Warrior of God

CHAPTER 1

It is muggy and raining. The death caravan (a long line of vehicles heading from the funeral home to the grave site); in the Hurst, in the coffin, lays the body of a once gorgeous lady. She had died as it seemed a natural death. The coroner had no other reason to conclude anything else was possible in her death. There have been a lot of deaths that seem to be the exact same, at least it seems to be in the same way.

The weather is always the same on a new funeral day. It never fails to be muggy and raining on that particular day, the day after someone has died in their sleep. There are so many suspicions about what is killing everyone in their sleep. But, still there is no logical answer, or so it seemed. Just fictional reasons. Some say that Death has came back into town. Others say it was just their time. “What? How can that be when a few of them were only teenagers?” Asked the coroner to the Chief of Police. The town's Top Dog answered with deep confusion in his voice. “Well Bill, you may never know why. And, maybe no one will know what killed you when you are dead lying here on this table, the famed table of death.” He chuckled as if it was a funny joke to The Top Cop.

`At the County Sheriff's Office, the Town's Mayor, Mayor Jon Burch and the Sheriff were having a meeting. They were meeting about what to do about the deaths in their town. Sheriff also Chief of Police who's name is Luc Dronnie; he said to Mayor Burch “what would you suggest we should do to keep our town's people safe? I know I would rather see them all live and keep this town growing. So what do you suggest we do, then?” Mayor Burch let out a low sigh that said he is full of worry and terrified shitless. He had to take a deep breath to recompose himself. Then he said to Sheriff Dronnie. “Well Luc, I don't know yet what to do, yet. I'm working on a strategy plan to find out and cure this curse of whatever it is that's killing everyone.” Mayor Burch stopped to take a deep breath. “I know”, Sheriff Dronnie continues, “when we find the source we will conquer it.” Jon nodded in agreement.

Near the High School of Pocatello, Idaho; Pocatello High School, is the Brentwood Manner. A couple were having a BBQ with their friends on their lawn. They live next to The Brentwood Manner in a small blue house. A young puppy was wondering around looking for someone to take him in, maybe a him, it is hard to determine the gender of the puppy. It is certain what breed or at least it seems to be a German Shepard. One of the family members, a young adult who is a College student at Idaho State University. His name is Jared. Jared notices the puppy and he walks over to where he/she is. The puppy whines and whimpers as he approaches it. “Shh, it's alright I want to help you and take care of you. I will give you a home, a home with me and my sister. Sound good, Jerry Lee? Is that a name you like? The name is from a movie I especially enjoy, K-9, the dog's name is Jerry Lee in the movie.” Jerry Lee barked his high pitched puppy bark in agreement.

After the BBQ was over and Jared, his sister Janice and Jerry Lee was home; they all stepped out of Jared's old beat up Dodge Ram pickup; when inside Jerry Lee immediately noticed a certain smell. There was another dog there. The other dog is already familiar with Jerry Lee. They both sat next each other looking like they knew what to expect from that time to next morning. They really did. That night Jared and Janice was sleeping soundly when a sudden death defining nightmare approached their minds. In Jared's nightmare of death, he was walking on a never ending trail in some unknown wooded area. In the far distance he thought he noticed a very unsettling image, but, he wasn't for sure. He started towards the image. When he thought he was close the image somehow disappeared into an even further distance. Finally, he reached the image after what seemed like an hour or so. The image was no image at all. It was a red eyed creature he had never seen before, but yet he had. He watches a lot of horror movies as well as action. And he reads a lot. So he thought he had seen this creature in one of the horror movies, or at least something like it. Though it looked like one of those you would see on a late at night movie. This particular creature has never been seen, not by anyone who is still living. Only those who are now deceased. The creature came at him at such speed he turned to run but, his surroundings had changed; he was now standing on the top of Pocatello High School. An unknown presence tried to push him off. He fought until it gave up. Then this creature appeared again with rage filling its nostrils as they flared and its growling voice that sounded like demonic or maybe it was the sound a Reaper would make as it talked. Suddenly the creature flew at Jared with its jet black hair spiking knocking him down to his death. Jared died at 10:30 PM that night. Something strange about the time of his death, the clock stopped precisely at 10;30 PM and stayed there stuck forever, or will it this time?

Janice fell asleep a little while later. As soon as she closed her eyes her lethal nightmare began. Alone in her nightmarish dream she found herself in her classroom at the College. Her Professor was standing at the front of the classroom writing something on the dry erase board. She was writing in blood REPETITION and PAIN IS CAUSED BY PLEASURE. All the students were not the normal pupils. Instead they were creatures some with red eyes and some with pure black without any other color eyes. They turned to look at Janice with death defining stares. Janice tried to run but she couldn't. The creatures ran to their prey. Janice screamed a blood curdling scream of pure terror. All at once Janice was not there anymore instead she was standing on grass. It was where she was the day before. Everyone walked passed her as if she were invisible like a ghost. She was not seen by anyone. She had seen one creature with jet black hair and red, rage filled eyes. The creature snarled at Janice as it marched toward her with a shock wave like stumping to its prey. Janice stood paralyzed from being so horrified as her death toll came to end her life.

Back in Janice's bedroom blood escaped out from her nostrils and mouth as she took her final breath, in her final few moments. Puncture wounds suddenly appeared from an apparent stabbings as if someone or something had stabbed her to death. Janice's eyes rolled back into her head as she died. Her final gasps were sounds that no one heard because no one else was alive in the house.

It was a couple days until Jared and Janice were found. The two dogs were gone, not to be found anywhere they were not dead they just disappeared.

When Janice's and Jared's bodies were found it was in the afternoon two days later. When they hadn't shown up to any of their college classes all of their friends and family were extremely worried about their well-being. It was their mother who found their corpses. As she walked into Jared's bedroom once filled with bright, white walls; now the walls are blood red with words written in black, PAIN IS CAUSED BY PLEASURE. The words were written in big bold letters. Underneath those words read in almost illegible cursive writing, REPETITION IS NOW AND FOREVER! Their mother screamed so loud it alerted everyone who was standing outside. Everyone came running into Jared's room they saw the horrifying sight and some of them even some of the men felt as if they would faint from the terror that flowed through their veins with a sharp spike of deep pain. All at once Jared's horrific, dead body gave a huge jolt as if he was just shocked by paddles of life. It made everyone cry out with blood curdling horror, they ran out of the room pushing and shoving as they fled. Even the men had tear streaked faces. In fact, the men were more traumatized than the women were.

CHAPTER 2

At the funeral home the bodies were laying in the cooling room after they were examined by a mortician. When there was no one around Jared's body suddenly sat up, the plastic covering fell off his body and onto the floor. He tried to stand up with difficulty. Once he was able to stand, he walked out of the cooling room. He saw an old mirror laying on the floor. The mirror looked very old as if it was transported from another time in many hundreds of years ago. He picked it up, looked into it, he dropped it but it did not break. Jared didn't see himself as he was. His face was different. He no longer looked like his old self before his terrible fate, or it seemed like his fate. Jared heard a heavenly voice talking to him, or at least it sounded like a heavenly voice. He turned but saw no one, he took another look around then he saw some man whom he had never seen in reality. He had seen a similar dressed man in a movie he enjoyed watching. The man was had on a long white, leather jacket with gun holsters around his waist with two six shooters in both holsters. There were two types of crosses hanging from his neck. One was a plain, pure gold cross with Jesus's name engraved in it. The other one was a wooden made from an unknown source of wood, unknown by man anyway, with Jesus's face engraved on it. The one with Jesus's face engraved in it isn't like the kind used by anyone in the world, the engraving is different, it was pure and simply Jesus's face without him being crucified. Nor did it have a crown of thorns on top of his head. On top of Jesus's head was a halo. And, in fact he has a bright smile on his purified face.

The man walked up to Jared and introduced himself. “My name is Eragian (Era-g-yan). I am your mentor and trainer. I am here to train you to fight the pure evil in this town. The evil is what killed you and your sister. You are to choose a new name, one that is both heavenly and of warrior type. You may not believe me, but, you were chosen to conquer this evil by the Lord as his and Heaven's warrior. Also, the warrior for the world. Your new name must not in any way be similar to your earthly name. Are you willing to do so?” Eragian said all this in a low tone as to not wake anyone even though everyone around is dead. He looked at Jared with deep remorse for him. Eragian remembered just how hard it is to accept a new fate, a fate of conquering all evil beings that threaten both Heaven and earth.

Jared thought for a long time about what kind of name he would want and if all of this is real or not. A name popped into his mind a name that was a little bit heavenly, mostly warrior kind. “I know what name I prefer, my name shall be Lenkinic. I know it may seem a bit weird but I like it and I think it fits me best, plus it is different.” Eragian nodded his head in approval, and he was smiling showing his pearly white teeth. “Now, let's get you some clothes and boots. Shall we?” Asked Eragian as he stretched out his right arm for Lenkinic to grab onto to be led out to the hallway. The hallway was empty except for the two men. A tall, white dresser with the numeral 7 written in light blue paint appeared in front of them as they walked out the door of the examination room. Lenkinic opened the top drawer to choose his final wardrobe. The wardrobe he will wear for all eternity. His wardrobe is of a white T-shirt and light blue jeans. There was also a light blue leather jacket that was long just like Eragian's. A leather gun holster appeared around Lenkinic's hips with two automatic hand guns. And around his shoulders a bullet holder appeared with bullets already on it. Eragian asked, “Are you ready for this?” Lenkinic replied with certainty, “yes, I am ready. Let's do this.” They both walked out into the sunny day ready to find the evil and battle.

The day of the funeral was a muggy and raining, as usual, just like any other time there's a funeral. Well at least since the evil arrived in the town of Pocatello Idaho. No one noticed Jared's body was not there anymore in fact a temporary body was placed there to be the replacement of his old self. His former family and friends had no clue who he is now nor that he is the warrior for God and everyone on earth.

During the funeral Janice's spirit was present. She thought she was crying but couldn't since she was just a spirit. “After all the pain and suffering of my nightmare I will never have vengeance of my killer nor my big brother's murderer whomever it was. They, he, she, well it doesn't matter anyway. There will never be justice for us nor the other victims before us.” Whimpered Janice as she tried to cry tears that would never come any more. Janice looked up seeing other spirits wondering around the graveyard. Some were victims of murder some were suicides while others died of natural, old times of their age. When one of the spirits cried out, “look! It's the warrior of God! He has finally been chosen. We will be able to rest in peace when the evil has been vanquished. Finally! Thank you, thank you our Lord and Savior. We are so thankful for you to choose yours and our warrior.” Janice looked up into the skies of dark gray, wet and smog. Yet, all that has disappeared now the skies are clear and graceful. Even those who are still living noticed a difference in the weather. But they didn't take notice of their warrior of peace and vengeance.

The spirits in the graveyard knelled down taking praise to them, to Eragian and Lenkinic. No other feeling was near the spirits knowing they are going to be safe soon, or at least they hoped it would be soon. Maybe not as soon as they'd like or maybe sooner than expected. It just depends on how long it takes for Eragian to training Lenkinic.

It's now December and it's near Christmas. There have been more deaths in Pocatello and now Chubbuck and Fort Hall. It seems like the evil will never go away. Until the warrior finds it. Or will he? Will there ever be any justice for all victims of the sleep stalkers? Maybe, possibly, probably, most likely, of course it's a question with or without answers. But who knows, there's always justice for all crimes. As it is said. Is it? Is it true? There are some who agree and those who do not agree.

Lenkinic's preparation for his battle against the sleep stalkers and all other evil. Eragian was sitting on a wood fence. He was reading a study guide for all martial arts or MMA and other types of fighting to teach his apprentice. Lenkinic was watching a squirrel chasing another squirrel around, up and down a big oak tree. “Hey Lenkinic? How much do you about fighting?” Lenkinic stopped watching the two playing rodents, looked at Eragian, thought about if he knew anything about fighting other than what he had seen on the television. Lenkinic put his right index finger to his lips thinking if he had known anything about fighting at all. After a little bit he said while raising his eyebrows. “Why would you like to know if I know anything about fighting? I do know some things about fighting. When I was alive I watched movies with Jet Li and Bruce Lee. I have also watched a movie titled Warrior with MMA fighting in it. “Have you, your self have fought any of it? Or, just watched it on television? Because if not I will need to teach you a lot more than I have expected.” Replied Eragian with a defeated tone and facial expression followed by a deep sigh. “Well” began Eragian with some enthusiasm, maybe a little more than he thought he had having to teach so much more than he had wished. “Well we will start with training tomorrow morning. In the mean time, I will decide where to begin.

The following morning as promised Eragian had made his mind up for where to start. “OK. Let's start with stances and blocking. After that and following I will show you how to use your own mind powers. I'm not talking about any of the known powers to man. I'm talking about your own, your specially created powers given to you by Our Lord and Savior and his father. We will get to that, eventually.” Lenkinic learned quite quickly, very quickly to be more fair and accurate. He was able to grasp everything at once. Eragian was extremely surprised how short of time it took to teach all of the fighting techniques known to anyone and everybody.

“Now, I'm going to show you how your mind powers work. First and for most you need to figure out what has been given to you for your abilities. Which shouldn't be too hard, or at least I hope it won't be.” Lenkinic thought about it for a few moments. It was almost immediately for his thought process to configure his powers of mind and body control in a different way than you would think. He is able to use his own movements to control other's movements. He then began to discover the rest of usage of his mind and body.

CHAPTER 3

Luc Dronnie is no longer Sheriff of Pocatello, ID. He has been asked to resign since he was not doing anything to solve the crimes of any kind. Not the mysterious deaths, but all other crimes. He let everyone slide by on anything they have committed, including the worst of all murder or at least suspected of murder. So that is why he was asked to resign. Well it was more like, “either you resign now or you'll go to the Boise Prison for all of your crimes and those you have let go by. It's your choice, Luc.” Mayor Burch said with deep rage in both his voice and on his wrinkled face. Jon always has a wrinkled face whilst enraged. His face was even dark red almost purple from barely breathing when he was yelling at Luc. Luc just starred at Jon without any remorse. Anyone would be able to tell how deep in thought he was in, even is they didn't know him that well.

It was a dark night when a lost German Shepard puppy, Mayor Jon Burch's favorite dog, was wondering around his homestead a green house on the corner of W Sublet and N Arthur in Pocatello. Mr. and Mrs. Burch was sitting on their porch on a couple of wooden chairs. Mrs. Burch noticed something whining she turned her head to the right she saw the lonesome, abandoned puppy. She slowly stood, started walking to the starving animal, tried to pick him up he shivered from fear as she came close to him. “It's alright darling I'm not going to hurt you. You want to come in for something to eat and drink? Would you like to have a new home? A loving, caring home?” As if the puppy understood what she was saying he happily agreed to let her pick him up and carry him inside their home.

After dinning with the Burch's the now loved and cared for young puppy was laying at the foot of the bed while they slept. In Mr. Burch's nightmares; he was sitting in the old office of what used to be Luc Dronnie's. Luc was meeting with some unknown folks their skin was a lite gray with wrinkles. Their eyes were sunken into their gaunt faces. They all turned their heads starring at him with yellow, brown eyes. He noticed almost immediately who the leader of this very unusual, nightmarish group was. He turned running for his life. He screamed but was unable to perceive his terror. There was a river in his eyesight he ran for it so that he can jump into it and drown. He wanted to do this for two reasons. The first was to hopefully wake up, the second was to escape the creatures now etched in his mind. When he came near the river he saw it was a river of blood aphotic and grungy. Luc had on a long black hooded robe. He had a bone made machete in his left hand. The machete made from bone was made from the his most recent victims. Now, he is about to have another victim to claim, the Mayor of Pocatello, Mayor Jon Burch. Luc drew back his arm with the cadaverous machete swinging it decapitating his victim. In the reality Mrs. Burch screamed bloody murder as her late husband's nose flowed with a stream of blood pouring onto their bed. His decapitated head from his nightmare became a reality. Widowed Burch looked up just in time to see the puppy transform into Luc Dronnie. Her pure horror made her have a lethal heart attack. She died almost instantly. No one would find neither of them, ever Luc and his fellows fed the bodies to their pets, a pack of hell hounds.

Lenkinic and Eragian was walking to Marshall Public Library so that they can find some books that will help them in finding where vampires usually are located. At first they had no luck finding the correct book. Lenkinic let Eragian know he was going to go over to the librarian's desk to ask for helping them figure our what type of book would be the best for reading about vampires. Since Lenkinic was once a mortal he knew how to ask and what to correctly say. As he approached the librarian's desk he noticed who she is. She was his aunt. But she didn't recognize him. Lenkinic now looked a lot different he just didn't look as he did as when he was before he was murdered. “Mam? My friend and I are looking for a book about vampires such as, well it's for a research paper we are doing for a collage class, Business English. It's so we can write our own book a fiction book about vampires but some non-fiction in it as well. Like places, towns, etc. Is there anything that can help us with our goal?” “Why, yes, yes there are some books that would help you with your writing work. Here follow me, I will show you where the books are.” She said as she slowly stood from her desk chair. Lenkinic followed a couple feet behind her with his head down looking at the floor as he walked occasionally looking up to see which direction she had gone. “Here are a lot of books on vampires fiction but I think they will help you out. Would you like me to show you any other books, sir?” She asked with a little glint in her eyes. The glint is because she thinks Lenkinic is either cute or hot looking to her, she couldn't decide for sure what she thought about his looks. The librarian smiled at him with her pearly white teeth showing. Lenkinic's reaction was very sincere. “Mam, I – I'm not interested I have a girlfriend already. But thank you, though. You are a sweet, kind lady. We can be friends if you would like.” Her smile widened as she looked at him with a lot more of her love for him. She didn't know why, but she felt like she has known him for years. Lenkinic made his way back to Eragian with an arm full of books. When he reached the round table in a corner of the library he felt as if he would collapse from the weight of the books. For hours Lenkinic and Eragian studied about vampires and their possible whereabouts.

It was close to closing for the day when Eragian finally found the information they were looking for. When they were walking out the library they made plans to find the vampire's nest or home where they would find the leader of them and kill him. They both thought that stabbing a vampire with a stake was a little too far fetched. It would be to hard truing to get close enough to stake the vampire king or leader whichever he or she might be. Or any other information they had found in the books that only one sounded like it just might work to their advantage.

Eragian's and Lenkinic's walk back to their hangout was short and silent they didn't talk to one another the entire way. Lenkinic's thoughts were on his vengeance for his and his loved one's dea Luc and Donna were gathering their nest for a talk about where they were going to have their ritual for the coming of the Dark Lord himself. The small, young vampires were in the meeting as well. They were also a part of the rituals they have, as well as in the killings. “No one will be spared from our darkness of revenged on this world of humans. And no one will be able to stop us at all. No one knows how to kill us and no one will be able to get near me as I become the vessel for the Dark Lord, Dronnicka; and my wife Donna will be the vessel for Dronnicka's wife Droninsin. We will rule this earth for all eternity! We will be the one and only, the ones who stand for their so called freedom will die in the fiery pits of our hell. Now let us prayer to our Lord of Hell, Dronnicka.” They began by chanting in an ancient language that no one never has heard before. Only the vampires knew this ancient language. It has been used for thousands of generations passed down from the original users of it. Then they raised their heads, looking into the skies above them with dark yellow and brown eyes. Their mouths opened as they exhaled streams of blue with white surrounding it that stretched into the sky making it an achromatic color.

After the vampires were finished with their Friday ritual, they started having dinner. For this dinner it was the remains of Mr. and Mrs. Burch that the hell hounds did not want. After all were fed they all laid down for retiring until the following morning. Luc had a lot of things on his mind. He couldn't wait until he and his wife became the Dark Lords of the world. “Luc? Why don't you close your eyes and get some rest? Let's make our plans tomorrow and the following days until we are the new rulers of the evil, retread world. OK hon?” Donna said in a tired voice barely able to speak from somnolence. Luc closed his eyes and laid his arm across Donna's middle. They fell asleep listening to complete silence.

I have so much weight on my shoulders, no one is there for me. No one will ever know. At the next Harvest Moon, the moon of death and rebirth. Now, I know just how much life is worth living, how much I know about life itself. Basically, nothing about life itself. All life must come to an end for Dronnicka and Droninsin to rule us all....

CHAPTER 4

Early in the morning of the Harvest Moon Eragian and Lenkinic hot Roding a Dodge Ram with grill protectors. In the back window there is a skull design, and the windows were very dark so no one can see who is in the vehicle. Eragian was grateful about this. “That way none of them will know it's us coming to end them. Now, let's go kick some vampire ass. Are you ready for this fight?” Asked Eragian with depredation. Lenkinic didn't have to think about this he knew his answer right away without any thought processing. “Yes, I am ready for this. Let's go kick the vampires back to hell from which they came from.” Exclaimed Lenkinic with another thought on his mind other than fighting for everyone and for God.

Late that afternoon Eragian and Lenkinic arrived at the nest of vampires. They all were getting ready for the ritual. None of them seemed to notice some of their own was found to be missing. No one else was paying attention to anyone else in their clan. They paid attention to themselves only.

Luc was standing on an old oak tree stump as he watched his clan gather everything for that night. Everyone vampire was to make an appearance in the ritual. They had a one more victim on their list just one more, Lenkinic's mortal aunt. She is the one who Luc decided for the sacrifice to the Dark Lord Dronnicka.

As dusk began turning to into night Lenkinic's mortal aunt was yanked by her arms out of her holding cell kicking and screaming. “No! Let me go! I'm not going to be your sacrifice!” The vampire just laughed with an evil grin on his face. Once the vampire had her on the pile of bones and skulls next to Luc and Donna; Luc lifted her chin looked deep into her eyes and told her you are our sacrifice and no one will be able to stop us. “I am an Angel of the Lord. You will be damned for all eternity if you kill me. Your hear me Luc!” Luc smiled then said in a sarcastic tone, “yes, I know you are an Angel. That's why I chose you for our sacrifice. We need a purified soul to kill for the coming of Dronnicka the Dark Lord. There is no one who can save you, you are going to die here and now!” Luc threw her down onto by his feet. “Now, let's get this ritual going shall we?” Donna reached down turning on a CD player with a CD of the satanic band, Rotting Christ titled Rituals. The band began chanting/singing. All of the vampires chanted while swaying back and forth from side to side. Luc reached to his belt where he had his dagger made from bone with a relic of the head of Dronnicka. He withdrew it from the dagger holder. His right hand drew back ready to strike to cut her throat open and for her blood to spill onto the ground summoning pure evil to be reborn here on earth. When suddenly Eragian came out of no where pushing her aside and his throat was cut deep and long. He died almost immediately.

A deep roaring growling sounded into the nights emptiness and vague space of lost souls. Who will forever be lost if the vampires win. An even louder noise and quaking opened the ground as demons flew up from the pits of hell with their black wings of death spraying acid on the ground to make an opening for Dronnicka and Droninsin to arise to their new world. All vampires were spared from the lethal shower that sparked as it dropped from their wings and mouths.

Luc finally looked down and saw that it was not his original victim that it was his long time enemy Eragian whom he had sacrificed. He simply shrugged as if it was nothing. Lenkinic came running toward Luc with a piece of silver in his hands ready to strike Luc down. Luc just stood there taking no notice of Lenkinic's fast approach. Just as Lenkinic got close enough to drive the silver cross into Luc's heart Dronnicka flew up from hell and into what was once Luc's body now Dronnicka's. Dronnicka's fist collided with Lenkinic's right jaw sending him flying into one of the demons that flew overhead. The demon grabbed him under the arms threw him onto the ground the demons began beating up Lenkinic until Dronnicka ordered them to stop. “I will deal with this sorry excuse for a warrior of God.” Dronnicka snarled. Dronnicka's face had small horns covering half of his face. Now his face looks human because it is Luc's face he has now.

Dronnicka stormed over to where Lenkinic laid sprawled with a surge of extreme pain running down his back and legs. Dronnicka picked him up by his throat bringing him to his feet. Dronnicka's eyes starred into Lenkinic's as he started squeezing the life out of Lenkinic. Lenkinic was finally dropped to the ground. He gasped to bring air back into his lungs again. “You think you can conquer me? Well you can't! You are a worthless piece of filth that deserved to die and not be brought back to life as God's warrior. You hear me? You little grime on my shoe. Go a head and bloody die!” Lenkinic saw the silver cross next to Dronnicka's feet he contemplated on how he was going to get his hands on it to kill Dronnicka. Suddenly an Angel came down from Heaven to help Lenkinic. The Angel landed close to Dronnicka kicking the silver cross to Lenkinic. He grabbed it stabbing Dronnicka in his evil heart. Dronnicka's body imploded as his followers imploded as well. The demons though they exploded into black ash.

Lenkinic ran toward Eragian was laying. His body wasn't there anymore. Lenkinic looked all around wondering where the body could have gone. He nearly jumped out of his skin when someone laid their hand on his shoulder. “Don't cry. I am now where I belong. You were chosen to be my replacement and now that you have proven yourself you can carry on as the Warrior of our Lord and Savior and our God. You thought your mortal aunt was going to die. I'm going to let you know she was never mortal, she in fact has always been an Angel also a warrior of God. She is the reason I knew who as in you to recruit. Now that you know all of this and have defeated evil what will you do now?”

“I will do what I am meant to do. I will wait until the next time for me to fight evil, the evil that lurks just waiting to be released upon this world. I am going to wait until that day comes in a dark alley way in any place that I can not be seen unless those who lay eyes upon me are true believers. I will be out there fighting for all life. I am the Sleep Stalker, the Warrior of God. I am evil's Stalker for all evil. I will stalk evil in its sleep.”

“Help me! Please, someone!” Screamed a young woman in desperation. She was being chased by another woman. Only this woman wasn't human, she is a vampire. The scared young and beautiful woman ran toward a house with their lights still on. She banged on the door screaming and pleading with the inhabitants to let her in she is being chased by vampire. They thought she was insane. They didn't believe her. Why would they? Usually vampires are known as fiction only. So they left her out in the open to her death. A hissing sound came from the shadows as the vampire crept like a snake hunting its prey for her blood. The frightened woman stood there waiting her fatality. She no longer screamed she was ready to give in and wished her death to be quick. But, it wasn't quick. The vampire toyed around hissing and circling around her. When the vampire went for the kill she slowly sucked the young once beautiful college student blood dry. As she was sucked to the bone and skin hanging off loosely another vampire came up beside the other watching. He patted her on her shoulders congratulating her on “a job well done”.

The body wasn't found until a week later. The vampires had hidden her skeletal remains behind a pile of metal. On the premises of Papa Bear And Sons Metal Co. The working crew was on vacation when the attack had happened. When one of the sons, Rick, found the body he immediately felt sick.

He threw up his lunch from the grizzly sight. Rick ran to his father to inform what he had found and where. His father, Gerald, called the Police. When the Police arrived, they could barely look at the God forsaken body.

At the funeral home, the examiner had to keep her nose plugged so as not to smell the reached smell. She was unable to determine the cause of death. It had been too long since the death. The only way to identify the body was by the dental records. Once identified, the family was contacted and informed about it. The family was devastated. They assumed she had been just missing. Now that their worst fear has come to a reality. The parents had their daughter's body cremated, they didn't want her to be buried in such horrid condition.

The day of the funeral, remembrance, everyone who knew her as well as the family who found her and the Police involved in the case attended. That day it was a cold, windy day. As usual when there was a funeral. Even if the forecast indicates the weather to be warm and sunny. Once it was time for the funerals the weather changes, this happens every time.

Almost every night there was another attack in different areas of Pocatello, ID. Even though the Police were baffled as to what is killing the inhabitants of Pocatello, they never backed down from trying to figure it out.

The next attack was in the middle of the day.

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This time the bodies were found the same day. It was the next day their deformed bodies were cremated. The remembrance family and friends gathering was a heart wrenching event. The event was inside the Pocatello High School gym. The weather outside was raining and freezing. There was no way to do anything outside because of the temperature being so low.

After the attack on the high school students, everyone had to be either picked up from school or ride home on the school bus. If anyone had to walk home they were not allowed in fear of anymore deaths. They had to wait until someone could pick them up or get a ride from a city bus. No one wanted to chance loosing another son or daughter.

You are probably wondering where has Lenkinic during all these times? Well he has been trying to find Daynikson, the Vampire Master. But we will get back to that in the next part, Vampire Master.

Lenkinic arrived back to Pocatello Idaho from a long, exhausting chance of finding Daynikson. He is trying to help as many people as possible. Unfortunately, he is having no luck with helping Daynikson.

When Lenkinic arrived at his apartment in an old abandoned apartment building across from Del Monte Meats, the now white apartment building being worked on at least I think it is being worked on. Lenkinic collapsed on his bed, a soft, comfortable Serta mattress and immediately drifted off into a disturbed, deep sleep.

In his dreams Lenkinic had flashback nightmares from when he was growing up. His father and mother were drunks and drug addicted as well as abusive toward Jared, was the name of Lenkinic before he was resurrected. They horribly abused him sexually, physically, mentally and tortured him. Even now he still has flashbacks and nightmares from his childhood. For a while his nightmares and flashbacks were supposedly gone for good. Think again Lenkinic.

Back in Lenkinic's childhood when he was only a three year old boy when the abuse begun. Jared was beaten day in and day out. He was used to "earn" them money for their drugs and alcohol. He was never rescued. He was allowed to leave at the age of eighteen. This information is so everyone knows more about why Jared was chosen to be the Warrior of God, Lenkinic

After the death of the high school students, everyone started taking deep precautions to ensure the safety of everyone. The Police started making a lot more rounds of patrol. Everyone wasn't taking anymore chances of death. Little did they know this would not be enough for protecting everyone.

All of the schools began taking deep precautions to ensure the safety of the students. The students who usually walk home are now required to have a ride from someone even if they had to get a ride from a teacher or the Principal.

CHAPTER 5

One day in early Spring, a concert was held at the Wellness Center, the outside stage. There were a lot of individuals who attended the concerts. One of the bands was Slayer. Among other bands Slayer is one in which everyone had thought they would not be coming back to Idaho especially to Pocatello Idaho.

With the concerts about to start the vampires had begun planning their attacks. As usual everyone eventually had forgotten all about the safety of others. Because of the stressful times they needed to somehow make money for the city of Pocatello. That is why they decided to allow concerts and other events, activities to be reinstated. Even the Blackfoot Fair would be taking place later in September as usual. No one wanted the real-estate to plummet nor anything else that was or would be valuable to the city or state.

The night before the concerts begun the vampires gathered for a meeting to discuss how they were going to have their blood lusts cured. They have gone through withdrawals from blood sucking for way too long. They had the human race to blame for their lack of lusts for blood. "Now it's pay fucking back time. We as reapers will not be forsaken. We reapers will have our blood lusts satisfied. Are you willing to take back our righteous for life or do we let the human race have the say wither we die or live? Are you all with me?! Or not?" Asked Quinton, the leader of the Reapers aka Vampires. Every one of the reapers yelled in response, "yes, we are ready! Hail Quinton! And Hail Satan!"

The Reapers work for Satan. They usually take people's souls to Satan, Hell. But they have characteristics of vampires. Basically they are no longer soul sucking they are now blood sucking reapers. Afterwards they made plans for their attacks and how they were going to take their vengeance.

The next night, the night of the beginning of the concerts. Slayer was the first band to start the show. In the venues there were beer and wine as well as soda, for those who do not drink or are too young to drink. As well as water and food. There were some people set up with Satanic merchandise everything was priced at $6.66. Everyone had a negative reaction to the Satanic merchandise except for the Satanists who were attending the concerts. Across from the Satanic there was a Christian Religion merchandise stand. Everyone veryone had mixed feelings with the two being across from each other. Soon after the events had started there was a huge fight between the two religions. It turned into a fist fight, a Christian man pulled out a butterfly pocket knife. When this happened it was as if a signal for the Reapers, the Reapers charged out from the shadows where they were hiding, waiting, lurking for their sign.

As the vampires/reapers made their movements upon raising hell on their victorious attack. Lenkinic appeared from a blinding light that shown from above. Lenkinic flew down landing on his feet. He immediately withdrew his sword and began fighting the vampires. Slicing and dicing Lenkinic one by one killed a few vampires. As if they were ready for him four vampires snuck behind Lenkinic knocked him down to the ground and began beating him up. Quinton came over to where Lenkinic lay battered. He said with a smirking grin, "you thought you could conquer us? Well you're surely mistaking us for fools. You can never defeat us. We are eternal, we are followers of the Darkness, we have been chosen by Satan himself to bring upon the apocalypse and put a rein on this earth for Satan. No matter what you are not going to disrupt our plans. You hear me, Lenkinic? You are our prisoner now. I may kill you now, but I want you to suffer first. That is why you are still alive, well sort of." Quinton turned to look at his main man and main woman, and asked them to take Lenkinic away to the torture room. When Quinton looked away Lenkinic quickly stood up fighting for his life, his freedom, and for his father's fight for survival and will. Lenkinic managed to break free from his doom. He ran until he no longer could then he flew into the air and out of the reapers reach.

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CHAPTER 6

At the layer of vampires, Lenkinic was hanging four feet off the ground, hanging by his wrists with chains. The chains were adjustable if they wanted to, they could lower Lenkinic or make him higher above the ground. When Quinton came into the room he had a bullwhip in his hands. "Well, well Lenkinic we have finally found you. Do you know who I am? I will tell you, I am the Dark Lord Quinton. My clan and I are truly reapers, but we are not like the usual reapers. We have characteristics like vampires. We suck our victims to skin and bone. I guess we are more brutal than the actual vampires that are born vampires. Well anyway, shall we get to it? Or are you going to tell me what I want to know?" "What is it you want to know?" Asked Lenkinic. Quinton seemed to be thinking, but he was only trying to make the tension add up. "Well, I want to know where are the fuck is God?! How do we get to him? I, we need to defeat him and take him down to our darkest lord and the new ruler, Dronnicka. Yes, he is still alive and kicking. He may not be as strong and powerful as he used to be because of God and his damn Angels! Tell me now!" "No! I will never betray him! I will never tell you! Ever!" "Well, well. See here, boys? We will need to teach this worthless boy a lesson. Shall we? Which one of you would like to be the first to teach him?" All five of them shook their heads 'no' with their heads down toward the floor and they backed away. Quinton shrugged his shoulders, "Well, I guess it will be me all the time. Especially since y'all are cowards. Let's begin, shall we?" Quinton drew back his right arm then started whipping Lenkinic. Lenkinic tried not to scream from the pain of the whipping. But, he couldn't take it too much longer. Finally, he gave in and screamed. Quinton laughed an evil, loud laugh. The other five vampires watched helplessly as Lenkinic suffered. Soon, his back was covered with deep, wide wounds. The other five wished they could do something for him, to help him not suffer, not have to go through this torture, and be able to conquer Quinton. After Lenkinic was whipped to near death, Quinton ordered the five to "lower him down and take him to the other room so I can torture him some more". Regretfully they did as they were ordered to do. In the other room, Quinton had a table full of torture equipment from different ages and different cultures. "Now, I'll give you one more chance. Are you going to tell me where God is, or shall I continue to torture you? Why do you keep protecting someone who denies you any kind of help or protection? It's obvious he does not give a shit about you. Don't you see? I'm trying to make it all justified for all who are forsaken. Just like you are now, you have been forsaken by him. But you continue to keep quiet about his location. Why? Why do you want to stay quiet? And continuously be tortured? Well, I guess we just have to keep going? Or, do you want to die, protecting him?"

Lenkinic could be heard throughout the entire building and in the forest as the torture continued for hours. It was a miracle he never died or broke. Lenkinic is one of the immortals. "The Warrior of God seems to be unbreakable". Said one of the five vampires. Another one said in a saddened voice. "He needs help out of here. He will eventually die, trying to stay quiet about the location of God. I think someone needs to save him". Lenkinic was hanging when someone startled him awake. He now has the worst level of trauma, PTSD, that anyone can ever have. He will never be able to stop these memories from coming back. The voice came from one of the female vampires. She was running from something or someone that could not be seen. She was killed with a strike to the stomach and cutting up to her chest. Blood poured out of her body as the others became alarmed. One of the vampires ran to get Quinton. Quinton was unable to see the intruder as well. When the intruder found who they came to find, what he saw sickened him. "Lenkinic". Whispered the invisible Angel. "I'm here to rescue you and revive you so you can fight and defeat Quinton. Stay still I will get you down then I will revive you, ok?"

Lenkinic was barely able to nod his head. The chains were lowered slowly, Lenkinic was laid on the floor, then the Angel tried to revive him. He was nearly dead. Lenkinic died. The Angel fraught thinking he was too late to save the Warrior of God. "No! You are not supposed to die!" Cried the Angel. One of the vampires who wanted to help Lenkinic came over. "Here, let me give him enough life so you can revive him back to full life." The Angel knew he could trust him. Angels are able to see into hearts. The vampire knelt down placed his hands on Lenkinic's chest and forehead. He transferred his life force into Lenkinic. The vampire died saving Lenkinic. After the Angel had revived Lenkinic, Lenkinic was able to see who it truly was. It was God himself. Lenkinic jumped to his feet ready for the epic battle of life or death. He was ready. Quinton came ragging into the room where Lenkinic was, but he had moved and God was back to being invisible. He watched as Lenkinic and Quinton made their fighting stances with their weapon of choice. Lenkinic's was his mind power and Quinton's was an ax. Quinton made the first attack. Lenkinic counteracted it with his telekinesis. Lenkinic thought hard about what to use to conquer Quinton. The battle waged on until Lenkinic noticed a sword. The sword was not of this world. The sword is a God-killing sword. That is what Quinton was going to kill God with if he was able to get his hands on God. Lenkinic used his mind to make the God-killing sword disappear then reappear in his hands. Lenkinic waited for the right moment for the killing attack. He didn't have to wait long. The perfect moment was only a minute after. Quinton drew the ax back for a kill shot to Lenkinic's neck, that was a perfect time. Lenkinic moved quickly, he bent to the left avoiding the strike of death. Lenkinic thrust his arm back then went for the kill. The sword went straight through Quinton's body, through his evil, black heart.

Quinton had a look of both terror and surprise on his face. A warp hole opened up, Quinton was sucked into it. As he was sucked into the hole his body first turned inside out then exploded into black and gray dust. The dust was also sucked into the hole. All that was left from Quinton's body was his femur bone. Lenkinic picked up the femur bone, "this will come in handy with a cane. From now on I will need a cane to walk around because of the torture I endured. I will try to find a replacement for me." "No, Lenkinic you need to carry on. At least for a while longer until I can find someone who is the next one who needs to be given a second chance as you were given a second chance. But, for now, you may take a vacation to rest and find yourself again. I have others who can take on evil until I know you are ready to battle evil again. Sound good, my son?" Lenkinic smiled and nodded, then answered, "yes, yes that sounds like a great idea, Lord, when do I start my vacation and where will it be?" "My son, it will be with me in Heaven. You will be able to recuperate and have nothing but love while you are there. You will be able to come back to earth any time you wish to visit only. At least until I know you are ready. Alright?" "Yes, sir." As the gateway to Heaven opened Angels sung a loving song with their harps and sweet, kind voices. Lenkinic was finally able to have a vacation for a while.

CHAPTER 7

“Help me! Please, someone!” Screamed a young woman in desperation. She was being chased by another woman. Only this woman wasn't human, she is a vampire. The scared young and beautiful woman ran toward a house with their lights still on. She banged on the door screaming and pleading with the inhabitants to let her in she is being chased by vampire. They thought she was insane. They didn't believe her. Why would they? Usually vampires are known as fiction only. So they left her out in the open to her death. A hissing sound came from the shadows as the vampire crept like a snake hunting its prey for her blood. The frightened woman stood there waiting her fatality. She no longer screamed she was ready to give in and wished her death to be quick. But, it wasn't quick. The vampire toyed around hissing and circling around her. When the vampire went for the kill she slowly sucked the young once beautiful college student blood dry. As she was sucked to the bone and skin hanging off loosely another vampire came up beside the other watching. He patted her on her shoulders congratulating her on “a job well done”.

The body wasn't found until a week later. The vampires had hidden her skeletal remains behind a pile of metal. On the premises of Papa Bear And Sons Metal Co. The working crew was on vacation when the attack had happened. When one of the sons, Rick, found the body he immediately felt sick.

He threw up his lunch from the grizzly sight. Rick ran to his father to inform what he had found and where. His father, Gerald, called the Police. When the Police arrived, they could barely look at the God forsaken body.

At the funeral home, the examiner had to keep her nose plugged so as not to smell the reached smell. She was unable to determine the cause of death. It had been too long since the death. The only way to identify the body was by the dental records. Once identified, the family was contacted and informed about it. The family was devastated. They assumed she had been just missing. Now that their worst fear has come to a reality. The parents had their daughter's body cremated, they didn't want her to be buried in such horrid condition.

The day of the funeral, remembrance, everyone who knew her as well as the family who found her and the Police involved in the case attended. That day it was a cold, windy day. As usual when there was a funeral. Even if the forecast indicates the weather to be warm and sunny. Once it was time for the funerals the weather changes, this happens every time.

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A voice came from one of the female vampires. She was running from something or someone that could not be seen. She was killed with a strike to the stomach and cutting up to her chest. Blood poured out of her body as the others became alarmed. One of the vampires ran to get Quinton. Quinton was unable to see the intruder as well. When the intruder found who they came to find, what he saw sickened him. "Lenkinic". Whispered the invisible Angel. "I'm here to rescue you and revive you so you can fight and defeat Quinton. Stay still I will get you down then I will revive you, ok?" Lenkinic was barely able to nod his head. The chains were lowered slowly, Lenkinic was laid on the floor, then the Angel tried to revive him. He was nearly dead. Lenkinic died. The Angel fraught thinking he was too late to save the Warrior of God. "No! You are not supposed to die!" Cried the Angel. One of the vampires who wanted to help Lenkinic came over. "Here, let me give him enough life so you can revive him back to full life." The Angel knew he could trust him. Angels are able to see into hearts. The vampire knelt down placed his hands on Lenkinic's chest and forehead. He transferred his life force into Lenkinic. The vampire died saving Lenkinic. After the Angel had revived Lenkinic, Lenkinic was able to see who it truly was. It was God himself. Lenkinic jumped to his feet ready for the epic battle of life or death. He was ready. Quinton came ragging into the room where Lenkinic was, but he had moved and God was back to being invisible. He watched as Lenkinic and Quinton made their fighting stances with their weapon of choice. Lenkinic's was his mind power and Quinton's was an ax. Quinton made the first attack. Lenkinic counteracted it with his telekinesis. Lenkinic thought hard about what to use to conquer Quinton. The battle waged on until Lenkinic noticed a sword. The sword was not of this world. The sword is a God-killing sword. That is what

CHAPTER 9

Quinton was going to kill God with if he was able to get his hands on God. Lenkinic used his mind to make the God-killing sword disappear then reappear in his hands. Lenkinic waited for the right moment for the killing attack. He didn't have to wait long. The perfect moment was only a minute after. Quinton drew the ax back for a kill shot to Lenkinic's neck, that was a perfect time. Lenkinic moved quickly, he bent to the left avoiding the strike of death. Lenkinic thrust his arm back then went for the kill. The sword went straight through Quinton's body, through his evil, black heart. Quinton had a look of both terror and surprise on his face. A warp hole opened up, Quinton was sucked into it. As he was sucked into the hole his body first turned inside out then exploded into black and gray dust. The dust was also sucked into the hole. All that was left from Quinton's body was his femur bone. Lenkinic picked up the femur bone, "this will come in handy with a cane. From now on I will need a cane to walk around because of the torture I endured. I will try to find a replacement for me." "No, Lenkinic you need to carry on. At least for a while longer until I can find someone who is the next one who needs to be given a second chance as you were given a second chance. But, for now, you may take a vacation to rest and find yourself again. I have others who can take on evil until I know you are ready to battle evil again. Sound good, my son?" Lenkinic smiled and nodded, then answered, "yes, yes that sounds like a great idea, Lord, When do I start my vacation and where will it be?" "My son, it will be with me in Heaven. You will be able to recuperate and have nothing but love while you are there. You will be able to come back to earth any time you wish to visit only. At least until I know you are ready. Alright?" "Yes, sir." As the gateway to Heaven opened Angels sung a loving song with their harps and sweet, kind voices. Lenkinic was finally able to have a vacation for a while.

In the far depths of hell, Dronnicka and Droninsin have begun making plans of how they can and will conquer Lenkinic while taking down God and burning down Heaven. After losing twice to Lenkinic, Dronnicka and Droninsin are extremely ticked and wanting revenge. The way to suffice their wish to conquer all of Heaven and the world, will remain to be seen.

It has almost been a decade since Lenkinic's vacation started. Now, as the head Angel General was listening to Heaven’s radio-scanner; he jolted out of his chair as a frightening, demonic voice came on the air. It said in a deep, gravelly voice that sounded as if it were human instead of an inhuman spirit. The voice said, “give us your warrior and leader if you don't want the heavens burned down. You have six days to surrender them to us. If you do not comply you all will burn and be forced to earth for those who survive.” There was a loud buzzing before the voice finished what it was going to say. The loud buzzing almost deafened the head Angel General. Just as it had appeared the voice disappeared with a low clicking sound then it was gone. When the head General Angel was able to gather himself, he raced to God's room.

The Angel General impatiently knocked almost pounding on the door. God answered with a shocked expression on his face. God looked into the Angel General's bright blue eyes with deep worry. He didn't allow himself to speak, if he did the tears of sorrow that was building would stream down his cheeks. After what seemed like an eternity, God was finally able to speak. In his kind, sweet voice he asked, “my son, what is the matter? Is there anything I can do of service for you?” By this time the Angel General was able to talk without the fear in his voice. “Yes, yes Father there was a transmission that came on the scanner. It was an inhuman spirit that almost sounded human. It said, well I –.” God cut the Angel General off by raising his hand. “Yes, I knew this day would come; I knew it wouldn't take that long, well a little bit longer than expected. Either way this day has come to send Lenkinic to fight one last time. Let's keep him in our prayers. God said with an implacable expression on his almost, but not quite sorrowful face. The brightness in his cheeks had left in a quick second. This frightened the Angel General; he had no clue why this happened to the Lord, and it frightened him something awful.

Our Lord went back into his study to think for a while. He had something troublesome on his mind, something no one else knew. It bothered him a great deal, yet he had to keep it silent. Not even his warrior could know. God and only one maybe two others know what the secret is and whom it is about.

Lenkinic was relaxing in Heaven's healing hot springs when God came looking for him. Lenkinic was startled to see our Lord bothered by something. “Father, what might be the matter? What is the bother for the expression you have? May I do anything – The Lord cut him off. “There is nothing you nor anyone else can do to help the damned one. That is all I am able to say, nothing more can and will be said. I came here to let you know it is time my son; time for you to go fight. The demons are planning on something. They are planning again to take over the world, once more. Go, go now and be extra careful.” Lenkinic tried looking deep into our Lord's eyes, he noticed this and quickly turned away. He ordered for the gates of Heaven to open for the last time to allow Lenkinic to descend to earth for his final battle.

At a Sunday Church service in late December the same year, just two days after Lenkinic returned to earth. The Pastor of the Church was in the middle of his lecture, speech about the day of our Savior which is coming very soon. He felt an eerie sensation of something watching him, lurking outside in the darkness. It was nighttime at the time of the service. The hairs on the back of his neck raised to a stiff point. He hoped no one would notice this as the service concluded with serene prayer. Just after the serenity prayer before anyone started to make their way out the doors into a chilly night. A rush of freezing air formed around the entire chapel. Without warning the Pastor's upper body twisted around like a clock, in one-hundred-sixty degrees. Everyone including the men screamed with deep terror as the helpless Pastor was twisted and turned until the demon had possessed his body. The Pastor then fainted, or so it seemed, until his sons hurried to help their father. The once Pastor Hansen is now possessed by Dronnicka. In the other room the same thing was happening to his wife. She was being possessed by Droninsin. Once both were possessed the couple levitated high enough to where they were only three inches from the ceiling. They growled with a drawn-out demonic scream that was so high pitched even the nearly deaf could hear the dreadful sound.

A wave of wickedness made everyone cannibals. There were no survivors other than the possessed couple. The bodies were discovered a lot later, much later.

Dronnicka and Droninsin drifted out of a blown-out window, the only one that blew as the cannibalism went on. Once outside in the cool nights air, they landed on their feet off the Church grounds. In a deep, gravelly voice Dronnicka said to Droninsin, “shall we find our spawn? Our not quite lost Prince of Hell, we are coming for you son. Worry not our son you will remember us.” Dronnicka said this telepathically. Their son, the Prince of Hell heard these words in his head. He thought he was starting to go crazy. He also thought the voice was talking about someone else or he was having a nightmare while awake. He was doubting himself on all these thoughts. But he did know one thing for sure. He is not going to listen to this voice he thought he heard. He just shrugged it off like anyone would indicate 'I don't know'.

Up in Heaven, God and his Angels were in a very deep conversation if they should or shouldn't go to earth to help Lenkinic when he needs the help. Or, if they should go right away, or, maybe not at all. All the Angels were shocked when God ordered none of them to help Lenkinic. “It won't be easy at all to try to help him. He is too far gone. In fact, he is lost, lost forever and – “. God stopped mid-sentence. He almost said too much just now. He should have known not to say anything at all. The secret is eating away at him; it's eating away his will and faith. He quickly stood startling some of the Angels who jumped out of their own skins. But they were able to calm themselves down quickly enough. No one really noticed the expression on the Lord's face. Even though his facial expressions didn't show it, his eyes clearly show what he fears most. Because of their respect and their honor for him none of the Angels looked directly into his eyes. Because of this there was no way to figure out what was eating away at their Lord. And no one dared ask him. It isn't fear nor anything else like that, it's just they didn't want to know if it is anything they might possibly fear the most. And that is the main reason they didn't dare ask nor look into his eyes.

Lenkinic walking aimlessly around the Snake River. He was deep in his thoughts when the demonic transmission aired again. This time, the message was, “there's only five more days until the Dark Prince will be found, introduced to his own identity. He will know his fate. And he will rule Hell alongside his true Father.” Just like the last time, the voice disappeared suddenly. The only difference is, a freakish laugh sounded before the transmission ended.

Lenkinic stopped dead in his tracks as his head felt as if it were going to implode into itself then explode. He took several deep breaths with his eyes closed. After the ninth deep breath he opened his eyes and felt better. When he opened his eyes, a man with black eyes with red in the center. He had on a black silk shirt and black jeans. His hair was slicked back the sides shaved. His complexion was very pale. The stranger introduced himself. His name is Dronnicka. Dronnicka said in a slow, deep voice, “Lenkinic come with me I have something I want to show you. Please follow me if you kindly would. Please?” Lenkinic regrettably followed. It was as if something had taken control of his body movements. Dronnicka knew Lenkinic wouldn't follow willingly. This led Dronnicka to use telekinesis to force Lenkinic to follow.

Dronnicka said in an ancient language one word, “futuristic”. After he said this, a portal opened. For some reason Lenkinic wasn't afraid at all. As they stepped through the portal, their physical appearance changed. Lenkinic had on a red robe with spikes on the shoulders. Lenkinic looked around petrified. The world is now in flames. The Heavens on fire, which will burn all of eternity. Angels are no longer their former selves. No one in sight. In the far distance the throne of Hell waited for its occupant. Lenkinic closed his eyes, his body was trembling uncontrollably. Dronnicka snapped his fingers transporting them back to the present. “Now, you know what earth will be like soon, very soon. I, one of my demons, or some other server of Hell will be back, several times. Every time it will be someone different. You have five days to find and bring my son, the Prince of Hell to me.” Dronnicka left Lenkinic lying on the grass, tears streaming down his face soaking into the dirt he lay in.

CHAPTER 10

Back in Heaven God and the Angel General were in a meeting with Michael the arch Angel. All three talked about what to do about the disturbing radio transmission. “Lord, I think we should not give in to the demons giving them what they want. I don’t know who they speak of, their Prince of Darkness, all I know is we cannot give in. I believe our faith will protect us against evil and from Dronnicka’s persuasiveness. What do you think, Lord?” The Lord didn’t need to think he already knew what his plans, thoughts and feelings were. “I plead the fifth on this one my son. I do not wish to answer. I already know what my plans are for this situation. I *must* keep it to myself for now. Until it is time to share it, I plead the fifth. That is my answer to your question. Now if you will forgive my lack of response, I will be in my study alone.” The Angel General and Michael simply looked at each other not sure what to say or think. They silently stood up and left. They both were in a deep stupor with high anxiety.

Lenkinic finally sat up trying to dry his unceasingly flowing tears. It was impossible to stop the tears. So, he gave up trying. His experience with the Dark Lord and the time travel left him feeling petrified. The petrifying times may or may not come to pass. At least Lenkinic is hopeful for none of it to become a reality. That is what his desire is, is not to have any of it happen, ever.

Down in Hell the low level demons (tortured souls who will never rise above to a higher level in Hell). They were getting the throne for the Prince of Hell ready for his arrival. The low-level demons are servants of Hell. There are two more levels of demons above them. There are middle class demons and there are warrior demons. The warriors of Hell are the only ones who go to battle. The last battle between Heaven and Hell was centuries ago. It was after Eve ate the apple from the forbidden garden. A demon had possessed Adam trying to disrupt any plans for earthlings. Earthlings to be.

There were several times demons attempted to possess Jesus’s disciples at least some of them. The weaker of the bunch are those who were targeted. It’s not being physically weak it’s being weak in the faith of those who demons target the most. Demons imprison the possessed within their own head and heart. It is like, for the possessed, being incapable of reaching out for help from anyone. They are not heard. Their will for ultimate survival and conquering the evil that lurks within their mind, heart and soul can come to be. If the demons’ victim can kill their captor. An exorcism is more than just for a human being, it is also for houses that are possessed. For example; a quote ‘a house isn’t so much haunted as it is possessed’, which is kind of the same for people. That is what my belief is for human beings. It may be wrong or it may somewhat correct, I’m not sure. I just know what I believe.

Lenkinic’s tears finally ceased. Just as he was thinking his tears would never stop until his body ran out of water or something. Which will not happen. Yet, there are some who believe it is possible that I on the other hand do not. When Lenkinic eventually got to his feet he noticed a strange looking paper on the ground next to his right hand. At first he hesitated to pick it up until he recognized the handwriting. It was a note from Michael the arch Angel. The note said.

Dear Lenkinic,

Our Lord has some secret he is keeping from us all, I am not sure what any of us can do, if anything. If possible can you please come back to Heaven to help your fellow Angels? We are in extreme need of your help, Lenkinic.

From,

Arch Angel Michael

After reading Michael’s note Lenkinic deeply exhaled burning hot breath. He had no clue because his breath was coming out almost fiery. Not until he realized he was in Hell. He was sitting on a throne between Dronnicka and Droninsin. All three were in the futuristic earth, which shall not come to be. As Lenkinic does not want it to this. Dronnicka and Droninsin were giving orders to their slaves who were building an atomic bomb. The atomic bomb in which will cause hell to rise above the ground for all eternity. A fiery earth with no escape from hell on earth. It will literally be hell on earth. There will be fire everywhere. No one will be allowed to worship our Lord, our God; when/if this were to happen the only lord everyone will have to obey and worship will be Dronnicka.

“Lenkinic? Wake up! You have fallen asleep. It is Michael and the General. We have come to find you for your help. Are you all, right? Should we worry? You, the General and myself need to go back to Heaven but we can’t. Just after General and I left Heaven God had decided to lock the gates of Heaven. Now, no one can either enter or exit. I just received a distress signal from above. God has became like a monster. He is enslaving all of his angels. They are being forced to build an arch just like the one Noah built centuries ago.” Michael had deep concern in his eyes Lenkinic was able to see right away. For some reason this had no effect on him Lenkinic did not have care at all. This did not worry him, which is a huge deal for Lenkinic. For he is the warrior of God, or, at least supposed to be.

It was not long before all of Heaven was enslaved by God.

Lenkinic, Michael and the General Angel walked around aimlessly until a friendly couple offered them a ride and lunch at their farmhouse. They hesitated at first but eventually gave in to their hunger.

At the farmhouse while the Mrs. was silently cooking she didn’t hum like she has done occasionally in the past. Everything has already begun to change on earth. Lenkinic was the only one who did not notice any of this. The General and Michael both noticed right away. Neither Michael nor the General said anything to Lenkinic about this. Both could see a dangerous change in Lenkinic. This did a lot more than worry them, it frightened them. It frightened them to the point of not having any awareness of what the supposably sweet couple were doing around them. The couple were gathering weapons of any kind they had in the house.

As Lenkinic sat in the chair in a daze the demonic couple who were also possessed by demons, they were handcuffing Michael and the General Angel. Both Michael and Angel General were shackled then thrown down into the wine cellar. Before being knocked unconscious the possessed couple used black witchery to make their prisoners mute. Making the prisoners mute will help Dronnicka and Droninsin conquer everyone and everything on this earth and above. No angel will stand a chance against evil now that God has changed.

CHAPTER 11

Lenkinic was still in a trance when Dronnicka and Droninsin entered the front door of the farmhouse. They seemed pleased with the two elderly people; the couple had done as they were ordered to do. Dronnicka sat next to Lenkinic who was just coming out of his trance. When Lenkinic noticed who was sitting next to him he did not do anything. He didn’t speak a word. He didn’t do anything except stare at the two who had come to visit him. Droninsin started to say something but she was cut off by Dronnicka who began with a simple “hello, Ciniklen my son.” Ciniklen finally looked up from his hands which he had been gaping at. Ciniklen (Sin-ick-len). When the possessed couple had made their presence known Dronnicka handed their death to his son Ciniklen, the Prince of Hell. At first Ciniklen had no clue what to do. At first he drew a blank, unable to move and think. When Dronnicka asked his son if he is ready to take his place where he belongs. He simply answered ‘yes’. He thought about it for a short time then replied again with more of a sentence. “Yes I am ready, ready to take my place by your side and by my mother’s side. I know now where I truly belong. I belong with both of you in Hell as the Prince of Hell.” Dronnicka was very pleased with this. Droninsin was pleased with this as well.

“Now my son, do you wish to take care of the two who did not follow orders? They did everything their own way. This cannot be tolerated at all by anyone, ever. So would you like to be the one to carry out the punishment to come?” Ciniklen nodded his head in agreement with his real father. In his true voice, a voice that will forever be with him for all of eternity said to the two miserable demons who are possessing the two elderly people. The two demons should have known what lay in store for them. Even though they did everything as ordered they were going to be punished in some way, they knew would be horrifying for them to survive.

Ciniklen said to the two who stood before him dumb struck they were not sure what to expect.

The couple had no clue what to do now besides suffering what lay in store for them. As Ciniklen walked over to them with a grim smile on his face. The smile reminded the elderly man of his happy grandchildren. Somehow this awakened the old man from his slumber of possession. The old man surprised all of them when he began fighting Ciniklen. The old man grabbed a kitchen knife he tried to stab his opponent causing a fight for the old man’s life. The old man would not give in to death no matter what. He did not want his grandchildren to lose their grandparents to some strangers who no one has seen before. In fact, they looked evil to the core. He was correct on this guess. The fight carried on and on until the old man managed to wake his lovely wife from her possessed slumber. With them both fighting they were able to keep living. Finally after being defeated Dronnicka, Ciniklen and Droninsin left feeling if they were able to feel anything they would have felt humiliated from their defeat.

It was a few hours later until the elderly couple discovered Michael and General Angel in their wine cellar when the elderly husband walked down there to grab red wine from the year 1923. Since the elderly couple were able to break free the witchery was also lifted from both Michael and the Angel General.

“So you are both Angels? We are very firm believers in the Lord. After earlier today we now know how much evil is out there. There is a lot more evil than we anticipated. We will help you in your fight against the Prince of Hell and his father and mother.” “So you will help us? How? We can’t get back into Heaven and no one can get into Heaven. The once Heavenly Gates are now closed to everyone including demons and the Prince of Hell. At least we hope they are not able to get into Heaven. If they are able to all hell will break out. Well you know what will happen if it were to come to be. Correct, sir and mam? Since you are firm believers. I am assuming you know about all of it?” The two elderly people looked at each other then smiled. Without warning the brightest light that will definitely blind you shown from the elderly man. He, the old man, is the true God, our Lord. His wife is actually the eternally living spirit of virgin Marry. Michael and the Angel General dropped to the ground on their knees in prayer. Their hands clasped together as the true Lord said in a kind, sweet voice. “There is no need for either of you to pray and no need to be worried about us. We were possessed because they knew something was different about us. The demons never knew our identity. I mistakenly left my brother in charge of Heaven. My brother who’s name is Adam. Adam from the garden. He is my identical brother. That is how we were able to pull it off. Making every angel think it was really me taking care of Heaven and a lot more, too much, responsibilities for him. I should have known he would pull something like this. I knew there could never be a true warrior of God. No earthling would ever be able to handle everything that is included in the role.” The Angel General’s jaw dropped to the ground along with Michael’s jaw.

“There are so many angels here on earth who have warned me about Ciniklen being recruited by Adam and Satan. Dronnicka and Droninsin are Satan in two different forms of himself. I know now not to trust anyone else to rule Heaven, not ever again. At least not unless I know for sure they will have the best interests for Heaven and earth. I can no longer try to trust anyone again.” The Lord ended his say with a deep sigh of ‘oh-no, what to do now’.

Michael and the other angels have always thought Satan and his son, the Prince of Hell, will never be reunited. Huh like that never worked out. Unfortunately, Satan and his son was reunited. It’s very unfortunate for everyone who would die or be enslaved by them.

None of the angels in Heaven did not know they were in the presence of Adam instead of God. They were not informed about anything; about God going to earth to keep an eye on Lenkinic and to make sure that Satan’s son did not be reunited with his former self; his true self. When the angels find out the truth it may be too late. It might be too late to save God, or it may not be, maybe they can save God. It all depends on just about anything and everything.

CHAPTER 12

Ciniklen and Satan in his two forms, briskly walked from the farmhouse to Scout Mountain. When they arrived in a camping ground occupied by a group of satanists they all rose and started saying “Hail Ciniklen! Hail our Prince of Hell! We shall be saved by thee.” Little did Satan and his son know who was closely trailing behind them approximately four-hundred miles to be exact. Ciniklen, Satan and their followers all gathered in the middle of the campground in the form of a pentagram as they all chanted opening a gateway. The gateway slowly opened allowing all the evil creatures to come into our world. The creatures are from our worst nightmares. They are the worst nightmarish creatures anyone could ever think about while some no one had no clue existed. After the last of them crossed over into our plane the gateway very slowly closed, it closed slower than it opened. It was as if the portal was waiting for something else to come through, stopping it from closing until it had a chance to exit. Just before the portal closed a giant clawed hand clasped the edge of the circular black hole stopping it as the Banshi stepped through. The Banshi stood in front of everyone with its black eyes looking intently at all of them. After the Banshi the portal closed allowing nothing else to come through.

Satan and Ciniklen stood next to the Banshi as their followers slowly stood to praise the newcomer as their third ruler, their second Prince.

Back at the farmhouse, God, Mary, Michael and the Angel General were sitting on the front porch trying to decide how to vanquish evil and how to take back Heaven. Everything they came up with seemed possible. Michael’s thoughts were interrupted by an unusual voice. The voice told him what to do to destroy and vanquish everything he needed to. Michael listened intently and without moving a muscle. It was as if he were in a trance like state of mind. It didn’t look like it, it looked like he was just thinking nothing else. Once the voice left Michael’s mind piercing his thoughts he came out of the trance. He told the plans to the others, they all agreed, and the plans began to take place. It seemed flawless yet it seemed like something would go wrong like in the movies. In the movies there are always roadblocks in the way for the hero to accomplish what they need to get done in order to win against the opponent. “Ok, tomorrow morning at the break of dawn is when we will do this. I hope we will accomplish and win. If we are to fail, I don’t know what will happen to the world and its inhabitants. If I were to die during the ultimate battle between good and evil, which I hope I will live, I will give the crown to you Michael. You will become my replacement. I now know I can trust you to do anything that is best for humankind. Now let’s hit the hay, get some sleep then be up at dawn. Does that sound like a plan everyone?” God said this with deep sorrow and fear in his voice. In his voice it was easy to hear the crack of fear in it. He knew something was going to happen. Something bad. Something that none of them would be able stop or control.

Deep in Scout Mountain at the campground the first coming of their new King, Ciniklen, the ritual will begin at midnight that night.

As night began to fall the satanists changed from their normal, everyday clothes into all black clothes and their black ritual robes. They started their chanting as Ciniklen and the Banshi strolled down the aisle of fire that surrounded everyone. The fire was in the shape of a pentagram there were a total of six circling around the camp. The Banshi was in front of Ciniklen and Satan in his actual form was alongside his son as they followed to their knighting of the Prince of Hell. As Ciniklen and Satan approached the black, fiery altar they heard Heavenly voices calling for Lenkinic. Little did they know he was no longer. He is now Ciniklen, the Prince of Hell, the son of Satan. The Angels came down from Heaven alongside of the actual God. He, Michael, Mary and the Angel General had made their way into Heaven which was a lot easier than they thought it would be. The truth is that Heaven’s gates were locked until the true God came back. He and Michael didn’t need to persuade anyone in Heaven what is going to happen if they did not do anything about it. None of the angels wanted to lose Lenkinic to evil that lurks deep within the heart of this world. And it lurks deep within some people’s hearts and minds.

As the angels descended down to the unforgivable sight that will forever be embedded in their hearts for the rest of eternity, they kept saying Lenkinic’s former name with hopeful prayer for their warrior’s return of his faithful self. They were deep in calling his former name when all of them were knocked out of the sky. The Banshi had used its dark powers with a wave of its hands to keep them from performing an act of love, any acts of love will not save Ciniklen from what he was born to be. As the angels fell, they barely missed falling into the pentagram shaped fires. The angels screamed with panic. Luckily none of them fell into any of the fires. Somehow, they were all speared their deaths for now.

The Banshi very slowly walked toward God and Michael with its now red eyes glaring at them with pure hatred and miss trust of this world. Its mouth full of sharp teeth formed into a sneering smile as it approached God and Michael. In its hands it held the God killing weapon that was supposed to have been destroyed long ago, centuries ago. The one that was believed to be able to kill God wasn’t really the actual God killing weapon. This is because the Banshi had it in its possession for all these centuries. Though not one angel knew it, not even God knew it still existed. He had ordered for the weapon to be destroyed, to have been melted into liquid, but unfortunately it wasn’t. When the Banshi stood toe to toe with God it said in an almost human voice, “God here is the weapon I was supposed to destroy. I’m truly sorry that I didn’t, I know I have been punished by you for making such a wrong decision. I have learned my lesson. May I return to being your Warrior and conquer evil? May I my Lord?” God didn’t need to double check his warrior’s apology. God knew he meant what he said. Without a word God turned the Banshi back into his former self. His former self was Eragian. Since Eragian had failed to replace himself with another warrior he was banished to the outer world of darkness and he was transformed into a Banshi until the day came for redemption. He thought that day would never come until he noticed the portal opening.

Once the portal opened he rushed for it almost missing his one and only chance to redeem himself. Now he has his only chance. He must not mess anything up.

Satan ordered his followers to attack Eragian and to kill him. Satan knew he can only be imprisoned again on the other hand his son can be killed and there would be no more Prince of Hell. And no more Hell for anyone to rule. There wouldn’t be a hell to rule anyway. For he knew it would all be torn apart and renovated into a new prison for the evil individuals of this world without any demons around. All the demons would be killed by God’s warrior or himself.

Ciniklen started toward Eragian to battle but Satan stopped him. “No son let our followers fight him. We can afford to lose them. I can’t afford to lose you. Hail followers! Go now! Go fight for our right to live and kill them, kill them all!” The Satanists cried, ‘Hail Satan and Prince of Hell!’ Then they went into battle.

All the angels, Virgin Mary, God, and God’s Warrior charged at the satanists with all their might. The satanists had no chance against the Heavenly weapons, weapons made of the steel of God’s heart. The weapons were created from Jesus’s crucifixion cross and the stone that rolled away when he was resurrected. The weapons were a combination of both. As the battle seethed on Satan called for God to battle him. It was a battle of life or death, a battle for Heaven and Hell. Satan said in a snubbish tone “you will die tonight and no one will *ever* be able to go to your place of residence. No one deserves to go there and live in harmony, *EVER*!! *You will never, ever see the morning ever*!!! I will rule this world from now on for the rest of eternity! I am this world’s true God. You had me kick out of Heaven just because you didn’t like my ideas. Now, you must pay!!” God said nothing. He had nothing to say about Satan’s statements. “Well, let’s battle now, Lucifer.” Said Lenkinic. I now know who I really am. I am Lenkinic, the second in command of God’s Warriors. You will pay for everything you have put me and this world through, tonight you will pay.”

It was three against one. As Satan bled while he lay on the blood stained dirt with all of followers laying all around the battlefield. He made his final wish. “I wish to be imprisoned for all eternity without any chance of escape. Unless I can redeem myself, if I ever wish to redeem myself. I may decide to stay imprisoned and never redeem myself. I do not wish to do so, *ever*! Now, send me to my prison. I am ready. I will wave the white flag of surrender to Heaven.” God thought about something he usually would have never thought about doing for Lucifer. “No, I will not send you to be imprisoned. Instead, I will allow you to determine your own fate and redemption on your own. But you must do it here on earth as a hunter, the hunter of evil. You will defend everyone who needs protection from evil. You know evil and how to detect it. You have lived it for centuries. I know eventually you will redeem yourself, my son. I know I never gave you a chance but I am ready to give you this one and only chance. You will be called Cipher of Evil. Mainly Cipher. You will be unknown to all except for those who you protect and save and those who you judge by your best judgment. If you choose anything else after one hundred years other than to protect then I will send you to your prison for the rest of eternity.”

Cipher’s appearance changed from devil to human with white clothing and white robe. He is now the protector of the world.

I CIPHER WILL PROTECT THOSE WHO CAN NOT PROTECT THEMSELVES. I WILL NOT BE SEEN BY ANYONE, OTHER THAN THOSE WHO NEED ME AND THOSE WHO I JUDGE, WHO NEEDS JUDGMENT. EVERYONE IS IN MY HANDS NOW AND IN MY PRAYERS. MAY YOU ALL SLEEP WELL KNOWING I AM OUT THERE TO VANQUISH AND STOP EVIL.