



Canopy Of Azure



2nd Edition

Sachiko Tamaki

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*This is the fictional story, the associated people, locations and historical events have no relation to the factual people, places as well as events.

The story involves shocking, obscene descriptions.

However, for the purpose to create fictional reality within the setting of 'Canopy Of Azure', those are not expurgated.

Some chemical substances that are written in Chapter I are often very dangerous.

Foreword

For thousands of history of our civilization, what would be shared among us with the people whom ever lived on the Earth, the Sun, the Moon and empyrean blue... Such light would be exactly the Light.

On this second edition, some lines were deleted as well as added, grammatical expressions and vocabularies were altered nevertheless it may induce the utmost curiosity, surely I was resolved for Chapter I -I as the latter of fifth century for my first edition, since several books of antiquity that I had referred for the novel, had had no reckoning of century as the modern day. Then my hypothesis has been that the existence of x year before AD (, but neither BC nor AD.) It means, the emergence of Jesus Christ would be determined as the 100th period after the year x when the calibration of time span had been numerically established as there has been the controversy for the era of Old Scripture, for instance, one day had been one year or occasionally a decade of twelve months, in this case, the Son was born in 100 AD so that 597 AD would be considered as almost the end of fifth century.

Anyway do the accumulated memories of the past totally consist life for a being? Whenever I mull over the conundrum, I always remember what the one of my favorite authors, Mann, T has ever written that the repetitive routine of everyday would tend to be remembered later as one act of life...

I have spent five days for my writing as leisure, taken rest for two days with local wines and beers at night and I have been sufficed for such of my routine.

Memory, past, life... The prophets would be admittedly the dreamers whom might be the champions mostly dreamt for the coming of future.

This year has been 2020 (The 21st century) that has begun.

Happy New Year!

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(The Mediterranean Sea)



(The Isle Of Cylarza)

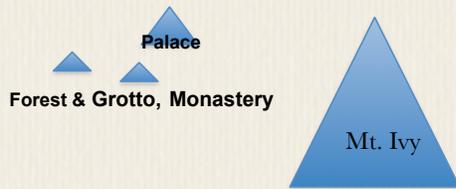
(The Sea Battle)

Ceth

(Cave)

Cylarza

Verathz



Greece →

← Carthage

Ozylarza

Aroth

The stories (Not all are introduced)

Chapter I-I In The Latter Of The Sixth Century (AD)

- . The abbot / The abbot of Cylarza, the archbishop of Cylarza
- . The Thief / Lebada
- . The king of Cylarza / Atious II
- . The master of the prophets / Gairas of Cylarza
- . The prophet / Dhava of Cylarza
- . The commander of Cylarza / Daniel of Cylarza
- . The prophets of Cylarza / Baros of Cylarza, Jeth of Cylarza
- . Dr. Eupolous
- . The lay brother / Hegi
- . The porter / Ikae
- . The monks / Gilad, Haran, Job, Kadid, Liron, Samuel, Tal, Uziel, Yonatan, Zakai
- . The Sarabite / Emga
- . The Landloper / Yepa
- . The woman / Mora
- . The girl
- . The ship builder and his son of Ceth / Pedam of Ceth, Pere of Ceth
- . The daughter of Nedious and Pere's wife / Natasha of Ozylarza
- . The duke of Ceth / Fruga of Ceth
- . The duchess of Ceth / Edya of Ceth
- . The commander of Ceth / Med of Ceth
- . The prophets of Ceth / Loch of Ceth, Uga of Ceth
- . The duke of Verathz / Ian of Verathz

- . The duchess of Verathz / Adera of Verathz
- . The children of Ian and Adera / Irith, Kachy
- . The commander of Verathz / Hedum of Verathz
- . The prophets of Verathz / Ori of Verathz, Yun of Verathz
- . The duke of Ozylarza / Rydas
- . The viceroy of Ozylarza / Nediuous of Ozylarza
- . The commander of Ozylarza / Gog of Ozylarza
- . The prophets of Ozylarza / Foz of Ozylarza, Zoa of Ozylarza
- . The duke of Aroth / Tecarion of Aroth
- . The commander of Aroth / Reb of Aroth
- . The dame of Aroth / Seda of Aroth
- . The prophets of Aroth / Doga of Aroth, Echecha of Aroth

Chapter I-II / 597AD-Before 633AD

- . The abbot (archbishop) of Cylarza
- . Pope Gregory
- . Augustine
- . Pelugusian (Peter the Monk)
- . Etherfrith of Bernicia
- . Ethelbert of Kent
- . Queen Bertha
- . Ethelburg of Kent
- . Liudhard
- . Laurentius
- . Edwin of Northumbria

Chapter II / In 1875

- . Newman
- . Keble
- . Pusey
- . Whewell
- . Neale
- . Pugin
- . Wesley
- . Wilberforce. W
- . Wilberforce. R

Chapter III / The Winter To The Spring In 1968

- . Anna Sutton (Baptismal name: The mother of Virgin Mary, St. Anne, St. Joachim's wife)
- . Anna's grandmother / Beth
- . Anna's father / Scot
- . Anna's mother / Flora
- . Anna's attorney / Oren
- . The chaplain / Father Daren
- . Mother Prioress, Novice Mistress / Sister Mary, Sister Sasha
- . The nuns of the convent / Hartlyn, Jiera
- . The combat infantrymen, the pilot / Colin, Kevin
- . The soldier / Rodriguez



I (1) The Monastery

The effulgent cadence from the lancet windows over where the abbot of Cylarza was ascending to the alter, it was sheer tranquility at his own whim if the Resurrection was bestowed by the final Sun, Christ on the cross, the solemn gospel in the latter afternoon, it testified the Faith and there was the engraved lamb on the golden stone with topaz, amethyst, these were the tints of nature under the feet of Jesus whom was with pain, unable to see the heavens, it was during the hour before the Mass as it were the monks had already begun the observances for Eastern Sunday.

On his Entry, the door was opened to him for where was not to live not to die, wriggles of candles in the evening, it was as though to manifest the eternal place, the sonorous portable organ and vielle¹ conveyed the souls, untethered them to be invited to the Above, the two monks set the chalice of wine and bread that betokened the Salvation in Heaven while the sensor swayed with the harmonious glory, would it be the end, the cross for the Trinity, the One to be on the Throne, for the Dominion of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit.²

The preparation for the feast had been since a day before with the meticulous guidance by the cellarer monk, Yonatan, the viands were served in the refectory, the aprons on the tunics, the olive oil was mixed with vinegar for salad and apricot that were the gratitude for the fertile soil and prosperous agricultural labor. They were waiting for the cakes in

the oven as it was the commemorative supper, surrounding the dine tables, all participants were rejoiced especially for the tankards of beer with the piquant dessert, nutty confectionary, of course they wouldn't leave to their dormitories before turnips and mustard thereafter the viol player, Kadid passed the dish to Haran whom picked the flesh with his dainty propriety that was his habitual inclination for his instrument.

In fact God would surely oversee their perspiration under the Sun, the monks went out to the field to sow the crops during the weekdays, the arable soil would thrive for the imminent summer, lentils, vetches... When Samuel was watering the land, he noticed that the calf was in stray hence the ensemble was made by Hegi and Zakai to bless "Theotokos."³ It was the evanescent coda in belief of Our Lady, then the wonderer appeared among bushes simultaneously the carps in the reservoir splashed after the copious spawn, the chorale was echoing through the mountainous terrain of Cylarza where the sycamores were swished with the blooms amidst the cliffs, lakes and meadows, such merciful magnificence under the empyreal pathos, indeed it was vouchsafed thus the invalids in the proximate infirmary under the care of Liron and Job were relieved the wistful despondency, the warm bath was ready for them, the condensed steam was enticed into the window ajar.

When the Sun was about to retire to the horizon, the Mediterranean Sea was tinged with the refulgent luster, Cylarza was in the mid of ocean, south of Rome between Carthage and Greece, contained the five provinces under King Atious II whose capital state Cylarza, Ceth in north, Ozylarza in south west, the pagan sects, Aroth and Verathz of the east, their trade was primarily with Greece.

However, the voyage required the serendipitous favor as the dense haze engulfed the entire island, it was so often whispered by the Romans.

“There said to be the honored monastery under the veil of Heaven.”

“Quote as the Merovingian, revered King Clovis, “It is the tantalizing allure by the Omniscience, my faith is sworn, belief is enhanced for the mysterious treasure of Our Sea, even my unbearable ambition that would be succumbed to be the everlasting figment to reach there!” Said he on the vessel.”

Under the immaculate constellations over the silver welkin, the monks were by the side of oil lamp in their habitat when the catechismal recreation was performed to a certain degree their intellect was exercised before the Night Office, Gilad took lead as the inquisitor, ‘Holy Trinity! What does the Holy Spirit pray for?’

‘The Father prays with the Wisdom of the Son, it is by the Grace.’
Liron.

‘What is the Grace to be prayed?’

‘The Spirit of the Creator for Genesis.’ Job.

‘Why is His Genesis to be prayed?’

‘To be taught about the Creation.’

‘Holy, Holy, Holy.’⁴

(2) The Spring Festival

After the strenuous rampart, the pastoral vista was unfurled to Atious whom was on the landau to visit the monastery on the adjacent hill, the vehicle halted, he swiftly stepped off in his cerulean brocade with the golden filigree that was reflected under the morning ray, the abbot was in the nave.

‘Tell me how the righteousness will be ascertained?’

‘With your soul for the creed...You will attain the Truth, Our Majesty.’ It was rather emphasized when the abbot clasped his humble crosier that was made of figs of Mt. ivy as he accompanied Atious to the coach, the wheels rattled along the Easter market, it was organized by his monks whose merchandise stalls for vegetables and fruits in addition to milk and olive oil beside the jars of honey, the bees had been nourished with thyme, it would be the indulgent savor for the unleavened bread without yeast, although the monks were obliged the herbivorous dietaries, the meat products were exchanged on the other corner for the servicemen whom were required to establish the feasible physiques for the variant actions. Anyhow the domestic betrothals were frequently engaged between the fighters and the sibyls for the hereditary lineage, the prophets were in fact highly esteemed next to the dukes as well as the abbot and the monks were on the exceptional hierarchy.

It was recognized that the monks would fast during Lent with the meager

amount of communion to eke out the days, Jacob's Ladder would be insinuated once in a while, coming down after Christ in Wilderness, would they be invited by the Son for His Ascension, since the sparse energy wouldn't allow the ones to preempt the mortal predicament though, the divine statement would evince the fulfillment of duty on the Earth as Matthew had ever attested, "All the apostles escaped."¹ So had he.

Meanwhile the vehicle meandered to take the feigned distance which was thorough circuitous, but it was to witness the long queue, albeit the people's sumptuous attires were incongruous in front of the infirmary, admittedly their intent was the farm shelter behind where Dr. Eupolous crouched to the potter's wheel for his amphorae, the charcoal was brandished in a jiffy run by the time when the clay was dried, the completed vases were arrayed on the floor, his clients were vying for the prices, the bills and silvers were bespattered nevertheless the heedless craftsman exerted himself for the creations, and Atious talked to the abbot, 'Utterly pleasurable to see the vigorous people to buy his art. On his attendance to my Palace, he spoke to me, "The crafts are destined to be configured, for instance, I began my drawing when the bell pealed twice that was an even number, and it was the exquisite fortune, Our Majesty, my drawing was finished when I reached exactly the antipodal face of vase then I heard the gongs for the third hour that was an odd number, you may know what it would be if I begin at the odd number." Yes, I have been obsessed by the enigma.'

'Numerical grace by the Immortal and the soul to create that are the constituents of the world.'

Their steeds were accelerated toward the northern east where was Verathz, the seashore was the epitome of high tide, concealed amidst the perpetual haze whereas the urban district was the cacophonous emporium with the robust populace whose hybrid worship, Greco Paganism, being derived from ancient Athens, the marble statues were the figures of Dionysius and Aphrodite, but the children learnt the Christian Bible in the playground next to the toddlers whom were toying with the fanciful balls, it would be that Hermes would alight on the aroma of Truth, such a little symposium for which particularly the twins were valued in the region to be a soldier in war, to be an actor in peace, each of their identity was distinguished by the brooch, the cross patterns and the grape vine rimmed the appurtenance.

The cobbled street ushered the entourage to the Verathz Amphitheater where the Easter Spring Festival was taken place, the miscellaneous instruments and the performers danced for the guests whom were to be in the open-air auditorium, imps and fairies alike, the fireworks were rocketed off when Gairas, the master of the prophets and the commander, Daniel arrived, the stout actors for the repertoires howled the verse over the vast extent that was encompassed with the colonnades while the prime box seat was for Atious, as he glanced Tecarion with Reb and his dame, Seda, the duke saluted the king, their mutual rapprochement of their twenties.

Indeed gods and God were integral cohesion in Aroth as the libertarian veneration under the modest ruler in his wavy hairs, the turquoise feathers encrusted his upper part, yet the whirling strength for the battle of whom, being acclaimed that he would be the incarnation of Apollo or Hermes besides the province was also renowned for the

vernacular wine, it would epitomize Dionysian nobility and Epicurean self-constraint with the sacred libation.

During the opening ceremony, Ian made his courteous address to the king, with his family, the duchess, Adera and their twin daughters, Irith and Kachy.

‘For this vernal season of a year, glory onto you, My Majesty. Our civilized life has been inspired to entertain all, it is the comical rapture, our festivity and harvest can be celebrated by Jesus on His Throne.’

The explosive whistles and applause, the disguised actors with the slings as the rebels, roaring to appear over the field, but the soldier was having a nap and was roused.

‘Amen, the man, how do you abandon this historical moment? Are you fasting for Lent thus you can’t battle?’

‘No, never ever, my fellow, I actually killed the infidel so I have been possessed.’

‘See, see, I see the soul of dead to curse you, you have been shrouded in the ghost thus you shall be shed, I should send his ego to her bed.’

The rebel took out hyssop from his sack, began to rustle the soldier’s armpit, he was rolling, cackling over the ground promptly the pale blue wraith was released, hugged and kissed him, ‘Treachery!’

The plant was transformed into the long sword and propelled to the sky, which was caught by Poseidon, the gigantic body had overseen the affair so far, the immortal retaliated with the blade that was prodded at the center thereafter the scene was progressed to be the conclave where the soldier was fettered.

‘The poor thief will come your home tonight as God has predestined, is it such?’

The captive couldn’t respond for his gagged mouth and he was eased to say, ‘He shall be on time as it is written by God.’

‘If so, will you be forgiven?’

‘If I divest my poor cloth for the poor.’

‘Forgiveness is given to the one whom is without a garment, yes, I will try it to be bestowed the golden mantle in Heaven.’

‘The golden mantle with the charitable alms bowl, how obstinate you are!’

‘Tut! Tut!’

The rebels dashed into the field, scampering in circle, ‘Tut! Tut!’

‘Go! Move!’ By the audience.

However, the exhausted men were enfeebled to whimper tete-a-tete then it was proclaimed, ‘No shame at all, but why should I cover my body? What do I have over my body? And...Where are we going?’

Instead of the answer, the comrades warbled the ensemble for antagonism nonetheless they hardly breathed for the crescendo, it was forsaken, eventually they initiated a fight each other, volleys of stones with the slings that were also thrust to be nothing.

All the actors drew the neat rows for gratitude, and their elegant bows, the theatre was at the crest of excitement whereas the messenger quietly informed Ian, though his unendurable discomfiture, he managed to retrieve himself, gave Irith the paper ball before he left.

Kachy was little annoyed because it was only for her sister, but she saw

the trinket thrown to the stage, bounced on the ground to be the festoons, the actor gestured a kiss to her whom was shyly snuggled into Adera.

While Ian's vehicle rushed through the narrow district, it was pulled up in the sight of crowd over the entrance of the house where the middle-aged guy was shuddering for his cry with his wife's remains, the corpse was as though in attempt to shelter her triplets that were no longer in life, the blood was permeated on the floor, the inquest and the coroner tied the man hence the duke merely glimpsed the blanket over the sinner.

(3) The Visitor

A tensed atmosphere of the monastery was intensified by the cowls whom were in fact the soldiers from the Palace via the secret route under Dr. Eupolous's shack, the precaution was owing to the uncommon guest to the abbey, Emga would stay for a few days, the leader of the Sarabites,¹ their wayward creed never be afraid to confront with the foes no matter how many the opponents would be, more than twice or fourth anyway Emga's dictatorial jurisdiction for Jesus was utter absolute. Needless to say, the guards had been restrained due to the unaccustomed hems, going through the dim passage, it had been occasionally that they had been about to stumble for the doctor's stannos or kraters which would be exported beyond sea by the sovereign affirmation to be exempted from the notary's record among any goods with a tax, consequently the fiscals under the prophets' supervision had ever muttered, "We love what we haven't seen, yet our admiration for them."²

Prior to Emga's arrival, Dhava presaged the affair and the porter, Ikae was incessantly tapping his own head with the fist as his sign for the Sarabite's tonsure during the hour of silence, though Ikae was usually the poised elder, he was unable to hide his anxiety, but the onerous knock baffled the quietude, necessarily said he, 'Shall you pray for peace to this house?'³

‘No for no thus yes, I will be, I the Sarabite, did the cock crow?’⁴

‘Yes, it crowed.’

‘DuDuDu Ruuuuu!’

‘Wait...’

After awhile, the abbot unlatched the portal for the guest whom exactly crowed, ‘Woohoo! The father would be my messiah for tonight, if your son asks for an egg, would you give him a serpent?’⁵

‘For you? To whom has already been bestowed a destiny to be the nestled chick as the son of the Nazarene, I know what David would do, the Sabbath was made for men and not men for Sabbath.’⁶

What about the belief for the multitude whom had ever been saved by Jesus advocated Barabbas, the mutiny to be released, but Jesus not? Have you ever tried to vindicate such men?’

Emga knelt down before the abbot, blessed his hospitality, ‘Peace to this house.’⁷

‘Your oath to Heaven.’⁸

(4) The Assembly

The monks and citizens huddled up together behind the golden rails of the assembly hall, the convocation that was directly summoned by the king was valued among the populace, Atious was on the raised seat, presiding over between Gairas and the golden mitered archbishop whose identity was officially obscured since the previous sovereign, Atious I had ordained the bishopric authority for the power to mediate the secular governance with the heavenly order and faith for wisdom, as the episcopal dogma of life, rigid celibacy and chastity were prerequisite, a killing and the participation of battle were prohibited for the one.

After the solemn proclamation, momentary equanimity, but the disputation was launched by Ori of Verathz whom was blamed for the murder that had been happened on the day of festival, said he ‘The latchets of shoes I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose.’¹

‘As a matter of fact, we, the prophets of region had already urged Dionysian premonitory for the impending plague before the incident, as Our Majesty’s discernment is ample as the streams of the Eden... To be known, albeit our land, Verathz is in proud of the bulwark that is a haze, we can’t be prospered for it.’ Yun defended his brother.

‘I never condemn the prophets as Ori and Baros are thought to be sensitive for the matter.’ Atious.

‘Censored prophets are lamentable, by our king’s manifestation to be the difficult centerpiece, shall we appreciate for it?’ Baros.

‘Our duke, Tecarion advocates Epicurean doctrine to propitiate nature.’ Echecha intervened.

‘Our “propitiation” is entrusted with the mist, we have been enough for it.’ Ori contended him.

‘Indeed we shall find the foremost possible conformity between nature and your land to overcome the inherent shade.’

During the argument, Foz and Zoa of Ozylarza dispensed their eager attribution, ‘Our trained bodies would consume nature much than anything else while you can’t speak so competently in famine, it would be that the ominous prognostication had triggered the mad whom killed his children.’

‘However, such apocalyptic insinuation hasn’t been the first time for our land, and our duke, Rydas has been predominantly obsessed with the envisioned ship, it would be concurrent, malaise and disintegration...’

‘Advance your words!’

Zoa quickly bowed for the permission, ‘Regarding our notary issued, we shall contribute to sails to Carthage more than eighty percent of whole trade with them, since it has been envisaged that the trouble would occur on the vessel from the capital, Cylarza anyhow we are to predict when our seashore becomes clear, though it is by chance, once in a month under the aegis of our lord, Rydas whose piety, loyalty and qualified faculty, we shall do the righteousness that God wishes.’

‘Blessed be Ozylarza, the descendant of our fellow, Vandals whom have ever vowed to Justinian of Byzantine! And I should be recognized... By whom the plague was anticipated?’ The king.

Nobody could have any response, but Yun, ‘The duke of Aroth, Tecarion was slept for the nightmare that the fog was shaped as a man, seized the vessel...’

‘Did somebody espy his nightmare?’ Atious.

‘For him as a dream, but for me as a vision.’ Loch of Ceth.

‘My good disciple, there shall be no word any more as it is considered that the omen of earthquake that was presaged to me invoked your vision.’ Gairas’s scarlet robe swirled for his revelation.

Would it be inexorable discomfiture, but the archbishop intoned the deliverance, ‘In terms of how to read the Scriptures, the pure children are the most of it, not to cause the Wrath of God nevertheless this precept wouldn’t be appropriate for this council as we have already learnt the way beyond the axiom to be capable for the betokened recognition and such competency that the Omniscience has granted us, even for the honeycomb, it sorely enlightened Jonathan whom had not been warned not to take it.’²

‘I beseech you, my people, my honorable prophets, the envisioned destiny is the considerate significance, dedicate sincere souls and faiths to your insuperable proficiency!’ By the king.

In the end, Gairas heightened his pastoral staff, all attendances were upright except Atious whom saluted in the air for the reverent adjournment.

‘No! We shouldn’t leave now, for our future, for our grace to be ascertained how we can restore our fate!’

Uga of Ceth whose fitful temper that was approved by the twins of Verathz, ‘In truth I saw in a doze that the triplets were bestowed to our state, the mother was jubilant, but there was the encroaching shadow.’

‘Subsequently I saw their house in void.’

Uga forged to the mid of hall, ‘Our people of Ceth signify the sacred garment, ephod, toil and effort, everyone is honest for their earning, our ledger is immaculate even to the numerical limit within infinity, of course Fruga helps our labor with the dew on his shaved head. Equally we are the ones whom have been enlightened, for instance, somatic act and existence of soul then how it would be applied to this occasion? This prohibited perfume afflicts the nostrils of whom are to commit the specified sin, let’s try, who is the evildoer? Who will destroy both body and soul?’³

‘Calm your mind, Uga!’

However, Dhava’s interference was too late to suspend the bespattered portions, the people were in terror, swarming over the egress moreover the mingled curiosity and cowardice until the trembling floor whether the imminent ruin that would befall, some of them were collapsed, unaware of whom was in quivering convulsion, Doga’s face as a roaring flame, his contoured mien for the abrupt dilation as a ballon, spasmodically his head was pulverized into sludgy matter once more the vehement shrills whilst Hegi was struggled to achieve the wrecked cruciform, the archbishop upraised his crosier to be the entire hush, ‘Every sorrow begins.’⁴

Under the moon ray, the dukes arrived for the supreme council, the refulgent candelabras, but the subdued hour for Doga's death, herbal liquor was sluiced into the cups to commemorate the deceased.

'Our protector, Hermes navigates the one to the journey, place to place, even from the land to Haze as if they are traversed in a dream, for us, a dream is the shadow of life, the remnant of impression by the Sun, it should be the gift from nature... Douceur de vivre... Something of a misnomer as hedonism as we are, seeking for joy with the tender immanence and health.' Tecarion.

'I shall compensate for Doga as long as I can.' By the king.

'Onto Caesar which is for Caesar, onto God which is for God.'⁵ The archbishop.

'Why not sorely the resplendent dream thus it would be a dream that shall be the vision, being vouchsafed by God?'

The duke of Aroth neither to contend nor being convinced for the matter hence Gairas, 'A dream exists in the essence of light thus the prophets are the dreamer whom sees the world amidst the extended light, some dreams are only the puerile trickeries between light and brain whereas the specific strata of ray would reflect the future, in this view, we are trained to absorb the eclectic luster.'

'For Doga!'

As Atious held his chalice, all the ones in presence followed him, and Tecarion, 'Can the prophet predict how it would be after the one's own death?'

'Known by us as Heaven with the Scriptures.' Dhava.

There was an abstemious lull, but the contrasting baritone, ‘God’s Mercy for the children whom were killed by the deranged man! How it would be compensated for the imposed deaths on the tiny bodies? Indeed the Glory for the birth of Christ is especially praised in Verathz, so to speak, it shall not be forgotten about the enormous sacrifices that were made by our twin soldiers under Atious I... Our Majesty, I beg you not to give me too merciful condolences, the shallow root would soon wither away,⁶ wouldn’t it?’ Ian.

‘Our mortal bodies live in the shallow ground, but to know about Heaven.’ By the archbishop, but Tecarion sighed for his contemplation, ‘Woeful history of Pagan is about to be told again by us. Our vision is clear hence we go, we go to where is our ancestral sanctum, yes, Mercy for the children!’

‘Our seminary in the primordial era had fun, it was called Noah’s Day, a quarter sal with the engraved sack and cross on the one side, this is the remembrance of Judas Iscariot’s sin as well as the gratitude for consumption and repentance, and the old prophets used to inscribe the second cross on the other side, as the quarters were habitually circulated, it sometimes came back to them and they said that Noah’s dove returned to him thus the day would be secured to go out of the wall, it was the time when Christianity was still inchoate, but we no longer require such nostrum as we have obtained the course to the sacred ladder, we freely alter the inclination, up and down, no concern at all, the safety of the vessel is to be promised.’ Gairas.

‘I shall show my sincere appreciation, yet our implacable soul, as the infanticide happened within my region, the one should be with the

citizen, I excuse my presence.' Ian promptly raised himself, hasty salute, the door was shut after his mantle.

Rydas and Fruga followed the duke, the Ozylarza suggested the shared vehicle with him, said he, 'Is the ship building without beams by Ceth? It has never ever been deprived.'⁷ In his muscular physique, bald head, golden breastplate and greaves, what would he attempt to be conveyed? Fruga hadn't uttered a word during the council nonetheless Rydas realized that the Ceth would be planning to venture into Rome.

In the latter evening, Seda visited the assembly hall as the pallbearer for the coffin, containing Doga, it was for the funeral rite with the sibyls, the silent moan by whom without a language to acquire, and Tecarion accompanied her.

Meanwhile as soon as Ian entered Verathz, he was gleamed on his coach, the people were shoving each other before the tenement block, immediately the quadrupeds were pulled to neigh.

(5) Lamentation Of The Land I

Hegi became the kitchener of monastery, it meant that he was assigned to secure the doors of the storage houses, for example, the granary, the mill as well as he would be Yonatan's assistant as the cellarer reckoned the stocks and necessary purchase once in three days, Hegi would live next to his dormitory.

On the holy custom for the kitchener, the lay monk in his black tunic over the lanky demeanor came to the oratory, prayed in Deus¹ to gratify God for the consumption on the day.

It had been the time when the abbot had been ordained the rank, it was the reminiscence for him about Hegi whom had been swaddled in the straw rag, his parents had offered a morsel of ambrosia and left him, his palms had been tenacious as a maple on the Bible to swear the oath of his pure faith to the Spirit and love for the brethren to be the incorruptible soul forever to follow our Lord.²

The days were elapsed, but the scorching Sun just before the summer was as though the shrill of firmament, the End would be told by Heaven to crack the globe nevertheless Helios abhorred none sorely to maintain the frenzy hue every hour after dawn furthermore thousands of gnats were always swarming around Him, burnt to fall on the land, the tillage was shriveled, the pond lost waters, 'The fish have been tossed to sands, but my throat has been parched as well...' Said Zakai.

If there had been even a remnant of viability to seek for resolution, Tal would have done so, he was without any sustenance, utterly desisted from the meager amount of nutrients, though the monks preserved the dried squashes with the watered honey, he continued with the alms bowl on the path where the ox drivers were ubiquitous for the patients to the infirmaries, since they were distressed with diarrhea and ocular disease due to the lack of moisture and dust in the air equally the cattle, by the sudden loss of conscious, exposed the blotted tongue, anyhow Dr. Eupolous was overwhelmed with the fatal invalids to accord them the final peace, mattresses and remedies were delivered from all provinces, when the palliasses were loaded on the wagon by Uziel, 'The manes of asses are as stalks.'

For his endearing quadrupeds, but innumerable deaths, the oxen eked out breaths and the monks slept, leaning to the wall.

It was the clear morning, frugal rain a night before, Samuel persisted in oblivion next to Tal whom was in quietus with the alms bowl on his thighs, he discovered a few seeds on it, brought them by the window to examine what kind of crops would be grown...

Whenever hours forgave him, Dr. Eupolous was turning the potter's wheel since Baros had ordered him to devote to the prospective hope, "Over the sea, your crafts can be exchanged with the significant sustenance as there has been nothing for us except your amphorae that will be pleasantly accepted."

The sinews, muscles and contours of bones, these anatomical representations were meticulously delineated on the vases, the warriors were e spirit de corps, the ruches for the nymphs were soft as their lips, the oeuvre of corporeality, the ancient sagas would be incarnate.

(6) The Second Visitor

Ikae was flabbergasted when he was told about the visitor, flapping his hands before his mouth agape to indicate the Landloper¹ while the monks were gathered for the portrait, they would be known about the archaic canvas that was the blessed gormandizer with the distinctive guffaw and prodigious shiny teeth. Who would be in where was worsened by the murky haze as the Sun was torturously debilitated? The food was scarce, but if they didn't accommodate the Landloper, it would go wrong.

'Peace to this house, peace to this house!'² The deep groaning voice was echoed through the monastery, Ikae right away responded, unlatched the door, 'Thanks be to God.'³ His amicable face with the podgy build was peeped out, 'Thanks be to Yepa, thanks be to Yepa whom was summoned to you by God.'

The crispy squashes, unleavened bread and orange in curacao, 'These are all what we have.' Hegi with his nervous voice. He fed himself the whole kinds on the table in a trice, the bottle was guzzled up furthermore he asked the lay brother for the storage house, slapped the forearm, something was absorbed into his mouth, needless to say, Hegi winced as it was a tick. A despondent paucity of the cellar, but Yepa with the decent spoon began to gouge out the scum on the barrel, wine, vinegar and so forth until the

Superior of the house appeared, chuckled to say, 'Indeed human can't be lived only with bread.'

'Where is the alms bowl? Your monk's alms bowl? there was seldom an opportunity for my life to give the seeds to the almsgiver.'

'He entered to the Almighty a month ago. We had never ever seen such weird seeds that were buried with him in the cemetery.'

'Funeral takes place by The Tears Of The Thief.'

'Unrecognized dictum for me.'

'The seeds would be The Tears Of The Thief, these were discovered in Jerusalem near Golgotha and passed to the Vandals. When I was in Carthage, I received the seeds from the monks instead of food, it was during Lent.'

'Blessed be our brethren!'

'Blessed be I and you as I have been fulfilled to assist you, usher me to the monk's grave.'

The moonlight shone onto the phlegm soil that was fairly moist under the stone cross by where Yepa stood, 'Hark our Father's words! When the Thief cries, his jewels are the beginning of life to tell the tales of Genesis.'

Yepa's "Troparion"⁴ was from the heavens as well as in depth, the abbot partook in harmony, it was the miracle of concordance thereafter the tiny stem shot up, paltry an inch at once, then rapidly soaring, nearly the reach to the indigo firmament, Yepa ordered a cup, removed the plant, waters were bespattered as a brook, all the ones relieved their thirst.

'He will come, he will come and you may know what I meant.'

After the Landloper left the abbey, the waters were maintained for one week, since it was told through the provinces, the people flocked for the exceptionally tasty reservoir as it were Dr. Eupolous preserved it in his phial for his concoction with the resin of myrrh to alleviate pain and inflammation.

(7) Lamentation Of The Land II

There was no complaint about the insipid meal by Edya, the duchess of Ceth was served the savorless soup for a lunch nevertheless she was to entreat her husband for her apprehension, at least to postpone the sail to Rome, but he said, 'You, of the Lombard lineage, what is to be perturbed? The valorous conquest against the Ostrogoths, you may know the men's chivalry thus you shall be also honored by our Ark of God, our gain will be distributed over the lands, luck would be on our vessel anyway Nedious arrives after sunset, we celebrate the brilliant completion of our Ark.' Her husband wiped the sweat on his temple, swallowed waters before he left.

The gate of Ceth was rattled to open for the viceroy and his daughter, Natasha whom were on the coach, she was nearly fifteen, her glowing eyes, insightful allure despite of the suppressed life for the famine. She had been the delayed newborn for Nedious in his forties, and his proclivity for the immediate retirement these days in fact he was suffered from discomfort even though his daughter was cheerful on a journey, 'It would be effulgent under the ray, the splendor of those milky walls and edifices in the acropolis that is as the unerring geometry. Do they wear ephod?'

However, he was equivocal about his dictate, 'You shall be favored by the duchess.'

Her trifling nod, skinny nape, chiffon garb was too voluminous for her.

Although Fruga entertained the guests with the jesters, the evening ceremony was the subdued extravagance, when the duchess appeared in her stola that was accoutered with sapphires, the participants were enthralled by the mysterious gems, Natasha acknowledged that the artisan guild of Ceth shared the genealogy with Dr. Eupolous, including the art of textile, indeed the lavender drapery was strewn on the cloth, Natasha avidly observed the duchess in order to be taught by her whose propriety, impeccable supervision from her seat over the banquet.

The cordial melody was halted by Fruga for the shipbuilders' entry, Pedam and his son, Pere whom represented the enterprise, they were stalwart in ephods, they genuflected to the duke whom proclaimed, 'My foremost pleasure and glory to introduce the creators of the Ark of Ceth!'

Would Pedam evince comical modesty as though his habitual arrogance for the work, 'Scrupulously harmonious beams and masts, no antagonism to where she is ushered, suave as the music that can be delightful for our ears.'

Fruga grinned to restart the ensemble and it effectively muffled Natasha whom was mesmerized by Pere, accordingly the duchess with her acuity, she whispered to the duke for the time to enjoy the untrammelled recreation for all.

Pere complimented Natasha's tiny rosary around her neck as it was the token of females in Ozylarza furthermore his admiration for Rydas whose stolid body, devoted to the rigid creed.

'Is this true that the duke prays as a monk?'

While she was too shy to be intimate, but no matter he continued, 'You shall not be deprived by the famine, always sufficient and ripe as your

cheeks and this wine.'

He kissed her at once, confirmed that nobody did see it except the jester whom slinked towards them with his flute, 'Youths, you know? The monks of Cylarza produce cheese with vinegar instead of rennet, and the figs of Mt. Ivy which are skillfully grafted as the leaves for Adam and Eve whom covered their genitals to be fallen from the Eden.'

Pere burst into laugh as well as the ones, surrounding them, but Natasha couldn't understand what was told besides the minstrel began the instrument.

'What is entertaining you rather than this adagio?'

The duke intervened, then the performer urged Fruga, 'My lord, why is your misanthrope but the prophets whose insuperable supremacy? You have defied the covenant for the sail tomorrow... Lebada the Thief will be coming onto us.'

'Would you be the jester to impose me misfortune? Yes, Atious, Our Majesty will be surely obliged without trouble of his mind, I know about the reward of hard labor thus I also know about the joyful gift without any labor, am I wrong?'

'Your wisdom, discernment, these have been manifest hence what would your prophets respond to you?'

'The one is prohibited the attendance as he disturbed the council, the other is Gairas's reliable disciple thus he may have already recognized our venture.'

'However, I have envisioned that the Thief will be sent to us.'

'What did you mean?' Fruga intensified the dispute.

‘As the Sanhedrin voted the Thief to be crucified.’

‘The servant from Heaven doesn’t make revenge, yet to heal the plague.’

‘I beseech you, my lord, do not repeat the failure as your ancestor. Both a death and deaths shall be valued equally, it is life, you would jeopardize your sailors and resources.’

‘Tearion’s nightmare was merely by wretched Hell.’

‘Dionysius warns the pagans and Aroth doesn’t ship for this month.’

‘You speak as Hell.’

‘I am the follower of divine ordinance.’

‘You are not the prophet.’

‘Yes, my lord, I am out of the prophets’ sight. The Ark of God, not for the atheist.’

‘Alas! How great you are! We have been defamed to be an apostate as we are the servants of Christ.’

‘You are the servant of Pythagorean wisdom as well.’

‘Ha!? It could be Dr. Eupolous, sorely an atheist in this land, I would be defeated by the hybrid genius.’

‘He is holy, who lives in goodness of the Essenes’ inherence.’

‘You see nothing about us.’

‘I beseech you, your arrogance would trigger the demise of this land, I see the wrecked Ark, the perished remains would go astray ad infinitum

over the ocean until the end of the world. How can the vessel return without the helmsmen?’

‘Hold the swine that wails from the bottom of Hell!’

Med gripped the pommel, the guards sealed the entrance, but the jester swiftly climbed up to the balustrade, escaped through the window as a keg, being tossed by somebody.

Pere grasped Natasha hid themselves behind the corner, they were about to run off outside, but the slender hand passed a key to her, the duchess’s silhouette fidgeted, meanwhile Pere kissed her again under the dim lamp and there was also the one whom obsequiously pecked at her fingers that kept the article, the jester to ask for help.

The key was fit for the wardrobe with wigs and pallas for the maidens, the trespasser wore them, excused the affair in disguise as a chunky female, before his valediction, he swallowed his bottle, gave it to Natasha.

‘The doctor concocted the waters of abbey to be a medicine, grace onto you, farewell.’

When the narrow portal was creaked, he meditated upon where he would stay for a night.

The Ark of Ceth was unveiled on the next day, the huge barque emerged, yet the sensitive rigging of masts that would accord with the breeze for the wafts of clouds in the context of clear sky, when the tide pushed the waves onto the shore, the vessel was as the magnificent cradle, evocative of maternal womb, proud and honor for the entire subjects, albeit Fruga was no more embarrassed by the disturbance during the previous banquet, he would be certified by the sailors whom were to invest their life in the voyage, whilst Natasha was utterly enraptured by Pere with his father, they were celebrated, esteemed, for the time being, the hawsers were unleashed, the hulk towards the horizon, vehement revelry, a bout of gale, Edya restored her shawl.

During the late hours on the day, the trawler of Ceth caught the ample of seine net, how sufficient such an enjoyment would be until Fruga was notified the fetid reward.

“Your arrogance would trigger the demise of this land...” It did menacingly linger on...

No matter, at the time, the blasphemer, Yepa divested the flowery veil and lengthy frill for which he had been trapped by the twigs of forest, subsequently it was in his sight, the encroaching fog to the boarder between Verathz and Aroth, he bolted towards where would be in conflict.

(8) Battles & Apocalypse

Irrevocable confrontation was either victory or defeat, aspired to continue the path of civilization.

‘The beginning of the world was in chaos and the gods established the order, but it has been muddled to be restored by the obliteration of disorder, you are wretched, you haven’t already been Ian of Vearthz and the father of the twins, if not, show me the proof that is your retreat to live with them, summoned to the king to tell him about the infanticides, these have been accumulated in more than three scores in your region.’ Tecarion howled.

‘I am the father of the children forever and ever.. What is tenderer than honey and what is greater than a lion?’¹

‘It is a bee, its sugary honey, but it impales the lion with the spear.’

‘No! Milk! The milk from their mothers, they can’t live without it, a cub can’t be grown without it, our toddlers have been born to be starved, none of their mothers has enough breasts, discern the sign of the era!’² Ian contended.

‘Plague, war, apocalypse, we are all the consequence of disasters, we have been survived, but anyhow war kills mothers as you murdered Adera.’

‘My Kachy spoke to me, “Dad, my stomach is bleeding as it has a needle inside.”

I clasped her mummified body, galloping over the city, “We are under the equal agony, your duke’s children and wife, the disparity is only the marble statues and the Arabian silk of my palace. What do you want? You want the statue? I give it to you. What do you want ? You want the silk? I give it to you.” However, the mobs begged me for food, can you see the innumerable soldiers behind me? We will celebrate our triumph, I will kill you, we will rummage around your territory for me to give crops to my people. The stupid pagan is sheer obstacle for us, to be honest.’

‘Shut up mad!’ The Aroth roared.

Following Hedum’s signal, Yun and Ori straddled before the commander, then the immense haze enclosed the Verathzs and they were invisible. Reb and Seda sluiced down from their steeds, stamped their rapiers to levitate in the air, all of Aroth likewise as if they were interspersed in an atmosphere, whirling and rotating in a silent jiffy, the formed echelon was morphed to conceal where Tecarion was, the fusillade of arrows were swooshed to attack the foes, indeed the impassive demeanors as the sculptures, this was the truth of light for Aroth.

However, the agglomerated mist was gradually towards them, the pelting blades were perfectly evaded by the veiled squadron of Verathz that deliberately initiated the duel fights by the twins, pretended to be the single combat.

Spasmodically the edges of long swords amidst the fog pierced the hovering throats, but the warriors whose intentions to reach Tecarion were thoroughly dispatched by Reb and Seda whose whirling rapiers with their revolving wrists.

As the Aroths completely lost the targets, they were suspended in a flurry spell, yet were they to detect Ori and Yun, the twin prophets.

‘Yun is righteous, he is only Ori!’ Echeca.

‘Read the move!’ Reb’s command.

‘Aim at the center!’ By Tecarion whom set his crossbow to the twins, their wiring glides that hampered his sight.

The dagger was hurtled to the duke instead caught Reb, on the second attempt, a slew of turbulence, Seda protected Tecarion, she plunged to the ground besides Echeca broke his knees with his groan, ‘Left and right, right to left, I can’t see him as they vanish when they are the one.’

Tecarion pulled the tethers for his retreat after he grasped Seda whose habergeon as the pinioned goddess.

The abandoned field at dusk, the corpses were scattered over the soil, the ones under the cowls, who disguised themselves as the monks on duty of Isaiah to give benediction to the souls were the Sarabites under Emga, when he discovered the body with the vestigial sighs, the hooded cadaver was carried to him, laid on the ground instead of whom was Echeca, brought to the doctor’s barracks, before the door, the tonsure hooted, ‘No for no!’

To see his final dream in his tent, Tecarion was writing to the king, “Loss of my fellows, nature’s wrath, we were ordered to retire, every defense makes no sense.³ The heavens don’t hate us, but our animosity... Our values were destroyed, then I will follow our ancestors, thousands of yore, we are to be punished.”

'Our Majesty, you are to divide the kingdom and none stands.'⁴ Gairas. Nevertheless Atious with his troops hastened themselves to where the terminal convulsion was about to expire, the seeping gore was as the tributary of ripen forest, the man who hadn't yet been reached a quietus whimpered, 'I have lived well.'⁵ The king gestured to his commander hence he took his falchion for the duke, Tecarion.

As soon as Baros presaged the siege by Verathz, the king secured the billet on the foot of his Palace where could preempt the incursion to the capital area, the prophet continued his counsel, ‘The twins of Verathz increase the power after the victory is vouchsafed them, they will ransack the Tower of Justice with our armory moreover Ori and Yun can perceive the location regardless their obscured intent under the billows thus we can’t foresee their action.’

While the strategy was woven, the familiar voice appealed to the king, ‘I am the one whom hears God and I will follow Him.’

‘Grace onto you, the legendary Landloper, Yepa!’

‘I have come onto you, it had been told since your predecessor, Atious I.’

Yepa accompanied them to the decrepit tower, justice would be shown in darkness that dissembled the light, no radiance in order to adjudicate the faith for Heaven. The construction was consisted in twofold, accessible each other by means of the covered parapet.

‘How do we overcome the elder tower?’ Yepa.

‘It is the relentless maze.’ By Daniel.

‘Nature in decay! Behold the wooden edifice that would be effortlessly set a flame!’

The entrance was creaked to invite them and closed by itself, there were the two routes, either to the west or the east where the steep stairs were well-nigh perpendicular to the floor, ‘We go to the west as our haunches shall not be burnt by the abrasion in the case of fortuitous falling.’

Anyway, can you be aware of the ancient maneuver for war? If the enemy incinerates the elder tower, the battle would be engaged in this tower furthermore the invaders would be required to select the stairs, then of course, they would be like us, after all everything would be indulged in the course of light bestowed them.

What will be transpired, Baros and Jeth, by your wisdom?' The Landloper.

'Noah's dove is in favor of gravity to tell us that everything is all right.'

Jeth was advocated by Baros, 'We are missing the dove as we follow God's will, being moved by the Holy Ghost.⁶ Quote Gairas, "My voice is my will, the will of my insight and tenacity, my will is the One's will." Additionally by the Scripture, "He is what he is by the Grace, not to follow the evil words."⁷

'Then?' Yepa was so curious.

'Our victory.' Daniel concluded to encourage the Landloper to be on the podium, 'Maledictions often float in the antiquated place, I have been justly certified by the prophets thus it shall be my cinch.'

Yepa climbed up the stairs to the west, swiftly flew back to them, 'Though sorely the musty odor has been our foe.'

The soldiers filed up after him, engirdled the king with Daniel, when they were on the third floor through the narrow meander, Yepa paused to say, 'I hear God, show us the way, we are under the fidelity to the king.'

He was fully yoked by the Spirit, he plodded along the corridor near the armory, right away indicated the slab of stone that consisted the floor,

necessarily a hoe was used to discard the rectangular husk, it exposed the cavity, there was the capacious cellar underneath.

Accordingly the makeshift lewis was ready with the crane and stone pincers to convey the weapons from the original depot except the portable loads that could be thrown down, all men of Cylarza to exert for their new cellar whilst the soldiers lodged in where the war would begin as it were the facile trigger that the reverberation of plunged metals pricked Ian's paroxysm afterwards the smoldering field was perceivable.

Yepa, 'Is that hysteria as a result of the Creation?'

Daniel, 'As though they have existed in a mirage, half of them are not in real.'

'Curiously they are formed as the complete symmetry, is it the twins' maneuver?' By the king.

'The summoned fog has been transformed to be the mirror as if the equal number keeps abreast, they have deluded us as twice of the actuality.' The Landloper.

'Shall we dispatch arrows to the both sides?' Daniel was implacable nonetheless the reconnaissance was suggested by the associate whom was told by Atious, 'You have already enough contributed to us, you shall receive honor and reward on your return.'

'You do not know, Our Majesty, my destiny hasn't yet been fulfilled so that I shall fulfill myself, it is the legend, my epitaph is with my portrayal, "His end is for us to show the teeth."'

Yepa rode on an ass, plucked its loin, sauntering towards the Verathzs,

would they be misunderstood whether a child was swayed on his rocking horse moreover he began to croon aloud.

‘Your soul adheres to the spiral wall.

The evil confides to you that you are fallen by God when you lose the next step, but your feet are veered to the next step as the Spirit moves your legs.

As you survive, you are not sent to Hell.’

‘It’s only the befuddled dwarf to espy us!’

No sooner than Ian, Hedum shot his arrow that hit Yepa whom was once bounced to be his demise whereas the donkey was excited, scampering over, vanished into the forest.

‘Right is true!’ by Daniel whom was supervising the ass to be reflected on the nonexistent phase hence the Verathzs veiled themselves, promptly the advancing troops of Cylarza dragooned that spears and lances exactly hit the ones behind the haze, then Atious signaled to halt the volley, ‘What is the manner of whom even nature would obey?’⁸ I have been acknowledged the calamity of your state by our coroners.’ As the blade was lobbed at the king but the one’s response, he swiftly fended it off with his shield.

‘Ori and Yun, your creations of the viable twins by means of your envision, who would be the parents, by whom such and such twins would be born, they were always your sought after over the land, none could escape, but distorted peace wouldn’t be maintained for long, terror and menace.’ Baros.

Ori snickered for the divulgence, ‘The cattle breeds are succeeded well, segregations and copulations by the auspicious season every year.’

‘Why are you so lewd?’

‘Since we were learnt by your revelation.’

The twins emerged amidst the fog, bifurcated themselves, it was the exponential fallacy that was invoked, two to four, four to eight, all of them kept the daggers in their hands, ensnared the Cylarzas whose aim away from Ian on the steed, yet the bullseye was fixed on the king. Baros and Jeth gripped their crosiers without delay, their faith and justice would influence the power of the serpent, the two forces were merged as the synergy to blast at the center of the eight, and in truth the twins were as the tattered cloths, eviscerated on the ground thereafter Ian spasmodically divested his plate armors, he was scratching his chest well-nigh to grasp his hearts, fallen from his ride until his breath was ceased to respire, correspondingly the mist was cleared...

The Verathzs were as though predisposed to the inveterate annoyance with their uncanny grimace, would it be for their remnant egos, yet utterly ridiculous!

‘Our Majesty...’

Although serenity at night was pervaded through the portrait room, the king was retrieved by his commander whose affectionate salute to Yepa on the canvas, the bequeathed guidance was told to the king, if the vessel of Ceth was spoiled, the war would be inevitable, in this case, Dr. Eupolous would be mostly relied on, for his ancestry as he had been born without the sin in his belief of immortality of souls.

On the day, Loch accompanied Med to the seashore where the corpse had been tossed up, the jaundiced inflammation over the remains, abhorrent hydrocele and flatus, it was a decomposed mammal that lost the bipedal configuration, the inquest determined the distinctive odor as unusual, not by the normal putrefaction, Loch hurriedly escaped to the rock pool, sheer irksome, unexpected loss of nutrition furthermore Med informed him about the flotsam, the mushy rubbles of the Ark of Ceth, in his sentimental despondency, he asked the prophet, ‘Shall I not say to the duke?’

‘Herald to him immediately, but not with the miasma of your melancholy!’ His kerchief whipped the commander whom was inches taller than him.

No matter there had already been none to pacify the duke in his palace, idiosyncratic squeaks were reverberating from prison where Edya was, she was not yet recovered from hydrophobia that suspended bathing, the reduced servants were apparently by the duke as he had dismissed them, being vanished for a night.

‘Yes, my lord...’ Pedam as well on his final attendance to Fruga, he asked the builders if they needed some jolly before the gallows.

Anyhow the parade for the wrongdoers was the immaculate symphony, the father and son were adorned with the jeweled epahods, the people were robust, frenzied while the martyrs were ascending to the springboard.

‘My boy, you shall be careful for the stairs.’

However, in fact Pere was merely for Natasha, he glimpsed the onlookers as he yearned not to be seen this shame even though his hands were cuffed by the hawsers for which his attempt to release himself caused the bloody fingernails.

The vehement blasts of waters twice! The chilly sensation would be nullified when their hearts were no more capacitated.

Natasha never subdued her sorrow when a piece of vellum was brought by the messenger from Ceth, "... Hide in the ship to Carthage..." For the fledging life in her womb, by the power of faith, how would the requiem be continued for the cradle, the letter and the phial would be with her.

Although Nedious had been complained for his daughter's pregnancy, as soon as he was noticed the scheduled sail, she was covered with the headscarf, it was the harbor at midnight under the pale moonlight, the viceroy was left in equanimity, farewell to his daughter.

On following dawn, the entourage from Ozylarza to the capital arrived for the urgent scrutiny, famine and wars, the apocalypse would be imminent.

There had been indeed insurmountable grievances by the agronomists, deprived cattle and crops, the fallows would be no longer for the sufficient yield, the haruspices had conducted the investigation about the pothole that had been discovered near the seashore between Ceth and Verathz, "The heat has been excessively increased within the cauldron where nobody would be unable to enter, but the trigger of scorching temperature would be surely the existing waters inside, utterly unclean, the organisms inhabit there to be dead ergo the emergence of bacteria is unavoidable, of course magma underneath would intensify the heat to be maintained above the boiling point, the vapors would be bespattered in the air. It may insinuate the omen of earthquake in the case of explosion to release the contaminated gas."

It was the frugal contemplation, but no sooner than this, Rydas, "The envisioned catastrophe by the master of prophets whether it is preventable or not, rather it has been felt that the precautionary

guidance is veritably enough, and I shall be known, what would be justice among your disciples?’

‘The faith to our bestowed power that is to be certified by the Throne in Heaven.’ Gairas.

‘What we have learnt from him, humble modesty foremost for our faith to be proved, so are you, duke, the indignity manipulates our words, but the consequence is always kept under authority, what is authority? The power of people, is this a mistake?’ Loch.

‘Of course, I believe our people with their faith and loyalty even under the circumstances. However, it was misery, the dismal fate that Verathz was corrupted.’ By the king.

Rydas raised his body by leaning to the hefty hilt, ‘Our Majesty, forgive me for my honesty, your anodyne nostrum that has been imposed on us for our souls to drift eternally in purgatory.’

‘Please to maintain yourself as you are usually the sentient duke. We shouldn’t trigger any faction, not to impose deaths on our people. Is our land destined to expose torment?’ Atious.

‘When we are required to act, our modesty is particularly emphasized to be overcome. The causation is the key for salvation, the natural cause should be ceased by the force of nature.’ Said Gairas.

‘Do you have the way?’

‘We shall have it, Our Majesty.’

The unexpected revelation encouraged neither hope nor awe, and the archbishop of Cylarza, ‘Death shall not be afraid, if we are just and righteous, we are invited to Heaven where the untethered souls live

without fear, in fact God's salvation was attested by Yepa's waters, he was the pious servant.'

'We wish if everyone had been as you, but Verathz was not.' Loch.

'It is for me to beg the people not to curse God, and you can fulfill your life.' By the shepherd.

'How can we?' Rydas left his words prior to his retire, but his prophets, 'For the Perfect Being.'

'Adam's sin is absolved...'

Would it be entire darkness that would besiege the world, the lights of candelabras were extinguished at once except the two candles which the luminosity was sparked, gleamed as the bizarre potency, 'Protectors!' Someone shrieked.

The enormous scythes were brandished for the infinite damnation, the two skeletons were summoned, confronting each other, they would be sent from Hell, skewing over the full extent of vaulted ceiling, their turbulent motions were almost identical as if they were reflected on the mirror, was there the verdict of either victory hence a transient halt for them to consider how they would make a distinguished foray, slanting their necks, horrible caricature! By a paltry spasm, the crescent edges were pitched as a boomerang, these were merely exchanged though, they were bounced with the kicks against the upper walls, consequently the encounter at the pinnacle, but the blade was fallen from the skeleton, the neck bone was smashed, the both disappeared, no trace at all nevertheless the trepidation was still as Foz burst out the gory fountain from his mouth, it was as a disintegrated tongue.

A bucket of icy waters was delivered by Gog to be poured over Zoa whom

had been lost his conscious since the skeletons had been passed from them.

‘Your protectors never be emerged in a normal occasion, what has been within you?’

Rydas retained his sword before the prophet whom was trembling in cold and terror, enforced himself to respond, ‘The protector was initially from Foz, as I found his conspiracy then, my vehemence was provoked, resulted in my protector.’

‘Release your prophet! Before justice to be known, none shall be persecuted.’ By the king.

‘I will do but your order, I beg you, My Majesty not to preach me as if you scold a child for his faux pas, your justice is jejune, I beg you not to demean your aptness.’

While Liron and Job were preparing for the shroud, covered the remains, the gathered monks prayed for the soul, being returned to Heaven, which the archbishop partook for benediction, Loch sneaked to him, intoned several psalm and mumbled, ‘Why not your crosier? Shouldn’t it have been tapped for Doga as well as Foz? Can you pacify the Wrath? God, save our lives! Or it is rather that your fidelity to nature thus nature follows whatever you craze for...’

Fruga was on the north western sea along the terrain of capital, Cylarza, it was revealed as the allied force between Ceth and Ozylarza, since Loch had promulgated about his vigilance, the abbot's crosier, when his duke had broken into his paroxysm, the prophet had been as an obsequious dog, having ever dug up meat whereas Zoa had prophesied the innumerable casualties for the war as well as the risk that would inflict Rydas whose eccentric tenderness nowadays to the survived prophet.

Needless to say, the king was in dismay when he witnessed the Ozylarza with his lustrous breastplate, the elder duke had ever been his admirable tutor for a joust, quote Pachomius the monk, "Do for His Justice!" His creed, his fidelity had been as the antecedent of priors whom had formerly served as a soldier to Rome.

'Learn from Ozylarza, do not hurl the blade until they begin!' By the king's order, Gog blew his banner to form the flawless defense, the roof of shields entirely covered the squadron whereas there were the dexterous displays of vessels by the Ceths, these were steered, bows to sterns, sterns to bows as the swift caracoles, advancing toward where Daniel stood on the galley that had ever been produced by the adversary. Would he be noticed the enigma then, a few of Ceth targeted at him and immediately fell to the water, following this, once more the soldiers threw themselves from the deck to sea, as a result the skiffs were dispatched for Daniel and the armed men to survey the opponent in reduced distance, as the foes suspended the attack, the commander instigated the Ceth to be beguiled by his conundrum, 'John said, "God's words created this world." And what is my words? "The rebels are rebelled against the rebels" We are the predestined rebels, aren't we?'

Discomfiture among the Ceths, but Fruga whose shrill chortle, yelled to the king whom justly reached there, 'If the piquant mead is to be cracked by the king's order, it is shattered on his own head, how do you trust the one with the crosier?'

'As I believe the power of crosier.'

Would Fruga respond? A whoosh of arrow hit the duke on his back, the spasmodic surge that was conducted by his soldiers enclosed the fallen one whom was slashed, speared into almost a minced chunk moreover the men of Ozylarza were aroused, launched a fight against the Ceths.

'Move away! Move! Take the move!' By Gog, and they were gliding astern to retreat.

It was the hazy night after the battle, somewhat lost the stars, if the arboreal whispers were invigorated whenever the empathetic current rustled them, Atious's camp was in the forest when the slit was the aperture for the feeble visage, the king was astonished by the abbot whom visited him.

'The pious is in the billet furthermore you have come alone!' As the one had already been aware of what had been so far, 'My Majesty, our people follow you for your justice that is followed by your faith equally you believe your people whom follow your justice with their faith. My faith? I seek for The Tears Of The Thief and edible plants during these hours.'

While perpetual darkness was the trigger for Rydas's anxiety to be worsen as the herald informed him that Med of Ceth had been plunged into sea by himself, since he had witnessed the apparent insurrection beyond his ken. Especially the duke's grief was for Zoa whom had attempted to protect Fruga whether his prophet had been falsified about the victim as Rydas, it was said that their power would be diminished due to the emergence of protectors anyhow the duke had to advance without them.

Nature and destiny neither was to attest the Will to be surpassed nevertheless there was the one whom to proceed his way for his appeal to the king, Gairas stringently intensified his counsel before the throne, 'The treachery was made because of deteriorating social milieu, a shortage of food, it has been the total deprivation of our lives, Our Majesty, we would be jeopardized as Ceth, infidelity would be the kernel of our precaution, indeed some of your subjects have claimed that you avoid what you can't resolve.'

'Surely I don't disapprove such petition, but I shall pursue what I can do, it will be the recovery of the defiled souls, mutual recognition and trust by means of the prioritized diplomacy, peace to be vouchsafed for our mind to survive until the Final Judgement by God.'

'How magnanimous you are! I shall be consoled by your grace as your prophet whom has foreseen the resurgence of Ceth, the wicked plunderers will ravage our capital. My Majesty, we shall not be suffered from what has already been transpired as there has been the serendipitous felicity that has been bestowed us, it is when the Ladder from Heaven is held to the land during the equinox, by our harmonious conduct with Dr. Eupolous, mostly by nature of our land, the labyrinth of Mt. Ivy.'

I	II	III	IV	V	VI
VII	VIII	IX	X	XI	XII
XIII	XIV	XV	XVI	XVII	XVIII
XIX	XX	XXI	XXII	XXIII	XXIV
XXV	XXVI	XXVII	XXVIII	XXIX	XXX
XXXI	XXXII	XXXIII	XXXIV	XXXV	XXXVI

I	II	VI	III	IV	V
VII	VIII	IX	XII	X	XI
XIII	XIV	XVI	XV	XVIII	XVII
XIX	XXI	XXII	XX	XXV	XXIV
XXIII	XXVI	XXVII	XXVIII	XXX	XXIX
XXXI	XXXII	XXXIII	XXXV	XXXIV	XXXVI

The cartographic process to draw the woodland was generally as the diagram that each cell was composed of dense bushes, thorns and shrubs, distinguished with the numbers in sequence, all the trespassers would go astray without this map nonetheless the unconquerable difficulty, Dr. Eupolous brilliantly substantiated Gaias's strategy as the doctor did for his red figured vases, so to speak the clay would be applied to be oxidized ergo the mythical chronicle would be configured in sienna in the context of black, utterly innocent, said he, 'In fact the jumbled numbers were arranged for the determined terminus while the law of nature moved my hands, the XXXV is the predestined goal, but the XXX shall be at the behest of God.'

'Exactly we will execute our graft by the inherence of soil and root, such as the V, VI, X, XII... These shall be left for our ambush thus to be hacked off whereas the I, II, III, IV and so forth are thundered to grow. You may know that the XVI, XVII, XIX are the eternal jail for the encroachers.' Gairas.

Was the king rather perplexed by the sublime tactics, it was further facilitated by the master, 'Our Majesty, the total participations of my disciples will be promised but Loch whose incorrigible habitual perfidies, he didn't tell us about the calamity, if it had been preempted. Shall I be involved in the matter? I am to prevent recurrence under my responsibility for my prophets by the most optimistic means... Though the point is, "Peter's key is IIIVI" for us... However, IIIV can be on either exponential or logarithmic destiny to be attained.'

Therefore there were the two shadows under the floor, the secret passage where was accessed to Dr. Eupolous's workshop, they were fully veiled in a cowl, Loch was given the organized diagram with the masked inscription that would be conjured up when it would be heated up as the residue of orange had been steeped. "Peter's key is IIIV." Perhaps... The stingy candles were whiffed, the tallows obsequiously maintained the weird gnarls for their absolute oath.

And the murky night was streamed by the silver ray, it preserved equanimity despite of the tribulation, the land of Ceth was continued in perpetuity as it were the lofty rampart of palace where there was no longer the owner whilst the expeditious trespasser swiftly got over the wall, raised himself onto the windowsill that the somber luminosity was leaked thorough.

'Zoa! The ghost from Heaven or Hell? Death wouldn't be so much real.' Enfeebled Uga frugally awoke on the bed as he was for long fallen into sick, yet encouraged to see his brethren.

'Behold the survived reprobate! What is courage? Yes, forsake all, lay down yourself on the ground! I was merely the dead in the battle field.'

Was it the procession of Hades? No, it was Emga and his men, I was saved by them.

I am now the follower of Dr. Eupolous, I won't return to my duke whom would be debased, Ozylarza would be renounced by him.

Anyway we need your assist. In truth I witnessed our master and Loch whose conspiracy...'

'Gairas...Why?'

'As he believes himself that he would be able to cleanse the pothole well-nigh fanatic for his own power and he would dominate the provinces, the kingdom of Gairas. You may know, his exceptional potency to marshal his shadow, originally to heal ailment, but it can be also to influence the one's nightmare.

I beseech you, tell me where Loch's scriptoria is!'

'He hasn't been there in order to prepare for the insurgence against Cylarza.' Uga with his trembling finger and asked his fellow for the quill on the inkstand.

'To live?'

The edge spiked the vein of tongue, there was no time for Zoa to suspend the demise equally to weep.

The lukewarm scriptoria, albeit the air was sheer impassable for the whiff of oil lamp, the intruder immediately discovered the diagram, added "- (minus)I" next to the unobservable IIIVI.

It was the day when the autumn was in equilibrium between darkness and light, cloudy as well as humid, the people would be enchanted for forthcoming rain rather than bewildered by the volleys of thunderbolts.

Gairas, Baros and Jeth with their crosiers that were heightened up to be electrified, the rumbling crack in the sky was absorbed into each instrument thereafter the explosive emissions, these were converged to propagate the myriads of monstrous fig trees concomitantly the tendrils were creeping up the trunks and brunches, from the I to II, III to IV, VII, VIII... On their equilateral triangular formation, the work was continued until the XXXV that was remained to the nascent extent.

Meanwhile Baros was allocated for the V, and Jeth was for the VI, but Gairas jostled himself into the XXX to receive charge as the upturned vertex of them in order to distribute thunder to the cells where were not on the possible trajectory. The process to create the bald fields was begun by his disciples, the V, X, XV as well as VI, XII, XVIII, finally the master concluded the lopping off.

Atrocious degeneration, the land was haunted by the fate to reach the culmination, the assembled downtrodden of Ceth, Loch took lead for the mutiny, the damned troops marched toward the labyrinth, and Gairas would ambush for the XXXV where he would carry out the final sentence besides the master was passing through the portal of XXIII, at once, the sentinel for the opportunistic cell to beat up the trapped preys in the surrounding squares bent down his knees, 'I beseech you, bestow our Loch your deliberation as he has been unsettled.'

Jingly reverberations, the arms were set behind, Gairas was enclosed by the soldiers, ushered to the enclave and his disciple appeared.

'Why shall I be blamed for IIIVI? If I had had the mind to deceive you, it would have been merely IIIV that should have been all.' The master.

'However, the invisible number was recognized by you alone.' Loch.

'Your naughtiness is the proof of supremacy that I have brought up so far.'

'By whom?'

'You!'

'My sorrow is my dirge for you, master, I weep, you have been so diminished, it is a fiasco.'

'Yes, exactly and what is the problem?'

We should favor the equal mead to toast your growth, shouldn't we? Mead can be much differed each other than wine though.' Gairas laughed, gestured the chalice, concurrently would he perceive the signal that was sent by Daniel from the XXIX when the Ceths reached Hell's jail, the XXXV where would cuddle them as the arboreal

condemnation nonetheless Baros and Jeth had no way without their master whom was able to initiate the thunderbolt.

However, there was the lithely approach, her visage was veiled under the biretta with a carbuncle at the crown of horn and her ring as if she had betrothed with someone just before, these were sparked on her black mantle.

‘Dhava!?’ Atious was about to dismount whereas she was absorbed into the XXX, steadily raised her arm, the scarlet stone aimed at the XXXV, the celestial rage, a slew of flash, from gem to gem through her body, it was sorely that the scorching earth was remained.

The engraved blue cross on the hilt was cast by the candlelit, it was as the translucent firmament at twilight, the golden waft was serene, Atious, 'Dhava left her alabaster box that is filled with what was with her, albeit she devoted herself to her destiny, is this my sin to be persistent in whom has already been in Heaven?'

'How will your sin be adjudicated?' By the abbot. Although the Resurrection hadn't been attested since Jesus Christ, the Midnight High Mass for her would testify some effect, the shepherd continued, 'My soul will be entrusted for the Mass as long as the divine ladder has been onto us during the equinox, but only once. Our Majesty, I beg your choice for which shall be ordained with the finite sacrament, His Mercy to ease famine or the invocation of Dhava?'

'I shall see her.' By Atious.

'Those shall be both just, no repentance with our Lord.' The abbot.

Since Dhava had had her nanny in her infancy, called Mora, the altar cloth was sewn by this pious maid, it was to be kept on the table during Lent, satiny black was the primary tone to mourn the dead with the red lining as the color of the Martyr to signify the Resistance whether the Son by the Father to oppose the Father.

The procession for the Mass Entry, the glims were amalgamated as the liberated ocean tide, the abbot was graced in a cappa magna, the hem was carried by Uziel for the raiment to ascend with the usher, viol and portable organ, the monks on the choir and presbytery to serve for Heaven, the soul of dead would be summoned under the credence. Atious prostrated himself in the nave and was raised when all attendances faced to the altar except Haran and Kadid whom were for

the instruments, as the music was paused, the abbot signed the Trinity to invite the soul of dead, it was at midnight, the hour was for Matins, the praise for God, praise for the deceased, for her life as well, then our Father would open the Gate for her virtue.

What would be a soul, infinite, no corruption...?

How did the king know it? Notwithstanding it was a solace for him to plunge into a bed for the late hour... Nostalgia that he felt... However, the lapse of man's spasmodic yell provoked his fear in the cot.

'My Majesty, are you ached?' Gairas.

'Pain of my soul than the decay of my flesh.' Atious I jerked his back.

'I shall be your consolation, have you ever seen the land without you?'

'My son.'

'His regency is certainly accomplished after you.'

'This land shall belong to God, and if my son aspires to have a wife, he may adore Dhava whether they mutually affectionate....'

'The Will of the Omniscience shall decide all.' Gairas.

If the sufferer was fallen asleep, yet opened his eyes, 'Is the Eden as Heaven?'

'The fruit was eaten by Adam, the prohibition was by His Will. Heaven is the place for the righteous and just. You will be dreamt Heaven, heaven in this world.'

Even though his son deeply grieved for his father, he had to overcome, would he be aware of festivity and celebration for him.

'Joy and honor!

Bless onto his soul and glory!

Your eternal Power, please be our Lord, Your Mercy to our land!

On the eve of salvation, please reduce our sin to rejoice.’⁹

The festoons were as the sparkling constellations simultaneously the people might gratify their former sovereign whom had given them conformity, equality and liberty when the coronation was inaugurated with the trusted assurance, it was ensued by the nuptial ceremony, the endearing days would begin, such as he would say to her, ‘My wife, close the curtain for an hour as the Sun is glittering too strong.’ Reality was at dawn, if he had slept with the window ajar.

Before eventide, the heavens were hued in pathetic coral, would it relieve his despondency as the abbot returned to his grotto where was his cellar for seeds and plants within the near proximity of his monastery, the craggy expanse insinuated him that his effort was totally futile, there was no yield from nature, especially on the day when the Holy Observances to calm the plague had been proceeded but him whom had already eked out his inner-self for the previous Mass, he would have brought some offertories there. Whether the rite was still continued, it would be as he didn't see Mora in her smock over her tunic with her wooden carafe, she had occasionally anointed his feet since Dhava's death.

The modest radiance was leaked from the oratory regardless tranquility perpetuated if none was there. Utterly no redemption at all, no grace, no mercy, no justice would exist for the hour that ceased to elapse anymore, the lying cowls, his monks and prophets, Gilad, Job, Yonatan, Samuel, Zakai... Were those Echeca and Zoa? Except the trace of sick on their lips, there was no difference from their habitual nap, the abbot cleansed them in turn, and it was Hegi whom had been about to reach the presbytery with the keys on his chest. Finally he was to realize the one whom sat on the pew, her hands were crossed before her to pray forever for Christ, albeit the one would be Mora, he didn't assure himself even in his circumcised body.

It might be that the poisoned chalice had been disguised as the sacramental token, the libation had been apportioned to the attendances after the Almighty.

(9) Lebada The Thief

There was a thud in bushes, the tiny shadow was swift and somewhat clumsy of its run, the squirrel halted for a moment, surveyed around in timid manner with the corpulent tail that was miserably mashed anyhow not to give it fear, the abbot tiptoed, 'Blessed be by living in this land, you shall be healed by the Holy Spirit.'

It was the solemn order from the dark blue yonder, the effulgent cosmos, he was silhouetted over the animal until it was released without any infirmity whereas the abbot felt severe sensation on his back, the gradual loss of vital fluid, encroaching anaemia, he was required to lay himself in the grotto, the indigenous wall was covered with mould and moss as though the trace of rivulet, his obscured conscious... He was invited to slumberous darkness, a dream would compensate every sorrow, there it was! Would he be his monk? However, the one was clad in weary hair-cloth and linen trousers furthermore his exceptional power to eradicate discomfort.

'How glorious you are! I beseech you to surpass this mayhem.'

'I saw the procession towards the Throne, they have been summoned to Heaven. In the name of Father, I am here to save you whom would be on equal fate as His Son, it is the orbital oscillation till the End by God. From now on, we walk for long distance thus you shall quench your thirst.'

The man rustled the wall, it was transformed to be the rills of ample waters, 'These are The Tears Of The Thief.'

'Not the seeds?' The abbot.

'Because tears are waters. I have been called the Thief since bygone, I am Lebada, I was on this earth during the era of the Nazarene, having been born as the quarry slave until I visited the mercury pit that was no malice for me whilst it was the hell for others, how would I ignore such treasure? Consequently I acquired the lodestones, the magnetized slabs attracted variant substances, including obnoxious matter, the miscellany led the brilliant decay, the curious law of nature, the supreme light was scattered by entropy as a result of fidelity. Do you know life of inanimate being? They were verily greedy for the destiny to be gold. After all, it was not difficult for me with the apparatus, the entangled tubes, alembic to cucurbit for refinement and sublimation with the corrosive acid which would burst out sulfur, if I failed to maintain the specific temperature nevertheless the anchored heat wouldn't be altered by my soul, the man's soul, excitation for the preservation. I produced the plethora of gold though, I didn't know how worthy they would be, the determined value by the words... Hosanna... He would come!'

Lebada lowered himself to the ground like the Magi whom was celebrating the birth of Christ, the precious stones rolled down from his palms, sparked, 'When the Evil comes to Jesus, throw these to the cliffs, it will pursue my creations until they reach the infernal void.'

The Thief raised, the torrents of gold from his orifices, the grotto was

saturated with the fierce gleam thus the abbot was prohibited to witness, but the vision was reflected.

The penumbra of the Sun enshrouded the ray, progressive darkness, the sacrificed three on the crosses at Golgotha.

‘The Son!’ Albeit the abbot barely approached to crucified Christ, He went far away, the distance was never diminished.

And the one next to the Nazarene, beyond excruciating pain, for his belief in Heaven, spoke to him, ‘I was born for this misery, yet if I am here to enter where is under your Throne.’

Jesus had already lost the power to respond and glimpsed the Thief.

‘My suffering is finished.’

‘My suffering is finished.’ When Lebada intermingled his voice with the phantasmagoria, they were aware of real.

‘The blood gushed out of my wounds, my flesh was nailed to lose it. My creation had disclosed the creator by itself as it had been the glittering stream on the cobbled street in Jerusalem and I had been detected for the arrest. They had tied me and called “The Golden Nazarene”, but I had retaliated that the Light would shine onto Him from the Above thus the plaque had been set on my cross, “The Golden Thief.” I had been condemned to death for my gold out of imperial order, I would debauch the people, endanger Jerusalem.’

Lebada’s confession was as the flurry plume in the wind within the vague corporeality, sorely his voice was echoed, if the abbot was still in his dream, uncanny euphoria as though he was in the cloister with his monks, the blooming arbor, after they enjoyed the brief discussion, they

would be under the ochre shimmer while it was found to be the raging flame on Mt. Ivy.

‘Fire... It is my servant. “Burn me! I will be set alight and it will devour you!” I spat to the soldiers of the tetrarchs, but they said, “We shall rather pierce your skull with our lance.” You know, there is no fire in Heaven.’

Would Mt. Ivy be succumbed to be ashes, having been lived with the land since the ancient era, Atious and his troops would engage the foe whom was leaping over the vehement conflagration.

The army of Cylarza had been deployed due to Gairas's envision, "It is against Rydas, yet I shall be abstinent in this time rather to be advantageous for Cylarza."

"You have been finished. You shall moan the victims for the fatal incident during the rite, ease your distress. These shall be enough for you." Atious bespattered sals.

"Alas! If you have been cursed by the endemic disorder, your are as a child."

"I may be a child for you, the master of prophets, how excellent you are as though you have lived for hundreds of age!"

"No, My Majesty, I am merely an infant of Moses."

"I shall henceforth be ready, keep those!"

"I am certain to follow your contingent need."

The smoldering ruin, the vanished maze was testified by the one whom was the duke of Ozylarza led his militia, 'We were seemingly forgiven to destroy the Creation, Mt. Ivy that had been brought up for thousands years by the mists and air of our land, these are equally the instigators of the apocalypse. Our Majesty, you have lived neither with us nor our people, but you have lived with a prophecy, I will prove our superior power against you, this is my faith for truth, the truth that is to be survived.'

'There has been no more prophecy for our land. You were my tutor for our old tilting yard, shall I be learnt truth by you?'

'You used to doubt your own move.'

'To be correct for every act, and now, I will follow the Words of God, which are never pronounced, it will be the fight by my soul that has been inherited from our ancestors, the prophets, warriors and priests. Our soul would be infinite.' By the king.

The Ozylarzas grasped couples of flails, began to draw turbulent storms as if no weight existed in irons, wheezing, howling, the outlandish integration between muscles and weapons moreover the gigantic falchions were yet settled in their scabbards, the agricultural tools as an overture, the hefty mattocks and axes were hurled by the footmen, these hit the shields of the Cylarzas or the unfortunate case they were thrust away, crashed next to next, a file of men was coalesced into the heap as an avalanche nevertheless the defense of Cylarzas was marvelous in readiness, for instance, the chained iron balls were blown down onto the men whom hadn't already been there before the reach, it was too late for the Ozylarzas to shift their attentions, the splashing red

fluid as a ramification of duels.

Although it was misunderstood as the retreat when the Ozylarzas gradually went away with the swirling flails, they were to prepare the falchions and the iron lumps, but a shrieking groan pierced through as the one of Ozylarza had lost control of his weapon, banged down his own fellow whose cuirass was fragmented subsequently the harsh reality was exposed that the remnant of trained build barely clung to the attenuated belly with the protruded bones.

None was aroused anymore, Rydas suggested appeasement, the truth was in fact shown to him as the end.

After all, the ruinous plague was appalling over the land, if there was the meagre potential to mitigate thirst and hunger, they did so beyond others, rummaging around the cities for all days, they would live for death, the innumerable remains on the streets, yet some of them distinguished themselves, they were the antagonists against the fate, for their inquest, what would be the truth of catastrophe, by whom it would be caused, by whom it would be hushed? Sheer obsessive, if insanity existed in where was without sanity.

In Ozylarza, the burial was taken place for the man whom had fallen in the battle, when the humble coffin was about to be under the soil, the guard with a splint over his arm implored Rydas, ‘My lord, Helios hastened himself yesterday, yes, I have divulged the truth thus I shall be bestowed wheat as the reward, it has been the custom of this land since your predecessor. At sunset, I sit for dine, at dawn, I sit for my meal once more as I am for you now.’

‘I see a weird glint in your eyes, it would be that your cataract did influence what you mentioned. However, you shall not forget the awe for God, do not abuse His Move.’

‘Yes, my lord, I fear, I fear your golden armor because it is sparkling as the Sun.’

‘How do you fear nothingness, if God is nothingness?’ By the duke.

‘If so, I don’t fear nothingness as God is nothing.’

The guard’s head was rolled over the arid ground.

Even though the days were passed, Rydas was sedentary in the yard, observed every shadow of what he possessed, the carafe was served by Gog whom was told, ‘It was peculiar to see, these silhouettes were wriggled by themselves.’

‘Perhaps I swayed them to attend you.’ The commander poured waters into the cup.

The duke silently nodded and stood for his trudge to the private chapel where the austere sanctity was preserved, the candle was lit for the cross.

'You made the world by the Words, but if the words terminate our world. You let the Sun appears.' His falchion impaled his own throat, the cruciform was sorely the witness.

(10) The End Of The Land

The tarnished blades meagerly advocated the osseous demeanors, the unhinged ghouls, the fetid rebels smashed into Dr. Eupolous's workshop, shackled him to interrogate, 'Where are your amphorae that contain the remains? These distort the identity of deceased, pretending to be the one's body whom has still lived.'

It was the intimidation of torture, but would they be inevitably restrained from the further progress as the dazzling apparition intervened, Lebada was as though the existing mirror before them, all endeavors to attack him were reflected back to themselves, it was the unearthly mirage alike besides tranquility and peace were gradually interspersed, such as the chirps of little birds, the tender ray of cozy afternoon, the idilic hours were more than the dire straits in real, the doctor was swayed on the rocking chair, and the Thief said to him, 'God's justice doesn't suffer you. As a matter of fact I was not invited to Heaven by God, but the sinful men sent me there, we may have tasted Adam's fruit before we had been born...'

'Am I dreaming the legendary Thief? I know Lebada, when God's Wrath destroyed the quarry, it was during the era of our ancestors before you, our progenitors caused the feud, some of them were for the destroyed lodestones, the others complained about the clay that had contained the abundant mineral, they blamed the imminent destiny, since God had

foreseen about Lebada whom would rummage around the quarry for gold. However, for us, the children, you were the renowned hero.'

When Lebada saw the doctor whose finger was raised to indicate where was the hidden portal to the cellar for his crafts, the refulgence was discharged from the Thief, the two were merged into the essence of light, in the end Eupolous alone on the delicate sway, no longer in his life whilst the rebels were submerged into the floor beneath, the portal was closed, the latch was clicked by itself as it was made of the magnetized lodestone hence the infinite hell for whom once entered the labyrinth.

For the abbot, the ritual of prostration was to evince the equanimous nature even in this desperate turmoil, as he imparted himself to the soil, it would connote the cosmological formula with the soul while Lebada returned to him, ‘The outside is in danger, the king and his subjects have been secured within the fortress.’

Although they visited the Palace, the castle guard refused the entry as the king was with Gairas, nobody would be allowed to intervene, the man blatantly receded under the barbican, since the weather became inclement.

‘The sky is lamenting for the abandoned son...’ The abbot gripped his crosier, the Thief looked up the murky clouds, ‘Bizarre... The droplets are as the gory venom from the luminous firmament in where His Son lives.’

The inner sanctum for the two, the king and Gairas, the candelabra was scintillating to overcome immersed darkness.

‘Tonight shall be the full moon, you were neither missed nor in delay, but My Majesty, you are little late.’¹

‘Night is the morbid reprobate for these days. Shall He cry out as the beginning of His rage?’

‘Yes, He shall be, but the voice of cherubim is hard to be perceived. My Majesty, our land is exhausted, are you going to dispatch this Isle? “He who plows should plow in hope, and he who threshes in hope should be the partaker of his hope.”’² The master sneered when the lightning flashed outside.

Meanwhile the abbot was in the forest, exposed himself to the fierce rain, heightened up his crosier, the diaphanous serpents were emerged, once absorbed into the sky, fell back into the staff, when he tapped the ground, the spasmodic thunderbolt was unleashed over the hemisphere.

‘I have heard the voice of cherubim that has told me...’
Atious gripped his javelin under his robe, pretended to utter several words that had been willed beforehand, were his lips slightly fidgeted, instead the blade was flung to Gairas.

‘Treason!’ A lapse of final accusation before death.

The febrile lanterns were encroaching toward where the abbot was thereafter a gush of reach to the insurgents, Lebada revealed his torso under his coarse fabric, the clustered protuberances, throbbing muddy veins were translucent to insinuate what these would contain as a result of his alchemical creation, abruptly burst out to emit the noxious inhibition against the hostile advance, they were smothered that their throats to the inner lungs were dissolved into poison except the abbot whom was engulfed in the divine radiance, the Thief spoke to him, 'My poor girl solely visited prison near Golgotha, she was held by the wardens, but she entreated them to release me as she brought the jewels that I had ever given her nonetheless she was incarcerated underground, at that time I had already been on the cross, her demise was the rickety skull abandoned in jail. However, I have never been troubled as I feel her always with me in Heaven. Please remember me, Lebada whom lived in the era of Jesus when you see the silver dove with golden feathers, which was once existed as the figurine, it was my magnum opus, the salvation from my own sin with the ingredients of nature by God. Go your way, it is the destined path!'

The stream of ray was consisted of intangible particles without end, the Thief was conveyed by the force that ushered him to the above where there were the splendid constellations, the diabolic spell was eradicated, subsequently the abbot enforced himself along the golden rill to the promised place.

On the next day, the emaciated Sun amidst eerie tranquility ridiculed Atious whether he was merely haunted by the baleful nightmare as though the land would be the delinquent malingerer, it would be that there were the placid reflections of the evergreens on the ripples and the neighboring meadows, hay for the asses, his landau with the resounding wheels towards the farmstead, aroma of spices and herbs, the people would salute him.

He went through the dim corridor of his Palace between the sixth hour and ninth hour in the morning, was there anyone? He stumbled for the armor with the abhorrent sensation on his toes, 'Daniel?' The commander's visage was covered under the basinet, the eyes had no longer any identity as these were mutilated, smeared with the coagulated blood presumably by himself for his everlasting allegiance to protect the king, none could be certain about his demise.

The dilapidated portal to the courtyard, the withered plants before Atious whom paused at where was destined for him, looking around if his commander would be there, he might still live, the people, his land... The sudden burst of the Sun, the ground was cracked, the heavens were trembling, would he be envisioned the quake or would it be Gairas's nightmare? The walls began to collapse, the fallen rubbles onto him, shall he escape? Where would be the abbot? He would see the one...

II (1) Rescue / 597AD

The celestial indigo, immaculate display of asterisms, the pristine air of heavens was reminiscent of primordial yore, it was the recovery from the destruction, there was only the briny whisper of tide on the seashore where the barques were about to reach, the scores of soldiers stepped into the land, following this, the three in cowls were descending along the dangled bridge, was the silver rosary flickered under the moonlit, the glowing trajectory was strewn, indicated where was the promised place.

‘Optimistic augury has been assured, haste!’

It was the mysterious resuscitation of life force, the abbot became aware of his own bodily temperature as well as respiration within his apparent mind...The perceivable voice was, ‘Awake, awake, slake your throat!’ A beard mien, his eyes were brimmed with grace, ‘By whom is the Servant of Christ, Pope Gregory the Great sent us from Rome to Cylarza, it had been the ordained sanctum until the end was fulfilled. I, Augustine with our holy brethren, Laurentius and Peter the Monk to save you.’ The dew from the phial eradicated his exhaustion, the evocative betterment what so ever...

(2) Gregory The Great 595AD-596AD

Across the sea, the abundant green on the soil, the faith for God would be auspiciously fledging, no persecution had ever happened, it was frequently conversed among the Romans about the land, being called Britain furthermore the prophets of Byzantium, their passionate avowal, 'Adam's fruit in Eden, it is no longer for the sin, human capability to be thrived, the land is to reveal the law of nature with their faith, it is the Omniscient Benevolence.'

Needless to say, Pope Gregory whose acme of evangelical ambition was verily stimulated for the matter, in fact he had ever met the ones from Britain while the Pope had disguised himself as a lay monk, sauntering along the commercial street in the suburban Rome, the copious market, the merchants had been powerful enough to tense their allures to the passersby nonetheless the seraphic chorale had been distinctive on the thoroughfare to attract Gregory to the fishmongers.

"Blessed children whose hymn for the grace to be praised, see God with your pure souls. Anyhow who is the sovereign of your motherland?"

"We came Rome under the sacred guidance, we are Albion born, the British island where is under the humble protector, Ethelbert, and fish is fresh, still swayed in the pond."

"Alleluia, His bless onto you, the salvation is manifest by your celestial chant."¹

It had been the immediate venue, a multitude of crowd had been surrounding the vigorous gospel, reverberating over distance, had the heavenly governance ushered Gregory on that day, the tanned skin and glimmering eyes, the cowl had been hung down on his back moreover his guards had managed to prevent bottles and bread that had been aimed at him.

“God’s predestination shall not be exploited for your arrogance, why do you believe the mockery? Predestination, there is nothing for that. Why don’t you believe, testify your faith for God? He foresees the end in accordance with what we do. Live in faith and righteousness and God will bestow us the salvation. Is the eternal sin to justify your own accumulated sins? Live in faith, discover the faith and you know the justice of God!”

“My soul can’t be worked without bread, I am starving for three days!” By one of the mobs.

“You shall ask for the morsel to the man next to you, he lobbed it at me just before.” The monk had responded, covered his face to leave the place, but the female beggar with her infant had said, “My child is without a sin, my sin is not his sin.”

“Will the child do the same as me when he is grown?”

“He will, in the name of Jesus, I swear to God.”

The bread had been on her oblong straw.

“Has there been someone whom acknowledges that fellow?” Gregory to his men.

“How serendipitous we are! Certainly he would be Pelugusian, genuine of him, always wears the hood to hide his face to attest humility, his eyes onto the ground except when he is in public to preach. In truth his followers are prevailed over the cities, all of them call themselves as Pelugusian, but they are mutually identified by the apostles’ names.”

Of course Gregory had already recognized him for the boisterous gossip, Pelugusian would be Carthage origin, his ancestors had ever sailed to Britain with the Romans before the Saxons, how had he separated himself from the monk for the episcopal potency over the land?

Subsequently the magnanimity was vouchsafed later when Augustine was summoned to the Pope after the settlement against the Persians as well as the Danubian provinces were flourishing whether Constantine’s golden liberal cities, Byzantine recovery, Pax Romana would be once more established.

“Our Lord, Maurice, by the glorious Emperor of Rome, the blessed destiny is utterly opportune for Christianity to be on the shore of Britain where has been under the pagan belief by the Saxons. Although their conquest over Eurasia was at one time the kernel of discordance for Rome, it will be the benefit of life and soul to attain conformity that shall be commenced...”

Gregory had offered Augustine the mission to Britain by the letter, there would be the assured promise by the Omnipotence.²

However, the entrusted attendant irrevocably persisted in Cylarza, ‘The one shall be saved.’ The interference would be prerequisite for the

ecclesiastical truth, for the liberated worship between Christianity and Paganism.

Even though Gregory didn't conceal his speculative attitude towards Cylarza as the land was unyieldingly confined by nature, but he ordered Augustine to be with Pelugusian thereafter the Roman bishopric notary under him issued the interdiction against the public sermon by whomever called themselves Pelugusian.

Afterward, the restrained monk and his followers visited the basilica where Augustine was for the Ninth Hour with his golden miter to appreciate the salient authority, consequently Pelugusian was left alone with him as the men were retired.

'I shall ordain you as a monk.'

'I can't be your monk as I haven't already been existed.' Pelugisian.

'You speak as me.' Augustine's rhetorical rapport was not favored in this context.

'I can't have a word since you have suppressed my will to speak as I speak by my will, but the light shines and you are fulfilled, this is your "just cause" under the Sun.'

'Yes, "just cause." The perverted cause away from God's end. You speak by your will, seeking for the words of Genesis. Your words as a serpent.'

The novice was by degree realized that he was completely under the reins because of his own will as he would say, 'Our faith is not by the serpent.'

‘Your words lead the people to faith and justice, the words are for salvation equally for annihilation. The Holy Scriptures have never ever been written without their will for faith to fulfill God’s Will.’

Augustine laughed for his triumph as his routine to exercise his elocution for the Truth, tie the knot, but it would be sluiced to resolve as if the one had only fiddled with the chimerical entanglement.

Pelugusian bent his knees to solicit, ‘Show me your justice with your faith as you may live in the apostles’ days.’

‘If you follow my justice.’

The elder gave his answer when he had already dealt with the frankincense wherefore the monk could see merely his back.

(3) Gregory The Great In The Earlier Of 597AD

Gregory's obdurate agony was habitually predisposed to indulge in his white robe that betokened the Purification, Trinity... Death would someday overwhelm him and ultimately usher him to where there would be neither darkness nor light anyhow the oratory was too cold for him to surpass discomfort whilst the herald arrived for the emissary from Carthage to deliver the tincture to the Pope.

The exceptional relief from head to belly, concurrently the constrained muscles were mollified as soon as he swallowed it, 'Pious savior, Dr. Eupolous! Mercy for his duty till the time to come.' In his gratitude as well as being informed about the pregnant maiden, Natasha, the Pope ordered to secure her and continue to survey the haze around Cylarza.

During the night, the ardent luminosity from Gregory's scriptoria was never diminished after Lauds, for his ordinance to his sons of the Father, by their grace, by their justice, the eternal salvation shall be obtained.¹

(4) The Seashore Of The South East England (After Rescue)

Somber night intensified the waves that were shored up onto the sands, the abbot of Cylarza was enough convalesced to grasp his steps, the ten were left in the Southern England with the vows not to be yet in Heaven for the next, the sails were gradually dwindled away from them.

‘Peace to this house, peace to this house, Holy, Holy, Holy, from Rome to this land, by Our graced Pope Gregory’s order, in the name of the Almighty, peace to this house.’ By Augustine with the damask miter on his head to be assumed that they were not the ordinal guests, the modest ray was leaked from the slit, it was unlatched.

‘Thanks be to God, holy grace, such people by the Sovereign, we never know how long we have anticipated for your coming.’ By the superior of the monastery.

The austere meals were on the table, the one continued with his gratification, ‘It was for a few centuries, we, the Catholic monks had to tolerate our faith. However, these days, our emancipation has been forgiven under Queen Bertha whom is as the Virgin of the Franks. Liudhard is her chaplain, he visits here once in a month, we shall accommodate you until the harbinger will arrive.’

(5) Grace: The Palace Of Ethelbert

‘Our lord, Ethelbert is not the cabalistic origin, but his willful belief is dissolved on our queen’s Christian practice.’ Liudhard in a cassock with the violet cincture initially tried to break the sluggish manner, indeed he was much younger than they had expected.

‘The River Humber of his fatherland whose tender flow that will be also bestowed us.’ By Augustine’s jocular response, all attendants would affectionate each other as if the way of God was endorsed.

Since Liudhard excused himself behind the portcullis, Augustine and his retinue were invited by the castle guards to the inner yard, the splendid arbor whiffed the balmy aroma, the quincunxes would be evergreen, the little birds were as though the rainbow in the heavens, perhaps they were gathered for the plentiful waters that were sprinkled from the marble fountains. The thrones were set under the arch in the open air for the king and queen whom appeared in courteous suavity, the sovereign’s robe with the twinkling gems as the autochthonous virtue, his consort’s seat was engraved the golden cross, they were secured by the one with the iron visor that fully masked his face, not budge an inch, the shrewd eyes sorely pursued serenity then. Liudhard was by the side of his superiors, his slender physique was emphasized without his wig. Augustine and his men approached to the thrones, genuflected to the king, as the tacit consent was suggested, he looked at Ethelbert of Kent,

spoke to him, 'By the Holy Testimony, the eternal covenant will be promised to this land, gospel of our soul to bless joy and truth in Heaven, these will be vouchsafed your realm.'¹

'Hymns of eternal Heaven for our people in our pasture, the servants from papal Rome, the sacred shepherds, welcome to this land.' By the queen.

All raised themselves and the pastoral staff was held by the archbishop of Cylarza, yet Augustine lowered himself onto the floor among "Gloria."² It was ensued in silence, but as soon as "Troparion"³ was infiltrated by the abbot, a dove perched on the pillar next to the throne, swiftly Augustine reflected his silver rosary through the Sun to be shimmered on the ground at where the dove was lured to rest its wings thereafter hundreds of silver doves with golden feathers were hovering over the sky, dazzled the ones in presence, and Augustine, 'We are now the witness of the descending Spirits that will dwell on these thrones. Holy, Holy, Holy, His Mercy to eradicate the Wrath from the world, for the Redemption of our sins.'⁴

'Thanks be to your faith beyond sea, new belief and truth have been imparted to us. It can be the beneficial souls that are the sign of peace and justice for our whole nations. You shall reside in the city for your grace to our people.'⁵ By Ethelbert.

The dawn of ecclesiastical truth was proclaimed.⁶

(6) Liudhard

Despite of his decent subtlety, fastidious endeavor to attain the salvation was the habitual disposition, Liudhard was obsessed to overcome perpetual fragility that haunted him. The chaplain made every effort to be upright, pulled the blanket to conceal his languid flesh not to be exposed, said he, 'I can't rise at all.' His diminutive whisper when Augustine visited his abode.

One month later, the solemn procession was extensive for Liudhard, the bier was slowly moved to the cliff where the ocean beneath was shared with his homeland, candles and torches, the innumerable followers of the deceased were celebrating his entry to Heaven besides Augustine sailed to Arles where was the chaplain's origin with the reliquary that contained the piece of remains. Instead, the archbishop of Cylarza attended to the queen whom persisted in a fast for long after the funeral as it were he bespattered the residual portion of Dr. Eupolous's tincture that had already been tarnished, yet the renowned efficacy well-nigh the legendary concoction was not lessened, she was pleased to saunter the peristyle under the celestial consonance.

Meanwhile there was the fortuitous opportunity when Laurentius and Peter the Monk went back to Rome to inform Gregory about the brilliant accomplishment hitherto whilst these days, the abbot of Cylarza was in his scriptoria, it was at sunset, the dulcet violet tinge slightly hued the empyrean, the church bells pealed for eventide, the papal correspondence was conveyed to him by Augustine.

“Pope Gregory, the Servant of the Servants of God, lived for truth and sacerdotal due, my obedience to God, the eternal Creator for joy and peace, then I shall be advanced to the path towards Heaven.”¹

‘Incorporeal truth will be sorely perceived by our souls, keep in your heart, God shall be always with you.’² Augustine left his place.

When the opening ceremony for the basilica at Augustine's behest was held, it was led by Laurentius whom was the newly ordained archbishop of the land with the monks, but Peter had yet been remained in Rome since several years ago. For the finale, the archbishop of Cylarza intoned "Theotokion"³, and the masses of congregations who overcrowded the aisle, bent their bodies onto the floor to hide their streaming tears.

It was said to be around 605 AD, the year when Ethelburg was born, her chubby cheeks were inexplicable jubilation for Bertha, but she was sometimes desolate, since Augustine and the archbishop of Cylarza had not already been with them to bless her infant, but her precocious growth especially to learn the Bible was reminiscences of Liudhard in his childhood furthermore on their visit to the basilica, Laurentius and the taciturn monk under his cowl taught the girl about the Faith, Justice, Righteousness every time until Edwin of Northumbria betrothed with her, accepted the belief hence the divine grace without end.

Increasing churches were also in the Northern England, there were the crosses on the roofs, it was the night before the nuptial vows, the wicks of candles in Edwin's chamber were still, these were the lights for tomorrow indeed history was established by the ones, being told by the words.



(1) One Winter Weekday In 1875:I

“How can we be sufficient to attest our veneration? His legacy, his faith...”

Yes, exactly they had lived with his soul in that era as their motto, flourishing the mind as the gift from God thus He would be within you.¹ The wafts from the chimney faraway uplifted to the celestial atmosphere, would it become cloud? Mind and soul, these would be substantiated toward the future hopefully as the calming zephyr with the tiny plants in his garden, the vernal season was imminent then. The high-spirited power of thought, certainly the people were vivacious nowadays on the stubborn iron vehicle that was called “steam engine” to the seaside where God had created, if the truth of conformity was achieved as their age of youths had ever fought for the spiritual deed, even away from the pragmatic logic.

Newman was in search for what would be required during the next year, the Bible Conference in America as the letter said, “We are about to establish the way for our faith...”

It had been almost for thirty years that had elapsed since he had ascertained the piety and commitment to Roman Catholic as it were liberty and freedom of Christianity would be surely revealed in the new country, “For the second coming of Christ, we shall make the uttermost effort...” The letter continued likewise.

So to speak, the ecclesiastical guidance that had ever been taught by Wesley and Wilberforce was especially popular in America, at his own whim, Robert's amicable mien was brought in his memory, coalesced with the one's father, William Wilberforce whose reticent, yet vigorous soul to testify the system of life, denounced the venerability of righteousness, if the faith was for the truth, would it be such difficult to be revealed moreover after the revelation, the faith would be predisposed to justify the sin.

On their first meeting, Keble who had been the Oxford member had been with the son as their mutual fellow, in fact they had struggled to procure the absolved soul with the inherited creed of the Evangelical Movement in the earlier of 1820's by William and Wesley.

To what extent did he accomplish his endeavor of bygone?

Newman was in his seventies, he lived longer than Keble whom had been the blessed servant for his lyrical art, his heavenly composition of the spiritual miracle, will and nature, life for God, if the universe possessed the physical mind, quote Robert what so ever, "None abandons Catholicism because of the pastoral sagacity as Keble."

Newman glimpsed the bookshelves, his book was there, the established conciliation between human and God, Keble's light that had been devoted to the Holy Trinity had experienced the corporeal life in this world for the Church of England.

England of those years prior to the accession of Queen Victoria, for the upcoming regeneration, the primary members of Tractarianism, Newman, Keble and Pusey had been intensifying their evangelical inquisition about civilization and God that would be actualized by body

and soul, "How shall we live?" The stray herd had once again required the shepherds for the pasture.

Had there ever been the Sun for the dawn, the light had also shone onto the final day of their gathering.

"The cause of penitence." By Pusey.

As if it had been a disputation merely a day before.

'If there was further resolution that we should have...'

Newman could justify his repentance, since he didn't regret at all.

Later, Cardinal Newman whom had been ordained the title had sought to see the path towards the future, "Unknown beginning and unknown end, we would be also known about them."

Swish of susurrations from the outside, he went to the windowsill, the eagle was on the branches from which the accumulated snow was fallen, 'The emblem of our century.' Newman laughed.

(2) One Winter Weekday In 1875:II

As avians had their wings, they could swiftly reach the pinnacle of mountains, which was the neighbor of heavens, but for the men without them, the spirals of cathedrals were as if the symbol of insuperable height where the Omniscience would be, it would be sheer ideal anyhow to bequeath the foremost integrity to the dearest progenies.

What would be promised for the nation, such as there was the incorporeal expanse, but to be manifest with the tangible exposition for the House of the Father under the law of nature and divine prescription as a result the truth of land was revealed in the Holy Habitat, the freedom of soul was perceived as there would be no nothingness that wouldn't exist, the Light, Grace, Benevolence between the crucified figure and the witnesses, these were surely the light from the physical configuration.

Newmans' mutual collaboration with the Camden Society that had been the neighboring brethren in Cambridge, Whewell at the helm, and the secretary, Neale's published book about the ecclesiastical architecture had fascinated the readers when the renowned architect, Pugin had been overwhelmed with the feverish popularity, his elegance and sensitivities had been ceaselessly devoted to the sacred buildings, the majority had flocked together, surrounded the site for the creation, the hymns of assembling labor, gospel of construction had been reverberating until the edifice of ideal nation had been completed.

In truth the local resource and masonry for the architecture had been

advocated by Neale as these would be reasonable, suited well to the inherence of soil.

“...Sowing under the Sun, the prayer in the evening for prosperity.”¹

Newman had preached on Sunday.

The cinders on the hearth were diffident amber, a hint of whiff, he had to prepare for the conference abroad... Where was it, what it would be? Had it ever been from him?

The seashore of the South England, the intermittent breeze had carried the seagulls, “Peace to this house, peace to this house, Holy, Holy, Holy.” Newman and Pugin had strolled along the littoral, it had been the time when the architect had been planning the scale of undertaking for the neighboring quarter, and the birds had rested their feathers before them, quite a rapport, being felt, Pugin had made a fatigued smile... Had they given him what Newman was to find?

The decay had been inevitable as the dictate of elapsing time, the Tractarians had been separated, the Camden had been subsided to be within the regional dispensation as it were tomorrow was not good to go outside, since the thawing floor would cause difficulty, but it was enough for Newman to wait for his old brethren to discuss about the letter, if his memory was correct, the final correspondence with the Camden had been by sociable Keble whom had been no change at all even before his death, as a matter of fact, his last sermon had been highly esteemed as the ones had ever said, “He spoke about the fear within the sacrilegious quandary, if it is the reality of ecclesiasticism.”

Newman would have a cup of tea to have a break, remembered the aroma of ocean wave on the ascension of Keble’s soul as he had ever been with him amidst the dews of the green garden for the house of truth where flora of nature, sweet, seductive after rain, the tide had intoned Psalms in the morning whether Newman had actually witnessed his fellow’s spirit that had been absorbed into Heaven.

Reborn...? Someday... And the Sun would shine onto him whom would say once more, “Do you know Virgin Mary’s effort that she shouldn’t have so much loved the infant?”²

The vessel was crossing the sea in harmony with waters and winds that would pray for him and was going to get ashore where in freedom and liberty with pure faith and grace, being ushered by our Lord.

Newman refreshed his hazy mind after he set the cup on the saucer, discovered that the dream of human will, this would be what he was to send.



(1) January In 1968

On her arrival to the neighboring Catholic church, Sister Mary welcomed Anna and her grandmother, Beth, they exchanged homage to celebrate upcoming Christmas, the crucified figure above the alter, he was always there, she asked Beth, ‘What did he do? Something bad? Aren’t his hands with pain? Before the day for his birthday, he has to be suffered...’

Christmas in the town where Anna had been born was little earlier than the ordinary anniversary, the small credence table before Holy Sacrament with Christ on the cross, candles and golden baubles in addition to the silver rosary on the Bible.

Every winter, she wore the petit duffle coat which Beth had ever gifted her, “The toggles are easier for your age.”

Needless to say, Anna was utterly exuberant for sweets over the table, ‘Why are those bestrewn there?’

‘Shh...! Or he won’t come here.’

‘Can I have a candy, grandma?’

At that time of winter, Anna had been five years old after the first confession for the children, in fact she had been baptized one month later of her birth, the delay had been due to her mother, Flora's death, Anna hadn't known her as well as her father, Scot whom was Beth's son. However, when Anna had been in local college, she had been told by Beth about the financial remittance from him whom had already lived with the different family in distant, she had been shown his final letter on separation, "I have to earn much than before for Anna to be happy." She had been enough sufficient with Beth, appreciated that she could begin her study about social care.

Anna spent New Year's day with Beth, the count down broadcast, the fireworks reflected the fortunate couple whom married in the advent of the year, and the Star Spangled Banner when Beth turned down the volume, she was about to retire to her bedroom, said she, 'If your grandfather hadn't proposed me, I would have been as Mary and Sasha, as I loved him, there was no wonder. I think that my life with him was surely from God. You are his great legacy, if he had been with us, he would have been proud of you.'

It was in the middle of January, on Anna's return from the bookstore, she saw Beth snoring on the kitchen chair.

'Have you eaten something for today?' She asked Beth, but no response.

'Beth...?'

While they were on an ambulance, her grandmother went into a coma.

The doctor's instruction was anyhow out of her mind, completely exhausted her, invincible lethargy, she eked out her contemplation, yet the children were imbued with the heroic world within their creative merriment in the waiting room whether they had their grandmother, then their granny would prepare for a cup of tea, glance at her vigorous youngsters... Realistically a TV was at the corner of reception counter, which she partly lent her ears.

"America will preserve Our goal is peace at the earliest possible moment."¹

"A very fruitful visit and talks with ... The Pope and I shall be His Hope ..."²

"Cultural and educational exchanges ..."³

(Anna had also the days for college.)

"Nuclear danger ..."⁴

(Instinct for survival? Everyone paid attention to the screen at the moment.)

"America's might and America's bravest sons..."⁵

“We must improve the lives of children already born in the villages....”⁶

“... New highways ...”⁷

(Highway was visible from the entrance of hospital.)

“Americans between the promise and reality ...”⁸

“Job training is...”⁹

(After such as a decade... What would she be doing?)

“... More housing”¹⁰

(Her house where she would return was not her home without Beth.)

“Family, House and America.”¹¹

(She was about to be away.)

“Medicare, Medical and other new programs that ...”¹²

(However, she retrieved the seat.)

“We will find a cure in a great many instances”¹³

(Cure? It would be a impossible hope...)

Beth was kept within the intensive care unit for a single patient, albeit she was untroubled but any responsiveness in almost all days, it was occasionally that she was struggled for respiration as a hiccup for her obstructive pus, immediately Anna pressed the call for the nurses. 'How often will it happen? Is this only an error of the uninhabited body that is imposed to continue necessary function for the residual life?' Residual life? For a month or half a month...? Whether she could feel any pain... Would it be the tolerable terminus for every human whom had ever spent the length of time for work and home?

'What have we done?' Anna spoke to herself.

At night, the Sisters from the church visited Beth, sat by the side of her, raised Anna's memory with her grandmother, they were as though from the different world, Anna was gradually pacified.

'What have we done?'

Anna continued to whisper whenever her recent inclination to reckon the day was trapped in unfathomable abhorrence, she protected herself with her obsessive thought, 'What have we done?'

She opened the venetian blind, quiet rain exposed the shadowy walls for the final place, conspiringly enshrouded the vestigial lives... Did Beth speak something? The old woman's squeaking groan was as a plea for death nevertheless it would be because of the eerie phenomenon between the tube and the pus, Anna was impelled to presume it as an utterance, in fact she had already been enough for her prayer, plenty of fascinating stories, Beth would be proud of her... Anna attempted to remove the mask over the mouth, even though she found the deeply rooted tube in the throat, no hesitation at all, she was merely urged on, she would save her grandmother, as soon as she gripped the thick tube,

the monitor exhibited the tachycardia, quivering convulsions, after a moment of jerk, repose... Reminiscence of every Sunday afternoon. The lamp on the apparatus was flickering.

The nurses were accustomed to settle the body, as they would initiate no communication with Anna, she said, 'I am sorry, I couldn't make call.'

'You look so tired, I also have my aunty of her age.'

Anna returned to her house in order to prepare for the funeral, she was walking through the rain, the military jeep passed through, a blare of engine, a whiff of prevalent *mise en scene*.

Without turning on any luminosity, she phoned the church, she was asked if she was sure for all, she answered yes, as it were life was utterly mysterious, rugs, furniture, cups and plates, these had already insinuated the loss of owner simultaneously her grief that hadn't been provoked until then.

A stream of the frugal ray was rippled on the floor as the Sun was recovered on her return to the ward, gauze and tubes were no longer there, the taciturn doctor in his white gown and the police...

The contoured sheet and fabric over Beth's profile, these were sheer objectified rather than the eternal rest, Anna submitted the signed document to the doctor, and the female officer, 'Are you Anna Sutton? Is the deceased, Beth Sutton your grandmother?'

'Yes.'

'We have to talk about her death, but not here.'

'Yes.'

When she left the room, she remembered the doctor's words, "Beth was with her admirable effort."

However, he was then uninterruptedly proceeding his task, adhered to the desk, did she wish if the time had been brought back to when Beth had been respired on the bed?

While she was on the police car, she caught the passing view of the accustomed streets between her house and hospital whether this road had been where Beth had ever walked through with the infant, Anna after Flora's death.

'We should like to know how your grandmother was dead.'

'I don't know if this is for all the immediate families.'

'No.'

'Why?'

'You need not to ask why?'

'I couldn't call the nurses because Beth made the strange coughs from her throat.'

'Her pus stuck in the tube, but the nurses had the way, it was her occasional status that you had already been recognized.'

'I have learnt social care in college, but at that time, Beth was suffered much than before, I wanted to get rid of her pain before the nurses and I examined the monitor.'

'Did you touch any equipment?'

'No.'

'Yes, you touched.' The male officer intervened.

(2) January-February In 1968

The red brown mountain, bushes and shrubs were seldom that it was the barren field, but congruous to the fenced brick building where she was held within the restrictive expanse, unless she opened the door, the iron bars were out of her sight, she spent her time almost on her bed as she was told, ‘You need not to do anything for awhile as well as you don’t take part in any activity in this place.’

When she met her attorney, Oren, she was verily delighted, ‘I haven’t seen the person like you for long.’ She was given a brief instruction about the judiciary proceedings henceforth, he promised her that she would go out from there, his furry hands were squeezing the bundle of documents into his portmanteau, his hair little unkempt.

To whom death had ever inflicted whether her grandmother or Anna herself, the queer suspicion was emerged whenever she raised herself at twilight, being bordered by the concrete walls until she received the letter from Sister Sasha, the funeral for Beth had been taken place in the church by the Sisters furthermore Scot and his family had left their house, he was intending to terminate the parental relation with Anna, “Would you like to be with us in the future?” By the Sister. The bequeathed silver rosary and the Bible enclosed the photo, spontaneously she arranged them on the desk, it was the reminiscence of

Christmas, she stepped on the portable chair to reach the iron rail behind the sash window, her finger was put across the fence, would it be as the silver rosary?

‘The Father in Heaven, shone by His name, this is my body for all of you, do this as the memory of me.’¹

The heavens were in dark blue, no stars except her tears, the winter was close to the end.

These days, Anna was frequently taken out of her room, the elder female in uniform was always with her to go down the stairs, many fences were rattled to open, in fact it was the preliminary practice before the first tribunal, medical examination and counseling were mandatory, as the papers required her signatures, she was assured where she was, “Penitentiary Center for Females” on the edges of squares.

Although this hygienic title wouldn't trigger extraneous interrogation by the public, if Beth had known it, she would have said that nowadays everybody had become benevolent. She had been born during the latter of previous century, experienced the three wars nonetheless she had ever declared that she had lived blissfully, taught Anna what had been good under God. Anna had opened the gate to Heaven for Beth, it had been the salvation from suffering, would Beth appreciate her?

The inhibited magnificence of the court, the judge and the juries were under the robe as though they were the automata for justice, signified the ideal for the laws that could be innate.

Before her appearance to the judiciary, she had had the time with Oren whose suit had been the same as their first meeting and the pomade on his hair that would have been his attempt to settle the trace of pillow, he had told her, “I am so proud of this opportunity to sit next to you, let me try to persuade the law about what you did, your ethical struggle, to what extent the deceased was adored by you, albeit the persecutors are to show suspicions, these are for the maintenance of justice, please trust me that everybody is for you to live with the Sisters. Don't panic, if you can't answer the questions, I will be immediate to respond instead of you. To be honest, I have never ever been the one for

the defeat because of my sincere dedication to my profession, my confidence is my treasure.”

The judge read out the opening statement for the tribunal, including the rights for the defendant, every term was plain and coherent for mercy, then Anna made oath while she found Sister Mary and Sasha on the public seat, the Mother Priory gave her an encouraging smile, the Novice Mistress slightly flapped her hand whereas the young Sisters were with the nervous visage. Anna glimpsed the flag at the corner of the bench, the symbol of America was always impervious. ‘Can we tell a lie to the court? Yes, we can and we are merely punished, but what about that flag? It means that you are to betray thousands of the burning stars in the everlasting heavens.’

The inspector represented the plaintiff to disclose the forensic testimony which Anna hadn’t yet been notified, such as the manipulated trace of endotracheal tube, even though there would be the case for the patient whose attempt to eradicate the odd article, the fistula of victim’s throat had had the definite graze as a result of some intention to settle it back by the immature hand, additionally what would be the pink pill that had been prescribed to her in order to reduce insomnia for her guilty after her arrest? She remembered the vivid tablet as though it would belong to the faddy trend. A medicine for hope, effort for humor?

Oren spoke to all in present, albeit his defense was intended to convince the judge, his voice was echoing through the high ceiling, involving the public seat, ‘The twenty years old, her inheritance from the deceased is the modest house and saving for her single life less than one year moreover her biological father, Scot has already abnegated the guardianship, it is the proof of her innocent mens rea².’

However, the plaintiff rather pounced upon his vindication that was within their expectation, 'The other potential is the desperate actus reus³ by the defendant for the medical expense that would be required to pay.'

As a matter of fact Anna hadn't told Scot about Beth's illness and she stood to answer the judge.

'I forgot about him not because of my grandmother's illness nor shock, but I seldom recall about my parents.'

'Don't you like him?'

'Neither.'

Then Oren took his turn, 'She could demand the financial support to Mr. Sutton, if she was required. Her tuition fee for her college was paid by him, veritably the defendant and the deceased who was seventy eight years old at the time of death appreciated for that. I made contact with his legal adviser, regarding the incident what he was informed, he doesn't blame his daughter whom killed his mother with his acceptance for his daughter's life in the covenant as well as he never be skeptical about the mutual affection between the deceased and the defendant to be proved by the frequent letters from the deceased to her son.'

'The suffering of victim was beyond the common degree that triggered the defendant's excessive compassion, we suggest that the question on dignified life should require adequate testimony.'

The person from hospital whom Anna had never seen was on the witness stand, 'The patient, Mrs. Sutton was almost vegetative status, but she was not appropriate for euthanasia as she still maintained her conscious to feel pain that was observable by the cornea reflex as well as

we retained our hope to prevent any discomfort by medicine. Indeed the unexpected situation often happens to the patients miraculously open their eyes, begin to talk to their families even just before their deaths. As the deceased and the defendant were felt as the cordial relationship, we didn't suggest for it moreover the consent by the patient should be firstly taken into consideration or by the immediate family, we have had the entitlement as Mr. Sutton on our administrative documents that were written by the defendant.

We believe that it should be the common notion of medicine for cure and extended life.'

The adjudicative tract was seemingly narrowed to the fact of Anna's diminished responsibility, Oren requested the one from his side, Anna had already acquainted with him whom stood in the box, his white gown in the lower floor of the Penitentiary Center, the court was dimmed, the projector cast the infirm oscillation by the electroencephalography, would it call to Anna's mind the limited stock of photo magazines in the medical room... "I can give you the other, if you are scared."

The officer had talked to her.

"No. I am all right. However, it is sometimes difficult to know about Vietnam, the South has been in alliance with us?"

Then she had been taught by the index finger that had emphasized the specified article.

Even so she was aware of Oren, 'The medical examination, involving EEG, polygraph by the psychiatric practitioner demonstrates the defendant's ailing mental health. She has already confessed her own sin without the mind of guilty, it was rather her confession about the pursued justice. The defendant had to continuously see the excruciating

suffering of whom she mostly adored, it was culminated in her neurosis, the diagnosis is distinguished from schizophrenia that has been increasing nowadays, with the discernible propensity that the patients try to find sporadic ease with the deranged mental faculty, in her case, the consequence has been inveterate apathy,⁴ she has been unable to keep her own conscious regardless she has struggled to resolve what has been inflicting on her, yet no hope. However, judge, it has already been obvious to ascertain that she has been inherently enough to maintain the law abiding life, even ironically would her virtue be proved by her actus reus. She can retrieve herself as she learnt the social care in college, “for the people” by her devotion to society under the uttermost solemn spirituality of Christianity, the defendant has been familiar with the Sisters of the church since her childhood and they have made concession for the guardianship with the local public.

I shall entreat the law of our nation that the one should be given the chance for rehabilitation as long as the fact that she was given the chance to be born in this world.

Pardon me for my digress, but would we abandon the euthanasia bill in 1937⁵?’

There were chuckles from the audience and the judge took the gavel, Oren, ‘The case of fratricide in 1947⁶, which was considered as a mercy killing was given the verdict for five years as the second degree murder. However, in her case, the place was in hospital with the sufficient care almost nothing anymore, no malice aforethought as well as no use of weapon to the less than one month life expectancy with pain, I hope that our jurisprudence has advanced since the previous milestone about euthanasia.’

The judge spoke to Anna, it was the final process of her initial appearance, neither to accuse her nor compassionate with her, but to confirm the truth.

‘Miss. Sutton, you made a false statement in the police station during the first interview, is it correct?’

‘Yes.’

‘Why?’

‘Because I wanted to be alone.’

‘You wanted to be free?’

‘I didn’t know, I didn’t have any idea.’

‘You don’t have any idea even now?’

‘Yes, if there had been no advise by the Sisters and my lawyer.’

Just when the judge was about to call the closure, the judicial counselor for the plaintiff, ‘Finally please forgive us to be certain about the risk, the veiled controversy exists within the definite color to warn for the gray area.’⁷

‘If the one stands amidst the gray with the one’s own tint, the one can find the buttress not to be slipped down, we believe the people.’

‘Thank you, thank you for your words, Oren.’

The keen reverberation of the mallet...

It was after the final tribunal when Oren left her, he said, 'See, I have fulfilled our promise, haven't I?'

No sooner than her response, 'I need to prepare for my next client.'

His hair was little unkempt, but pomade would be the result of his effort, his fluffy hand gripped the handle of portmanteau.

(3) March-May In 1968

The bell was pealing from the chapel, Hartlyn told Anna, 'I am sorry, I don't have any time for it.'

'All right then, I will.'

'What do you think Anna, if everything is to be done without a problem? It's been my first time to ascend the presbytery, who will be the celebrant, Sister Mary or Father Daren? Anyway, I need to go by car.'

'Jiera may drive for you.'

Hartlyn opened the wardrobe to wear the sleeve for herself, 'You will be in the Casualty Assistance Office, but you need to know about the prayer.'

'I can be taught much than now.'

Jiera visited them when the car was ready, the automobile key whistled to ding, they went downstairs though, Jiera was for Hartlyn whether Anna had to find someone to the volunteer office.

'I will drop you off in the office.'

The narrow path among the vernal hills awhile and Father Daren's church-school came into view, the flags were streaming with zephyr in the graveyard.

'That's little weedy, I guess.'

'As the place is not for the funeral.'

'They can spread their picnic sheets over there.'

'Those shouldn't be the ground sheets anymore, you know, the jungle in Vietnam is muddy, they want to dry their uniforms and the combat boots.'

'Who did say it?'

'Mr. Colin returned and told Sister Sasha, no, Father Daren to Sister Sasha and me.'

'There is to stop the car! I can enter from the backdoor. Be a nice prayer for the Virgin!'

'Bless you, Anna.'

Anna entered the office, prepared for the desk, subsequently the client was the young woman whom was presumably elder than Anna, they began to process the documents for the funeral rite for her husband, the difficulty of the data collection format was usually solved by the administration, but if the private funeral was to be taken place, the family would have a pen to be supported for any cost.

'The Taps and firing were provided so that we check these brackets, the invoice should be attached. Can I see his military identification? His

rank and unit, all necessary information has been required on this paper.'

'I do know nothing about him in the field and I think that I am the happy wife.'

'Yes.'

'I have already done what I can do by myself, but I am hardly able to see his social security number, for our home, for our children, when we got our place, that is the trace of his life.'

The guy on the photo, one definite fact was that his corporeality was ceased to exist.

Every Sunday, there was the funeral practice, then the committal service was intoned, "If Lord had been there, he would have lived, Jesus said to Martha, believe me, he will rise."¹

'Have you ever searched for his soul? I am a novitiate nun, I shouldn't talk about death because I haven't yet been realized about it, but I believe Jesus, your husband's soul will be infinite, he will be remained on this Earth, such as his exhilarated mind when he married with you, when he saw your children. How is it disappeared? Even if he is forgotten, the truth of his soul still lives.'

'I can live with him forever?'

'Yes, I believe so.'

It was after the TV set was delivered to the convent to be further acknowledged about the War that was in the mid of turmoil, Sister Sasha told Anna to crop weeds in the yard.

Her garden hat had the capacious brim, the butterflies were flitting over the blooms, she recalled about the recent broadcasts, the guy had been shot, he had been assassinated for his faith for justice as well as the new recruitment to Vietnam had been announced.

“Do we need more sacrifice for the freedom of the world?”

Sister Mary’s sermon a day before had been the adequate response to Anna’s thought.

“The Light of Heaven shines onto the Earth to be the better place and for the dead to be ushered towards the Throne.”

‘It is the good day to work.’ Father Daren in his cassock among the cross monuments.

‘Yes, Father.’

He dawdled to the grave with the one star on the shoulder, marigolds by the side of it were as the candles.

‘Colin returned, but not Kevin and Rodriguez, he had been on Kevin’s airmobile, but they had been invited to Heaven in each occasion.’

‘Is Rodriguez here?’

‘Yes, he is. Whenever I see these stones, I would blame myself, the aligned burial chambers, the eternal rests for the ones whom fought for our lives ... Has God already been faraway from us? Colin gave it to me.’ The soldier’s diary, there was the blood stained letter between the leaves.

“I have been staying in hotel, we will leave the capital tomorrow, the item of things that I should carry, if I think about tomorrow, it would be the dins of turbines... However, I shouldn't omit the plastic poncho and I think nothing about tomorrow. I would be advocated to move through the monsoon rain that is in equal extent to the grass, the sky is gray, a whiff of muddy soil. Presumably I would remember about this night. Am I forgiven to dream about whom is going to stay this room after me? Does the ones know about me? Does the ones know about this letter? Would it be in time of peace? They would enjoy a holiday together until he would return to his office whereas she would clean the house for the stagnated air during the vacation, she would have a shower and she would be looking at the souvenirs. I used to be as they would be and I am not him, but I can feel as if I would be on the car with her to the seaside tomorrow, tomorrow I fasten my haversack, face to the compass, not to be the stray lamb by your taught, I say farewell to you, everything all right to our Father.

Sincerely,

Rodriguez, your former student”

THE END OF THE STORY

Footnotes

(Chapter I-I: In The Latter Of The Sixth Century AD)

1. The Monastery

1. Viol.
2. The Roman Rite of Mass.
3. Megalynarion.
4. Te Deum Laudamus.

2. The Spring Festival

1. Matthew 26:47-56.

3. The Visitor

1. The existence of the Sarabites is known by 'The Doctrine of St.Benedict'/St.Benedict.
2. Peter I 1:8.
3. The Custom of monastery, the formal exchange when the guests arrived referred *ibid*, St.Benedict.
4. Matthew 26:34, 69-75.
5. Luke 11:1-13.
6. Mark 2:23-28.
7. Luke 10:5.
8. St.Benedict, *ibid*.

4. The Assembly

1. Mark 1:1-7.
2. Samuel I 14:24-30.
3. Matthew 10:28.
4. Matthew 24:3-8.
5. Luke 20:20-25.
6. Mark 4:3-9.
7. Chronicles I 22:2-5.

5. Lamentation Of The Land I

1. St.Benedict, *ibid*.
2. The ritual of Entry referred *ibid*, and the oath, Peter I 1:22-23.

6. The Second Visitor

1. The existence of the Landlopers is known by *ibid*, St.Benedict.
2. *Ibid*.
3. *Ibid*.
4. Theotokion.

8. Battles & Apocalypse

1. Judges 14:18.
2. Matthew 16:1-3.
3. Epicurus.
4. Mark 3:23-27.
5. *Ibid*.
6. Peter II 1:20-21.
7. Corinthian 15:10.
8. Matthew 8:24-27.
9. This celebration referred Psalm 21.

10. The End Of The Land

1. Samuel I 20:18.
2. Corinthians II 9:10.

(Chapter I-II: 597-Before 633)

2. Gregory The Great 595 AD-596AD

1. St.Bede, 'The Ecclesiastical History of The English People.'
2. *Ibid*, 'The letter from Pope Gregory.'

3. Gregory The Great In The Earlier Of 597AD

1. *Ibid*.

5. Grace: The Palace Of Ethelbert

1. *Ibid*, 'The Ecclesiastical History of The English People.'
2. Gloria.
3. Theotokion.
4. John 1:32-33.
5. St.Bede, *ibid*.
6. *Ibid*.

6. Liudhard

1. *Ibid*, 'The letter from Pope Gregory.'
2. St. Augustine of Hippo from his words and writings.

3. Troparion.

(Chapter II: In 1875)

1. One Winter Weekday In 1875:I

1. Oxford Movement.

2. One Winter Weekday in 1875:II

1. Ecclesiastes 11:6, Newman, J. H, public sermon in 1839.

2. Keble, J.

(Chapter III: In 1968)

1. January In 1968

1. The State of the Union address, Johnson, L on 17th January 1968: Quotation from the speech.

2. Ibid.

3. Ibid.

4. Ibid.

5. Ibid.

6. Ibid.

7. Ibid.

8. Ibid.

9. Ibid.

10. Ibid.

11. Ibid.

12. Ibid.

13. Ibid.

2. January-February In 1968

1. The Roman Rite of Mass.

2. Mens rea: The psychological motivation to commit crime.

3. Actus reus: The action of crime itself.

4. The symptoms of the psychiatric illnesses mainly referred Jung, C.G, 'The Spirit In Man, Art, And Literature', Bollingen Series XX (Collected Works XV)

5. The bill proposal from US Senate for the legalization of euthanasia in 1937. The Voluntary Euthanasia Act.

6. Repouille vs.USA in 1947.

7. The Wedge Principle (1951)

3. March-May In 1968

1. John 11:21.

(Profile / Sachiko Tamaki)

May 1975 - Born in Japan.

September 2011 - Stay in Canterbury, Kent, England.

September 2012 - Stay in Ramsgate, Kent, England.

February 2013 - March: During the online course for the short stories, the first drafts of 'Heaven's Breath' and 'Riddle of the Lake' completed.

November 2013: After the first draft of 'Daisy', the research for 'Canopy Of Azure' began, the idea of story gradually formed.

'Academic Essays'/Sachiko Tamaki published online.

December 2013 - Stay in Bedfordshire, England.

The research for '!?' began, the idea of story gradually formed.

February 2014 - Travel to Switzerland, stay in Geneva and Zürich, visit Jona.

'The Short Stories (1st Edition)'/Sachiko Tamaki published online.

May 2014 - Travel to USA, stay in Washington D.C and Maryland.

The reference & material note, the production note for 'Canopy Of Azure' completed.

July 2014 - Stay in San Jose, California.

The plot outline for 'Canopy Of Azure' completed, the first draft began.

Stay for one week in San Francisco.

August 2014 - Travel to Argentina, stay in Buenos Aires.

The reference & bibliography note for '!?' completed.

September 2014: 'Canopy Of Azure (1st Edition)'/Sachiko Tamaki published online.

October 2014: The production & material note for '!?' completed.

November 2014: The plot outline for '!?' completed.

The research for 'The Short Stories 2' began.

November 2014 - Travel to USA, stay in Los Angeles, California.

December 2014: The first draft of '!?' completed.

'!?'/Sachiko Tamaki published online.

January 2015 - Travel to Texas, stay in Huston.

February 2015 - Travel to Switzerland, stay in Zürich.

March 2015: The production & material note, the bibliography, the plot outline for 'The Short Stories 2' completed.

April 2015: The first draft of 'The Short Stories 2' completed.

'The Short Stories 2'/Sachiko Tamaki published online.

The research for 'Precipice' began, the idea of story gradually formed.

May 2015 - Travel to USA, stay in Santa Fe, New Mexico, USA.

June 2015 - After staying for a few days in Los Angeles, California, temporal return to Japan.

August 2015 - Travel to Serbia, stay in Belgrade.

September 2015 - Travel to Russia, stay in Moscow.

September 2015 - Travel to USA, stay in Bridgeport,
West Virginia.

The production & material note for 'Precipice' completed in
October, the plot outline for 'Precipice' began.

November 2015 - Stay in New York.

The second research for 'Precipice' began.

November 2015 - Stay in Los Angeles, California.

The idea of 'Citadel' gradually formed during the flight to
Los Angeles while the travel to Romania was planned.

The basic research for 'Citadel' began.

December 2015: The plot outline for 'Precipice' completed.

December 2015 - Travel to Germany, stay in Frankfurt.

The first draft of 'Precipice (II,III)' began.

January 2016: The first draft of 'Precipice (II,III)' completed.

The completion for 'Precipice (II,III)' began.

January 2016 - Stay in München, Germany.

The main research for 'Citadel' began.

February 2016 - Travel to Austria, stay in Vienna.

The completion for 'Precipice (II,III)' finished.

March 2016 - Travel to Romania, stay in Bucharest,
visit Snagovului.

The first draft of 'Precipice (I)' began.

The first draft and completion for 'Precipice (I)' completed.

'Precipice' processed for publishing.

April 2016 - Stay in Alba Iulia in Romania, visit Sighișoara.

'Precipice'/Sachiko Tamaki published online.

April 2016 - Stay in Brașov, Romania, visit Bran.

The production note for 'Citadel' began.

April 2016 - Travel to USA, stay in Compton, California.

May 2016 - Temporal return to Japan.

July 2016 - Travel to Russia, stay in St.Petersburg.

August 2016 - Travel to France, stay in Paris.

August 2016 - Travel to Hungary, stay in Budapest, visit Eger, Margaret Island, Miskolk, Ràckeve, Visegrád.

October 2016 - Travel to Romania, stay in Sibiu, visit Făgăraș, Hunedoara, Sibot.

November 2016 - Stay in Brașov, Romania, visit Arges, Miercurea Ciuc, Râșnov, Târgoviște.

January 2017 - Travel to Turkey, stay in Istanbul.

February 2017 - Travel to USA, stay in Sandston, Virginia.

The production note for 'Citadel' completed.

The second research for 'Citadel' and the plot outline for 'Citadel' began.

The first draft of plot outline for 'Citadel' completed in April.

April 2017 - Travel to Germany, stay in Nuremberg.

The second draft of plot outline for 'Citadel' began.

May 2017 - Stay in Berlin.

The second draft of plot outline for 'Citadel' completed in June.

July 2017 - Travel to Croatia, stay in Zagreb, visit Split, Dubrovnik.

The first draft of 'Citadel' began.

September 2017 - Travel to Ecuador, stay in Quito.

November 2017 - Travel to USA, stay in Jackson, Mississippi.

January 2018 - Stay in Chicago, Illinois.

February 2018 - Travel to Portugal, stay in Lisbon.

February 2018 - Temporal return to Japan.

March 2018 - Travel to Spain, stay in Madrid.

March 2018 - Travel to Portugal, stay in Sintra and Lisbon.

April 2018 - Travel to Romania, stay in Bucharest, visit Târgoviște.

May 2018 - Travel to Chile, stay in Santiago.

July 2018 - Travel to Columbia, stay in Bogotá.

September 2018 - Travel to USA, stay in Lexington and Georgetown, Kentucky.

November 2018 - Stay in Atlanta, Georgia.

November 2018 - Travel to Italy, stay in Rome, visit Lazzo, Vatican City.

December 2018 - Stay in Pompeii, visit Ercolano, Naples, Torre de Greco.

January 2019 - Travel to Germany, stay in München, Babenhausen and Berlin.

January 2019 - Travel to Moldova, stay in Chişinău, visit Soroca.

March 2019 - Travel to Serbia, stay in Belgrade.

May 2019 - Travel to Panama, stay in Panama City.

The first draft of 'Citadel' completed on 1st June, the completion for 'Citadel' began.

July 2019 - Travel to USA, stay in Birmingham, Alabama.

August 2019 - Travel to Italy, stay in Venice and Florence.

September 2019 - Travel to Romania, stay in Iași,
visit Suceava, Putna.

‘Citadel’/Sachiko Tamaki published on 24th October in Iași.

‘The Short Stories (2nd Edition)’ began for new publishing.

November 2019 - Travel to Bosnia and Herzegovina, stay in
Sarajevo.

‘The Short Stories (2nd Edition)’/Sachiko Tamaki published on
1st December in Sarajevo.

‘Canopy Of Azure (2nd Edition)’ began for new publishing.

January 2020 - Travel to Bulgaria, stay in Sofia.

‘Canopy Of Azure (2nd Edition)’/Sachiko Tamaki published on 1st
February in Sofia.

(Published Books)

- * 'Academic Essays' / Sachiko Tamaki (2013)
- * 'The Short Stories (1st Edition)' / Sachiko Tamaki (2014)
'Heaven's Breath' 'Riddle of the Lake' 'Daisy'
- * 'Canopy Of Azure (1st Edition)' / Sachiko Tamaki (2014)
- * '!?' / Sachiko Tamaki (2014)
- * 'The Short Stories 2' / Sachiko Tamaki (2015) 'The Village'
'The Fossil' '∞'
- * 'Precipice' / Sachiko Tamaki (2016)
- * 'Citadel' / Sachiko Tamaki (2019)
- * 'The Short Stories (2nd Edition)' / Sachiko Tamaki (2019)
- * 'Canopy Of Azure (2nd Edition)' / Sachiko Tamaki (2020)

