THE

CHRONICLES

OF

MORIN

The Chronicles of Morin

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“..**The fearful, and unbelieving, and abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters and all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone where the devil, the beast and the false prophets are and shall be tormented day and night forever and ever”**

**(Revelation 20 vs 21; 21 vs 8)**

Chapter 1

In the Island of Morinzarich situated in the Far East; lies a city-Koti, a city of light and grandeur that boasts of all manner of life appeasements. There was a verse in that verse life was that of darkness. Men, women and children almost all became peddlers of it……

Chapter 2

Morin, that is his name. Is it a beauty? Or Wealth? What is it? He has it all, all of them but there is something he doesn’t have, something he is graciously vacuum off and that thing is.…..when he acts, his actions stalk like a ghost in the night. He was poring over one of his ancient books that hold secrets of dark powers when knocks came hitting at his door. Initially, he paid no attention to it, but as the intensity and the frequency topples, he interrupted immediately

“Who is that importunate fellow?" He asked with that genteel accent that marked his features.

“Is Rosalina my lord; is the lady of doom.”

"What does thou seek, my daughter?"

"I seek nothing beyond an audience with you."

“My child,” he said halting. “Go!” He commanded.

“Is something of importance, my Lord!”

“If it is as you said then enter."

Rosalina came in but with her back and walked like that. That is a must way of going into this secret chamber of his, and a spurn whether done out of ignorance or willingly has a great prize attached to it and that is death. There was this day that one of his acolytes breached the law although Morin has grown a fondness for her because of her unparalleled services she provides. But, his fondness for her didn't save her from her infraction. On that day, Linda mourned in tears crying out her soul, but neither her displays nor her pleadings could alter the irrevocable Morin's mind. Slowly he carved out her heart from her body.

As Rosalina was approaching him, he chanted some words of dark sayings and immediately, a thick darkness took over the room.

“You can now turn,” Morin said.

She turned.

"My lord, Is matter that regards the spoil I brought I seek to intimate you about.”

“That is great Rosalina, very great of you but whose gene is your spoil off?”

"My spoil is a male my Lord, but of his descent, I don't know for his accent and colour are something of a compromise.”

“Go and bring him.”

Rosalina was about turning when she felt a hand gripped her right shoulder. She cringed immediately.

“Be still my child and do not turn unless you have grown weary of living……

FULL VERSION COMING OUT SOON..