding with Him forever; the others whom reject that love will experience His love

as a consuming fire that in some way, sadly but surly will remove darkness.

"Go home in peace and enjoy your encounters with whoever Theos connects you with and as you show His love He'll teach you more. Remember our mind wants certainty in everything but our faith is built on evidence that we can't prove, the stronger the evidence the greater our trust. If we could prove everything---we wouldn't need faith. He looked at Allen with a warm smile and said

"I kinda like that name Theos for God."

Everyone bid each other good night and went their separate ways.

Allen's mind as usual was trying to decipher the events. One thing that stuck in his mind was the comment that was spoken about the manner in which he told people about his adventure in the dark side, and why it didn't have impact like he thought it would.

Now he would make a shift: be prepared when asked but make sure people are ready to hear [when possible prepare a way] rather than just appearing to have had this incredible experience and giving the impression, you better listen to what I have to say.

Another one of Jacob's comments told of an old saint from the past that was supposed to have said; Go and preach/spread the gospel and if you have too, use words. He pondered these two thoughts as he

headed for home and wondered about his ongoing quest here on earth.

What would his role be? Whatever it was the question about the chosen one was becoming very clear; he wasn't chosen for heaven while some others weren't; he was chosen to show God's love to everyone he had opportunity too. Man that answered a mess of questions for him.

Finally he remembered the life giving scene he witnessed in the creation of man; where the Creator breathed into His creation and how Legion placed heavy emphasis on breath being the connector or visible cord between Theos and man, and that's just what Jacob said.

So he stopped right where he was and took another deep breath, paused; looked at the starry heavens and breathed out a grateful, "Thank you that I'm connected."

As the ride towards home always did, so many more questions emerged in Allen's mind, two especially seemed to dominate.

What's with this earring? Why did Legion give it to me and who's this 'other' I'm to meet?

CHAPTER 28

A FINAL PART TO THE PUZZLE

It was two weeks since his last meeting at Jacob's house. Allen found himself experiencing life in a way he never thought could happen. Approaching adulthood and what that meant was not something that he had given much attention. But having his adventure and accompanying experience's plus meeting Jacob, gave him a completely different *world view*. That was a term introduced to him by some other friends and even his sociology teacher used it. In short it meant, what's your way of explaining the world? Within the period of a couple of weeks he began to find meaning and purpose he never knew existed. His new friends, new outlook, new meaning created a new 'cool sensation'. "Man everything is new" was his current term.

He had just arrived home from wrestling practice and was just about to sample some of Mom's cookies when the phone rang, it was Jacob. "Hey Allen, how ya doing"? They chatted about usual day to day activities for a brief time of catching up and then Jacob asked, "Is there

any chance you could drop over tonight, I've got something I want to talk about?"

Without hesitation Allen affirmed he could. A time was agreed upon and Allen continued his usual routine, take out the garbage, doing his homework, setting the table for mom that he had done since he was just a kid, then check to see if there was any mail for him. He was applying for a college scholarship. He had excelled in wrestling and hoped that he would be accepted for one of the positions offered at a college he hoped to attend. It wasn't a glamorous sport like football, basketball or hockey but it held the reward of achieving in a sport that few people know very much about and was satisfying to him; not to mention his new found wrestling buddy that attended the church he went to. They spent a lot of time hanging out and talking about life and what it meant to them.

Arriving at Jacobs and greeting Rebecca, he then entered that warm inviting room and as usual felt the great pleasure and anticipation it always provided, this time the anticipation was ultra high.

Jacob shuffled over to the fire place and put on a fresh set of logs, then motioned for Allen to sit down.

Allen didn't say anything, he just watched as Jacob came back to his chair, settled in comfortably and looked at Allen with that friendly

glitter that said, a comment of interest was about to emerge. "Allen," Jacob spoke with a questionable tone, "do you remember a few weeks back when the eight of us were together and the power went out?" Allen replied in the affirmative. "Well I've been pondering that event and I want to share with you what I think it and the earring revelation wanted to show us."

Allen put his hand to his right ear and stroked it gently, yep the stone was there.

Allen said, "Jacob, I've slept wonderfully ever since I began wearing it to bed."

Nodding his head Jacob replied "Yes, I remember you told me how super that was. So that change, plus a few other things I'm aware of, caused me to ponder and wonder what that extraordinary event was all about.

One of the first questions I had was, why doesn't the earring give off its wonderful brilliance all the time, why only when there is darkness, and not only that but it glows only in a certain kind of darkness. It doesn't keep you awake at night does it?"

"No not at all" answered Allen.

"Well, here are my thoughts. Do you remember on your front porch meeting with Legion, that he told you that you would meet up with someone that I would introduce you too?"

"Yes, I remember that and I wondered who that would be, but I'd put it in the back of my mind."

Jacob continued. "My conclusion is based on the part of your journey where you described Legions meeting with the 'Council'. You described each one of them in detail. Your description of the third one was quite different from the other two. All were breath taking but this one was distinct. You said Legion felt like he was being examined deep within; I think you used the term X rayed as an example."

Allen reinforced Jacob's description with "Yah, he told me, it was like a search light that lit up all his inner most thoughts."

Jacob continued "Now that struck a chord with me: you also said his mind felt like it was being washed of darkness. Allen the One Being in the council or trinity that's identified with doing this is the Spirit [the very breath of Theos] His ability to alert us of evils lure is remarkable. Over and over in the ancient writings He's quietly seen in the unique role of 'helper' when activating His enlightening power. There are other areas where He excels but I can't help but wonder if you've been promised a connection to Him, a gift to use that will help unlock those deceived minds that Vulpine has imprisoned.

"There's a very cool explanation into our human state identified in the manuscripts written about two thousand years ago. It's in a letter sent to believers in an ancient city called Corinth. It talks about minds

being covered or veiled, in modern English it's translated blinded; like being in a dark prison.

Allen was stunned by Jacob's comments. If this is true, what does it mean, how does it work; what does he do now?

A bleak picture began to form in Allen's mind; all those captives imprisoned in the Dark Region.

"Now wait a minute Jacob, are you suggesting something here?" As usual his imagination took off like the start of a formula 500 car race.

"Well Allen, I think you'll have to let this percolate and be open to events that may confirm this mission as being appropriate and see what direction if any, comes out of it. I'd love to walk through this with you."

Allen was surprised and pleased that Jacob took such an interest in him. With his wisdom and the earring mystery, he anticipated something is going to happen. But as usual his mind was spinning like the wheel of fortune and wondering what space it would land on. Until then, he knew his daily life of meeting new friends and exploring the things happening down town, will all help him continued to tell and live the message of his adventures in a very new positive way; by loving and hoping those who experience it will take heed of its offer for living.

The present is visible the future is a mystery waiting to unfold.

As in JUNTA the meaning of the earring and its stone is found in the book of Revelation chapter 2:17b NIV