

A BROTHER OF DRAGONS

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Victor Darnell Hadnot

“Yet she betrayed at times a gleam of sense” Byron

The village night was cold as the Winter frost closed unkindly—Alantia walked over to the others—next to the freshly kindled fire—the night sky was diamonded with stars, “That Norkellan patrol we encountered must have known of our recent battle with Lord Crecos.”

The others motioned her to sit next to them by the fire—Samson voiced, “Sometimes the patrols are cautioned to do nothing—even when they suspect that something is wrong. This cuts back on ambushes and unwanted attacks.”

The old man—Rampart nodded and began to speak with his breath frosting and smoking out, “Samson is right—we have to beware because we are not dealing with simple barbarians—these are different—they are well trained and disciplined. They will go back to their commander of their squadron—they will report that they have encountered riders that are of a suspicious nature. But tonight—we give our horses rest and provender.”

Samson uttered, “We will reach Kufa by noon if we rise early and ride hard. “

Alantia said, “You are assuming that we don’t run into trouble along the way.”

Samson countered, “That is the whole point in starting to ride at the crack of dawn.”

Alantia put forth, “I was thinking about a trouble that can catch us no matter what—I was thinking about Minekis the dragon. He does Crecos’ business.”

Rampart spoke, “He only does Crecos’ business because it pleases him at the moment—know you that dragons are deceitful creatures—they come in many forms. Once they ruled the world in darkness—way before the arise of mankind. They were terrible creatures—but God Almighty spoke and there was light—and the heavens and the things there in formed—some that were too powerful were relegated to the pit—that ancient portal to the netherworld. While others slipped about—seeking to deceive the newly formed creation.”

Alantia glanced at Samson—she and he had been in love for quite some time—but they also fought side by side, “They take many forms also...”

Samson nodded, “Once—when I was in battle—I saw one of them transform right before my eyes. I’ve always wondered about this sort of magic and wizardry.”

Rampart cautioned, “Don’t be taken in by the dragon’s magic—it comes from somewhere where darkness can only exist. They often make themselves out as creatures of light and reason to deceive mankind so they can steal souls—because in the end—that is all dragons feed on—the souls of men and woman.”

Some of the others sitting around the fire listening reacted to what was being said—someone spoke, “If a dragon comes near to me I’ll cut it asunder with my Celtic sword!”

Rampart smiled and nodded, “No doubt, my friend—this would we all do. But our mission is to inform the king of Kufa of what we have spied out.”

Samson said, “Crecos doesn’t take kindly to spies in his part of the woods. No doubt we have been betrayed by a traitor—from somewhere inside the castle.”

Alantia nodded, “This I think we all can agree on—Crecos has managed to plant one of his own inside our very ranks—the problem is why would anyone want to side with such evil?”

The trails that lead us all to a different reality and a different possibility is covered in gold and dreams of creation—the essence of our lives and the passiveness of the created’s ability to change that which is not meant to be changed. The times of the future and the times of the past—looking out into the heavens—we see not the nameless stars and galaxies of a universe created by the hands of God—but our own alternate reality. Behold it is upon us even as we ponder the mysteries of the universe and the mystery of creation—for there are things both seen and unseen—and the greater are the things that we can not see.

In the kingdom of Gossarmoth—there dwelled a multitude of dragons—and most dragons conformed to the spiritual shackles of their damnation—for dragons hate mankind—and ever seek to do battle with the children of man. But even in that state of being are those who dare to defy the word of God—and do dwell amongst the living—they are the great deceivers—the ones that can change their form—shape-shifters are they—even in ancient folklore—tales have been told about beings that can change their form—in order to do evil among the villagers. Witches they were called and wizards they were supposed—but deep inside of them were the seeds of deception and the invasion of the spiritual world—for who said that all alien occupations have to be in the physical realm of existence. Is it not more probable that beings from another reality than our own—have inhabited our tiny world—from the beginning. The forests thrives with creatures both fantastic and grotesque.

We are truly living in a world and universe without time—for the self imposed concepts are contrivances of mankind—given to us by beings that hope to change the outcome of a not so distant war—by changing the past one can change the future—but at what cost? Smarter than ourselves—the dragons—beings that are as diverse as the stars—truly—no two dragons look exactly alike—are true testament of God’s creative powers. For there are multitudes of forever of angels in God Almighty’s service—and the Fallen Ones—they came from the ranks of the Holy Ones.

But the power of God is greater than any man can imagine—and indeed—no angel or demon or man can even unlatch the Lord’s sandals. For it has been foretold that the Kingdom of God comes at a heavy price—the blood of Jesus Christ.

It was at morning—just at the crack of dawn—the light was all but detectable—the early rise of the sun—the group with Alantia and Samson rose and gathered themselves together—and they began their quest—riding like their lives depended on it—because they sensed in their souls—that it did. The mystical creatures of the forest sensed it also. For some flew by and whispered warnings of a coming danger—because Crecos had gotten word—not doubt from the spy within the castle walls—and was sending his hell-babes to do battle with the brave warriors of the Castle Kufa.

Rampart was the oldest of the three friends in the riding party—he had seen things that few men could live to see—but because of his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ—God had allowed him to live so that he could share his wisdom with the others. For brave Rampart in his youth had fought dragons of all sorts—for they do disguise themselves as men. Gaining unfound wealth and riches and power here upon the land of the living. And all those who seek to copy their ways with envy—are blind to what and who they are offering to be like—for there are many things unseen—and it is exactly those things that can undo a man or a woman.

As always—death comes with the ugly creatures and fairies fluttered pass the riders—whispering things to guide them on for the forest knew and sensed what was coming. It was a time to seek shelter for the Winter cold sank into the bones and caused them to ache. Samson called out to the others that they would find lodging when they could up in a village.

Samson had been fighting a band of demon trolls—he took a jaw of a dead lion—the bone and beat the band into submission—about time that the others got wind of the battle—most of the demon trolls had been defeated. But the others took swords up and began to slay the remaining ones—however in the process of rescuing their colleague—Rampart got wounded and they had to take him to a nearby inn—where he could get medical attention.

Alantia entered the bed chamber where Samson had been sleeping—she whispered, “I checked with the healing-woman—Rampart is going to be alright—but he will require considerable rest.”

Samson rolled over—his mighty chest showing, “We should have been there for him—he’s our friend and our mentor—how could we have been so careless?”

Alantia slowly undressed and climbed into bed with him, “It is we who should have been there for you—those horrible demon trolls could have killed you.”

Samson kissed her softly on the lips, “It is not about that—I can take care of myself—didn’t you see how many of those foul creatures I had slain before the rest of you came into the battle.”

Alantia kissed him back—but more passionately—their warm bodies touching, “Yes—and it was very impressive. However—you should be aware—that not all of your battles have to be fought by yourself. We are a team—appointed by the King of Kufa himself. But there is greater meaning in these doings than meet the eye.”

Samson agreed as he touched her warm full breast, “Crecos has found us—he has sent his evil demon trolls to draw us out. And in this part of the forest—the Woods of Vahall—it can only mean that the evil Sorceress Plagia—that vile witch is now once more in league with Crecos.”

Alantia uttered as they made love, “You are right—in the past it would have seen that Plagia and Crecos were at semi-war with each other—each one trying to gain the advantage—trying to get the others land.”

Samson said, “Yes—but the land once belonged to the kingdom of Kufa until the vile dragon—Minekis came into the realm—siding with the evilness of the Dark Forest. Minekis has managed to keep the balance of power off scale ever since.”

Alantia uttered, “I think the old dragon has other plans—while he does indeed side with Crecos and because of recent revelations—also with Plagia—but this could mean that the evil Slumona is in the forest.”

Samson spoke, “That would explain why the creatures of the forest are so upset—the whispers that they tried to convey to us.”

Alantia said, “I am afraid that all of this goes way beyond the spy in the castle walls—if the Slumona is indeed coming—then there must be a greater threat to the kingdom than was first expected.”

Samson howled, “Perhaps they seek to overtake the kingdom itself—this time—by uniting all their total evil—all together?”

Alantia agreed, “It would seem like they are working together—more so than in the past.”

Samson stated, “And the spy within—this traitor must be revealed by the revelations of the Prophetess Zorina. We will bring the scrolls to her—she will be able to interpret the writing—and it will reveal the traitor to the kingdom.”

Alantia put forth, “But first we must make sure that Rampart is going to be well and that his health will be resorted.”

Samson answered, “We can enquire of Zorina—she will pray to the Lord Jesus Christ...”

Oh praise the Lord Jesus Christ with the sound of the music as it flows
 Let every music be pure as we praise our Lord God with all our hearts
 And all of our souls and all of our minds for the Lord will not let us suffer
 Forever but He will come to us and save us and lift us up on high places

I walked through the Forest of Nimegog where there lived vile creatures
 But I walked through this forest with the Lord Jesus Christ holding my
 Hand for the Lord will not leave you as do men and women because they
 Are but mere flesh while God Almighty is beyond this universe's understanding

Many times has the Lord Jesus saved my life and I remember those moments and
 Will give thanks to the Lord for He did not have to have mercy on my soul but
 Out of the multitude of His kindness and the grace of His Spirit has the Lord
 Delivered me from the evils of Zkryshogin and made me to drink sweet waters

Woe to those who shame themselves with the evils of this world for they have
 No true understanding of the Truth which is God's alone and there are no other
 Truths out there except that Jesus Christ is the Son of God and yes even the evil
 Demons know that the Son of God is Jesus Christ but it is up to mankind to believe

For what good does it do us if we run into caves and hide ourselves with the ideas
 Of the wickedness of the world for it is lawful to sin in this world so long as we
 Follow the worldly laws of the rich and the aristocracy for the rich and wealthy
 Have always oppressed the poor by passing laws to elevate the rich and powerful

But who is more powerful than God Almighty and who is richer than the Lord of
 Host for God owns everything in the universe and in the unknown universe and the
 Treasures of Heaven make the world's wealth seem like toys that children play with
 For the true wealth in Heaven are the saved ones for they are precious to Christ Jesus

Let not the adulteries of the world bring down the spirit of belief for they seem to
 Do will but for a time and some times are longer than others but the Lord Jesus will
 Reward the one who hold fast to their faith in God and who do their best to conform
 To the commands of the Lord for God knows our hearts and understands our weakness

So who is strong in the world and let him become weak as a new born baby for it
 Is not with our power that things get done but with the power of God Almighty that
 Any of us wake up the next day for without the Lord we would be as dead as the
 Demon dinosaurs whose dead fossilized remains we find buried within the dirt

But I know that my God lives and His name is Jesus Christ for he heals the sick
 And feeds the poor and love not the rich and powerful because no one has more
 Wealth than the Lord Jesus Christ and no one can save you when it is your time
 To die except the Lord Jesus and I pray every day for the salvations of the charity

The wicked evil sorceress Plagia and the good prophetess Zorina had it out—with a battle to determine whose powers were greater—and to allow the group to pass through the Dark Forest—the section in which Plagia had influence. In the end the Prophetess Zorina defeated Zorina for a season by using the power of Faith in God Jesus Christ. But there would be other battles that the two would engage in.

Samson rode up next to the horse drawn wagon—which carried Alantia and Rampart—because Rampart was still too sick to ride a horse alone—Samson said, “I just got through surveying the road ahead—it looks quiet enough—for now.”

Alantia uttered, “Now that the Prophetess Zorina has deciphered the scrolls that we found in the land of Mog—we know who the traitor connected to Crecos is—it’s a woman who works in the palace as a servant to the queen.”

Samson said, “We can use this information to our advantage.”

Rampart—who was wrapped in warm blankets said, “Indeed—instead of just revealing who the traitor amongst us is—when we get back—perhaps we can calm the king’s anger—and offer up a better plan—to watch the traitor secretly and make sure that the information that she gets is controlled.”

Alantia nodded, “It is a good plan—but something still bothers me about all of this.”

Samson voiced, “What could bother you? We have defeated the evil witch sorceress Plagia! We know who the traitor is that has been feeding Crecos information—and the dragon Minekis—can not complete the plans to forge an alliance against us—because we can control the information that the spy receives.”

Rampart uttered, “Not to mention that we may still have an ally to the south—the good king of Itsaem—they are reported to be full of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as is our kingdom of Kufa. According to the now deciphered scrolls—Crecos and Minekis were unable to subvert the kingdom of Itsaem—they are hated by Minekis and Crecos—just like we are hated by them.”

Samson announced, “I think I will take a journey to Itsaem—maybe get the king of Kufa to finance a small group of warriors to bring greetings and a letter of invitation—to join forces against the dragon Minekis and Crecos and Plagia.”

Rampart smiled, “That is the exact idea I had—perhaps it can lead to stability in this region. I will join you on this quest.”

Alantia quickly interjected, “Hey—hold on there for a moment—you forget how sick you really are—there will be no taking of journeys for you!”

Samson tried to smooth over the thing, “Perhaps—we can wait until Rampart is well again—then we can go to the kingdom of Itsaem.”

Alantia smiled and nodded, “Now that sounds more sensible. We can’t have you getting worst—just when you are starting to get better—besides—we need to see how much the traitor in the courts of Kufa knows.”

Samson blurted, “Still I have concerns—serious reservations.”

Rampart questioned, “About what?”

Alantia spoke, “You worry too much about things that none of us have any control over.”

Samson went on, “If there is one traitor amongst us—is it too much to consider that there might be more spies amongst us?”

The group fell silent for a moment—all considering the ramifications—Alantia finally broke the silence, “We have to deal with what we know—but we can limit who comes to know what...”

