

Forward:

First and Foremost all praise and honor and glory to Jesus Christ our Lord, King of all Kings. He is the first and the last, the Alpha and Omega, my Father and my friend. For reasons, only He can understand, I am chosen. I am here because of Him and I live my life to glorify Him. I love Him with a new and personal love.

I look back on my life and have come to realize I have always been a writer. I kept a diary since I learned to put two or three letters together, I always kept in touch with my pen pals and loved keeping thorough notes in class. I graduated with a double major in college in English and Sociology. Writing has always been enjoyable for me, but never a directive in my life, just like walking or talking, writing was always there. When I re-dedicated my life to Jesus, he changed me. He brought something that was mundane and normal into a bright and sparking light. Writing has become something so special now, and the change was all for Him and to glorify His name.

I know the reason for which I was created. I am designed to shine in His light in everything I write. I pray that this act is contagious. I pray blessings on this story. I pray it helps you, Dear Reader, to see my love for Jesus and gives you the same desire to shine with the Light of Life.

The words written in this story shocked me as my fingers quickly typed out the outline 6 months ago. Its approximate 4000 words were written in less than an hour. I know a gift like that is only given from God. The Holy Spirit was talking through me, and because of that I humbly lay aside any praise for this Story. This book was written with wisdom that I cannot contain. Its creativity and introduction of characters were born from the Spirit.

As I worked on expanding the story, all this time later, I was shocked at what I read. I do not remember having those ideas or thoughts or understanding of the narrative. Thus, proof, the Story is not from me, but heaven-sent. Thank you Jesus for blessing me with the opportunity to share the words you want me to say. Thank you for the humble method of delivery, writing seems so simple, so easy. Just typing out words, am I right? So simple. Yet, so profound. I pray the words change lives and bring light to the darkness.

Thank you:

Thank you to my amazing, talented and God-Fearing Husband of 9 wonderful and crazy years. You have listened to me read this over and over. You have helped me when I felt like I didn't want to write, when I was

consumed with my own dark times. You have encouraged, loved and prayed me through the valleys, and when I am on the peaks it's fun that I get to celebrate with you. You help me stay on the path to heaven and I pray I do the same for you. I love you. Thank you Jesus for the greatest gift, my best friend and partner in life. Thank you, thank you, thank you.

I feel that it's only right to dedicate this book to you, Dustin. We accepted the path back to Salvation at the same time and in the same passionate way. God provided us HIS LOVE, so it would become the glue that bonded us back together. It was because of Jesus that we were able to have this new life, and so therefore, it seems only fitting that the book, written with words given by our Savior would be dedicated to the man who helps me stay close to Jesus every day.

We are not finished yet, babe, or why else are we still here. Bring us another one Jesus. I love you all the way to heaven and all the way back. I pray that we get to see eternity together one day. Thank you, Jesus, for Dustin. In Jesus' name, amen.

And with all that mush, the story begins...

Once among time, there was a story. A real story. This story contained the most powerful words and captivating details. This particular story was commanding and present, thoughtful and wise, insightful and comforting. The story's most beautiful gift was that it was healing and brought answers to even the most confusing details. So, Reader, once again, there, among time, the most wonderful story was about to be introduced.

<https://youtu.be/ZIVLqXxeDIO>

CHAPTER 1

Time was infinite, and revelled in the past, present and future. Time existed with no beginning and no end. The progress of time was continuous, day in and day out, time just kept moving. Time was essential to all things, all life, to all of anything because it allowed events to happen. Without time, a moment could not be born. Without a record of time, there could be no essence, no value, no significance. Yes, Dear Reader, time was essential, yet, since time began, time has always taken for granted.

The monotony of time was tedious, with no change, a very uninteresting repetition of routine and lack of variety. Day in and day out, time would just keep moving, on and on into the next moment. Until one day something happened. And in that moment Something Miraculous was created, well Sweet Reader, I suggest you get comfortable now, and continue reading.

Time watched as people enjoyed special moments, all around the world, moments of significance were born because of him. He felt so blessed to be a part of their lives. He loved to be hidden within the moment. He never wanted them to notice him or to realize how important he was. When people did, they became sad. Time passing too quickly was never good when happy moments occurred.

Their birthday was because of him, that perfect surprise was not because they chose to be born, but it was time's sweet gift. The proposal? The anniversary?

And in the opposite light, in the shadows of life, time was hated. Moments of sadness, when time seemed to move slowly. Moments of pain, when time was wished away. Time seemed to make the pain worse.

Maybe one day people would realize that in that moment, time played a part, that time was always there, and never left them. Time allowed them moments of discovery. Time allowed them to be self aware and discover a gift that could only be received, not given away. Time was not earned. Time was given.

Life was based on time, for without time there would be no birth, no death, there would be nothing. Suddenly, Time realized that he was thinking.

His movement at that stroke, stopped, His hands fixed at his side. Time became aware and existed in a miraculous occurrence, outside of himself. Time was mortal.

In that instant, realization allowed him to become man in a perfect way. He stepped forward still within his eternal existence and he looked around.

He was standing on a large rock on a high hill. He looked down at his human hands and realized they were strong. He was dressed in thick brown leather clothes. His feet were covered in sturdy leather boots. He touched his face and felt the curves and contours of humanity. Man. He was mighty, powerful and of great stature. He was made from the very essence of himself. Time became a part of his own existence.

All around Time, while he was discovering his newness, things that he commanded to be in motion had suddenly become still and frozen. The moon stopped chasing the sun and the wind did not blow through the trees. Stillness rested upon the now. Falling snow stood still in awe of him, shocked at his presence as man. All of creation knew who he was. They knew with respect and reverence. They understood the power he commanded over them.

Time had always been, Creation knew Time and never forgot about him. When Creation saw Time appear, it was gripped in fear, honour and respect. Creation knew time had no beginning and no end. Time has no need of then, before, after, maybe or now. Those feeble words try and hold Time, but Time cannot be contained by words. The utter shock of Time's appearance had frozen everything. Or so we think, because, Dear Reader, not everything is always as it seems, now is it?

Time, now made aware and within the now, decided that he should introduce himself to the Story that was about him. Time could tell that this Story was good, because the Story was moving and developing continuously, and this captured his attention right away. Story was close,

but not so close that he could read what was written. He walked over to her with his new movements. He gingerly made his way off the rock with careful steps and down to the grassy plateau where Story was. He approached her with his new powerful hand stretched out.

Story was special. Story was beautiful, the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. Time's face smiled for the first time. He felt comfort knowing she was there. She was familiar, he knew her without any introduction. She was part of him and he was part of her in a very special way.

Story's smile sparkled as bright as the sunlight on the ocean. She was mysterious and wise, comforting and calming, alive and well. Most importantly, Time did not effect her. The shock of Time's awareness did not make Story stop. In fact, she became even more interesting and her wisdom and power, even that much more captivating.

"Hello," he said, "It is good to see you." He was shocked at the sound of his own voice.

"And you, too." she said, "I am glad you are here, as you already know, I am here because of you." She grabbed his mighty hand and shook it with both of hers, in a warm and friendly embrace.

"Well, this is quite something," Time replied, "I had no idea I was a me until just now. Thoughts became awareness and now I know myself as human. Here I AM. With a voice, with body, and with knowledge. I am not sure why I was made aware. There must be a purpose for this."

Story reached out and held his hand again. "Yes, Time, a great purpose," she said. "I am here to bring you guidance. If you trust me, I will show you why you have become man. You have a great mission before you. I will explain everything, but look, friend, we can't afford to delay. As you can see, with every step you take, you leave a little of yourself behind."

Time turned and saw shining fragments left in the grass below, remnants of each step he took towards Story. The fragments were like little specks of gold, glowing gently, or rather sparkling, either description fits as it is somewhat odd and spectacular to be left behind with every step you take. His past was like footprints in the sand, yet not constrained to sand alone, imprints were left everlasting.

"Yes," he said, "I agree, and I trust you, wholeheartedly. I must have been made aware to achieve this mission. And to meet you? I am ready to accept."

"Perfect," she said and smiled, "I had no doubt you would, for this was all written in the chapters and verses of the scrolls of ages. Truth is found there and I know the scrolls well. They help me understand how to guide you best."

“Look around you, at the world, look at the state that it is in.” She motioned with her arm gracefully to draw his attention to their surroundings. He took it all in.

Why hadn’t he seen this the moment he woke! How can one not see such darkness? But how can you observe or understand the darkness without first seeing the light?

“The shock of your awakening has forced Creation to stop and observe you. You can see that many things are in a dejected state. The great balance has been disrupted. The light has been forgotten. You must trust and follow me or this will be the state of existence for eternity.”

Time continued to observe his surroundings. There was an eerie heaviness to the darkness all around him. Life was not as he remembered, for Story was now allowing memories to be played for him. He remembered the generations when there was light, a special light. The memories were still quite foggy, but he was slowly organizing his thoughts. The heavy darkness he was surrounded by now, was not so strong back then.

“Why has this happened?” he asked.

Story held his hand tighter. “I am not the only one who is moving with you. There are more here, not effected by your awakening. You will find them and I will help you, but you must be steadfast and alert. Please stay close because the darkness has become very strong.

Time felt cold chills run down his back. He looked at his arms, he rubbed them and felt his skin. He was becoming even stronger as he gleaned more understanding from Story yielding her wisdom. This strength had never been seen, felt or administered, so it is difficult for adjectives to describe. His hands had always been used to keep things moving on earth and now they must be used for something much greater.

“I understand,” Time said. “Show me what is next, Story, I am ready.”

Story and Time journeyed together for a while in silence. While they walked, Time took the opportunity to take in more of his sad surroundings. The sky was a sick shade of grey. There was no sound anywhere, no music, no laughter, no talking, no whispering. Everything was painfully silent. The sound of silence was deafening, however, for it cried out for help in a shrill and inaudible tone.

CHAPTER 2

Story slowed her pace as they approached a dense and overgrown thicket. She began pushing her way through carefully, so as not to break any branches. Time followed her through, mimicking her intent.

As they inched their way through, they came to a small clearing in the brush, Time could see that they had found two old doors. They hung on old rusted hinges, but that was all. The doors lay against a large rock and were covered in large vines. The doors were not large or significant. They looked old and forgotten and unused for sometime.

Time could see that that they were once very loved, each nail was placed with care, the wood was of great quality and stature. He saw that each piece of stained glass in the windows were carefully selected and cut with gifted artistry.

“We must enter through the gate that these old doors guard, Story explained. “Few will enter this gate, many will be turned away. Only those who are chosen will find it, even though they are told that it is here. Many will not believe. It is the path to answers. Whispers still pass through the darkness that this gate exists. You can see no one is searching, no one is here to pass through but us. The darkness is too great for anyone to find their way.”

“But Story,” Time said, “there is nothing behind those doors. They are simply leaning against a rock. What gate? If we open the doors, we will only see the rock behind. There is nothing to open into.”

Story smiled at Time. “Is that true?” She asked. Touch the doors and see what I see.

Time grabbed the well-worn and heavy handles. As soon as his hands touched them they began to glow. Pure Light spread all around the black metal that covered the doors and they completely transformed. The wood became solid and new, the hinges changed into solid gold and the doors stood tall and strong. Old became new in that very moment.

Although this was miraculous, it was also completely normal. Although made new, when Time pulled the new doors open, the hinges made a eerie, complaining sound.

In spite of the Pure Light revealed from what was made new, inside the doors was just darkness. Story stepped inside, and Time, although perplexed, trusted Story completely and followed her through the open gate.

Once they had safely entered, he pulled the doors shut and the doors creaked and complained once again. The doors sealed off any light that could enter the cavity of the gate. It was so dark inside that their eyes could not adjust to see anything.

Time whispered to Story. "So much for being quiet," he said. He felt her smile in the darkness.

Story knew how to navigate this place well. She took Time's hand and led him through the shadows of darkness.

"A place that Time had forgotten," Time said, chuckling at his own humor. He anticipated Story's reaction and it seemed as though she didn't hear his witty joke. Time cleared his throat and said, "Nice place."

Story replied, "Yes, this gate holds many good things that have been forgotten over the ages. In here, the memories of balance are strong. If only the walls could talk, they would tell you tales of joy and hope, for they hosted many of the great ancestors. Many were kept safe here throughout the ages. However, things have changed drastically, and now, only one remains. And he will remain forever, protected by a power much greater than the Darkness."

At that very moment, a glow of light allowed them to see the inside the depths of the gate. Time ran his finger over the top of a table that held many old scrolls. There was a thick layer of dust covering everything. Nothing had been disturbed in this gate for ages. However, it was just as Story described, Time could feel the memories of joy and comfort, they were plastered deep inside the walls, not even time could forget them. He smiled again at his own private joke.

As his eyes readjusted he could see more of what was inside. He liked it in there. The outside existed in desperation, loss, and despair. While inside the gate things were opposite. He knew comfort, joy and felt found. Suddenly he realized that he was alone. Story wasn't with him anymore.

He began to look for her, he saw faintly through an archway into a grand auditorium. How was this wonderful description inside two doors once leaning against a rock?

Story was at the front of the room. He hurried to join her and as his got closer, he saw the outline of a man. He was sitting down in the center of the dust-covered rows of seats.

As they got closer, Time could see that this man's stature was huge! This enormous man was also covered in layers of dust. His hands were interlocked and his head was bowed down towards the floor. The hair on his head was white as snow, but his beard was exactly opposite, black as coal.

This man was formidable, and not weak in his old age. His great and powerful shoulders looked like they could carry the heaviest of loads. His strong hands were well calloused and his muscular jaw was tight and ready. The leather boots he wore were thick and well oiled. Time knew that this man was aware, pensive, steady and waiting.

Story gently touched the interlocked hands of this man. His hands were so large that Story's small hand only covered his index finger. When she did, he slowly lifted his head. He opened his eyes and when he stood up, his head brushed the tall cathedral ceilings of the room. He towered over them.

"Story it is very good to see you. He said, "I have been waiting patiently for you." His voice was thunderous, and yet controlled and careful.

He stretched out his hand and Time accepted. Story introduced them. "Time, this is Guide."

Guide smiled, "My goodness Story," he said, "is it really Time?"

Story replied, "Yes, Guide, it is."

"Well," he replied, "nice to finally meet you, Sir, I have been waiting for you for ages." Guidance shook the dust off his broad shoulders and cleared his throat from the heavy air.

As they shook hands, Guide realized that Time was more powerful than he had ever imagined. "I am glad it is you." Guide said.

Guide looked at Story and asked, "Does he know?"

Story replied, "Not fully yet, but we will help him. Together, we will help him understand everything he needs to know."

"Let's go out to the garden and we will explain what is to happen next." Guide suggested.

"Why don't we just stay here?" Time replied. "It's nice in here. I like this place. It's so different from outside. It is comforting here, if we just stay here, we will be okay. It just needs some light, we can clean it up too. We will be happy here. Why should we go back outside? Didn't you say that things are kept safe here?"

Story looked at him sharply. "Speak of that no more! Have you already forgotten that you accepted the mission? Have you already lost the desire for purpose? We must continue on, Time, don't get lost in the darkness, it is tempting to stay here, yes, but this is no longer safe, nothing here is. Nothing is as it seems, the deception lies everywhere. We must go out and uncover the truth so that everyone can see that this isn't balance. Please, let us go outside and we will explain more."

Time saw that Story had developed and that there were two of them at that moment. He was shocked! They appeared to be the same. Story sat down in a comfortable chair and crossed her legs smiling at him. She reached out with one hand and motioned for him to sit beside her. She picked up a book and began to read, warm drink appeared beside her. There were books all around, games, entertainment that would last the ages. What more could he want?

The other Story remained steadfast beside Guide, her stoic glare piercing through the darkness inside the building anticipating choice.

Time stood still. At that moment he knew he must decide and that whatever he chose would change the rest of his days. He could stay. He knew it. This place would be perfect. He could stay with Story and create a new life with her. He could remain and never leave. He could let the other story end.

The weight of this decision made his knees weak. He fell to his knees, suddenly very aware of his mortality. He realized he was hungry, what a sensation. He hadn't eaten before. He realized he was tired, he had never slept. He realized he was man. He felt the weight of the world on his chest.

"Why?" He thought with his eyes shut tight, "why this choice?"

He felt the warmth of a small hand take his. He opened his eyes and he saw Choice. She looked up at him with a loving smile. Although he was on his knees, Time's large stature made Choice seem so small.

Choice was perfect, innocent and pure. Her cute little blond head sparkled, she looked up at him with the most beautiful blue eyes he had ever seen. In her hand she held one of the scrolls that Time saw on the table at the entrance of the gate. She opened the scroll and pointed to one of the passages. They read it together quietly. She whispered something in his ear. Her tiny voice was crystal clear. "Go, please", she said. "You know you must go."

She gave him a hug and said, "I love you." And with that, she was gone. Choice was made to show him the way. Choice helped him see that he must press forward and trust that whatever happened next would be made right. The power of the scroll was great, and he was made stronger with the wisdom that it revealed.

The power of Choice's voice snapped everything back into order, Story became one again. She stood beside Guide and Time began to move forward. "I'm sorry", he said. "I don't know what came over me."

Story took his hand and said, "You have passed the first test, Time. You are from the beginning and designed to do this, but when you were made aware, that awareness allowed you the ability to choose your path.

The temptation did not overtake, temptations that are common to man are necessary so that you may understand what the people of this place endure. Your creator is faithful, and he will not let you be tempted beyond your ability, and with each decision you make, he will also provide the way of escape, so that you will have the ability to withstand it.

Yes, Time, you will be tested again, and You have chosen well, you have proved that your will is pure. You must regain your strength, please eat this bread and drink this elderberry. You were weak for a moment, but now you must be strong. We must not rest here. But soon I will bring you to a place where we can rest. We must move quickly.”

Story took his hand and The trio left the room through the back doors and stood again outside. The warmth of the gate was gone, and all the comfort it provided. Snapping back to reality so soon gave Time chills, he rubbed his hands over his arms to try and soothe the chill of what the outside world was like. The sky was frozen, in a solemn state of grey. No sunlight could penetrate through the clouds. Trees, who once stood proud and tall, were slumping, meek and shy. Brooks that babbled with joy were now frozen and quiet, seemingly scared to even whisper.

“Guide, you must know why this has happened? Time said. “It can’t have been always like this. Were things different than they are now? Both of you have spoken about balance, this sorry state cannot be what the Creator designed.”

Guide brought them over to a stone-stacked well, covered in moss, it was located in the center of the garden. The well was old, but still in great working order. Guide dropped a large wooden bucket down into the water and drew it back up on a thick and well loomed rope. He set the bucket on the side of the old well and held it between his large hands.

This water was different from the rest of the water that Time had observed outside. This water moved. This water seemed alive. It swirled inside the bucket, faster and faster it swirled. Suddenly the water leapt out of the bucket and formed itself into a large and perfect circle in front of them.

“Look into the water, Son,” Guide commanded. “Your Way will be revealed.”

CHAPTER 3

Time looked into the water. Images appeared. He saw people. So many people. They all looked so lost. They were all sons and daughters, and their eyes were so scared and searching, so desperately searching. The amount of people he saw consumed by fear and trembling kept multiplying before him. Time felt their fear, panic and despair, he stepped back from the water and stumbled on a large rock. He tried to catch himself before he fell but it was impossible. The rock made him fall. The ground shook with the impact.

When Time fell, he landed on his hands and knees and let his head fall down between his great arms. He lifted his hands and covered his face. He wept. The weight of the world's sadness overwhelmed him. He was overcome with the feelings of all who had ever been. The experience made him feel the oppression of darkness inside the people all in one moment. The impact of the blow would have ended most mortals, but Time endured.

Empathy came to him and placed her hands on his shoulders.

"Rise up now, Time, it is essential for you to see that," she said. She wiped the tears from his face.

"You must know the weight and measure of their despair. You must know the extent of damage that the darkness had done to these people. It will give you the energy you need to make it through. Empathy is powerful. And I am here to help you and give you this key. You do not need it now. But soon you will and you will be grateful for this moment."

"You see, Time," Empathy explained, "the moments in life where we are blessed to experience what others are feeling give us a new heart. Right now the pain you are feeling is your own power growing inside. Without this, without knowing me, you would not be able to make it through to the next test. You need my power to keep fighting. This key will be essential to your survival"

Rise up warrior. She took his hands in her own and helped him back to his feet. She waved goodbye and left as quickly as she came. Time looked down at the gold key he held in his hand. It was heavy, as heavy as the weight he felt in his heart for the people desperately looking for escape. He grasped it tightly in his hand and place it carefully inside his leather

boot. Standing tall he approached the water again with Story developing more and more beautiful as Time passed by her. Time smiled at her and took her hand. Thank you for being here, thank you for never leaving. This is difficult and I am glad that you are here. She smiled back. The warmth of their touch was exactly what Time needed.

Guide cleared his throat loudly. "AHEM."

Time crossed his arms over his chest and then let them down. He put his hand out inquisitively and asked, "Why can I only see their eyes? Why have they covered the rest of their faces?"

Guide answered simply and thoroughly, "The darkness."

Guide motioned to the water who was still spinning faithfully. The water obeyed and gathered itself up perfectly without losing a drop and danced gracefully back into the wooden bucket. Guide carefully let it drop back down inside the well.

He asked them to sit down on an old bench placed beside the carcass of a large and ominous thorn-filled rose bush. "Sit for a moment, friends, while I explain more." He said.

Guide continued, "The Darkness has spread as far as the east is to the west. It has become a highly contagious virus that feeds fear and lies to the sons and daughters. I'm sorry to say, they will only show their eyes because they are scared that someone will see a smile. People have turned on one another. Mother against daughter, father against son. There is no trust for the darkness makes them do things against nature.

They have lost all sense of order and destroyed the nuclear family, which exists no more. Family became completely corrupt and was lost within the darkness. No security in the home bred a new type of person. They became insane and lost understanding of wholesome and kernel, or in other words, what is central and essential.

The women developed their own philosophy and told one another that men were dangerous, and the darkness came from within them. They became terrified of their own husbands, they feared their own sons. They fled in a sick insanity, consumed by their own dark shadows and ran from the very thing that would keep them safe.

Men have been outlawed and women are celebrated, it a philosophy taught by the darkness, in complete opposition of the way the scrolls directed them long ago.

Men who try to escape and find their wives are put into the workhouses. Those who are committed to the darkness are fed adrenaline continuously, it makes them insane and so singularly focused that they can

only cope with the one command from their screen, any outside influence makes them turn on one another and they are left for self destruction.

Women have no balance within their homes, no directive, no solid place to turn to. They live in communal housing with no walls, no privacy, no structure. They have become insane, they are fed adrenaline through their own underground network of pushers. They feed on it day and night. Many of them are hospitalized, none of them are mothers anymore. They have submitted their children to be raised by the collective.

They are told that they are in charge and rule the nation. They are set up in puppet-like staged buildings where their reality is subjected to nonsense and fantasy. They are filmed and provide the entertainment for The Others, the Collective and the rest of the Darkness. It is shameful what they are told to do. The women are given the right to pass trial on men and they do so with disdain. Balance does not exist in this society. It is completely forgotten.

Children are indoctrinated from the moment they are born. They are incubated in a state of narcotic rest while developing in their incubator's stomach. While they are incubated, they are fed the dark laws, dark sounds, so that when they are born they find comfort only in the darkness.

All new life is conceived through medical assistance. After conception the incubator is taken into a sleep tube where she will remain until the child can be taken from the womb, they are always taken too early so that the child can go through medical screen testing, gene therapy, and neurologic restructuring. If a baby is flawed in any way, it is destroyed.

The child is developed through the system and what is produced is terrifying. They keep these beings under lock and key, no one has been able to see what they have become.

Therefore people live alone and lonely. They fear even their own mother and father. They teach one another, through many unethical trials to live in fear of everyone. They do not gather anymore, there are no celebrations, no holidays. They stay secluded because they are deceived to believe that it is the only way to stay safe. Some used to fight, but they were erased and overcome with silence. Now all that is heard is untruth, misinformation and indoctrination.

Fear has taught them new rules, and The Darkness has brought this new society into being. The worship of this new system, the trust and commitment to the collective order has totally changed all societies all over the world. Fear has brought power to the darkness and now he rules and this virus is spreading faster than anything we have ever seen.

Any person who tries to break from this new order is turned in by their neighbor, friends and even their own relatives. They move in regimented order. The order is presented as peace and safety so they cling to it desperately. They fear the wrath of disorder greater than longing for light of any kind. You saw their eyes, they are searching, but they don't know light, only darkness.

The keepers of the darkness are ominous and grow in numbers. That is why it is essential for us to move quickly. But I must tell you this before you go. You must understand the Pit of Judgement. It is the last punishment for those who have given up and lost the desire to fight or to find the way. They are thrown into the Pit of Judgement.

"The Pit of Judgement? What is that?" asked Time.

Guide said, the Pit of Judgement is a deep dark place of confinement of which it is said that no one can escape. It is where The Others observe and pass sentence on what people do, say, feel or believe. No one knows the location of where the Pit is, it is intertwined in a network so secure, there has been no human known to crack the code or escape. Many people have tried to find the path and infiltrate the walls of fire, but most who have tried have died or been erased from existence completely.

The Darkness was born from the Pit. The Darkness feeds on numbers, it requires followers to succeed in its tyrannical overtaking of humanity. The darkness is smooth, conniving, cunning, and very convincing. It traps and baits people by offering moments of desire and thrill, but that feeling is very short lived. Because of their seclusion, people are so deprived of joy that all they seek is the next moment that the darkness baits them with, and that is all they live for.

People have become insane and are blinded by the poison of darkness. The poison is in the food they consume and the water they drink. They breathe it in their polluted air. They have no idea that they are trapped and cannot escape. They are fed more and more poison and because in the stupor of darkness they cannot see the disgusting reality of what they are ingesting. They feed their own sickness without knowing, and without having an opposite to compare to, or a Guide in their lives, they have no idea that they perpetuating and feeding the Darkness. It drinks their fear. It is a vicious cycle.

Time's jaw had dropped. He could not believe what he was hearing. Story touched his hand, he closed his mouth and looked at her with eyes full of pain.

“This can’t be real? It seems so simple that they would see through and not continue to follow or partake in this life of sickness? Why can’t they see?”

Story replied, “All humans are in need of the wisdom we just heard from Guide. It is the essence of man. If they do not know him or understand the origin of right and wrong, they will seek the easiest path. There are many of The Others pretending to offer Guide, but it is not from the source of light, it is derived from darkness.

People surrender themselves like lost sheep to slaughter. We must remind them of the truth, and bring them to realization of themselves. Like you, they must be made aware and be snapped out of their monotony. They need a moment where everything is made still, where they can observe themselves, remember the past, find the truth and receive the light. It is only within the quiet stillness that they can know, and the whispers of truth can be heard and revealed to them. The darkness feeds them with continuous requests, directives and distractions so they cannot take in what is really happening.”

Guide continued. “The people live in extreme fear. Fear provides a chemical reaction which releases adrenaline. Adrenaline is one of the most addictive and murderous drugs on the market. People pay all their life’s savings for it. They are so dependent on it for survival that they will sell out their own children to obtain it.”

“They do what!?” Time exclaimed.

“Yes, Time, it’s sad but true.” Guide replied. “Adrenaline is pushed by the army of the Darkness. It is fed through screens that people are forced to wear at all times. It is ingested visually by the screens’s web of lies. Those who are fully committed to the Darkness feed the population their daily dose of adrenaline, but people need more and more every day. The addiction continues to grow in demand daily and continually recruits more designers of a greater and more powerful chemical.”

“The Others are servants of the darkness and they bring people to the Pit.” Guide said, “Everyone covers their faces to hide from The Others who may find them hopeful, joyful or without fear. The Others have great strength and they control everything and everyone with their power. They hold adrenaline and will not distribute it to those who do not obey the directive. Humans cannot live without their drug anymore. They are lost, they need us now more than ever.”

“Even the trees and water fear the darkness now. Fear is their fuel and it is from where the darkness thrives.” He pointed at the dead and decaying foliage. “As you can see, the sickness is spreading rapidly and it is

not only affecting humans. Humans have lost their essential purpose of life, to maintain what was first given to them, the gift of Creation. They have forgotten how care for the animals and the land. They do not work anymore. They only feed from their screens. They darkness does not know how to operate this life. It doesn't understand true order. The land and the water have become contaminated without love and hard work. This world will eventually be destroyed, but there are some here who desire a way out, some who must be given a final chance."

Time stood powerful and in ready. "There is hope, Guide. I know there is. And I am willing. This mission sounds impossible, yet, look at me, isn't my own humanity also considered impossible? I have already proven that what is impossible, to be very much within my power. This moment exists because people are in search of balance and we must help them find it. I believe that what you are saying is truth. We must continue. I am here, I am ready, send me."

Guide smiled. "I am glad to hear that Time. I agree, we do need balance, however, only thing that can conquer the darkness is the great opposite."

"Remember, since the beginning, the great opposite offered a careful balance to all existence." Guide lifted his great arms and stretched them out appearing to hold up the sky. "However, people grew complacent, forgetful of their beginning, and that threw things into disorder and when that balance was disrupted, chaos was unleashed."

He dropped his arms and walked back towards the well. He dropped his head and looked into the pool of water and said, "There has always been right and wrong, left and right, success and failure, and darkness and light. For every one there is the other. The confusion of balance is where fear was born and where the darkness began. The darkness is the prince of confusion and lies."

Guide continued, "You became aware, Time, because the scale was tipped too far, and now you are needed. The people have suffered for too long and you must bring back balance and allow them remember the great opposite. They must be offered choice once again, to be offered salvation from their fear."

"Time, listen to me closely, you were called here for a great purpose," Guide added. "Now that you know me, and you have been given the tools you need to continue on, it is imperative that you meet your mission. You must keep my wisdom close. If you call for me I will answer, perhaps not how you expect, but I will always be with you."

“I must leave you now.” Guide looked off into the distance. “They are close, if The Others realize I am here, they will try to destroy me and that must never happen.”

Before I leave, I will give you this map of old. Guard it well, the Others must not obtain this, it is the only map left that will guide you to where you must go. It’s words are hidden to those who cannot see and understanding is guarded against those who do not know about the light. The Others are learned in the ways of old, they will be looking for the map and they will try to destroy it. Do everything in your power to keep it safe.”

With that, Guide said his farewell, and walked back to the old doors that were leaning once again against the large rock. He touched them and they became alive and opened wide for Guide to enter into their safety. They shut behind him and returned to their old worn and dilapidated state.

Time could hear a great lock being clasped shut behind the doors and then powerful steps fading into a great distance. Then nothing was heard, just a calm silence. Thick foliage grew quickly around the doors, interlocking in powerful weaves, completely concealing the doors and Guide within them. They watched the astonishing production which concluded in complete camouflage. It allowed everything that transpired between them to become visibly undisturbed.

As the duo walked away, the grass began to move for the first time in ages. It whispered in understanding, in awe and hope of what it had just witnessed. It was Time, they knew him. Speaking in quiet rustles, the grass grew to cover the shining steps of where Time was left behind, and perfectly disguised their path...

CHAPTER 4

Time and Story left Guide behind, and began discussing all that had transpired in whispered tones. They opened the map that Guide gave them and studied it carefully. They knew they were on a quest for purpose, knowing that the mission was greater than they could have imagined because balance was lost and the people had forgotten about hope and truth. They must remain on the path of the map. The map will help them locate and reveal the great opposite so that individual choice could be made once more.

Story took Time’s hand again, we must hurry now, the others are coming and we must hide. They quickly ran off into the thick brush behind an old building.

Time whispered, "I thought things were frozen? How are the others coming? I thought all was still?"

"Have you not noticed, Time? She stated. "When we found Guide and he spoke about the truth, the truth set things free. All things are moving again. Your power was strong at first but your power is lessening with every move. So, Time is of the essence, my friend, we must be prudent and press on with great care."

Time looked around and it was true. Everything was moving but it was not how it should move. All things were confusing and strange.

She winked at him in folly and they hurried off together. They rushed into the disguise of the deep woods. However, they did not get far before they were tested again.

They heard footsteps approaching. They looked out between the small holes in the brush. Time could see The Others. They were all very dark. The only light you could see was the glow of their screens. The screens covered their whole face like ominous metal helmets. They were dressed in all black, mirroring the darkness that consumed them inside. The Others did not want people to know who they were. They did such terrible things that they could not act without hiding their identity.

Fear ruled so powerfully inside of them that they had no knowledge of balance at all. They had been trained only in the art of darkness. Acceptance of the darkness was all they craved. The screens fed them endless tasks which were meant to entertain the Darkness and those that reigned in his upper command.

The Others were constantly searching for people, people that still had hope, still remembered the light, remembered the opposite and held on to the truth. The others hated what the opposite represented. They hated truth, they hated everything that true history spoke, all was once real. They changed truth, rewrote words, controlled what was written, spoken and read by people. The others were on a constant quest to disrupt balance. So, people learned to hide their faces as much as they could to be less of who they really were and be more like The Others.

Story held Time's hand again. "Don't look at them for too long," she said. "Their fear is contagious, very contagious, you must guard yourself and not get trapped by their sickness. Remember what Guide said, hold his wisdom close and focus on your next steps. Follow me."

Time turned around and saw a path through the thick brush, it was only wide enough for one person to pass through, Story let go of Time's hand and he followed her. The path was barely visible, they could only see one step in front of another. The air was thick with fog, or dust, or

confusion, for whatever reason, it was difficult to see the straight and narrow path. Time trusted Story and walked in her footprints.

They walked like this for quite some time. Going carefully and as concealed as possible so they would not be seen or found. They came upon an open clearing and Story stopped suddenly. "Time," she said quickly, "hide under there." He looked and there was a very thick patch of brush and grass, it covered Time perfectly so that he wasn't visible at all. He had learned very quickly to trust Story, but as soon as he obeyed her wishes, he wished he had stayed by her side.

He watched quietly as The Others approached. It was only two of them one on the right and one on the left, but they were terrifying. Time wanted to explode out of hiding and rid them of their suffering. However, he knew he must wait until Story told him he was needed. Story was speaking in hushed tones so he could not hear what she was saying, but he knew by her stance that she was afraid. The others were screaming at her, belittling her for showing her face and yet she did not back down. They had their hands on their pistols, she had nothing to defend herself with, yet she remained stoic and strong, filled with the power of truth a power The Others did not know.

Time watched her place her hands together in front of her chest. She closed her eyes and she started to glow. The others fell to their knees in pain, the light was too much for them, they were so accustomed to the darkness of their screen, the light was painful for them to endure. The Others regained strength just enough to run away from Story. Yet, as they were running one of the two stopped for a second and turned back. He used his black gloved-covered hands to pull off his screen. He looked at story for a moment with his eyes, uncovered. This lasted only a second until the other yelled for him to catch up.

Story said to him, "I see you One, you are known."

To the unknowing eye, this might have seemed very trivial considering the stress Story and Time has just endured, however, seeing the pause was very important. Story had given them a glimpse of the opposite. Her healing example in the face of danger was enough to create a moment of pure light, and for a second, individual thought.

The Others maintained their chain of power as a group, and they never were alone. Their directive was led by a strategic force of command, led by militant rank. The higher the rank, the more you were paid. Adrenaline and dopamine were the currency. Within the collective there was an underground system of submission and tactical warfare. It was a very dark and horrible life.

They would communicate, feed, retaliate and learn all through the collective power of their screens. Part of their commitment to the darkness was that they would never leave the screen. Safety was their reward, and it was given by the darkness for their dedication. They were fed with pumps of adrenaline mixed with dopamine as a bonus.

Any breach in screen focus would be judged as insubordination and cruel disciplinary action would be the result. The Others would force those who lacked commitment to enter gladiator style punishment. They loved the entertainment and would punish those who did not deserve it.

CHAPTER 5

Story and Time were reunited, Story confessed, "I have never seen one of The Others take their screen off like that. This is a very pivotal moment, and I believe that having you here, Time, is really starting to change things. Come, my friend, we must press on, they know about us now and they will be back with many more. We must move quickly."

Time looked at the ground, the grass was not covering his steps anymore. The farther they got from Guide, the less power the grass had over the darkness. His steps were sparking and revealed their path. They knew they must hurry.

They began to run as fast as they could, but just as they thought the worse was behind them, it started to rain. This was not a gentle spring shower, no, this rain came down with fury. Enormous drops attacked at every angle, before they knew it, they were soaked and every move they made was exhausting. The rain made everything too heavy and the ground too slippery under their feet. Speed was impossible now.

Story looked desperately at Time. She said, "Time, it's now imperative that you learn about the light within you and you begin to practice some of it's power." You saw what happened when I was being attacked by The Others, please, you must pay attention. You must focus, focus on the light inside of you. All that is good is so powerful there. Place your hands like this - and she placed her hands together in front of her chest and closed her eyes, as she did she started to glow again.

Time did exactly as she instructed and he felt an incredible power surge within him. He opened his eyes and he saw that he was glowing as well.

Story said, "help" and Time repeated her request. In that moment, two of the most beautiful white stallions were running towards them. The

sound of their hooves on the land was deafening, silencing the thunderous rain.

“Jump!” shouted Story.

They both jumped and with their arms and hands reaching out, they grasped the mane of the two stallions and gracefully and powerfully pulled themselves upon their backs. In unison, the stallions pushed through the rain so powerfully, it seemed as if the ominous storm was like a light spring shower. The team thankfully left the blistering wind and rain behind them.

The storm eventually lessened and turned into a soft, yet heavy and thick mist. It became a sleepy pillow of land-level cloud which surrounded and now protected them. They were utterly exhausted and laid their heads on the strong necks of the stallions, trusting fully that the powerful horses were taking them to safety.

CHAPTER 6

When Time and Story woke, they realized they were warm, dry and extremely hungry. The first thing they did was take in the delicious smell inside the cozy, warm home. The smell was so amazing it would be enough to wake a bear from hibernation. They sat up from their cozy couches and looked around. The cabin-like place they found themselves in was actually a carefully carved out rock. They could see the etches in the walls. It was beautiful. Everything inside the rock was made of wood. All of the furniture, the decor, everything was hand-made and artistically crafted.

They were not alone. Two tiny adults of perfect proportion, yet not standing larger than 3 feet tall were there in front of them. They realized that they were not the only ones who were small, they themselves were also of small stature. Time stood quickly, what is this? BLACK MAGIC, are you of the Darkness? He stood ready to attack!

Story quickly got up and put her hand on Time’s arm to calm him. “Time, sit down, it’s okay.” She said calmly. “This is Purpose and Mission. They are disciples of the light. They were blessed with gifts of concealment and they have shared their gifts with us for a short time. We are safe here.”

“Wonderful to have you both,” said Purpose in spite of Time’s outburst. “I am thankful the stallions were ready and saved you. My wife, Mission and I, were able to help you off the horses, get you dry and give you a place to rest. I hope you are restored, comfortable and hungry, because dinner is ready!”

More joyful words had never been spoken, of that Time was positive! Story and Time ate their delicious meal as if they had never eaten before.

Apple pie and ice cream were served first, just to make sure there was room, of course, and then mashed potatoes, warm buttery biscuits and stew beef followed, all smothered in a delicious blanket of gravy. Nothing in the world tasted better to them. They sat back in their chairs, completely satisfied, all were rested, dry, and now bellies full.

The rock that concealed and protected them was fully committed. His awareness was blessed by his creator. Purpose had designed him and blessed him with his gift long ago before the balance had been lost. His commitment to Mission had never wavered. He could speak with the trees, in hushed tones, and they continually discussed the truth.

Mission and Purpose had lived safely within this great Rock after the confusion and darkness started to take control. They chose this rock because he was firmly planted and concealed among the forest of The Redwoods. Mission and Purpose knew these trees towered above the darkness, and they could still see the light of life. The Redwoods could see that the sun still was shining above the dark clouds that had covered the land. They had not betrayed themselves to the sickness of the world.

The Redwoods learned from Mission and Purpose, they were taught to be warriors. They also received gifts, they learned to grow in disguise. Their bottom branches were grey, but above the clouds they were alive, green, thick, and in reverence to the light. The Redwoods shared the truth of the light with The Rock. The Rock knew that Time had finally come.

The Redwoods waited. Powerful, ready, and daunting.

The Rock cried out to them. "Time has come! Awake now, you must share the truth, the Commission is Great and Time is of the essence, go out and share the Light, of which you have known since creation, for it is great and is within you now."

Balance was shifting, unbeknownst to The Darkness. The Rock was kept silent from that day forward. He had accomplished the task set before him, by Purpose and Mission and succeeded in sharing the Good News. The team was ready for the next Chapter of understanding.

CHAPTER 7

Back inside The Rock, more than just the left-over stew was brewing. Purpose was explaining more about Mission to Time. He said, "We know that you have already spoken to Guidance, because he sent us a raven with a message attached to its leg. We knew it was our time to act. We have been anticipating you and knew you would be coming to us. The Redwoods have been showing signs of new strength. They are now able to provide clearings

in the night sky so we can see the stars. We have been able to study their signs for the first time since the Darkness took power of the weather.

Guidance told us that the Darkness would attack you as soon as it knew of your location. We know your path is not disguised by the grass any longer. As you walked deeper into the shadows and left the light of Guidance, he knew you would be attacked because you accepted the truth about the light. Plus, you leave a path that is very easy to follow. The Darkness can see the shimmer left in your footprints.

We were ready for this with the white stallions on standby. Fortunately for all of us, the confusing and insidious attempts of the Darkness were used for good. The ominous storm that came to harm you actually washed away your footprints. What was left behind, was washed clean. We were able to bring you here in disguise and safety with no trouble at all.

We know that you have learned more about the light within, that you have been defeating darkness with the light of the internal glow. The power of light is growing quickly, Time. You are on the right path, it is a difficult path, so stay faithful, you have had companions help you along the way, but if you were alone, would you be so dedicated? This is why you were awakened, for there is no greater thing that concerns people more than Time.

Purpose continued to explain, people dislike you and at the same moment love you too. You are the one thing they wish they could control, to stop, to rewind or speed up, or pause. There is perfect balance within you and you will help bring order back to this disruption. You will remind people what is truly important, and you will help them find balance.

The Others believe that they can control you without knowing you. They have officers who study dark magic to try and create their own time. They freeze death and inject it into test subjects. They are injected against their will with no promise of safety or compensation for loss. These injections are murderous, sometimes ending life right away. Those that survive the test are forever changed. The essence of goodness is robbed from people. The demonic striving for eternal life within mortality is carnality. It is not surprising that they crave eternal sin, but this has tipped balance even further into the deep and is it no shock that this kind of evil would awaken you.

The ages have written and the disciples of light have known that you would come when the darkness was too much for us to take. Even the disciples are being deceived now. They have turned and submitted to their dark and evil ways, the still speak in tones of light, but their hearts have

turned black. They are taking the light with them and turning us over to be thrown into the Pit of Darkness.

You can understand now, why we are so excited to see you, Time. We have been calling out for Help, and the Helper has finally arrived. Time, you must be made ready. You must meet with Mission and she will help you understand exactly what you must do.

CHAPTER 8

Purpose settled back into a very loved and carved out chair, designed perfectly to hug every contour of his great stature. He rested his feet on a large leather stool and warmed himself by the roaring fire. He reached for his cup and Mission filled it with piping hot tea.

Mission put the tea pot down and began to speak in strong and steady words. Her voice was clear and almost musical. Her face was pure and innocent, yet her eyes were beautiful and wise for she was well studied in Guidance's teachings. She was older, and wounded from many great battles. She had fought The Darkness well and now she was ready to turn over the reigns.

"I am glad you are here," she said. My dear friend, Guidance, promised us of you, that Time will come and the great prophecy will be fulfilled. We are tired of the darkness, we are tired of the viral fear. It must come to an end, we have been waiting for you for ages, never wavering in our faith that one day you would be here.

Mission held out her hand. "We must speak now, Time, but what I must tell you is for your ears alone. Your mission is heavy and your burden is great. If you are ready for the next test, you must do this alone. Come with me to another room and I will help you understand.

Time was sitting in a chair and his knuckles turned white under the pressure of his grip on its arms. Sweat beaded on his forehead. The skin on his face was red like blood. He felt enormous pressure inside him like he would burst. He bent his head and leaned forward, clasping his hands together and interlocking the past and the future.

Time started glowing so bright that the company in the room shielded their eyes. They stood up and fell back from where they were sitting. In the radiant light of Time's internal glow, Story could see two shadows standing beside him. They were holding each arm, bend down beside him as he sat

in his chair. One shadow wiped the sweat off his brow. The other held his hands together and all three began to glow. The light that emanated from the three was too much for the company to bear. They laid flat on their stomachs on the floor and shielded their eyes in terror. This lasted for only a moment and the room went dark. The light of the fire had been extinguished, ashamed of the mediocre light it could produce and bowed down too, to the majesty of the light it witnessed as well.

In the darkness of the room, no one moved for what seemed like forever. Time stood up. Light the fire again, I AM ready. Purpose regained composure immediately and lit the fire as he was told. Story and Mission stood up and brushed themselves off smiling in knowing awe at each other. Story sat back down in her chair.

They all looked at Time. He was changed. His skin was golden. His hair shimmered like diamonds glowing on the sunset ocean. His eyes shined like crystal blue topaz. His clothes had transformed into the whitest white that they had ever seen. He was covered in translucent armor. Each piece was labelled in a language no one could read. He stood in the room in a glow no one had ever seen.

Mission and Time left together to speak alone while Purpose and Story remained where the Time had been transfigured.

“Purpose, can you believe what we just saw?” asked Story.

Purpose looked calmly at her without answering and bowed his head. She knew what he was thinking. That life changing moment could easily have overwhelmed anyone who witnessed it. But Story remembered the teachings of Guidance and kept his wisdom close, just like he told her to do. She bowed her head and focused on the light within her and patiently waited for Time and Mission to return.

After the words were spoken between Time and Mission they returned to the cozy room with the lit fireplace and rested together in comfortable silence. The gathering of the four faithful travelers was comforting because they were joined together for the same purpose.

Purpose was sure, strong and true. They trusted him and shared his same values. The gathering of the four and what they all witnessed brought attention to the sense of lost balance which had become their new focus. The glow of the room and the warmth of the new powerful fire allowed them to fall into the most wonderful and comfortable sleep. This sleep was one that they all very much earned.

CHAPTER 9

Time woke up cold. It wasn't morning yet, and he could tell the company were uncomfortable as well. They were restless in their sleep as the temperature in the room continued to drop. He got up quietly and decided to gather more wood for the fire. He opened the door quietly and crept outside.

Time went behind the large rock and in his haste he didn't realize that the second he did he became full stature again. The gift of disguise left him immediately. He bent down to gather wood from the dry pile and the moment his arms were full, he heard the snap of a twig behind him. He turned quickly and realized that he was surrounded. The Others had found him.

"You leave a trail, you fool." said the largest of the group. Time couldn't see clearly because sleep still lingered in his eyes, but he thought he counted 6 of them. The last thing he heard was the thud of the block that knocked all consciousness from his mind.

When he awoke, his brow was sore, he was freezing cold and really confused. He was covered in a web that was sticky and strong. He looked around and saw he was not alone. He was in a large room full of people.

He tried to get out of the web, but it was made of material that could not be held, it was invisible and very strong, stronger than human hands could hold. He whispered in a drowsy mumble to the closest person and asked, "Where are we?"

Audible fear and anguish replied in complete silence, no voice, no whisper, absolutely nothing but pure terror reacted as the person turned and ran away into the darkness. The chastising answer to his question, the backlash to his voice, the breaking of the safety found in silence was simply more silence.

Time became drowsy from his head wound and fell back into a coma like sleep. Hours passed and still Time slept, alone and tortured by the silence. If he woke for a minute and tried to move, the net he was caught in shrank and got more and more restricting. Every move to try and escape the net made it more complicated and so much tighter. It was if the weight of the world was crushing his body. He had never been so aware of every second that passed. He couldn't take it anymore, he cried out, "Help me out, please cut this net!"

Time repeated louder, "Where are you, someone help me?"

Drips of water now started to fall all around him creating an eerie and echoing sound. "This place is horrible," he mumbled, "how did I get here?"

Then he remembered the cold, the firewood, seeing The Others and the unfortunate thud. Putting three and 5 or 6 together, he summated that he had found himself in the Pit of Darkness.

“Well, isn’t this grand,” he said. “I have no idea how to get out and no hope of anyone finding me here, according to Guidance, no one knows where this place is.”

He grumbled with frustration. “What is the purpose of my mission if this is how I end up?!”

“Shhhhh,” someone whispered from in the midst of the pool of dark shadows and fear.

It seemed so condescending and such a simple and irritating response to what he was experiencing. He struggled all the more inside the net. “I must get out, this is not what I want!” The net closed in and began to strangle him.

Clicking noises, terrible and loud clicking noises. He could hear them as he struggled in the net. “What is that now,” he wondered. He realized that he was alone, all of the people that were in the cave with him were no where to be felt or shadows to be seen. The clicks got louder and louder.

CHAPTER 10

All Time could see at first was the blue eye, the glow was piercing and hurt Time’s eyes when he caught it’s glare. He could see the outline of a massive and terrifying spider. The body was small, but the outreach of the legs were larger than anything he had ever seen. The spider filled the large cavity in the pit. In the eerie glow of the blue eye he could see the cavern had been carved out in the shape of a massive skull. Time shuddered as the darkness grew stronger and the air became so much more thick and difficult to breathe.

Nothing else but a being like that could have spun a web so torturous and terrible. The fangs of the spider were sharp and piercing. It stabbed at the ground and left a nasty pool of poison behind. The smell was revolting. Time could not believe what he was witnessing.

“Tell me what you know, Time,” the spider spat out. “I require information. You will tell me because you know my net is powerful. You know it’s power, you can feel that I have the strength of the entire world behind me. You know you must succumb or die.”

Time knew that the spider was right. He could feel the chill of death creeping around the corner. He knew death was close. “This can’t be how

this ends. I don't understand. Mission did not reveal this to me," he screamed in his head. "What have I done wrong?"

The spider whipped quickly around the dark cavern, he spit his poison as he roared in rage. "Speak! Reveal what you know. I know of the great prophecy and I know that you have the answers I seek!"

Time could see and feel the shadows of people had crept back inside the cave. The spider was focused only on him so they came to witness the event. The spider's display of erratic information was a show of horror.

"Don't you see, the spider spewed. The spider knew the shadows of people were there as well. In his pride, he was proud for them to witness his power over Time. "Don't you see, Time has no power here. I control everything. I am the creator of the web. The web had dominion over all reality. It holds the past, present and future, so when I destroy Time, You all will answer to me. You will now understand that the Pit is eternal. Worship me and witness my power!"

Time could feel that he was getting weaker. He stopped struggling and remembered the wisdom of Guidance. He closed his eyes and he began to glow. His glow was barely visible as energy left his body. He opened his eyes slowly and could see the people for the first time. They were not shadows, but people, sons and daughters. Some of them could see him, the light of his weak glow broke the connection to spider's awful trance. He could see the change occurring even in that small second. The light reflected in their eyes. One small hand reached out and spoke, "Truly you are exactly who we were waiting for."

Time could also see that some shadows remained dark, and could not see him at all, they remained focused on the compulsive poison of the spider and his mesmerizing and taunting dance.

The net grew closer and closer around him. Consciousness was drifting in and out. He spoke with all the breath that was left inside his lungs. "This is finished, it is time..."

All was silent. The room grew cold and the spider cried out! Time is destroyed, he is gone! Screams of rage, accomplishment and demonic celebration raged out of the spider. It raised it's arms and in that instance the most unusual thing happened. Once again everything was still. Only under the control of something much greater than the Darkness, specific and phenomenal things occurred.

Time had instantaneously disappeared - where he once was, there was nothing. There was nothing left but the strands that once contained him. Yet, at the remains of where he once was, for those who could see, saw tiny bits of sparkling dust-like sand and then suddenly, a warm and sweet

smelling wind blew through the darkness. The shimmer of dust was lifted and was swept away.

The intricate balance of the time continuum had shifted into complete darkness. In the moment of his disappearing there was no hope at all. Time had never before been made real. And time had never ceased to exist. People knew that time was part of reality but they had never before been able to witness him. Therefore, his own mortal creation, the miracle of being brought inside humanity, and even still, his disappearing was insurmountable. Time existed because the past, present and future were all within him. And now he was gone.

His disappearance created a void in reality. The void spewed out its wrath all over the earth. Complete darkness overshadowed the whole world. All light was put out. Nothing was visible at all. The wave of darkness shook the ground as the change occurred. The earth quaked and the noise of it's splitting was indescribable. No ear could hear the deafening and thunderous power of the void of all light.

The forest of Redwoods that provided a curtain of protection was split in two, a cavern opened up inside the earth and split the forest right down the middle. Fire and heat spewed out of the cavern but the fire had no light. It was the breath of evil and light was not allowed to exist there. The trees felt the heat of the chasm and burned and fell into the Darkness.

The rock that brought safety to Purpose and Mission breathed it's last breath and cried out in pain as it spilt in two and exposed the safe and warm home, the comfort he had provided as a dedicated and faithful follower of the light was gone. The largest mountains shook and vibrated sending massive boulders crushing to the ground destroying everything in their path.

The books and chapters that existed in Stories past, the ones that perished faithfully. Those that lived so dedicated to the prophecy, were revived. They woke from their slumber. She could feel that they were alive once more. Within the darkness that surrounded her, she knew she was no longer alone. More stories were here and ready for what happened next...