

THE CRUSADES OF

PRINCE ELIJAH

&

SIR REGINALD

(a story of bravery, mystery and forbearance)

a Trilogy



by

Reg. A. Watson

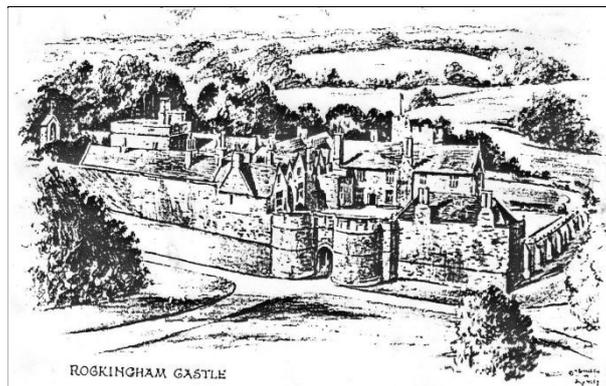


Scene: England in the 12th century

PART ONE.

“Your Highness, a rider approaches,” cried the Herald to Prince Elijah

.The Prince, finely attired in green satin cloak edged with mink fur befitting to his status, strode manfully to the barricades of his kingly castle at Rockingham. Prince Elijah was a robust youth of twenty years, loved by his subjects and the darling of the King and Queen, King Francis and Queen Kylie.



Once atop the barricades the Prince looked beyond the castle walls and saw a Knight approach. He thought he knew the features of the rider and as it came nearer, the Prince let out a cry. “Sir Reginald, it’s Sir Reginald! Lower the draw bridge, let him in!” The Prince skipped down the stairs in his eagerness to welcome Sir Reginald. In haste he missed steps and within record time he was in the courtyard just as Sir Reginald dismounted.

“Your Highness!” Let out the Knight.

“Sir Reginald, welcome,” came the prince’s happy reply.

Together they met and manfully embraced.

“Ah let’s look at ye,” said the Knight.

“You were a bonny lad when I went off to the Crusades, now you’re a magnificent youth, full of power and assuredness, just as I remember your father. How is His Majesty by the way?”

They walked arm in arm as they ventured off to the main quarters after a serf had taken the reins of Thunder, Sir Reginald’s horse, a war horse of marvellous proportions, black as the ace of spades and as temperous as ‘thunder’.



“Thunder”

Sir Reginald’s mount.

“Oh, we must talk more of him, King Francis, my friend-in-arms.”

Sir Reginald let out a gawf for which he was noted, “many a time we spent wielding not an axe or sword, but a tankard of mead and many a time, (he coughs) before he was wed to your most excellent mother,” here he lowered his tone “we were experts in the art of bedsports.

“Why young man did I tell you the time when your father and I was in Saxony and...well...perhaps not, maybe when you get older, now have you any substance for a hungry warrior knight such as I?”

Prince Elijah smiled inwardly. He loved this man whom he had known since birth, a warrior knight indeed, in fact a Templar Knight and just back from the Crusades, there is so much to learn and for him to tell.

“The King and Queen are not here just yet. They are inspecting the estates and distributing food and shattles to the poor. They will be here on the morrow.”

“Ah, the peoples’ King and Queen, how they love them. And I will die for them if need be.” Sir Reginald wiped away a tear, then cleared his voice, “Now youngan where is that substance I crave for?”

The Prince walked proudly with the most renowned knight in the kingdom. As they entered the expansive hall there was much shuffling and bowing from the many surprised attendants.

“Mead, bread, sweet meats and delicacies for Sir Reginald,” ordered the young Prince. “For he hungeth and is in need of victuals.”

They sat at the long maple table, waiting for the food and drink to arrive.

“The crusades, tell me about the crusades. Can I go with you when next you leave?”

The Knight “hmmphed!” “The Crusades you say? Crusade into madness, you mean.”

He saw the expression upon the countenance of Prince Elijah change from one of excitement to one of concern.

The food and drink made its appearance and from plates and tankards of pewter, Sir Reginald grabbed what was placed before him and attacked it.

While doing so, the Knight with great wisdom looked at his young friend. True he had known him from birth and remembered vividly when he looked first into those big, round blue eyes that there was something different about this babe. In those eyes was the wisdom of the ages and that they seem to have the power to tell the future. Now the boy had turned into a man. It had been five, no six years, since he had last seen him, then 14 years old, full of enthusiasm and hope, learning impatiently the art of the sword and complaining bitterly that he was not allowed by the tenderfoot instructors to use his ability to his full capacity.

Since then, Sir Reginald had heard that the youth’s reputation as a warrior had been won in the many battles in which he participated against tyrannical lords and barons, and had gained the love and respect of his father’s subjects. He also had become the greatest in the tournaments with the lance, his reputation going as far as France, Italy and with the Germans. The Knight looked at the Prince and saw the powerful arms only too willing to swing the sword, attached to the equally powerful shoulders. He was proud of his young friend. And the mind? It too enjoyed a reputation for knowledge and the Prince was well known as a refined singer with the harp. There were rumours that he often left the castle, disguised to find amorous adventures in the village below, but these were rumours...yet, thought the Knight, what lady could refuse his charms and the looks of a man who had the appearance of an angel? For a moment, a split moment, the Knight envied his young friend, but then sighed within, knowing that he too, in his youth, had his moments. Enjoy when you can, he said to himself, for it will all soon fade away.



Statue of Sir Reginald now on display at Westminster Abbey.

The Prince was puzzled, for he knew the Knight was in deep thought. “A penny for your thoughts,” he chuckled. “Now about the crusades...”

“Yes, the crusades,” the Knight echoed, greatly wearied. “The crusades have been a disgrace, it is over, we have lost,” he said. He saw the look of utter surprise in the young man’s face and added quickly, “Yes, yes, I know, I am not saying your gallant knights did not fight magnificently. They did. They were chivalrous and brave, but the Holy land is in the hands of the heathen after all this, after...” the Knight then looked ahead as though he was dreaming, “...after all the loss of life, the horror, the disease and the intrigues.” He brought himself out of the trance and continued, “the last crusade was a shambles.”

“The Childrens’ Crusade?” asked the Prince.

“Yes. Thousands of children either killed, died of sickness or disease. I can tell you Your Highness in the cities of North Africa and in the Holy Land I have seen thousands of beautiful Saxon children sold in the market places as slaves. Paraded as naked as they were born, beaten and exploited.”

Prince Elijah was shocked, “But who?”

“Who?” Now the knight was angry, “I can tell you who. Our own kind, Christians using Jewish merchants as middle men sold those innocents to the Arabs to be degraded and lost for the rest of their limited lives. One group believe they have truth, while another believes they are God’s Chosen, while the third believe the Prophet leads them. All as bad each other. The real foulness rests with the Church who did nothing to stop the madness.” Sir Reginald bowed his head in his arms, then gathering himself, and said,

“Enough of this, I bring you news, the reason for my journey here. “I bring you a message from Orlaf.”

“Orlaf?” The prince repeated. “Master Orlaf?”

“None other,” said Sir Reginald smiling.

The Prince had met the wizard once, when but a child and though he did not speak to him, for fear of the Church who condemned Orlaf, it was as though, their thoughts spoke as if they were conversing. In Prince Elijah, Master Orlaf knew there was a special bond between the boy and himself. The boy had latent powers, of which he was unaware, but it was obvious that the saints had chosen the boy for particular reasons. That he was a prince was not in the equation. It could have been a poor peasant boy, but since the Only God had decreed that Elijah was the One then that was the way it was to be.

It was now the turn of the youth to be cast into the realm of dreaminess. He remembered the encounter with the wizard. He had read of wizards of course, who existed long before the coming of the Church which did away with and decreed that all such things were now from the devil and the demons. He pictured the wizard in his mind, quite different to how he thought they should look. Orlaf wore ancient garb, dowdy and uncolourful. Prince Elijah knew that he belonged to the ancient order of the Druids, a priesthood that went beyond the Kelts, going back thousands of years and knew the mysteries and wisdom. Julius Caesar insulted them in his “War Commentaries” in that they practiced human sacrifice, but it was untrue (because like the Old Testament) it was animal sacrifice they practiced. It did not matter to the Prince. He knew the truth and that the Druid’s symbol was the three strokes, which equated with what the Church decreed, as the trinity.

“Orlaf wants to meet you.”

“Me?”

“Yes, to give you the prophecy. Orlaf will be leaving our realm, moving on to the next. As a protégé of Merlin, he gives way to the Christian God until he is called again, like King Arthur, when England is in need of him. Until then he will rest, waiting for when he is wanted.”

Prince Elijah listened in awe. “The prophecy?” he asked.

“Yes,” replied the Knight. “Orlaf told me the old ways have gone. The new way has taken over; but in spite of this, there is one last prophecy before he goes beyond the reach of the ‘new’ and that prophecy pertains to yourself my Lord, as it is written in the Oracles of the Nams.*”

“The Oracles of the Nams?”

The gallant Knight drew his brows together. “Yes, the written words of wisdom, of the mysteries of the universe and prophecy written by the Namukes who lived at least nine thousand years before. It was they who built the monolithic stone structures

that one finds not only in Egypt, which I have seen, but also from England into Europe and I dare say, far beyond. What happen to these people, we can only speculate, but a remnant survived and became known as the '*ancient ones*', who lived in these lands long before the coming of the Kelts. The '*ancient ones*' held dear the original Oracles and down through the centuries have been held in trust by the Druids and we the Knight Templars are trustees of a copy.

"The Oracles are extensive and more than revealing. Amongst many, one prophecy written can only be fulfilled through you." The Knight paused.

"When and how do I meet with him?"

"First my lord, are you willing? The Church has its ears everywhere, they keep their control with stories of eternal damnation and superstitious nonsense of demons and devils. Holding them in contempt as I do, I also have to recognise their power. The Church that preaches love and tolerance is a tool of intolerance and control."

All this the Prince knew. His father, the king, had uttered it secretly to him when alone, but even the King refused to challenge the power of the Bishops, whom he was sure, did not really believe in the God whom they said they represent.

"One replaces the other," he instructed his son. "Whoever has the biggest stick at the time rules the roost," he said. "There is turn, turn, turn and one day, those in control and influence will go the same way as those whom they replaced. Nothing is new under the sun. Life is cycles and that which we think is completely enduring will vanish in time even though it may take eons for it to happen.

"But know this my boy my only male child," and here the King placed his hand upon the fair curling hair of the boy, the Prince, and looked squarely in his attentive, intelligent eyes, "The search for truth, the search for freedom of mankind will continue, regardless of the setback and will do so, long after those who pose to be '*truth*' but act otherwise, pass away. The search for truth will prevail and you my son, my prince, even though it is, I am told, wrong and evil for me to speak so, Orlaf has told me of your special mission in life that in time, whether now or later, the world will respond to your mission in a godly, thus good way. I advise you to listen to Sir Reginald, a good and wise man who loves you deeply. Let him guide you and once I pass from this earth and the mantle of the kingdom moves to your shoulders remember what I have told you. Listen also to Orlaf, listen to his prophecy and remember. Also remember my son that the world does not revolve around you, but you are here to serve the world, so that you must sacrifice yourself to the service of good. This I know is what Orlaf wants to instruct you in."

The Prince came out of his trance and asked the Knight, "So when does Master Orlaf wish to see me?"

"Now." came the short reply.

“Now? How?”

“He awaits in the yonder forest for you. He wants to deliver the final prophecy before he leaves this realm for another to wait until he is called, called in the far future, when England needs him.”

England, thought the Prince. How he loved the land and its people. A peculiar people and people of laughter living on a precious stone set in a silver sea. “I am ready,” he said with pursed lips. “Before mother and father return, let us go.” He rose to meet with Orlaf.

Before fully rising, Sir Reginald placed a restraining hand on the prince’s arm. “I warn you, my Lord. There will be those forces that will resist you meeting with Orlaf.”

“Forces? What kind of forces?”

“Spiritual forces. For what Orlaf has to say to you will be of such importance that it will affect the whole world. What Orlaf has to say is for the good. The sinister forces will fight to prevent you to meet with Orlaf in the darkened forest.”

Brave as a knight, with a heart as bold, the Prince said with determination, “I am ready. Ready to meet all odds and over come those forces which will prevent me from meeting Master Orlaf and receiving his prophecy.”

“It will be not easy,” warned Sir Reginald.

“With you on my side, my honourable companion and knight and by the grace of the Christ, we will overcome and I shall receive my message and thus England will receive her full inheritance.”

The Knight stood tall, “Then let us go my liege. If you had no stomach for this fight, then I would advise you to depart. And if you chose to depart it would just as well, as, I would not want to die in your company, a youth who would fear fellowship to die with me. After the battle that awaits us, we in time, can strip our sleeves and show to all, our scars that we may encounter. We can say with pride, ‘these wounds we had to fight for good against evil’. In time old men will never forget and in time you and I shall become household names, Elijah the bold Prince, Sir Reginald, the Knight Templar and our story will be told for men to teach their sons, from this day forth, let it be, to the ending of the world. But we two, we happy two, shall be remember’d. We two, we happy two, we duo of brothers.

“Gentlemen in England now abed, shall think themselves accursed for not being here and hold their manhood cheap,” so spoke noble Sir Reginald.

“First of all, I must prepare for battle,” said the Prince.

“I shall wait, my liege.”

Prince Elijah withdrew and as the minutes passed, the Knight pondered on the ordeal before them. He knew the forces would be formidable, but the prophecy was adamant and true. Therefore, by reasoning they will see it through. They have to, for the Prince to fulfil what had been written.

The handsome Prince returned, showing no sign of fear, but rather eagerness to overcome any challenge placed before him. A coat of chain mail he wore, one made piece by piece by his dedicated and loving subjects. Over the chain mail he wore a leather jerkin and leather strapping around his legs. His two edged sword was at his side, which he called "Skull Crusher" his belt buckle was embossed with a silver badge showing the family's crest, which contained two wolves heads and in the base, crossed swords. His shield was of Norman design, which gave ample protection from an enemy's thrust and a dirk was carried in his belt, a dirk which he had souvenired from a Pict who dared to challenge him when on a campaign in the border regions of the north. A gold helmet with nose protector he placed on his noble head. Those wild almost savage Picts were nonetheless brave and fearless, but no match to the coolness and talent of the Prince, who brought order and peace to the border lands.

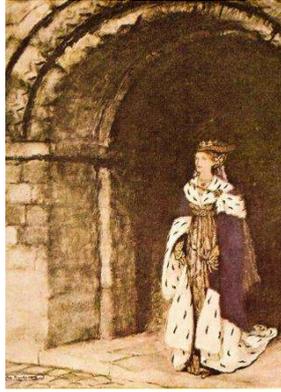
"Now my brave Knight, I shall go and get my mount, Wild Fury and together you and I, Wild Fury and Thunder, we shall overcome.

"Willingly my Lord, willingly."

Have there ever been such brave souls to fight against such massive odds? Have men as these, existed since? That the land of England did indeed breed such giants testifies of its courage. Mounting Wild Flury, the noblest of Princes, the greatest and bravest Prince in all Christendom, Elijah, was ready to meet all. Beside him rode the Knight, his Anglo-Saxon name, Reginald, meaning 'kingly' and in his bearing, his manner and courage, his name was well given.

As they rode slowly towards the looming forest, it was on dusk. "My only regret," began the Knight, "is not to have your father with us today. Oh there was a warrior. May it please God, our chore is over before he returns with Queen Kylie so that they are oblivious to the violence and terror that awaits."

And Sir Reginald secretly whispered to himself, "Francis I promise to bring back your son, even at the expense of my life."



The lovely Queen Kylie



PART TWO.

The Battle.

They rode slowly to the edge of the thick, dark green forest, with the pines as tall as Cleopatra's needles. They grew thick together leaving a bed of needles blanketing, like snow any sound that may have been heard. The Prince and the Knight stopped and looked at each other and with a nod clipped their heels into the flanks of their mounts and continued.

"Where is Master Orlaf, Sir Reginald?" asked the Prince.

"Somewhere near." The Knight began to cry out, "Master Orlaf make your presence known. I have the Prince," this he repeated several times. As they continued, a brilliant shaft of light was seen coming from the direction in which they were riding. "There!" pointed the Knight, "Master Orlaf is calling."

True enough, just on and standing erect on the summit of a hill, was Master Orlaf thrusting his staff into the air and it was the staff which omitted the brilliant light that led the two men to the wizard. It acted as a beacon and as they neared Orlaf, the Prince commented, "I can see no evil preventing our way to the good wizard."

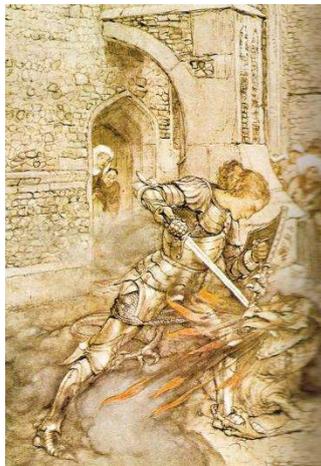
The Knight did not reply, he knew better. He had been aware that their journey had been watched by sinister eyes from within the forest and the threatened growl of hideously sized wolves were picked up by his trained ears. "Don't," he finally warned the young Prince, "be not too sure. Be on your guard."

They were now within shouting distance of Master Orlaf who was still stretching out his staff, leading the way. Thus when the Prince began to speak, "Master Orlaf, greetings in the name of..." then evil struck!

They came as spectre giants, accompanied by those hideously sized and mangled haired wolves with fangs within their open mouths dripping buckets of saliva. These spectre of giants were the evil one of days gone by and of days to come, those who were spending their time in damnation for their past and future corrupt ways, but let loose by the Supreme Evil One to stop Good overcoming. There, amongst the hundreds, were the spectres of Attila the Hun, Genghis Khan, Caligula, Herod the murderer of children, Diocletian killer of Christians and those who were yet to be, who would unleashed their evil in future years, Count Dracula the Impaler, Joseph Stalin, Adolf Hitler, Shaka, Mao Zedong, Napoleon, Ivan the Terrible, Jack the Ripper and the Butchers of Cambodia.

Within distance they shrieked and charged with their array of battle armaments already being let loose against the two good men. Yet, that was the point. The gallant Prince and the noble Knight had unseen weapons too that were to be any match for such evil. The Prince had innocence, the Knight virtue; these two attributes were hated by the evil ones. They could not stand against such mighty instruments for good. Good against evil and The Good gave extra courage and enormous strength to the Prince and Knight. Still they attacked, with the two meeting the challenge. "I believe in offence, not defence my liege, Charge!" Rang out the cry from the Knight. So charge they did and battle they did, awesome battle, which was waged for hours. One by one the two warriors not ceasing their endeavours, nor showing any mercy to wickedness cut down the evils ones. From time to time the hideous wolves would spring and bite at the bodies of the men, but with supernatural strength they swung their swords and cut the rottenness from them.

Master Orlaf stood all through the battle atop the summit, still holding the staff high, omitting his brilliant silvery light and while he did so, the forces of evil, even the Supreme Evil One, could not challenge him.



A 12th century woodcut portrayal by the monk St Barnabas of Cradoc of the exploits of Prince Elijah.

The two men were spattered with gooey dark bluish blood, but sensed that those who opposed them were thinning in their ranks. Even so, the two tired. Finally there stood just two evil ones facing the two good men. The four stopped, panting heavily, looking at each other, just paces separating them. The Prince, mouth open grasping as much air as possible was still defiant. The grand Knight, helmet long since gone from his crown, gritted his teeth. The two remaining evil ones were none other than Genghis Khan and Attila the Hun, great warriors, though butchers. "I submit my lords," said Attila. "I too submit," said Genghis, "We are beaten." The Prince lowered his sword with the Knight puzzled and unsure of their intentions.

The Prince trained in chivalry wanted to show mercy to those who surrendered, even to the likes of those before him. He turned to the good Knight to utter words of mercy, but when his attention was diverted for that second, the two remaining evil ones saw their opportunity. The two attacked the off-guard Prince aiming their curved, jagged swords at his throat. The Knight, knowing treachery in the past, was still on alert and when he saw their instant movements towards the Prince, he jumped before him, crying out, "St George and for England" thus shielding him from their blows. In doing so, they instead plunged their weapons into the heart area of the Knight, being a little taller than the Prince. But with the strength of Samson and without hesitation he in turn plunged his bloodied sword in to the sickling bodies of the two evil ones. They fell to the ground in great pools of sticky dull bluish liquid which oozed from their decaying bodies. With the death of these two, a great voluminous Shriek was heard throughout the forest, a great cry of agony. The Supreme Evil One lamenting over the loss of his warriors knew for this time at least, Good had indeed overcome evil.

The Prince shocked and dazed fell to the side of the Knight whom he loved. He cradled his head in his arms and found that the Knight lingered still. "You gave your life for me," sobbed the Prince.

"Yes my liege, my boy, and I would do it again."

Master Orlaf had now joined them and fell to his knees.

"Is there nothing you can do to save him?" pleaded the Prince

"No, it has been decreed," he sadly replied.

The Knight, panting quickly, uttered, "Before...before (he coughs) I...die, tell the prophecy while I linger, so that I will die in happiness." The Prince turned and looked at Orlaf.

Orlaf rose. "The prophecy says this, my Prince. That you will become a king and that the land will enjoy such blessings under your rule and that the true God will be worshipped and the power of the Church shall be broken."

But he had more to say, "Even though this is a great prophecy, that is not all, for the second fulfilment of it must take place many years hence." He paused, and then

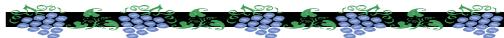
continued, “Another prophet many years ago Isaiah, spoke of a land not yet discovered, Terra Australis, but will be peopled of your own kind. After you die many years hence, you shall sleep, as I shall, as shall the greatest of all kings, Arthur, until England and its people need you. At that time, it shall be the greatest suffering that has befallen upon the world; oh terrible will be that day! It will be then, void of leadership and guideless, you as we, will return, lodged from our long sleep, woken by the lamentation of the people. Arthur and I shall remain in this fair land, but you, you shall be taken to a land, an offshoot of England, to wait your call, many centuries to come. The prophecy states that you will be boy who will grow up in a land that has in its flag, the badge of the Lion of Judah and containing crosses of the Union of Jacob. You will grow sturdy and when a man, after waxing strong, I will return to you and call you to your mission and that is – restoration all that is good in the world. Your new father’s name will be, as is now – Francis and your mother’s Kylie. You will have a friend who will help you in your mission, Reg, a man of letters, but brave and bold.

“And now it is time for me to go. I go where mankind cannot follow. My mission is over and the ways of old have passed. I go with them,” and as he spoke, he faded into nothingness.

The Knight coughed some more, finally he was able to say, “I am pleased that God has allowed me to hear the prophecy.” With his hand cut and dripping blood, he grabbed the Prince and pulled him down further, so he could utter his final words, weak as he was. The Prince placed his ear near to the Knight’s mouth, “Prince Elijah,” the Knight, whispered hoarsely, “Protect the weak and continue the justice in the land that your father has began. Love the King and the Queen your mother and your people. My duty has been done and now I must go to the realm where the great majority reside. I regret nothing. My boy, I die happy knowing that you live. Farewell, until ...until (he gasped) until we meet again in that distant future Master Orlaf has spoken about.” And with this the great Knight’s body went limp. Prince Elijah let out a cry of anguish.

Sir Reginald was taken to the place of burial in the great monastery at Glastonbury, a settlement founded by Joseph of Arimathea. Sir Reginald’s last resting place became a place of pilgrimage for many centuries.

* The Nams: Ancient Tibetan Bon teaches that the ‘Nams’ or ‘Sky’ clan, were famous for their medical skills, spiritual teachings and physic powers. (“The Tibetan Art of Serenity” – Christopher Hansard. P.3) This was unknown to the author when he penned the work.



AFTERMATH.

In time, as it is in life, King Francis passed away and Prince Elijah became King Elijah (called by his beloved subjects as simply King Lije) who ruled with his Queen, a gracious lady and was advised by the Queen Mother. . His length on the throne was one of the longest in the history of England and under his rule, his land became known, as “Merry England” happy were the people. The Church became the servant of the people and not their Master. After he too, passed away, he was given the title only shared by Alfred, ‘The Great’ and so become known as ...’Elijah the Great’.

And the prophecy? The second part of the prophecy has yet to be fulfilled, but the time of its fulfilment is near. It is said, and I do not know of its authenticity, that a fair-haired, blue eyed boy awaits in a valley in an island that has in its flag, the badge of the Lion of Judah and on it also, the Union of Jacob, which bears the cross of St George, Good overcoming Evil (Dragon). His father is known as Francis. His mother is known as Kylie. I shall leave it up to the good reader to decide.



THE END.

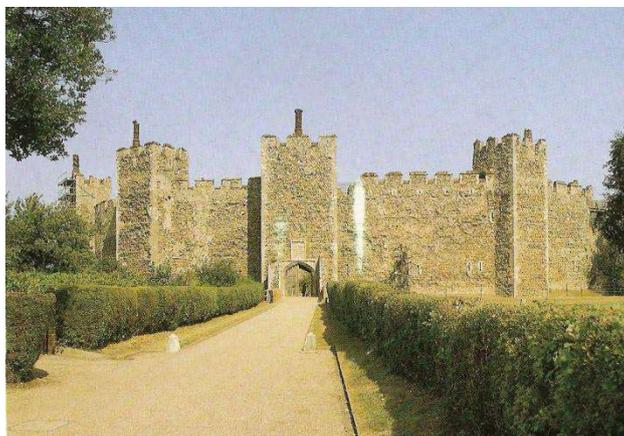
THE SON OF KING ELIJAH

MEETS

THE SON OF SIR REGINALD.

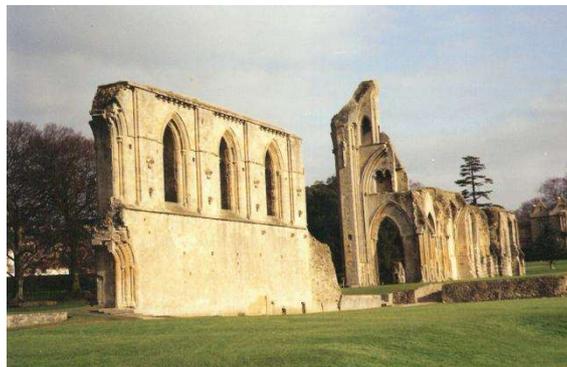
(and together they overcome)

Scene: England late 12th Century



The reign of King Elijah the Great lasted for many years. England was a happy country, the envy of Europe. Under his benevolent reign, the land became known as Merry England. Food was plentiful with the Good Lord blessing the land because of the righteousness of the King and his gracious wife Queen Kylea. There was little crime and when there was, justice was swiftly done. Knights from all around Europe came to the land to joust and to learn the arts of chivalry and of sword play. The Church served the people and although the old gods had long since gone from the land, fond memories were still retained by the people of Master Orlaf and his mentor Merlin, the greatest of wizards. Indeed, the great king himself often spoke to his son, named also Elijah of the time when he and the greatest of Knights, Sir Reginald, fought the evil ones in the dark, dense forest, ultimately allowing good to win through

The King, now old, sighed to himself. “How many years ago has it been?” He laughed, “Too many.” He walked on the rampart of his castle overlooking the fields beyond. Thoughts came to his still active mind, why he said to himself, I can recall that it was on this very spot that I saw my beloved Sir Reginald ride this way, before...before that great, but dreadful day. He chuckled. “Sir Reginald.” What a great man.” The King took great pride in having a statue erected of the Knight, a Knight Templar, in a great place of sanctity that of Glastonbury Thor, a religious settlement founded by St Joseph of Arimathea. In later years the statue would take its place in Westminster Abbey.



Glastonbury as it is today. Its glorious past still shining

Then thoughts of the King turned to his own son, Prince Elijah junior, who was fighting in yet another Crusade in Palestine as a Master of the Knight Templar, young as he was. The King and Queen were only blessed with one son, to carry on the line. Taking the name of his father, it was said he was the spitting image of him, not only physically, but also in virtue.

“Hmmp!” The King had little time for the Crusades, but he could not deny his own son the pull of adventure. He trusted that he was well, but with a frown he recalled that he had not heard from his son for some months. “In the hands of God,” he mumbled. He moved on, but felt tired, very tired. Even though the realm was happy and there was plenty, the burdens of office had taken its toll of late. He gave his all to his people and land; long days, little sleep, often away on journeys filled with the

winter's cold and snow. During his career he had campaigned to the defence of his people in France, in Spain and at times in his own land, bringing peace and prosperity to the wild borderlands with Scotland.

Yet, he was proud of the Prince. A Master Templar at that, he thought. He smiled and walked to the entrance to the stone hard steps that led down to the courtyard, but as he did he felt a terrific pain grab at his left chest, and then a shooting jar carried down his left arm. He clutched at his chest, and then stumbled, extending his arm to the wall to keep him standing. The pain passed and he panted heavily. He rested momentarily and then the sharp, terrible pain returned, this time with great ferocity. It was too much for the valiant King. He fell hard to the ground. He let out a cry, "My Prince come home" and collapsed. The great King was dead!

News of the death of the great King spread throughout the land. The people mourned for two weeks with the churches saying special Masses for his soul. The Queen, overcome with grief fretted and pined. Yet, not all was sorrowful regarding the King's demise. There were evil forces about, great evil forces that had been kept in check because of King Elijah's innocence and virtue. Now, that he had gone and the land was no longer under his rule, a great cry was given out in the vast, dark sinister mountains distant to the Castle. The Supreme Evil One was loosed from his chains and with a blood-curling scream he threw off his shackles. It was time for him to roam the land, recruiting his demons for a new thrust at supremacy. It was a moment that he knew he would have to take instant action to secure his filthy hold. The King was dead. The Queen was grief stricken. Prince Elijah, the son of the great King, was not there, but away in a far distant land and no one knew exactly where. But the Supreme Evil One knew that the Prince was well and that was a truth. And once learning of the death of his father, young Prince Elijah would return and take over the Throne of David once held by his father. The Supreme Evil One realised that he had to act before the Good Prince returned. He moved swiftly, calling once again his army of vipers and demons, those long since had been slain by King Elijah and his companion, Sir Reginald. They responded, arising from the muds flats of the land, gurgitating themselves into grotesque beings, bidding themselves to their Master's Call. They without souls, but with evil intent were being summoned from the land of eternal damnation in which their tormented carcasses had been rotting for decades.

Prince Elijah the son of King Elijah the Great attired in chain mail once worn by his esteemed and beloved father was in prayer before the alter in the church at Antioch where once the Apostle Paul had preached. On his knees for hours he had been in torment whether to attack his worthy opponent Saladin or make peace with the Muslim King and warrior. To make peace he ran the risk of being accused of being soft with the heathen, but to make war when it was not necessary he would be responsible for many lives lost. Answer did not seem to come. He rose, his knees hurting from the stone slabs, his legs stiff because of the tightness of his muscles. His young body quickly, however, responded and within a few moments he was a robust youth again. His sharp blue eyes pierced the gloom of the church lit only by huge

candles. His fair curly hair fell upon his comely countenance. He then heard the sharp clang of approaching steps. The church door opened loudly and boldly strode in Sir Ninian of Aquitaine.

“Sire,” he began, “forgive my disturbance.”

“Concern yourself not brave Knight. I have finished my prayers, although ... although I am not sure I have received an answer to my solicitations. Come tell me what news you bring.”

The Prince could see that the Knight was uncomfortable. Sir Ninian spoke, “Grave news my liege, it concerns your gracious father, His Majesty. Sire, the King is dead.”

Prince Elijah stood still. “I must return to England”, he immediately said Perhaps this was the answer to his prayer. There would be no time for battle or for the making of peace. He must return on the morrow. He spoke, “When did the King die?”

“Three months ago my liege.”

The Prince thought. Three months and it could be another three months before he waded ashore in England. Six months. Who is governing?

“Thank you Sir Ninian. I will remain in the chapel with my grief and I will say a special prayer for my father’s soul. I shall pray further into the wee hours of the morning, but please inform my retinue that we shall be returning to England and will depart Antioch by midday tomorrow. Now leave me with my meditations and prayers.”

Sir Ninian departed, bowing as he did. The Prince fell once again on his knees at the chapel’s alter and prayed some more.

The King was laid to rest at Glastonbury, buried next to Sir Reginald, his great friend and alongside another great king, Arthur and his wife Guinevere. After his burial there were great conspiracies, great jealousies and a tussle for power. The gracious Queen, unable to come to terms with the sudden loss of her husband, fell to religious fervour and chose to take sanctuary in a convent. Loyal Dukes found it difficult, if not impossible. to retain a semblance of order when it came to the ruling of the Crown. The land was leaderless. The rightful heir, Prince Elijah was away somewhere and no word had been received of his coming. There was a great vacuum of power, but not for long.

A number of Barons, long hating the good King for containing their ambitions and the exploitations of the people, fought amongst themselves for supremacy, until there were but two left, Count Huzzledorf and Baron Slav. Both men hated each other more than the goodness of the King. They hated each other, because they envied each other’s ambition to the kingship of the realm, which they coveted. One would have

to go.

Count Huzzledorf, possessing a head too huge for the rest of his body, his facial skin pitted and with dark burning eyes sat on the head chair in the eating room of his castle. He fingered his grizzled jaw. His body was thick and though ill proportioned, he was tall and powerful. His army would fight the army of Baron Slav in the fields below the following day. The winner would take the throne then sweep aside any opposition, which may remain from the King's supporters. Once on the throne, consolidate his power and when and if the Prince returned to claim his throne, he would be defeated and the dynasty would be over. Then, the Count smiled evilly, he would without hindrance exploit the land and its people and make England his own, then Scotland, Wales, Ireland, perhaps France. Who knows where his empire would end? But fear entered his dark sinister eyes for he knew Baron Slav had a larger army and greater weapons. The battle could go against him, unless...unless.

He violently brushed aside the tankards of mead, ale and wine he was consuming, scattering them as they fell to the floor. He stood up. He would consult with the Supreme Evil One. The Count left the room and descended into the dungeons of his castle, down into the depths of despair, down with the roaches, the slime and the stinking cesspool of muck! He stood alone, almost afraid to call upon his deity, but to fulfil his ambitions, he must.

"Supreme Evil One!" he called, the walls echoing throughout the many chambers. It was dark and cold. The Count felt a presence, a presence which was pressing, stifling and of a realisation that he was in the presence of a Being that was in the process of decay. He knew the Supreme Evil One had come.

"Supreme Evil One," he said once again, "Give me victory tomorrow on the battlefield against my foe and I shall promise you my soul and more than that, I shall give you England. In return I shall rule the land as your servant, but give me that power and victory and I shall do whatever the cost."

A hideous echoing laugh penetrated the atmosphere. "You ask for what you cannot take. Why should I take from the Baron and give to the Count?"

"Because I am stronger and even more ruthless."

"You promise me your soul for your own glory. And there will be no turning back?"

The Count blinded by his own greed answered, "None."

"Then you shall have what you crave. Victory will be yours and you shall rule England, but your allegiance will be to my demons and me. When you battle tomorrow the Baron will fight not only your men, but also my minions. The Baron's men will flee in terror."

"It shall be as you say," replied the Count.

And so it was. The Count completely wiped out the army of Baron Slav. The baron himself was impaled on a stake and paraded before the victorious army of the Count, much to his glee. The Count then rode victoriously to London where he desecrated Jacob's Pillow, the Stone of Scone, by being made King of England.

What followed was the darkest of ages for the kingdom. Famine and pestilence stalked the land within a few weeks of King Huzzledorf becoming the monarch. War and rebellion broke out throughout the counties, which were put down ruthlessly by Huzzledorf. The Church was suppressed with priests, nuns and the monks being whipped from their places of sanctuary, which were then burnt down. The Pope in Rome could do nothing, but was left to lament the demise of his Church on the once jewelled Island. Crops failed and sadness enveloped the land. The people fondly remembered the happy days of King Elijah and hoped and prayed in silence and private for the coming of his son, Prince Elijah to save them.

Prince Elijah had indeed left Palestine and with his retinue of a handful, but trusted Knights, led by Sir Ninian he stood on the shores of Normandy, legs apart with hands on hips, looking towards the white cliffs of Dover. He had learnt with great horror what had happened to his beloved land. He fell often to the ground groaning and calling upon God to relieve the suffering of his people. Yet he had no army. He stood waiting; but waiting for what? For an army to appear from somewhere? But from whence would this army spring? His fellow Templars were still fighting the heroic Saladin a thousand miles away. Perhaps if he landed on England's green shores, the people would rise, but he was aware of the great suffering which they were enduring and the suppression that they were under. But he must do something. He prayed, but as days passed there was still indecision. This is so unlike the Prince, considered Sir Ninian.

"Let's us attack now, my liege. The people will rise. Take back the Throne of David and your line will once again bring harmony, peace and prosperity and happiness to the enchanted isle," Sir Ninian pleaded.

"No not yet. I wait. Even though I know my people on Israel's island suffer, something tells me that I must yet wait."

Sir Ninian shook his head; this he could not understand. If they landed and attacked even with their meagre numbers, Sir Ninian was sure the people would rise and over-throw such tyranny.

But the Prince was to wait.

Each morning, early, among the mists and coldness the Prince walked to the beaches of Normandy and looked across the Channel to his homeland for which he pined. Sir Ninian had open boats on the ready, waiting for his Prince's command. But no order came. The Prince waited. Waited for what? This even the Prince did not know,

but to wait he felt he had to do; then suddenly his waiting was over...

“Prince Elijah,” came a hushed call, as though, it was only a whisper, but distinct. The young warrior Prince turned round endeavouring to see through the swirling mist who spoke. He saw no one, yet the call was repeated. He squinted his eyes and saw a shining light beaming through the greyness and as he watched, the light became more intense and larger. Finally there stood in front of him the wizard Master Orlaf together with his staff, which emitted the beam.

“My timeless rest has been disturbed by the cries of your people,” said Orlaf.

“Orlaf!” cried the Prince. “I know it is you, my gracious father told me of you often. I need your help Orlaf and your wisdom. Speak to me, what must I do to save England?”

“This you must do. Time is short and the misery is great, but for the Great Prophecy from the Oracles of Nam to be fulfilled, which I revealed to your father, you must do as I command. If not, then the whole world is lost.”

“Then tell me my lord, tell me what must I do?” begged the Prince of the wizard.

“There lies another great warrior many leagues from here, to the north east. He is a brave Templar Knight, the son of Sir Reginald. His name too, is Sir Reginald and is ten years superior to you in age. But he will serve you well as his father served your father and in the end...” (here the wizard sighed deeply) “... he gave his life for your father, for St George and for England.

“This you must do. You must call upon Sir Reginald who lives with the Germans and has married a German princess. Immediately after receiving your call he will come to you. Like your father and his before him, together you will finally defeat the Supreme Evil One and once again bind him for many hundreds of years. You with your innocence and Sir Reginald with his virtue will lead your gallant and chivalrous knights and overcome the evil which has bound the land.”

“But how do I find Sir Reginald? It could take weeks, if not months. We do not have the time. My people await me.”

Orlaf raised his staff. “That will be my chore. I shall beckon Sir Reginald myself. My call will be carried by the wind and without hesitation he will respond. My breath will lead him to you in seven days. Wait here until then and then make your plans. Goodness goes with you; remain faithful to the ‘good’ and you will overcome The Evil.”

Instantly a great wind of huge intensity arose, shaking the Prince violently forcing him to brace himself against its force. For some moments it continue and then it subsided. He turned to speak once again to the grand wizard, but he was gone.

Sir Ninian, feeling the wind and seeing the mist go, approached the Prince. “Any

orders for today my lord?"

The Prince turned. Sir Ninian could see a peace upon his Prince's countenance and was in awe.

"Valiant Sir Ninian, tell my Knights that in seven days, the perfect number, we will be leaving to free England. Tell my men to prepare a welcome to a gracious and brave Templar Knight, Sir Reginald," commanded the Prince.

"I shall tell your brave knights the good news sire. There are those in England, so the fishermen have told us, doubt your coming my lord. They say, he has not only delayed but will not come," replied Sir Ninian.

The Prince answered with a wiry smile, "Tell the fishermen to take back my word, that I shall come, do not tell them the time or hour, but surely I will not tarry no more. I will be bringing victory, then peace and plenty. Give the good news to my grand Knights under your command, Edwin, Justis, Osric, Eorpwald, Cyneglis and Oswald, these happy few, that glory will soon be theirs! But surely I come, prepare my way beforehand. Tell the people to rise when I set foot on England's own shore. I am returning with my white steed and companion, called Judgement, with sword in hand."

Sir Ninian beamed, "I will my lord I will. My Knights, your valiant men, are eager to serve! I will groom Judgement myself for the ordeal ahead."

Seven days passed. The valiant Prince rose early, throwing a blue satin blanket over his shoulders keeping out the cold. It was January and a cold, bitter wind blew in from the North Sea, down through the Channel. It pieced the Prince's young bones. He shivered. This was the day, the seventh day in which Orlaf promised the Teutonic Knight would come and then, on to England. It began to rain, a hard persistent drizzle. Wearing no helmet Prince Andrew's hair became matted and long streaming bits of water cascaded down his tanned and manly, handsome, if not beautiful face. His Knights, led by Sir Ninian followed him standing at a respected distant behind their Prince. The Prince was quiet, waiting, listening and watching. He stood there for hours, supported by his loyal retinue. The drizzle did not abate nor did the biting wind. The rain finally stopped followed by a heavy thick fog coming in from the Channel. It covered everything, but still they stood, waiting. Hour after hour. Would he come as promised? Thought the Prince. Yes, he must, Orlaf said he would. May the Christ lead him to this place.

Then suddenly, far in the distance, the muffled sound travelled quickly through the fog, the sound of horses' hooves. The Prince and Knights turned their heads to the direction of the sound. They waited, listened and watched. For what seemed an eternity, they waited: still nothing, but it was coming nearer. Then he appeared. Was there ever such a Knight?! exclaimed the good Prince.

Through the fog rode the most marvellous of all Knights. He came on a black

charger, sitting erected as though permanently attached to the wondrous mount. Out of the fog, like an apparition did he appear, galloping to the feet of the Prince. He dismounted, "My Prince," he cried. "I have beckoned to the call. I am yours to command as you will."

This esteemed Knight knelt before the presence of the Prince. Moved, the Prince commanded, "Arise Sir Knight."

"Nay my lord. Let my and every knee bow." He placed his hands in between the Prince's hands and swore allegiance. Following his example, Sir Ninian and the Knights followed. Moved once more, the Prince placed his hand upon each as they did so, and blessed them.

"I know the mission my lord," began Sir Reginald. "As my father served your father, the King, I shall serve thee. As my father gave his life for you my lord, I promise I shall do the same. England is my home. I stand by you and we shall overcome the great evil which now resides on that island."

The Prince emotionally affected replied, "Arise Sir Reginald and all my Knights. From this day forth let it be known throughout the land that there were never any grander Knights and never shall be. Together, this day, we shall sail for England and confront the evil hosts that await us, but in the end, we shall prevail, for good must and when we do, our people shall be a happy people, a people of laughter, a peculiar people, a people as spoken of by the prophet Isaiah. Shine the Cross of St George on your shields my brothers, so that we will hold the banner high once we confront the enemy, which we must. We do not choose to face the challenges, which exist, we are men of peace and of love, but when the need arises, we know our duty and we will not diminish our responsibility and obligation to our brothers and sisters. Our Christ-like duty is clear. We are to serve and to sacrifice and if need be, if we are to die in the service of our Lord, there is no greater sacrifice than to give our lives, which we will do gladly for our friends. In this there is no greater love."

To this charge, Sir Reginald and the Knights cheered.

"Prepare. Haste. For England, let us sail. Any man, who has not the spirit to share with us, let him depart. But I promise you after our victory, the world will remember the names of Sir Reginald, Sir Ninian, Sir Edwin, Sir Justis, Sir Osric, Sir Eropwald, Sir Cyneglis and Sir Oswald. Valiant Knights all."

No Knight departed.

On the morrow, the small band left the shores of France for England. Across the Channel they did sail in various boats, taking their mounts as they went, including the mount Judgement. They landed on the coast of Dover and when they did, word spread throughout the land and the people rejoiced. From the north, from the west, from the east, from the south, the people banded together as was never seen before and marched to join the marvellous and good Prince and the Knight of renown, Sir

Reginald.

King Huzzledorf learning of the landing gathered his forces together and called upon the Supreme Evil One for his help.

“This is a show-down,” screamed the Evil One. “My minions will band together with your army to forever wipe out the seed of Prince Elijah. If victory is his, through his loins will his family survive until the coming of the Christ who will claim the Throne of David. But if victory be through you, I shall rule the world forever.”

King Huzzledorf replied, “Then let us confront him now on the coast of Dover where he has landed. Together we shall destroy those forces which threatens our power.”

“The pact which you made you must honour,” reminded the Supreme Evil One to the King.

“I will honour it with my life.”

THE BATTLE



Upon reaching Dover, The Prince and his companions waded ashore and when they did, the Prince fell to his knees and kissed the earth. “This I swear,” he vowed, “I shall not leave this land until I free it from servitude.”

The Prince, Sir Reginald and the Knights valiant, defiantly trudged from the shore of Pevensey to the fields beyond and what greeted them warmed their hearts. Before them, were thousands of Britons, willing to give their lives for their future King and for England. The Prince, momentarily taken back, stood still, and then turned to Sir Reginald. “Show them your shield,” he called to the Knight. “Show them the Cross of St George, so that they will be inspired to overcome what lies ahead.” When the Knight did so, the crowd cheered themselves hoarse!

Yet the joyous occasion was short lived. In a moment there came a terrific wail of those in torment. Heads cranked and saw what had arrived within their midst. King Huzzledorf’s army had appeared together with the demons of the Supreme Evil One. Without warning and without hesitation they prepared to attack the Prince and his Knights and the burgesses of England. “Destroy,” commanded King Huzzleforf. “Destroy!” He screeched.

Good confronting evil. Evil confronting Good. Which one to win?

On the battlefield at Hastings, the site of another ancient battle, the two adversaries faced each other. With their backs towards the direction of the sea stood the Prince, Sir Reginald together with the six brave Knights. Behind them thousands of simple yeomen of England brandishing all kinds of home-made weapons, such as sickles, picks, battered swords and hooks. Then there was a movement. The Prince turned his head only to see the arrival of many women attired in serf garb. They accompanied their husbands. They ran to greet him explaining that with the ascension of King Huzzledorf they took to the hills to hide and upon learning of the arrival of their noble prince they came to add to his army. There was much rejoicing. The Prince mounted his Judgment, while Sir Reginald mounted, Thunder, named after his father's renowned horse.

Opposite them stood the army of King Huzzledorf, with the king himself commanding his hordes. His army was armed with the best that was known with Huzzledorf covering himself in black body armour, armed with a trusty sword and lance. Hovering above his army was the host of spectre demons, which the Supreme Evil One had let loose. While hovering they let out a screech, which pained the ears. The noise rose in intensity as the demons became more excited as the moments passed. Their pitch, forced the mere mortals on both sides to place their hands over their ears. Huzzledorf's men were ordered to bang their shields with their swords adding to the confusion and noise of the event. "Bang! Bang!" It continued, much to the satisfaction of the evil King, believing that such a commotion would spread terror into the hearts of the brave force facing them. True, he out-armed, out-numbered Prince Elijah and his companions and too, he had the Supreme Evil One and his demons on his side, but one thing he had not taken into consideration; - evil will indeed succeed, but only if and only if, good men do nothing. On this day, this fateful day, good men chose to do something and confront evil head-on. His sick, disgusting mind would not consider this possibility; anxious and ambitious he was to keep his crown, no matter what the cost, even to the extent of selling out his soul to the Supreme Evil One. "It is time," he chuckled to himself, confident in his success. "Prepare!" He screamed to his men, who positioned themselves and began to move forward in unison.

The hearts of the good, though beating fast, held firm. They knew, every one of them, they could die in this battle, but best to die, than live under tyranny. The distance now shortened between the two armies. Suddenly the Prince fell on bended knee, following his example Sir Reginald did likewise, and then did all, Knights, Dukes, loyal Barons and yeomen. With bold voice, the Prince prayed:

"God be with you Princes all. May God's arm strike with us, it is fearful odds. There's five to one, but be praised to God and not our strength for it. By Jeshu, if it pleases God in his Grace, victory will be ours!" He rose and crossed himself, as did the others, all letting out a cheer.

Prince Elijah then gave the order to Sir Reginald, Sir Ninian and the Knights. "Hold your shields up high, let the demons see the banner of the Cross. Hold the red cross

of St George high, let it face them and let us see their reaction.” The bold Knights did as was ordered. The demons, those evil vile apparitions, straight out of hell, called from the pits of slime from which they climbed, took one look at the Cross and all it represented, goodness, power and victory! It was too much for them, confronted by what they hated, detested, but above all, feared, their constant screeching ended with a crescendo. Horrifying as it was, as loud as it sounded, Sir Reginald recognised for what it was, the defeat of the demons. In one instant their spectre bodies melted to the ground, each gurgling with guttered noises as they did. Once they sank, the earth was covered with that foul looking and foul-smelling thick bluish sticking muck.

“It is time now my liege to attack Huzzledorf’s army,” advised Sir Reginald.

“Attack! Attack! Spare no one. Wipe out the evil once and forever! Attack! Attack my brave brothers, Attack! Never give in!” On the steeds Judgment and Thunder, the Prince and Sir Reginald, led the Knights, followed by the yeomen, even the women together with their husbands. On they ran until they smashed into Huzzledorf’s army. They clashed and fought wondrously, plunging their swords, forcing their lances into the bodies of the enemy. The enemy much to the Prince companion’s surprise seemed to be handicapped in that they were restricted in their movement, unable to defend themselves and unable to position themselves, they appeared to be rigid, far from mobile. Then the Prince and Sir Reginald realised what had happened. The army of Huzzledorf, had stepped in the bluish, sticky muck emanating from the carcasses of the demons, which acted like glue. As a result the army of the good were able to hack at the army of the evil King. On that day there was much slaughter, until there was but King Huzzledorf left facing the Prince.

“He is mine,” said Sir Reginald.

“Nay, brave Knight. Let your Prince deal with the foe.” Sir Reginald, sighed, then stood aside. His Prince had commanded.

“So Prince Elijah, it has come to this, has it?” Charged King Huzzledorf.

“Aye Huzzledorf, just you and me.”

“And who ever wins, wins the day? Or are you too afraid to gamble your skills against mine?”

“I take up your challenge. To the death. Who ever wins, carries the day!”

“My Lord...” begged Sir Reginald.

The Prince turned to him, “This is my fight Sir Reginald. Whatever happens, honour my word which I have given.”

Sir Reginald nodded unenthusiastically.

The two faced each other. King Huzzledorf, clad in his black body armour, threw

away his lance, comfortable with his two-edged sword and shield. The Prince, clad in shiny silver armour brandished his sword, jewelled at the handle, a gift from his treasured father, as was his shield.

Sir Reginald and the others moved away giving them plenty of room. The King attacked first, catching the Prince off guard and thrust his shield against the unexpected Prince, throwing him to the ground. The King then was upon him, showing no hesitation and with his sword, thrust it at the Prince's head and though his helmet shielded off the attack, its vibration took its effect and momentarily the Prince suffered with a lack of vision. Sensing this, the King jabbed his sword at the torso of the Prince. He rolled just in time; nonetheless the sword tore at his chain mail on his left arm, opening a gash. Blood poured from the wound. Sir Reginald, wide-eyed, held his breath. The Prince rose, but staggered and managed to ward off another sword attack from the King. He steadied himself and together they battled, banging with their swords at each other's shield and then clashing together. The battle went on, with both men tiring. The Prince's wound, however, was taking its toll, with blood oozing from it, weakening the Prince. The King knew that the Prince was feeling the effect of the wound and every time the Prince moved, it worsened. The King attacked again mercilessly and knew he was gaining the upper hand. They parted, and then the Prince swaggered and fell to the ground on his back. The King let out a hideous laugh and with sword poised at the throat of the Prince he was on the verge of plunging it into the body of Elijah, until the Prince, as though by a miracle, tripped the stance of the King by twisting his foot between the King's feet. This unbalanced him and fell backwards to the ground. Taking the advantage, with the vigour of youth on his side, the Prince rose to his feet, and without mercy and hesitation for he knew the cancerous growth must be cut out, he in turn, plunged his sword into the throat of the King, who let out a gushing noise, his body momentarily vibrating...then nothing. There was stillness. King Huzzledord was dead!

All let out a cheer. Sir Reginald ran to the Prince who totally exhausted was about to fall. The Knight caught him. The Prince removed his helmet. "Tell me good Knight," he gasped, "We have carried the day, have we not?"

"We have my lord, we have!"

"And the casualties?"

"Good Sir Ninian has the figures, my Prince."

Sir Ninian joined the two. "On this day, God be praised. The demons have vanished and King Huzzledorf's army has been vanquished, twenty thousand lie on the field. Of our numbers, all remain well."

The Prince smiled, then laughed heartily. "Let this day be remembered forever!"

Sir Reginald replied, "Our Prince soon you will be our King." He turned to those who had fought alongside the Prince.

“God Save the Prince! God Save the Prince! God Save the Prince!” He cried.

Then there was on final terrifying scream, which send shivers down the spines of all those present. They knew what it was. The Supreme Evil One had let out a cry of torment, knowing full well that until good had been defeated, he would once again be chained, until that day.

In time, Prince Elijah was crowned King upon the Stone of Scone at Westminster Abby. The Bishop after placing his hands upon his royal head anointed him with Holy Oil. A ring was placed on his finger mythically marrying the King to the Country. A royal sword, said to be the sacred Excalibur, struck him gently seven times from his shoulders, his breast, his hands and head. The assembly cried three times, “God Save the King!” He was now King Elijah II. Churches throughout the land joyfully pealed their bells.

King Elijah II was reconciled with his mother, who left the convent to help her son to rule, as the Queen Mother. He ruled wisely as had his father and happy were the people. His right-hand man was Sir Reginald, who brought his German Princess to be at his side. In time Elijah married and a son was born. But the Plantagenets took over the throne and his son never ruled. Nonetheless the majestic and divine line of Elijah did carry itself down through the centuries, which it must for the sacred prophecy to be fulfilled.



In a far away land, in modern times, the boy destined to fulfil the prophecy as given by Orlaf from the Oracles of the Nams, waxes strong. The boy, named Elijah knows not his appointment with destiny, but time nears when he will be made aware of his calling. It will be a time of great sorrow; oh horrible will be that day, when men, out of fear, will call upon the rocks to fall upon them.

THE END OF PART TWO

THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

Scene: Southern Tasmania 21st Century.



Burial place of King Arthur

Elijah was at home with his father Francis. His mother, Kylie was away attending the sick and the needy. Elijah was on his computer when suddenly he looked up. Francis noticed the jerked reaction of Elijah. He was puzzled. Elijah looked around, as though, someone was speaking to him, yet he heard nothing. He shook his head and went back typing on his computer keyboard. It happened again. Curious, Francis asked,

“What is it?”

Elijah took a moment to answer. “Ah, nothing. It is just...it is hard to explain...I thought someone called my name.”

“I heard nothing,” replied Francis slightly disturbed. Then he laughed, “It’s getting close to tea time, perhaps it was the rumbling of your tummy. Mum should be home directly.”

“Maybe that’s it,” answered Elijah, although I’m not too sure.

Francis moved to the radio and turned it on. It was Spring and the day was pleasant. “Time for the 3 o’clock news,” he said, more to himself than to Elijah. “Although I do not know why I bother. These are grave days.”

He listened intently to the radio news,

“Here is the News. The Prime Minister, Margaret Power, has announced that in accordance to the demands of the United Nations, a major portion of Australia will be given to the enormous number of refugees, which are now pouring into the country. She said that Australia, a land of wealth, has plenty to share with the rest of the world and that it is selfish to deny the demands of the United Nations. This demand falls under the covenant that she signed with the United Nations last year in reference to

refugees. The land given to the newcomers will be similar to the Old Brisbane Line of World War Two.

“The Prime Minister said while the refugees will be given the northern quarter of Australia, they would also be asked to settle in our cities thus enriching our multicultural society. She said all Australians would welcome them with open arms. Church leaders have greeted her decision with enthusiasm. Ms Spencer, Moderator of the Uniting Church, has described the Prime Minister as a modern-day saviour to the millions of poor and downtrodden.

“On to international news now, The USA continues to fragment with the western southern States demanding greater autonomy because of their high Hispanic population. This follows the demand of Florida with its majority Cuban population and after greater autonomy for Afro-Americans being promised by Washington, in areas where there is a great concentration of Afro-Americans. Native Americans already enjoy autonomy in districts where they mostly reside. The American President, Gratheious Gazamenio, said she will report to the American people tonight first in Spanish, then English outlining further granting of autonomous regions to minority groups who are now in many instances the majority.

“While on international news China has reported that their attack on Taiwan is going well, despite strong resistance from the Nationalist Chinese. Without, however, the support of the US, which is involved with its own domestic affairs, Taiwan, is expected to fall on the morrow.

“In Africa, famine, pestilence and war continues unabated with the United Nations calling upon the Western countries to open up their treasury once more for more financial aid and food drops.

“In England there have been further riots in Sheffield where the coloured people have risen up against the continual racial discrimination of the white British people, who they say are not passing on economic benefits. Church leaders of the city have apologised for previous British Imperialism, which is the cause of the current unrest. In London, The House of Commons has passed Muslim Shari law, much to the approval of the Archbishop of Canterbury. A spokesman for King Charles III said the King is happy with the development as he is the Defender of All Faiths, rather than just Defender of the Faith.

“On the Continent, the United States of Europe, Brussels is expressing concern over the riots and rampages in European cities by disgruntled citizens and the rise of Nazi groups who are taking advantage of the current severe economic troubles.

“Closer to home again, food riots continue in Sydney and most capital cities...”

“Aw turn it off,” cried Francis “Nothing but bad news, bad news. I don’t know why I listen!”

Elijah stopped working on the computer, stretched back on his chair, extended his arms high and yawned. “I could do with a break,” he said. “I think I’ll go for a walk to stretch my legs.”

“Good idea,” agreed Francis. “Beautiful day, get some fresh air in your lungs.”

The youth opened the sliding door onto the landing and put on his boots. He looked around. Yes, such a beautiful day. He was wearing jeans and a short-sleeved black tea shirt. He grabbed his Confederate-style cap, which some of his friends called a symbol of racism and left the house, walking towards the hill and gum trees. Captivated by the beauty of nature and the sounds of silence, he kept walking finally to a grove, which gave privacy and sanctuary.

He stopped, enjoying the moment. A swift wind quickly blew rustling the surrounding trees and whistling through his fair hair, but strangely he did not feel cold. The wind increased in its intensity until the pines seem to swirl around him, like he had been caught into the interior of a washer. Around and around they spun, until as though drunk, he fell to the ground. Suddenly all was still. Flat on his back, Elijah raised himself on one elbow, panting heavily. He looked up from his position on the ground and saw something from within the pines. He jumped up on unsteady legs and looked towards the direction from whence he saw something. It was a light, no – it was more, it was a beam of light shining in his direction and it was coming closer, so close that it stood before him not twenty feet away. The beam subsided to a point of just emitting a low glow. Elijah could see that the light was coming off a staff held by a strange man, whom he had never seen before. The stranger was wearing garb that reminded the boy of pictures he had seen in books of mediaeval times. The stranger had long grey hair flowing to his shoulders, bareheaded and the staff was as high as the top of his head.

“Elijah,” said the stranger softly. Elijah had no feelings of fear, just curiosity.

“That is my name,” came the simple reply. “Who are you?”

“Orlaf, wizard of the Namukes from ages past. I am appearing to you for the time has come.”

“Time? What time? And who are the Namukes?.”

“The Namukes, simply called the Nams, were an ancient people, a people of divine wisdom and of insight. Their sages could foretell the future, to the end of this age. Their prophecies were written down in a book called the Oracles of the Nams. Among many things, it tells of the terrible days before before the end. It also tells of a boy who is to be called. That boy is you.”

Elijah shook himself. This can’t be happening, he said to himself.

“I am Orlaf, my mentor was Merlin, the greatest of wizards. It was Merlin who

entrusted me with the Oracles, which are now in the hands of a servant of the people.

“I had been given the task of appearing one more time before I leave to the place of eternal rest from which I shall never return. Happy am I that it has come to this point in time, for I am weary, so weary for I am three thousand and twenty two years old.”

“Wow!” Exclaimed Elijah.

“It has progressed to the point in history that your mission must be revealed to you,” continued Orlaf.

Elijah was bewildered. What did it all mean? Mission? What mission? And who was this dude straight out of the pages of The Lord of the Rings?

Orlaf raised his staff as high as he could and while doing so, the swirling bursting wind returned, flattening Elijah again to the ground. Then an amazing experience occurred, as though a moving picture was being shown to him.

“Listen to me,” commanded Orlaf. Hear what I have to say. Before you is your ancestor King Elijah the Great. Observe and learn.”

As though history was being played back before his own eyes, young Elijah, the Tasmanian boy, saw how his ancestor, together with the mighty Knight Templar, Sir Reginald, fight against the evil ones, many hundreds of years ago. Elijah cringed when he saw the Knight being slain by the demons of Genghis Khan and Attila the Hun and that he had given his life for his (then) prince, St George and for England. The scene then continued to when the son of King Elijah the Great together with the bold Templar Knight, Sir Reginald, the son of the original Sir Reginald, Knight Templar, both fought heroically against the forces of the Supreme Evil One and then against Count Huzzledorf and his army.



Burial plot of Sir Reginald Junior, Glastonbury

“What is the meaning of all this?” he pleaded.

“Hold. There is more. Watch, listen and learn,” commanded Orlaf.

The scene, played eight hundred years previously was repeated before Elijah’s eyes.

The scene at the death of Sir Reginald senior and the revelation of the prophecy given to Prince Elijah later King Elijah the Great...

The Knight, panting quickly, uttered, “Before...before (he coughs) I...die, tell the prophecy while I linger, so that I will die in happiness.” The Prince turned and looked at Orlaf.

Orlaf rose. “The prophecy says this, my Prince. That you will become a king and that the land will enjoy such blessings under your rule and that the true God will be worshipped and the power of the Church shall be broken.” But he had more to say, “Even though this is a great prophecy, that is not all, for the second fulfilment of it must take place many years hence.” He paused, and then continued, “Another prophet many years ago Isaiah, spoke of a land not yet discovered, Terra Australis, but will be peopled of your own kind. After you die many years hence, you shall sleep, as I shall, as shall the greatest of all kings, Arthur, until England and its people need you. At that time, it shall be the greatest suffering that has befallen upon the world; oh terrible will be that day! It will be then, void of leadership and guideless, you as we, will return, lodged from our long sleep, woken by the lamentation of the people. Arthur and I shall remain in this fair land, but you, you shall be taken to a land, an offshoot of England, to wait your call, many centuries to come. The prophecy states that you the boy who will grow up in a land that has in its flag, the badge of the Lion of Judah and containing crosses of the Union of Jacob. You will grow sturdy and wax strong, I will return to you and call you to your mission and that is – restoration all that is good in the world. Your adopted father’s name will be – Francis and your mother’s Kylie.

“So now I have returned and have called you to your mission. You will restore good to the world. The Supreme Evil One because of the wickedness of the world and because good is in retreat, is at loose.”

The boy said, “But there always has been evilness in the world. What is so different now?”

“Mankind makes his choice. He can either choose to be good or bad; he can either choose to do the right thing or the wrong thing. Down through the ages, there has always been good to counter-act the bad, but today, men think evil continuously, the time of the end is at hand. I go now and another who will call you will replace me. I go not because I oppose He who comes, but make way for Him. I say one last thing, there is a man, a man of letters, and a direct descendant of the Sir Reginald of old, and his name too is ‘Reg’. Contact him. He will know how to help you and what to do. To him have been entrusted the Oracles of Nam.”

“But sir...” as Elijah spoke Orlaf vanished among the trees and wind. His time

was over.

Perplexed Elijah gathered himself and looked at his watch. What seemed like hours was but a few minutes. Somewhat shaken, but feeling a marvellous peace he walked back to the house. By the time he arrived, his mother had returned. He entered the lounge room, “Elijah” said his mother, Kylie. “Your room is a mess, why haven’t you tidied it? What business have you been up to?”

“I have been about my Father’s business,” he simply replied.

“Then why hasn’t he been of help to you Elijah?” Questioned his mother. Both adults looked at him. There was something different about his countenance, as though a light shone from his face. His father well aware of spiritual matters, said, “Tell us, what has happened?”

Elijah informed his family of his experience. Francis looked at his mother, his mother looked at Francis. Francis had always sensed the specialness of the boy and over the years saw him grow into a youth of perception and one who is searching, but for what exactly? Perhaps that searching is now over.

“But father, I am but a youth.”

“Was not Samuel but a boy when he was called? And was that not what Goliath said of David?” Replied his father wisely.

“What shall we do?” questioned his mother.

“We shall do what was told. Let’s phone Reg.” Stated Francis

Francis moved to the phone and dialled. At the other end Reg, Tasmania’s leading historian and author, answered it. After the normal courtesies, Francis explained the reason and nature for their telephone call.

Reg answered merely, “It is time then.”

“Then you know?” asked Francis.

“Yes. Do you think my friendship was just friendship? True it is, but there was also more. I have been aware from the first meeting when Kylie made friends with yourself that this was meant to be. It was by design.”

“How?” came the incredulous cry.

“In my possession I have been given for safe keeping the original Oracles of Nam, passed down through my family from first son to first son. I am looking at them now. Best no further talk. I am leaving immediately and will be at your house within the hour.” The phone hung up. The family waited.

As promised within in the hour, Reg had pulled up at the home in his ‘clanger’.

What the heck! It got him there, didn't it? And fuel was exorbitant now!

He was immediately led into the family room carrying what appeared to be an ancient book under his arm. He sat down at the dining table surrounded by the family. He opened the book, which was clearly hundreds of years old, and he told the story of how he was in possession of the Oracles of Nam.

"You see," he sighed. "My people thousands of years ago left ancient Israel, fleeing from the invaders and wandered. In time they became a part of the folk known as the Royal Scythians, even later to become known as Saxons, the son of Isaac. My family many years later settled in what is now known as Germany, and with William the Conqueror went to England in 1066. Then they were known as Walfhere, later Anglised as Watson. Your family and mine are related in that we come from the same root. Hundreds of years ago, before the reign of Elijah the Great, an ancestor of mine was entrusted and chosen by Orlaf, a sage of the Namukes, of the great sacred works of those people, which was called the Oracles of the Nams. Each generation of my family passed these sacred works down from father to eldest son. The first Watson to come to Tasmania in 1826 when Brereton Watson, brought the Oracles with him. From him it was passed to each seceding generation. When my father was dying, he beckoned me to his bedside and though weak called me to his ear. He whispered with his dying breath that I should search in a special drawer and there I would find great secrets. He exhorted me to promise to do as I was instructed, which I said I would. On that promise he revealed that the Oracles contained great mysteries and that I being the eldest son and indeed the only son of my father, the responsibility of these sacred texts fell into my hands and that it was not to be taken lightly. Indeed my existence in life was to be a caretaker of the work. I can still recall his last words to me..."

Here Reg recounted those words, "My son. Remember what I say to you. I am going to depart my life. You must be in charge of the Oracles. The time of their fulfilment is near. It will happen in your lifetime. Study the Oracles and learn them as is most necessary. Recognise the time when they are to be fulfilled. After you have done this, you will know. A boy will come into your life, by the name of Elijah. Your most gracious ancestors were friends of his ancestors. You are to serve him, for the Lord God Himself decrees this. If you do not, the world is lost to evil. Promise my son, this you will do."

"And I promised," said Reg through tear-soaked eyes.

"But what is to happen now?" Asked Francis.

"I don't know," replied Reg.

"You don't know! Then what is the point?"

Reg looked out the window towards Howrah. "Elijah what did Orlaf say again?"

“To contact you.”

“Yes, but before that.”

“Let me think. Yes, oh yes, ‘another will call you’.”

Ah! An Angel.”

“A messenger you mean,” stated Francis.

“Yes. You will be contacted again Elijah and then we shall all know what is to happen.”

“When though?” asked Kylie.

“Soon, very soon,” said Reg. “It has to be soon.”

Reg departed, willing to return upon notice. The family retired for the night, Elijah, one would have thought, would be far too excited to sleep, but this was not the case, for a deep, deep slumber fell upon him. During the early hours of the morning Elijah was awoken with the soft call of “Elijah, Elijah.” He woke, rose and went to Francis. “Did you call father?”

“I did not call my boy, go back to bed.” To which Elijah did.

Once asleep again, the call was repeated. Again, Elijah went to his father and said, “Here I am for you called me.”

Francis said, “No, I did not, return to your bed.”

For a third time, the call was made and again, Elijah went to his father and said, “Here I am for you called me.” Perceiving something supernatural, Francis instructed the young boy, “If you hear the call again, then remain where you are and say, ‘speak for I hear’.”

Puzzled Elijah returned to his bed and slept soundly. Soon there was the soft call of “Elijah, Elijah.” As instructed he answered, “Speak for I hear.”

Wide awake, Elijah was amazed to see the room become illuminated with a bright haze and within the haze an image of a figure, angel-like. Instead of being frightened, even terrified, Elijah felt calmness and a joy.

“Elijah” the image began, “The time has come for you to fulfil your mission, for which you were born. You must listen and then act upon what is said to you, for I will appear but this one time.”

Elijah was in awe, wide-eyed.

“It is as was in the time of Noah. Man has chosen this path because of his wickedness and decadence. It has just been the beginning of the great troubles of the

earth. My people I will remove to a safe haven. As in the time of Noah, you must call the faithful and others with the message, which I will tell you even though it will be rejected.

“In forty days time you must gather your family here at this house and any other who will listen to your word. You and your family and any other who are with you, I will take from this place to another to be safe from the disaster, which will occur by the choice of man. Fear not, for I shall be with you. You must tell many of this message. You will be mocked like my servant Noah and jeered, but you must tell them, as all must have the opportunity. This message will then travel throughout the nation and then to the world. Those who respond will be safe. But you are chosen to lead. I will take you to a place of haven, called Avalon, where you will stay and lead my people until I return, fulfilling what it is said, ‘as it is in heaven so it shall be on earth’.”

“But Messenger, how do we go this place of refuge?”

“Gather your family and Reg, who will gather his family.” Here the Messenger chuckled, “Yes, Elijah I do have a sense of humour. Were you not made in my image? I chuckle more when I think of Reg., he reminds me of the brothers, James and John, the sons of Thunder, with his temper. Concern yourself not about how you will leave this place. Take nothing, for I will transport you all in a whirlwind. Understand this, in my dimension there is neither time nor distance. In an instance you will be transported. As the message travels through the nations, others will join you at this enchanted place. There you will watch over my flock until I come.

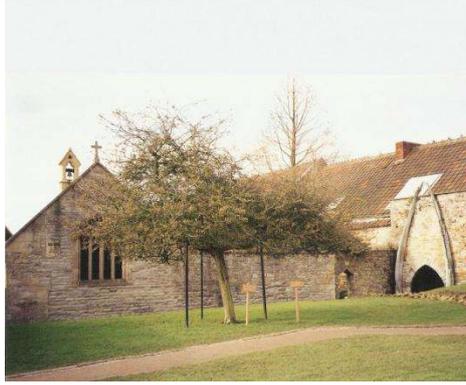
“Take My people, o’ son of Jacob. Even though the land is filled with gold and silver and there is no end to their treasure, their land is filled with idols. They have made boys their princes and babes rule over them. The people oppress one another and the youth is insolent to the elder and the base fellow to the honourable. Women rule over them. They proclaim their sin like Sodom, they do not hide it. Therefore go into exile. Woe to those who call evil good and good evil and put darkness for light and light for darkness.

“When you see change, fear not, for I shall deliver you from the deadly pestilence and I will cover you with my pinions and under my wings you will find refuge.

“That is my message. Until I come again...if you do not believe surely you will not be established.”

Then the light and Messenger was gone. Elijah once again ran to father and mother’s room, asking whether they heard the message, but they had not. Nonetheless, they believed.

Because of the wickedness of the world, the Supreme Evil One was once again freed from his chains and let loose to stalk the earth. His time would soon end and never again threaten the world and mankind.



The Flowering Thorn, Glastobury as planted by the Christ.

AFTERMATH.

Those who believed and accepted the Message were indeed transported to a place, which we would know as the Sacred Isle of Avalon. It was here, two thousand years ago, in the year A.D. 36, that Joseph of Arimathea and his dedicated companions settled and was given by King Guiderius 1,920 acres. The land became the most hallowed acres of Christendom. After arrival the early settlers made their way up the hill, which became the Glastonbury Thor. At the time of Elijah and his people's arrival, there were magnificent ruins of Glastonbury Abbey; the remains of a beautiful church which was erected over the very spot where the great uncle of Jesus (Joseph of Arimethea) built their first alter of wattle, thatched with reed, as was the custom of the time. This was the first Christian Church erected above 'ground' to the glory of their God, dedicated to His Mother. These ruins were re-erected by Elijah with the help of builder Francis. The family and the Watson clan and others who believed, took sanctuary at this place, while the world around fell into disarray. Here they became a community unto themselves and even though the world threatened, they thrived and were happy. Reg chronicled the progress to tell of those who came when the earth was at peace of the history of the world before.

Under Elijah's stewardship, Avalon was protected by the might of invisible hand of Supreme Good One, until it was time of His coming. Here Elijah grew to a man.

