

Chronicles of
ZEDEK
PREQUEL
GENESIS

Oghogho Odoko

CHRONICLES OF ZEDEK: GENESIS

By Oghogho Odoko

CHRONICLES OF ZEDEK by Oghogho Odoko

This is a work of fiction. Any names or characters, businesses or places, events or incidents, are fictitious. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

© 2017 Oghogho Odoko. All rights reserved

No part of this book may be reproduced in any written, electronic, recording, or photocopying without written permission of the publisher or author. The exception would be in the case of brief quotations embodied in the critical articles or reviews and pages where permission is specifically granted by the publisher or author.

1. IT STARTS

I woke up with a start.

Everything was hazy. I muttered a prayer under my breath. Habit. I didn't feel like praying. There was an annoying throb in my head.

Turn off the alarm. Pray. Study. The throbbing continued to grow.

My phone buzzed. I did not need to check. It was Femi Alade being his annoying self. He wanted to know if I would show up at the gym today. Gym? Nah. Not today. My body felt like someone had punched me all through the night. I coughed.

I ended the call. Then realized I'd have to call him back. I hadn't paid attention to the I.T. gibberish he had just tried to talk me into. But the more I remembered, the more important it sounded. Femi made everything sound important. Whatever.

That annoying alarm began to shriek again.

Was it a dream? I had dreamt about a strange man. The man had given me a funny looking scroll. I was certain I had seen too many episodes of Game of Thrones.

Faint echoes and noises danced around in my head as my foggy mind tried to piece together pictures from the night before. The headache kept a steady tempo as I reached for the alarm clock. It shrieked and bounced on my night stand. Yes, I am kinda old school. I keep a traditional alarm clock. The clock danced out of

Chronicles of Zedek: Genesis

my reach. Another strategy to make sure I got up. I had to stretch a little further to reach it. That was when I saw it. A large, ancient scroll sitting innocently on my night stand. I am old school but not this old school. A red seal held it firm. I sat up quickly and looked around. I was alone in my room.

Where is Femi when you need him?

But then, there was the scroll.

Slowly, it all came back to me....

2. LAST NIGHT

I stuck out like a sore thumb. The noise, the laughter, the smoke. This wasn't my life. It was my first time in a lounge. You see, I had just lost my job and I had no way of telling my parents or my friends. I would have called Femi but he had stopped taking calls during office hours.

Something about his new job.

Whatever.

Some of my colleagues were in the lounge too. These were the lucky ones who still had their jobs. I knew someone would walk up to me soon and mock my coming to the lounge. One glass of vodka could knock me senseless.

I looked around. All I saw were shisha totting kids blowing smoke into the air and people dancing like no one was watching. The music and the atmosphere told me that I was in the wrong place. I got up and walked out, my jacket hanging from my arm.

I ran my fingers through my hair as tears gathered in my eyes. I had done everything right. I worked hard, delivered results, and Madam Rolake still had to let me go. She had quipped about recession and how life happens to everyone. I should have quit when that other company tried to poach me. So much for my loyalty.

I sighed.

Chronicles of Zedek: Genesis

I stopped by the kiosk not too far from my house. It was Sule's. Sule was the happiest person you could ever meet. Content with his simple life selling from his kiosk, he often wondered why I worked as hard as I did. I sat on the bench by his kiosk. He was not around. His younger brother, Musa, stood in for him.

That was when I saw him. Elderly, bent over and dressed in rags. A dirty shawl wrapped his body. Gingerly lowering his weight on the bench across from where I sat, he hardly acknowledged my presence as he motioned to Musa.

“What do you want this time?” Musa fumed. “Yesterday, I gave you bread and tea for free.”

“Water.” The man whispered.

“Do you have the money?” Musa stretched out his hand.

The man was quiet.

“Give the man some water. I will pay.” I spoke up. I didn't like that people had to beg to survive. I regarded him closely. He looked to be about eighty years of age. Frail. Tired. My heart broke.

“You know what? Take this,” I put some money in Musa's hands. “Give him anything he needs whenever he comes.” I added.

Musa grunted. He reached into the tiny deep freezer and pulled out a sachet of water. Handing the water to the elderly man, he secured the kiosk and left, murmuring something about somewhere he had to get to. We sat in silence – the man with his sachet of water and me with my thoughts. After a few awkward

minutes I rose to leave, and that's when the man spoke up.

"It's not fair, is it?" His voice was so surprisingly rich and strong, I almost fell over.

"Excuse me, what was that?" I asked.

"Life. Life is not fair, is it?"

I looked at him again. I was not ready for tales of woe and sadness. I had enough to deal with already. Smiling wryly, I nodded rather awkwardly and started walking away when he continued.

"Your name is Kome. Kome Sefia. You're a lawyer but you have never been to court. Your passion is in the media. Your last job has taken two years of blood and sweat and you had hoped to get promoted this week. Instead you got fired."

I knew the Secret Service had been harassing people lately, but I had no political ambitions whatsoever. I had also tried to stay off politics on social media. Who in the world was this dude?

"See, I am glad you got your water." I stammered. "I do not know who you are or what you are talking about. Do have a nice evening." I draped my jacket over my shoulder and walked briskly away.

"Hebrews 13:2." It was the man's voice.

I knew that verse. It said something about people who entertained angels and did not even know it. But I was more startled by

Chronicles of Zedek: Genesis

the fact that he was right by my side than about the verse of scripture he was spitting. He was too frail to move that fast.

“You know what it says, don’t you?” He asked again.

I stopped dead in my tracks.

Was he an angel? Was I speaking with an angel? I turned to look at the man, but he had disappeared.

I felt goose bumps all over my body. I spun around but there was no one. I was alone. Not one person walked the street that evening.

I hurried home as fast as my legs could carry me, praying under my breath. My car was still parked outside the gate. I drove the car in, made sure the guard secured the gates, and barely grunted a response to my neighbour as she tried to start a conversation. I entered the house and shut the door.

What on earth was going on? I reached for my phone and tried to call Femi. The call could not connect. I dialled Sandra’s number. Same thing. I considered calling Kemi but I knew the talk would go on for another hour. No. Don’t call Kemi. Tell her tomorrow. Face to face.

“Why are you so surprised?” It was that voice again.

I was so startled, the phone fell out of my grip as I spun around to see the man right in my living room.

“You foul spirit...” I mustered my deepest voice.

“Oh stop it.” The man waved me off. Then he threw off his large shawl.

The transformation was spectacular. First, light began to shine through his body till my living room lit up with the brightness of the noonday sun. I had to shield my eyes from the glare. In a few seconds, the intensity reduced. Standing before me was the most regal person I had ever seen. His white robe glittered and shimmered with divine brightness. Not one wrinkle marred his skin. His white, woollen hair and beard shamed whatever I had seen on any model. In his right hand was a golden sword. In his left, a scroll.

“Who are you?” I managed to whisper as my finite mind attempted to take in the scene before me.

He smiled.

“Do not be afraid, I have been sent to you.” That voice again. “You were born for such a time as this. My name is Zedek, King of Salem. Your generation knows me as Melchizedek.”

I did not know how to respond. My eyes blinked very quickly as my mind tried to process everything. Nah. It couldn't. My brain beeped. System failure.

I passed out.

3. FOR A TIME SUCH AS THIS

I don't know how long I was out. I remember the dizzy feeling after I came to. Questions floated in my head. Why me? Why now? What next? I made a mental note never to buy water for strangers again. That sounded wrong. Why was I even thinking these silly thoughts? I was still on the floor. My eyes were still shut. Then the voices. I heard voices. All kinds of voices. Happy. Serious. Deep boisterous laughter. Conversations. Deliberations. Instructions. Then everything faded out till only two distinct voices remained.

My heart beat rapidly. I was still on my back and I was not ready to open my eyes. The two voices continued. I could pick out the distinct voice of the old man. Zedek. Yes, Melchizedek. My heart thumped faster.

I knew I could never tell anyone about this encounter with a straight face. I mean, people talk about meeting with Jesus, seeing angels or going to heaven. Who could I tell that I met someone who was last seen with Abraham? It would have been funny if it wasn't so serious. I didn't even want these encounters. I only wanted to get home, get a hot meal and a good night's sleep. I was home alright, but then I was also stuck with celestial beings.

My options were limited. I chose the obvious one: stay on the floor till they got tired and left. There was no job to go to in the morning anyway. I remained still. However, I could not ignore their conversation. They seemed to be talking about an event. The other voice mentioned something about my being

unprepared. He was concerned that I was not ready. Zedek insisted that I was. For the life of me, I did not know why Zedek was so insistent.

Then, a knock on my door.

I almost peed myself!

I never had guests. Ever. How could someone choose to come knocking on a night like this? Getting the door wasn't even an option. The person could knock till the door fell off for all I cared. The alternative – Zedek getting the door – seemed a worse option. Dear Lord. Who was knocking on my door this time of the night?

The knock came again. Then her voice. It was my neighbour. She said something about the inner lights of the car being on. She knocked again. Then my phone rang. I made up my mind. Even if the ceiling fell through, I was not going to move. But then, the lights in my car? I would rather deal with battery issues in the morning than interrupt the ongoing conversation. Battery was collateral damage. Naturally.

But Lord, batteries are not as cheap anymore!

I think the craziest part of all this was that Zedek and whoever was with him continued talking like nothing was going on. My neighbour didn't seem to have heard them either as she walked away muttering something about playing her part as a good neighbour. Poor girl. If only she knew.

I turned my attention back to the conversation between Zedek

Chronicles of Zedek: Genesis

and the other person. They carried on about events that were imminent across the world. They discussed world politics, revivals and the coming move. Then they started talking about me. Imagine lying down and listening to people talk about you. In your presence. Awkward. The content of their conversation was, well, almost disturbing. They talked about Madam Rolake and why I had to leave the company. They talked about my parents, my siblings, my account balance... I almost sat up to make a contribution. The detail was astonishing.

“So, what are you going to do?” The other voice asked.

“He was chosen for this.” Zedek’s voice. “The fullness of time has come. I must take him...”

Take him? Me? Nah! I wasn’t going out without a fight. I wasn’t ‘going’ anywhere before my time. The devil is a liar!

I sprang to my feet.

“I’m not going anywhere! I will not die but live! With long life will the Lord satisfy my and show me His salvation...” I had reeled out a barrage of scriptures before it occurred to me to keep my mouth shut.

We were not alone.

I mean, it wasn’t just Zedek, the other person and I.

My living room was lit up with a million dazzling lights. The most magnificent beings you could ever imagine stood in council. In my house. My house. There were twenty feet tall angels that

stood like massive statues towering through my ceiling, their armour glowing and glittering. Then, there were other elderly looking beings, just like Zedek. I'm sure I saw two six-winged cherubs floating around effortlessly. The activities before my eyes were beyond my comprehension.

I badly wanted to pass out, but I just couldn't. Perhaps I had exhausted my daily pass-out limit. However, I could not deny the presence of a force that kept me on my feet. The force held me up and kept me from falling. The celestial visitors continued their deliberations, not paying me any mind.

If only I could reach for my phone. You know. Snapchat or Facebook Live would be the ish! My timeline would be popping! One of the older looking beings turned to look at me. He must have heard my thoughts. His eyes said it all. I killed the idea immediately. Then, they continued their deliberations in a language I did not understand. Zedek would nod and say something; the other guys would respond, and the banter continued while I watched helplessly.

Then in a moment, without any warning, they vanished from my sight leaving Zedek and I alone. My living room was drab and boring again.

"Aha!" Zedek turned to look at me. "I'm glad you were privy to what just occurred in this place." He continued as he reached for a glass cup that sat on the table before me. "We must leave now but first, drink this." He placed the rim of a drinking cup to my lips. It was cold and soothing and soon, I had gulped the content of the cup, all the while keeping my gaze on his stunning eyes.

Chronicles of Zedek: Genesis

“Thank you,” I whispered. The words barely made it out of my mouth. I cleared my throat.

“You’re welcome.” He responded.

“This elixir... Is it in anyway related to what the angel fed Elijah before he went on the ‘far journey?’” I knew I was incoherent.

“What elixir?” Zedek’s forehead was creased in thought.

I pointed at the glass.

He had the incredulous look on his face again.

“Don’t be dramatic. It’s just water.” Zedek dismissed my question with a wave of his hand. “From your fridge.” He added for emphasis. He picked the scroll he had come with from the top of the table.

“I have been instructed to give this to you.” He handed the scroll over to me as he retrieved his sword from the table. “We have an appointment.”

“With whom?” I asked as I started getting that giddy feeling again.

Just then, my entire living room started buzzing, literally. The room crackled with a series of electrical sparks as bursts of lightning flashed intermittently across it.

“Not a person. An event. We must hurry.”

I clutched the scroll to my chest as we started to rise from the floor. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, we shot through my roof, through the skies and into celestial portals I never knew existed. I could see the earth quickly receding. Then a burst of bright light. The feeling was exhilarating. The sight before my eyes was absolutely stunning.

Fascinating. Indescribable. Celestial.

4. SALOME, THE DREAM MAKER

“Where are we?” I asked no one in particular.

We stood in a massive hall. The marble floor seemed to breathe as it pulsed softly. Everything was alive. Gigantic pillars lined the hall as far as my eyes could see. The bases were made with pure gold; the silver shafts stretched several hundred feet above us. Their capitals had golden ornaments with a flourish of rare gems that I could not immediately identify. The architecture was like nothing I had ever seen. The view was breathtakingly beautiful. I stood captivated, immersed in the splendour.

“I don’t ever want to leave this place.” I was a child again.

Zedek smiled.

“You should see Zion.” He patted me on the shoulder.

“Isn’t heaven Zion?” I was truly perplexed.

“Heaven is a lot more than your finite mind could ever take in. You imagine it to be some floating city above your planet.” Zedek paused. “Heaven stretches across the entire universe. There are several cities here; hundreds of thousands of cities. Each city has the temple and the Throne-room. I know this may not be easy to comprehend and this is not why you are here. Have you wondered why the several stories you have heard about heavenly visits seem to describe different places?” Zedek looked into my eyes.

“Because many times they go to different cities?” I asked rather than answered.

“Precisely.” Zedek tapped me on the shoulder again. I almost collapsed. The sheer weight of his hand could have knocked me out.

“Hopefully you will see Zion on one of these visits. Zion is your Lord’s favourite city. He loves the gates of Zion. It’s an honour for any of us to enter into it. And it was built for your race: God’s favourite specie.”

I knew it would take me a lot of time to soak in everything he was saying. I had done some studying on Zion. I was excited to know more about it.

Zedek’s words cut through my thoughts.

“You’re not here for Zion.” Zedek took my hand in his and led me past rows and columns till we got to another door.

A mischievous smile played on his lips as he pulled the door open and literally pushed me in.

I could have passed out from excitement. Easily.

Very easily.

There were angels everywhere.

Huge, winged, non-winged; black, white, brown, gold skinned; insanely tall, humanlike, beastlike – all kinds of angels. They

Chronicles of Zedek: Genesis

were as regal as they were glorious. There was something about the way they worked. There was a sense of purpose; a sense of pride. I watched as some of them laughed over something. The camaraderie was palpable. There was no hint of animosity or strife.

“Woooooow, this is amazing!” I was like a child in a candy store.

“You have an appointment.” Zedek repeated as he practically dragged me till we got to another massive door. “She has been waiting for you.”

The doors swung open and we were ushered into a large room. Two celestial beings smiled and welcomed us as we made our way in. The room was expansive, tastefully furnished and reeked of royalty. Well, everything here was royal.

Then someone emerged from the inner chamber. She was the most gorgeous lady I had ever seen. Her smooth, silky hair flowed down her shoulders as she sashayed towards us with soft steps. Her gait was stately, her smile stunning.

“Zedek,” she greeted.

“Salome,” Zedek responded as they held hands and bowed to each other. They talked like old friends for a few minutes.

“Hello, Kome,” Salome turned to greet me. Her voice was soft and musical. Something about her seemed familiar.

“Hello,” I managed to jabber. “You’re beautiful,” I added. I didn’t know if that was proper but the words were out of my mouth

already.

“You’re gracious.” She smiled. Her smile was perfect. Her teeth were incredibly beautiful.

I didn’t know what else to do. I just stood there, staring.

“Do you know why you are here?” Salome asked.

“Zedek said I had an appointment...?”

“Well, of course.” She motioned for me to sit down.

I took my seat on a white couch with bold gold embroidery, my eyes not leaving Salome.

“This is not our first meeting though,” she continued, as she took a seat. Zedek opted to remain on his feet as he paced the room in deep thought. “I came to you many years ago,” Salome added.

Suddenly, my mind was flooded with memories. It was as if searchlights just lit up a dark alley. I knew I had seen her before. In my dreams. I was barely seven years old when Salome first appeared to me and took me on the most enthralling adventure I had ever had. Somehow, those dreams were a continuum. Each night, we picked up from where we stopped the previous night. Some of the dreams had gone on for days on end. I would wake up and try to explain to my father but he would laugh and say I had such a fertile imagination.

So, here I was, face to face with the lady who had made my childhood amazing; the lady who had taken me on some really

Chronicles of Zedek: Genesis

wild adventures, to some of the most faraway places ever. Here I was face to face with Salome, the dream maker.

“I had forgotten about the dreams,” I confessed.

“That was because I was instructed to hide them from you and veil the visions until you were ready.”

“I only had faint memories of you. And that was all,” I mumbled.

“Those experiences birthed your curiosity for the supernatural. Now everything will begin to make sense. Now you will understand why you could not do some things your peers did. Now you will understand why you could not take the path they took. You have been chosen to bear the torch, to sound the alarm and to make the vision plain.” Salome was gentle.

“There is so much you have to share with the world. Your mind is a storehouse of some of the deepest secrets of the ages, my dear Kome.”

“Did you make the introduction?” Salome asked Zedek who was still deep in thought.

“Oh, no.” Zedek did not lift his head as he spoke. “He interrupted the conversation and we had to come here quickly.”

“Ah, well. There is plenty of time,” Salome sang as she returned her gaze to me. “You were supposed to have met your guardian angels.”

“I have angels?” Well, I knew this. I just didn’t know they were

more than one.

“Your life is more carefully protected and monitored than you know.” Salome pointed out. “In this place, we have reports on every sparrow on the earth. The hair on your head is numbered. If you had any idea how valuable you are to us, you would take yourself more seriously.”

I had no words. I just stared.

“However, that is not why you are here.” Salome rose to her feet.

“Salome is also a revelator,” Zedek spoke up. “Like me, her assignment is to reveal the mysteries of this life to those who have been chosen. You will be here for a few days until you are ready. I will return for you. Then we will start our journey.”

I was lost for words. Everything was surreal.

One of the celestial beings had come to Salome with a chalice made from a gemstone I had never seen before. Salome received it and walked up to me.

“Drink this. The journey is far.”

I swallowed hard as I turned to look at Zedek.

“Well, you always knew this was coming.” Zedek was obviously referring to the incident at my place earlier. “And yes, this is not water. It is an elixir. Drink. I will return for you.” With that Zedek turned and walked out leaving me with Salome.

Chronicles of Zedek: Genesis

I took the chalice in my hand and drank its content. What could go wrong? I was already in heaven. There was nowhere else to go. I clutched the scroll to my chest.

Everything began to get blurry. Salome clapped her hands and one of the celestial beings hurried up to her with a pillow. She motioned for him to put it under my drooping head. The last thing I saw was Salome's smile.

.....

I found myself reliving the Salome dreams - adventures through time and space. The dreams seemed to come simultaneously. There is no way to explain it. Have you ever had five dreams at the same time? Multiply that by twenty.

Yes, twenty.

From fire breathing dragons to slimy, slinking beasts and blood drenched armies, I was caught up in a hundred stories. I knew I was dreaming. I couldn't make the dreams stop. I couldn't.

.....

Something jolted me. I sprang up to find myself in another room. The round bed was warm and fluffy. Everything was white. White curtains draped all the way from the ceiling down to the floor. I got up quickly. There was no other person in this room. Everything wowed me in this place.

"You'll never get used to this." Zedek startled me. "It is time. We will go through time and space. You will be exposed to worlds

beyond your wildest imagination. You will witness events and even take part in some.”

“Why?”

“Your generation needs perspective. You stand on a precarious balance and it is up to you to show them their history. How does your specie say it? “If you do not know where you are coming from, you will not know where you should go.”

“Your world is plagued with many troubles. I’m bothered that the issues that overwhelm it will keep your race drowning in shallow waters. There are conflicts coming. You are preoccupied with the mundane inanities. You’re chasing after shadows and ignoring substance. You hunger for that which will not fill you and ignore true food. You brag about vanities and loathe wisdom. You’re impressed with wind and enamoured by the superficial. How be it, wisdom stands by and calls out. Will your generation answer?”

“But these things you speak of are too wonderful to even comprehend. How do I convince a world that depends on data? How do I persuade people who need facts and figures?”

Zedek smiled that gentle smile.

I did not know what else to tell him as I stared at the stupendous splendour that surrounded us. Who would believe my report?

Zedek clapped and a vision appeared before my eyes. It looked like a hologram. Its images were crisp and clear. I could see an elephant standing on all fours. Six men groped around trying to grab a hold of it. I knew the story of the blind men who tried to

Chronicles of Zedek: Genesis

describe an elephant. I knew that each of them could only feel different parts of the elephant's body.

"I know the story of the blind men and the elephant." I announced.

"Of course you do." Zedek sounded irritated.

"Who is that man on the far left?" I queried, as I noticed another man standing away from the elephant and waving his arms frantically."

"These six blind men fumbling around the elephant represent people who believe in the supernatural but do not understand it. They have had a glimpse of it and they narrow their worldview to their experience. The man on the far left throwing his arms around is the man who will deal only with facts. The trouble is, he has his back to the elephant. As far as he is concerned, there is no elephant." Zedek paused to see if I understood.

I nodded slowly.

"Over there," he pointed to the far right. There was another man in flowing white apparel. A child sat at his feet and listened intently as he spoke.

"Who is that?" I asked, genuinely curious.

"He made the elephant. He owns the elephant. He knows the elephant. Unless you sit at his feet and learn, you will never truly understand the beast. If you leave his presence, you can always return to get more data with understanding and wisdom. You can now teach others about the elephant even if you cannot see

it. And when you do touch the elephant, you will appreciate it a lot better. Facts and wisdom complement each other. However, today, people believe in one and ignore the other.”

“So, it’s important to meet the maker.”

“Precisely. Truth be told, some things cannot be seen. They must be revealed. Neither experience should be exclusive of the other.”

Zedek had that look again. I must have been wide-eyed.

“Now, you are ready.” Zedek smiled. “Let’s go.”

First, there were very bright flashes of light. I shut my eyes and lowered my head. Then, I heard a loud explosion. I opened my eyes to see...

5. KATORG

Bodies.

Dead bodies.

There was no way to ascertain the number. They were everywhere. Mangled forms and dismembered body parts littered as far as my eyes could see. The putrid stench of decaying flesh filled the air. It was too much for me to handle.

I puked.

I watched helplessly as vultures settled in and tore up rotting flesh. I made to ward off the scavenging birds but I knew my efforts would be wasted. I halted.

Why am I here? I whispered to myself. What is this? Is this a vision? A trance?

“No.” Zedek loved to make an entrance. His deep voice boomed from somewhere above. I raised my head to see him standing in a golden chariot. Two white, fire-breathing stallions pulled the chariot as they stayed suspended in mid-air.

Zedek was not in his regular white apparel. He wore silver armour that glittered in the sun. His eyes were two flaming balls of fire. He did not look like he was about to give any advice.

“This is Katorg. We’re at the aftermath of the Battle of Fire.”

“Everyone is dead.” Those were the saddest words I had ever spoken. “How could this have happened?”

“You are here to learn one of the most vital lessons of life,” Zedek continued. I wondered why he chose to speak to me from that elevated position.

“Come up!” Zedek ordered. Of course, he could read my thoughts. Before I could argue or say anything, I found myself in the chariot. I was about to register my opinion on the sudden movement when I saw things from his perspective. The carnage was worse than I had thought. The sea of corpses stretched for miles and miles in every direction.

“This was a massacre.” I managed to put words together.

“Yes.”

“What happened?”

“Several billions of years ago, in the Fore-earth, there...”

“Sorry, sorry,” I cut in. “What is Fore-earth?”

“The earth, before the first apocalypse that destroyed all life on earth. The earth as you know it now was not always like this. In pre-historic years there were civilizations you have only speculated about. This battle has been lost but the war has just begun.”

“What is the lesson here?” I asked, still in shock.

Chronicles of Zedek: Genesis

“Pick your battles...” Zedek did not look at me.

“Well, I knew that already,” I cut in again. I didn’t mean to be rude, but some things were just common sense any way.

“Did you?” He mocked. “So did these men.” He pointed at the sea of corpses. “Among them are some of the finest warriors the earth had ever seen. They knew to pick their battles. They just missed the word you stopped me from adding.”

I was embarrassed already.

“‘Carefully.’ Pick your battles carefully.”

“By now, you must think that I’m stupid.”

“You made the diagnosis,” he replied, raising his eyebrows.

“So, what really happened?”

“In the Fore-earth, the rivalry between two great kingdoms had raged for over a decade. The people of Swarge had pent up hatred for the citizens of Katorg. So the Creator sent one of His most revered princes to bring peace to the earth. That prince was Helel, son of the dawn. The king of the Swargenes had hired an army of mercenaries against Katorg. Some of the most feared warriors and mercenaries joined ranks with him and they began a series of battles that would rage for years. However, the Swargenes fell to the superior military might of the Katorgis, over and over again. Then, after a few years of peace and quiet, the Swargene King made a proposal – a final battle to decide supremacy once and for all time. Whoever lost this battle would

be slaves to the conquerors forever. Confident, the generals of the Katorgi army convinced their king that the battle would be won decisively. They did not attempt to inquire as to the source of the Swargenes' confidence. They didn't know that the Swargene King had formed an alliance with the Archangel Helel. Employing dark magic and aided by dragons and dinosaurs, the Swargenes unleashed mayhem."

"But..." I began. "The archangel Helel is one of the mighty three. He is one of Heaven's finest."

"He was." Zedek had that distant look in his eyes. "He was." Looking into my eyes, he added, "Come. One of my instructions is to reveal life in the Fore-earth and how your kind is on a very dangerous path that could lead to annihilation. But not now. Now, you must catch a glimpse of something else."

With that, Zedek tapped the chariot and the horses shot through the skies into a celestial portal.

6. SONS OF GOD: WAR IN HEAVEN

“We are just in time,” Zedek said, as we appeared in a vast, expansive and indescribably magnificent hall. Somehow, I recognized the beings before me. Judges, elders, priests, angels, archangels, Hayoths (The Four living Creatures) and beings from a hundred other heavenly races went about their business with a sense of urgency.

Resplendent and absolutely breath-taking, the hall stretched hundreds of thousands miles beyond what my eyes could see. Soon, everyone had taken their seats. The order was impeccable. The beauty was indescribable. I felt powerful energies radiate around me. Something nudged me to look towards the north. A massive throne sat high, about two dimensions away from where we were. There was no way of accurately describing time, distance or dimensions in this realm.

“Where are we?” I whispered to Zedek.

“We’re in the Hall of Gathering.”

“What is happening?” I asked.

“Every cycle of the Merge, the sons of God gather to give their report,” he responded without looking at me.

“What is the Merge?” I was full of questions.

Turning to me, his eyes practically oozing with affection, Zedek placed a hand on my shoulder. “The answers are in the scroll.

You are here to observe this.”

He turned and pointed his finger at a magnificent angel. “That is Helel, son of the dawn.”

.....

Helel rose up to give his report, his purple cape flowing behind him. The prince’s massive frame radiated the glory from Yahweh. His finely chiselled face was expressionless as he began to ascend the stairs to the throne. No one had ever approached the throne uninvited before. No one had ever gone up without Yahweh’s instruction. The protocol from the ages had been to wait until summoned up.

A thousand leagues, it was rumoured, from the first step below to the throne above. No one dared go past the first fifty leagues. But Helel kept on. He walked through the silver clouds that floated over the first hundred Leagues.

Hayoth, the First suddenly stood before Helel as he made his ascent. Twenty feet of flaming glory suspended in the air with powerful golden wings clamping his frame from his waist to his feet. His feet glowed like freshly burnished gold. His face, fierce. His eyes, fiery.

“Make way,” Helel whispered beneath his breath.

“Thus far; no further.” Hayoth, the First was firm.

“Then, I will cut you down!” Helel reached for his sword.

Chronicles of Zedek: Genesis

Just then the archangel Michael flew between them, his powerful frame barricading Helel from the Hayoth.

“Helel! What is this that you do?” Michael whispered as he confronted the Prince of the Dawn.

“I will present my case before Him,” Helel spoke through clenched teeth.

“You do not know what you say. No one can ascend these stairs except he whom Yahweh summons.”

“I have walked the coals of fire. I have walked the holy mountain. I can ascend any stair I want to. Michael, refrain from restraining me.”

“If you have any grievances, I adjure you to bring them before the Elders. But do not take any further step.”

“Elders? What Elders? Have they walked the realm of mortals? Do they command nations?”

“You speak truth, brother; you speak truth. How then are you discontent? You have nations at your beck and call. Our brothers are content with uninhabited planets and lifeless galaxies.”

“Michael, I AM the covering cherub!”

“You are but a cherub. You are not I AM!”

“Am I not a god? Are we not gods, Michael?”

“Have the Neanderthal nations filled your heart with such pride that you forget who and where you are?”

“They worship me!”

“You are but an angel. You should not be worshipped!”

“I know who I am. I know what I can do!” Helel raged. “I will ascend into heaven. I will exalt my throne above the stars of God; I will also sit on the mount of the congregation on the farthest sides of the north; I will ascend above the heights of the clouds. I will be like the Most High!”

“Treason!” Michael roared, as he drew his sword from the golden scabbard that clamped his waist. Legions of angels instantly followed suit as they also unsheathed their swords in one swift, fluid motion that the human eye could barely catch.

In a split second, thousands of other angels flung back their robes. Their chests had holes in them, where something circular ought to have been. Their eyes were menacing.

“One more step, and Dvar Hashem will obliterate you. Surrender and stand trial!” Michael positioned his sword just beneath Helel’s chin. “One move and I’ll sever your head, brother.”

Helel smiled. “You call me brother, yet you want my head.”

“And you call Him Father, but you want His throne!” Michael was enraged.

Helel snickered. “I won’t just have the throne, I will place mine

Chronicles of Zedek: Genesis

above it!" Helel screamed as one depraved.

Then the battle began. Michael's angels engaged the rebels in the fiercest battle ever, as swords and scimitars clashed and clanged, and eerie screams filled the abode of divinity. Puffs of smoke exploded around the Hall of Gathering as the rebels used sorcery and the armies of the Lord fought in array.

Michael held his breath as he scanned the upheaval that had erupted before his eyes. He turned around to see Hecate, one of his finest warriors, going up the Mountain of God. The guards that lined the path to the Plateau of the Living Flames were soldiers loyal to Helel and they granted him passage. Quickly, Hecate pulled out a slim bottle of elixir from his robe. Then he scooped up some coals with a jar from the nearby altar. Pouring the elixir into the jar of coals from the altar of the living flames, Hecate raised the jar as thick purple smoke erupted from within it.

Michael noticed that Hecate was muttering something under his breath and he immediately signalled a thousand of his finest captains to hold the fort on the Plateau of the Crystal Sea. Swift moved quickly as Hecate made for the sea.

"You won't go any further!" Swift snarled with indignation. "What has come over you?"

"We fight for your freedom. A drop of this into the waters of the Crystal Sea and the very spring of life will dry up. Yahweh will cease to be immortal. We will be our own lords!"

"You speak like a deranged fool!" Swift took a swipe at Hecate

with his flaming sword. Hecate dodged dexterously as he balanced the smoking jar in one hand and reached for his sword with the other.

“Hold back.”

Swift froze, unsure of what he just heard.

“Stand back and see the salvation of Yahweh.”

It was Yah Ruach’s voice, as clear as day. Swift held his sword back as he watched Hecate make his way up the Mountain till he reached the Plateau of the Crystal Sea. Michael’s other soldiers must have received the same instruction as they all stepped away from the obviously insane Hecate who half-ran and half-flew to the shores of the Crystal Sea. Muttering some more words, Hecate emptied the content of the vial into the Sea. No one was ready for what happened next. The Crystal Sea began to boil and bubble as the ground beneath them began to quake. Without warning, the sea spat a torrent of water, the purple elixir and burning coals right back at Hecate, forming a cakey mould that pinned him to the ground. The terror on Hecate’s face betrayed his deepest fears.

Helel let out a loud growl as he pulled two slim bottles of the same purple elixir from his robe and began to chant.

“What foolery is this?” Michael asked, absolutely astonished at Helel and the ritual he was performing.

“There are secrets you have no idea about. Today, this kingdom falls and mine rises!” Helel growled as he smashed the bottles

Chronicles of Zedek: Genesis

of elixir on the floor and two large clouds of smoke began to ascend.

“There is no enchantment against Yahweh; no divination against Dvar Hashem!” Michael roared. Just then, a transparent dome appeared. It locked in Helel and the elixir smoke. He was trapped.

Helel sneered as he chanted inaudibly and clapped his hands with glee. In a flash he vanished into thin air.

“Yah-Ruach,” Michael prayed. “What sorcery is this? Strengthen my hands and the wings behind me. Teach my hands to war and my fingers to fight.”

“It is only an illusion, Michael,” Yah-Ruach whispered, ever so softly. “Helel is defeated.”

Suddenly, Michael began to glow. The power of Yahweh surged through his body as the golden sword began to glitter with such celestial glory.

“And now, I give you a new tongue...”

Michael opened his mouth and began to give orders in a language he had not learned. Thrusting his sword into the space in front of him, he screamed, “For Yahweh and Dvar Hashem!”

Three hundred million angels echoed the charge with renewed vigour as they glowed like a million suns darting through space.

Helel screamed in agony as he materialized, Michael’s sword piercing his side.

“What language do you speak?” He screamed in pain from the impact of the golden sword.

“There is only one True and Wise God.” Michael smiled, pulling his sword out of his brother’s side. “He reigns. You fall.” With that, Michael lunged at Helel with the fury of a thousand warriors. Swords clashed as they fought fiercely. Courage confronted danger as light continued to grow.

Helel wielded his scimitar with the deft swordsmanship of a seasoned fighter. Michael sailed on, pushing him to the centre of the Hall of Gathering. Helel raged. Michael pushed. Helel and his band of rebels did not see that they had been surrounded. Three hundred million angels glowing like the sun pushed the horde of dissidents into a tight circle till they mashed up in a ball.

There was lightning and thunder from the throne. The heavens quaked and the courts trembled. The Glory from the Throne erupted, flowing outwards, wave after wave. Flashes of lightning blasted as claps of thunder caused the heavens to tremble. Yah-Ruach moved upon the hosts of heaven as everyone fell to their faces. Hecate was flung face down from the Plateau of the Living Flames. He landed with a crash at Helel’s side.

Dvar Hashem began to proceed from Yahweh as the glory of the Father filled the court. Dvar Hashem rose above the company of angels as the morning stars began to sound their trumpets.

Clearing his throat, Dvar Hashem fixed his eyes on Helel. “Why have you done this great wickedness and sinned against God? Were you not little in your own eyes when I anointed you prince? You have sinned against Heaven and against Yahweh. There is

Chronicles of Zedek: Genesis

no room for you here anymore. Cast him to the outer darkness!”

“So it shall be written.” Gabriel lifted his sword.

“So it shall be done.” Michael raised his sword.

In a crazy spin, Michael grabbed Helel and his cohorts in the winds from his wings, and flung them out of the Presence of Yahweh, into the outer darkness.

Helel screamed in agony as he tore through time and space, the eerie screams of his fellow rebels driving him crazy. He set his eyes on the little blue planet in the Milky Way, three worlds away from its sun. Raging with fury, he and his cohorts cast themselves upon Earth, destroying every living thing on it, and unleashing catastrophe. Nothing survived. Not dinosaurs, not gnats. All that was left was chaos. It had no form. It was void.

Tohu-Bohu.

.....

My face was drenched in tears. I stood in shock and watched creation in tumult as its groans reverberated across eons and generations. I looked enquiringly at Zedek.

He squeezed my shoulder and whispered, “There is more, my friend. There is more.”

7. THE BATTLE AT MORIAH

Zedek and I shot through another portal. It felt like we were bursting through time into compartments of eternity-past. As we glided through time and space, it felt good to turn and see Zedek right by my side. It's funny how just some time ago he was a total stranger I had been benevolent to. Now he had become my travel companion and the revelator of deep things I never knew.

Without warning, we hit the ground with a thud. I opened my eyes expecting the brilliance of the celestial region we just left. This place was anything but brilliant. Darkness pervaded its atmosphere. I heard eerie sounds in the distance. Rising to my feet, I turned to look at Zedek. He had his serious face on and his eyes were set on something in the distance. Following his line of sight, my eyes settled on a massive tower.

I was bothered. Where were we? What were we doing here? The air was cold; the ground was hard and an annoying wind blew, tossing dry leaves and debris in the air.

"Where is this?" I ventured.

"This is Moriah, the dark planet." Zedek sounded like a sage speaking deep mysteries to a protégé. "And that's the Dark Tower," he added before I could ask him.

"Why are we here?" I quizzed.

"This is where Helel broke his Assur."

Chronicles of Zedek: Genesis

“Assur? What is that?” My eyes were still on the Dark Tower.

Zedek did not respond.

I knew where I could find the answer. It was in the scroll. The scroll had to be a storehouse of information or, perhaps, revelation. Then it occurred to me that I was not conscious of holding it any more. I looked down at my hands just to be sure, but they were empty. I became apprehensive. Just then, the most amazing thing started to happen. Slowly, an armour of gold began to form all over my body. I gasped, perplexed and amazed at the same time. I raised my head to see that I was alone. The apprehension heightened as I did not know why Zedek would leave me by myself in this strange place.

That was when the howling started. I felt chills creep up my spine as the howling beasts competed to out-scream one another. My heart rate increased. The eerie and creepy yelps got louder as I heard approaching footfalls.

“Zedek!” I cried in fear and trepidation. My chest rose and fell as my heart threatened to rip its way out of my torso. I turned to run but my foot tripped over something, causing me to go crashing on my face. I looked to see what caused my fall. A round gold shield sat somewhat awkwardly by my foot. Beside it was a double-edged silver sword. Its hilt was made of pure gold and the head of a lion stared back at me from it.

As I contemplated what the shield and the sword were for, I felt something whoosh past me. From where I lay, I could see the fletching and nock of an arrow. What was going on did not register in my mind until I heard what seemed like a volley of

arrows fly into the skies. Instinctively, I made for the shield and the sword. I raised the shield over my head just fast enough to escape the arrow rain that fell. For about ten seconds, arrows pinged all around me. I could hear them hit my shield and fall off. Then the earth began to quake. Angered by uncertainty and unwilling to die without I fight, I rose defiantly, shield in left arm and brandishing the sword in my right. I could see a large army in the distance. Horses neighing, the army charged in my direction. I stood my ground. I could not tell whether it was courage or the fact that I could not outrun the army I saw approaching. As the army drew closer, I did the unthinkable: I ran towards the approaching warriors.

Belting out a loud yell, I crashed shield-first into a sea of extra-terrestrial warriors. Swinging my sword with seasoned dexterity, I cut through soldier after soldier after soldier as they disappeared in puffs of smoke. Oscillating between sword and shield, I blocked and cut, blocked and cut, sometimes taking out more than three soldiers in one strike as I yelled. Soon a circle of hesitant soldiers formed around me. That was when I got a good look at them. They were the fiercest fighters I had ever seen. They had the heads of beasts and the frame of men. The shortest of them stood about twenty feet tall and dwarfed me in comparison. I swallowed hard. What in the world gave me the guts to fight these beasts? Why did I think I could take them out? Just one punch from them would send me to the emergency ward. Then, one of them growled. I could feel the chill climb up my stiff spine. Nah. I could not do this. I had to get away. My shield had begun to feel heavy. I dropped it.

“Charge!” one of them yelled.

Chronicles of Zedek: Genesis

Just the sight of the vicious looks on their faces, the thundering echoes of their battle cry and the way the ground quaked when they advanced threw me into fresh trepidation. I could not do this anymore. Utterly terrified, I shut my eyes and screamed the only word that came to me: "JESUS!"

Sudden silence.

I raised my head to see myriad weapons inches away from striking me. Swords, scimitars, mattocks and battle axes were seconds from decapitating me. Slowly, I wove my way from beneath the weapons and out of the circle. Standing back, I wondered why they were frozen. The whole thing was the most surreal experience yet.

"Why did you doubt?"

I turned quickly to see Zedek standing a few feet from me, arms akimbo.

"Why did you leave me?" I retorted. "Did you want me to die?"

"You fought so well. So bravely, I must add. Why did you doubt?"

I did not have any answer, but it was such a relief to see him again.

"Come here," he motioned to me. I hurried to his side and from his vantage point, I could see more clearly. The entire stretch of land was filled with warring angels. I could see Michael and some of his angel companions from the Hall of Gathering. They stood with weapons drawn.

“You were never alone. You are never alone.” Zedek raised his voice. “As long as your faith is intact, your victory is certain. Why did you drop your shield?” He waited for my answer.

I remained quiet.

“You dropped your faith because you began to focus on your enemies.” Zedek paused. “Whether you call them enemies or haters, you miss a lot when you focus on them and not on your assignment. Your mission was to combat them, not admire them. You had reinforcements you knew nothing about. Remember, those that are with you are always more than those against you. When you place your focus on the enemy, you forget that you already have the victory. When you know that you have won the war already, the battle becomes a mere skirmish where you enforce your victory.”

Zedek took a deep breath, but he was not done yet.

“You cannot afford to be distracted. There is so much dependent on your present position, and it has a chain effect. If you had any idea how many lives are dependent on your obedience and perseverance, you would put your all into EVERYTHING you do. Like I told you, you were born for such a time as this.”

I was quiet as I let his words sink in. Zedek kept on talking and mentioned some things he forbade me from discussing with anyone. I listened with rapt attention as he began to unveil some of the secrets of the ages to me.

“I had never fought with a sword before today. I was amazed at how natural I was with the shield,” I blurted out.

Chronicles of Zedek: Genesis

Zedek smiled.

“The sword is the Word; the shield is faith - you already know this. In these realms, once you’re skilled with the sword, the shield will kick in automatically. The Word will always birth faith.”

I was quiet again.

“So, why are we here?” I asked.

Zedek pointed at the Dark Tower.

“Some very deep things have been revealed to you. This tower was literally the turning point in the course of eternity. The brief actions that happened here billions of years before the first man was created have pulled man into the centre of a war that has raged for ages. This war will end soon. However, mankind is oblivious to these things. Your assignment, should you choose to accept it, is to give the world the backstory and prepare earth for what is to come.”

My heart began to race with excitement. I was not sure I wanted to be the courier of such crucial information. I did not even think I was the right person for the job. I opened my mouth to argue but no words came out.

Zedek had that fatherly smile again.

“You will do just fine.” He patted me on the back. “He that called you believes you are well able to do this task and to finish it.”

“So, when do I get this backstory?”

“You already have it, my friend.” Zedek held my shoulders. “Oh, one more thing.”

With that Zedek clapped his hands and everything went blank.

8. DAUGHTER OF HALO

Help us!

Help us!

“Save us! Save us!” I could hear the blood-curdling shrieks of desperation that seemed to echo from hollow places. I stood on a plateau overlooking several mountain tops. Thick clouds floated past me and my vision was hazy. I did not know how I got there or how I could leave. With laboured breath, I groped on all fours. Then I heard the voice of a woman cutting through the air. Her shrill cries cut my heart in shreds. Somehow, I leapt from cliff to cliff, following her voice, till I stood a few feet away from the scene.

I saw the woman running as wolves chased after her. Behind the wolves was a shoal of men bearing clubs and rocks, baying for blood. Without any warning, the woman turned to face the beasts. Everything seemed to pause for a split second, then the wolves leapt into the air. That was when I witnessed the absolutely amazing phenomenon. The woman let out a loud yell. A force field froze the beasts in the air. I watched their fur fry till they looked like dressed chicken. Then in a moment they burst into a million splinters. I was as shocked as the men who chased after her.

The woman stood in defiance as about fifty formerly angry, now shocked men looked on. Nobody moved a muscle.

“Leave us alone,” the woman barked. I could hear the anger and

agony in her voice.

The men stood still. No one spoke a word. Then one after the other, they began to turn around and walk away.

I heaved a sigh of relief. Perhaps my sigh came a second too early.

The woman had hardly turned her back when one of the men threw a rock at her sending her falling flat on her face. The violence that followed was heart-wrenching.

In a fit of fury, I made to leap from the cliff, wielding my sword and screaming with everything in me. I hit a glass divide and slid back to the cold, hard ground.

“You’re merely an observer; you cannot intervene,” Zedek said quietly.

He had appeared from nowhere. Again.

“Who is she? Why do they want her dead?” I had more questions.

Zedek did not respond.

“Why can’t I intervene?”

“You’re merely watching a scene that has taken place several thousands of years ago. You cannot rewrite history or change its outcome.”

“So why am I seeing it?”

Chronicles of Zedek: Genesis

“This is one of the most important stories in your earth’s history. That woman showed a degree of bravery and commitment that your generation must be reminded of.”

“She said ‘us.’ Who was she referring to?”

Zedek held my shoulders again. His eyes looked teary.

“She was pregnant.” He paused. “The child she carried was special and crucial to the survival of a nation. Her child was Kofo- Daughter of Halo. She would later grow up in one of the most difficult periods in the history of humanity. Your race may have forgotten her but our kingdom remembers and honours her bravery.

“That story will wait for another time.

“Now, you must return.”

.....

It all came back to me.

I sat on my bed looking at the scroll. In all of my life, I had never been so uncertain. The throbbing in my head had become a low, steady beat. I got off the bed and staggered to the bathroom. Quickly, I brushed my teeth and washed my face, unsure of what to do next. Pictures from the night before flashed through my mind. It seemed to me that I had experienced more in one night than in my entire lifetime. Taking a deep breath, I walked towards the nightstand and picked the scroll.

The dreams from Salome lined up in my mind, in order. I could tell distinctly what had happened in all those times. I knew people, places and occurrences with profound clarity. However, I was more curious about the content of this scroll than ever.

With unsteady hands, I broke the seal. Immediately, flashes of lightning and billows of thunder broke out within my room. I heard voices singing and worshipping the Lamb that sat on the throne. I fell on my knees as the lightning continued. I could hear angelic voices glorify the Lamb that conquered and opened all the seals; the Lamb that allowed mortals to open other seals; the Lamb that died, yet lived forever. I could hear the song they sang in worship of the Lamb of God. The words stayed with me and I knew I had to give the song to the world.

Then, I heard a voice say, “Rise up, open the scroll for the time has come to show to the nations the secret of the ages. Arise. Open.”

Tears welled up in my eyes as I reached for the scroll that had slipped out of my hands. Slowly, I opened it. The title was printed in bold red letters.

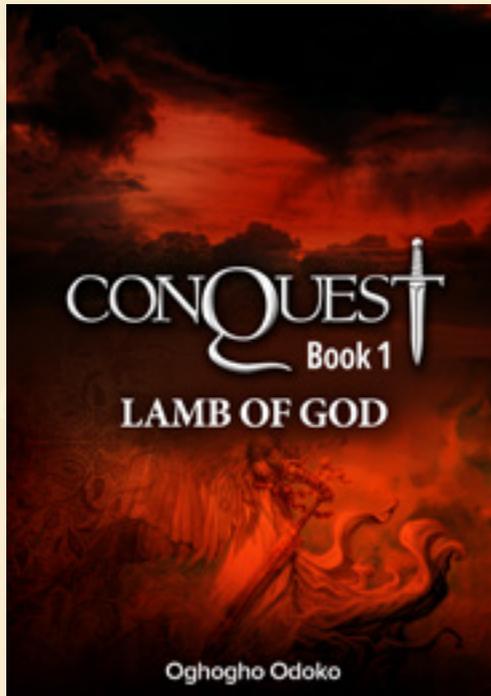
One word:

CONQUEST.

Get the title track from Conquest Soundtrack album for free: <https://my.notjustok.com/track/182744/doks-ft-frances-lamb-of-god>

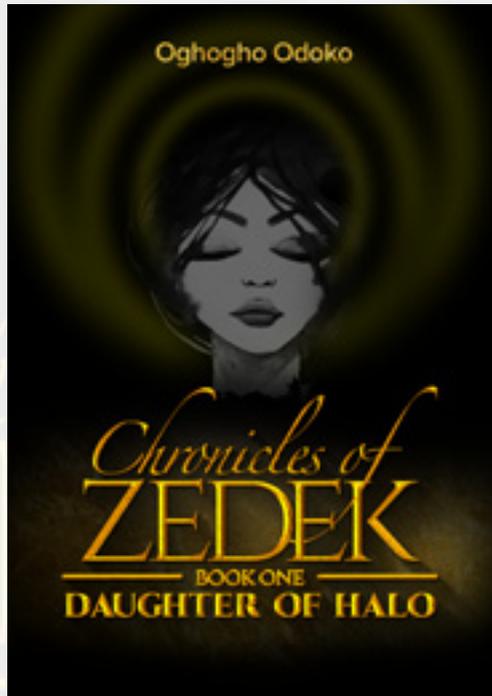


Conquest: Lamb Of God is the First Book in the ***Conquest*** Series and one of the Sequels To ***Chronicles Of Zedek: Genesis***.



More at: www.conquesttrilogy.com

Daughter of Halo is the first book in the ***Chronicles of Zedek*** series and one of the sequels to ***Chronicles of Zedek: Genesis***.





Kome Sefia's life is interrupted after his encounter with an unlikely visitor from another dispensation literally throws him out of this world and everything he knows. We are sucked through celestial portals into some of the most intriguing events that shaped our world. Perhaps our understanding of the universe is not quite accurate...