

# The Solomon Chronicles: Revisions

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The Solomon Chronicles The Solomon Chronicles Book II "Revisions" By

D. R. Pedraza

*For Ray Pedrazine Jr. Though you may be gone you will forever be a part of my life. And Lesley, Thank you for reminding me that time and distance are no boundaries for true friendship.*

*In memory of my father Richard G. Pedrazine Sr. and Mr. Elias Guerra*

Prologue: The End of the Beginning

***"And out of the south comes  
the one permitted access to  
my book, for he shall be of  
King's blood and carry the  
mark of the savior. He shall  
take thy received gifts and  
unlock my holdings, which  
reside in the caves of the  
race of the Great Guanche  
King. Overcome the imposter  
he must, for if the blood of  
Mal Soon fail, so shall any  
chance for mankind."***

***Xavier Benedicto, Monk of the***

***Order of Knights Templar***

**1414 A.D.** 1414 A.D.

Aaron of Tours

Agnault of Jerusalem was the great, great, great, great grandson of Abraham of Jerusalem. Abraham was kidnapped at the sacking of the Temple of Jerusalem in 66 A.D. He was charged with the protection of the treasures of Solomon (to the Romans: *Jewel of the Jews*), which included the Key of Solomon; that great mystery which all seek and all oppose, the Key that opens all doors to God; the Lineage of Solomon.

Abraham was taken back to Rome, along with his wife, and they propagated the generations that followed so as to provide the male Jewish heir to protect the treasure.

Agnault had no heir upon his sudden demise. Some said it was poison but nothing was ever proven.

The only Jew that Roman Emperor Avitus could trust, for even he knew of the importance of the items, was Imen, the bastard son of his daughter Papinilla.

My father, Imen of Tours, was born in 434 AD. He was made Protector of the *Jewels of the Jews* when he was twelve-years old. His father, of pure Jewish stock, was only fifteen years old when, upon the Emperor finding Papinilla pregnant at the age of thirteen, he was executed.

As I said, my father Imen was only twelve-years old when he inherited this job. Some thirty years later, as the wars with Chlodovicus, who you may know as Clovis I, were coming to a close, the Roman General Sygnus summoned my father to Gaul. I traveled with him there.

A meeting was set up the night before the final battle that included both opposing commanders, King Chlodovicus and General Sygnus. When Imen was summoned I was instructed to attend with him. Once inside, my father was instructed to remove the contents of the box that had been in possession of the Romans for over four hundred years.

Everyone, to include General Sygnus, were seeing the contents for the first time. I cannot tell you what they looked like as we all swore secrecy but I can tell you that they are indeed the *Keys of Solomon*.

The General explained their origins and the eons old promise to return them to the proper line when the time came.

Chlodovicus countered that he was not of the Christian faith and that he did not believe.

General Sygnus then told him that he would soon have a conversion and that the *Jewels of the Jews* would then pass to their rightful heir.

They argued for some time over the matter of the possession and when that was settled, General Sygnus asked that they take my father and I as holders of the Jewels, to keep them under close protection.

King Chlodovicus insisted on only one Jew within his inner circle and he got his way.

My father insisted that, because of my young age, I go with the king so that I may serve him in a longer capacity. Both the King and General Sygnus agreed.

That night my father and I said our last goodbyes. He passed the plain wooden box to me and we prayed for guidance.

The next day, near Soissons, King Chlodovicus defeated General Sygnus and the last standing Roman Army in Gaul. It was a quick, bloody battle.

Seven years later, in 493, King Chlodovicus met and fell in love with Clotilda, the Christian daughter of the King of Burgundy.

Within two weeks of their meeting, the King called me to travel with him to her Kingdom. On our travels, the King informed me that, while I would still serve him, I was now the property of his wife to be, Clotilda.

Her family, of the Royal Merovingian Line, was the one family who should control such items as they were of *the* Royal Blood.

He explained how the words of General Sygnus echoed in his mind and, through the years, how he had been pursuing the Merovingian line.

We actually grew quite fond of each other in our time together so it was not without sadness that I was leaving his service, indentured as it was.

It was on a dark night that the king and I made our way to Province, the sacred land once owned by the Holy Cather's. Upon her request, we met the princess in the subtle darkness of a high moon.

After their initial greetings, King Chlodovicus called me to them. I held out the Holy Box as I approached. The king apparently told the princess the story of the General and his forewarning words as she stood with her mouth agape. I stopped in between them.

King Chlodovicus took the box from my hand and, in the old tongue said: "Here I give you that which was stolen from the palace of your King of Kings. I have avenged your God and I beseech you that he look upon me favorably."

The princess reached out and slowly opened the box. Suddenly, light as bright as any star blasted from the box and showered the forest with constant illumination.

As the princess fell backward, I quickly joined her on the ground and the king, who was still holding the box, was frozen stiff as if held in trance.

Light spilled out of the box as an apparition began to appear to the princess and I. For reasons I still do not understand, neither of use were fearful. The image cleared and I knew immediately who was calling upon us.

"I am Solomon, Son of David, King of Israel and Judeah and I have chosen you to perform a lifelong task!" the apparition boomed.

The princess scrambled to her knees. "I am here to do thy bidding, Holy Son of David," she said in the old tongue.

"Your family will have thy own task, Princess of the Merovingian's," Solomon boomed. "But you,

Keeper of the Keys, rise and stand before me.”

I looked at the wide-eyed princess, who was no older than myself. She nodded with her head for me to stand. I did so and came to stand in front of the glowing king.

“Kneel and take my command, Aaron of Tours,” Solomon said calmly.

I did as commanded and knelt at his feet.

“Aaron of the two bloods, protector of my key, you have been chosen to keep the holdings of my fathers father and his fathers father safe. You will be the link to future events and you will battle for God,” Solomon said.

“Great King Solomon, I am but a humble man, great majesty. I am no warrior, but my death in preservation of your Holy Key I will give if you so ask.”

Solomon looked upon Aaron with love in his eyes. “Stand, Aaron of Tours.”

I came to stand before the historic King of Jerusalem. “Your Majesty,” I said.

Solomon reached out his right hand and engulfed the top of my head. He smiled broadly at the sweet touch of skin and hair of this future immortal.

“Aaron of Tours, he of two bloods. You *will* protect my holdings for a thousand and some years. Be not joyful at the prospect of long life. You will be the Protector of God, therefore, many enemies abound. As time passes, you will be supplied with the tools necessary to succeed in this endeavor and thou shalt protect my past and my future blood, for God will not be disappointed. As the message brought upon my birth by my brother the prophet Nathan to my Holy Mother Bathsheba said, I say now: ‘because of the lord’. Take hold of that which I giveth thee.”

Solomon closed his eyes and mumbled three words. Pulses of blue energy passed through his mighty hand and into Aaron. “Feed off me so that you may liveth and protect. Look again into the face of your sister and mother, they who gave their lives for you so that you may live to serve our God and, most importantly, do not forget their sacrifice.”

My mind was abuzz with the input of knowledge flowing from King Solomon. I closed my eyes and accepted the divine gift and within minutes it was over. Slowly I opened my eyes. I changed mentally *and* physically. I looked down at my body and saw that clearly I was one hundred stones heavier. My arms and legs, now bundled with muscles never imagined, matched the new intellect in my head.

“I understand, my king,” I said.

Solomon smiled broadly as a father would at his newborn. He turned his attention to the future Queen of the

Merovingian's. “Come Princess, let us converse.” He opened a glowing arm to her and she allowed him to usher her a few feet away.

As they spoke I marveled at my new physique. Minutes passed and when the queen returned, she did so alone. The box from whence King Solomon emanated was still aglow, though not nearly as bright, and was still in the hands of frozen King Chlodovicus.

“My Lord Aaron,” the princess said. “It seems we have our orders. You will be protected by myself, and every branch of my family for as long as our House is able to do so.”

“Thank you, my lady,” I replied with confidence and grace. “What about the King?” I asked pointing at King Chlodovicus.

“When we close the box, he will be as he was and he will be none the wiser. I will tell him what he needs to know after our kingdoms are united,” Clotilda said firmly.

We both approached the king and I reached out and took the box away from him and closed it.

“Well, let’s get on with this,” King Chlodovicus said suddenly.

suddenly.

The sacrosanct box stayed within my possession until the death of King Chlodovicus in 511 A.D. wherein it was hidden within his tomb. There it remained for some two-score until I removed it to the tomb of the recently deceased King Dagobert in 639.

The time between the death of King Dagobert and the rise to the throne of Charlemagne the Great was tumultuous. The Mayor of Palace, Pepin the Short, overthrew the Merovingian's in 751 and the tomb of King Dagobert was no longer safe. I used my free time to hone the knowledge given to me and I practiced the magical arts to bring the Sacred Key to me. I then used my influence to bring Charles to the throne in 768 and I helped him reign with an iron fist.

Charlemagne moved the throne to Aix-la-Chapelle, back to the Holy land of the Cathars and I persuaded him to bring the brightest minds to his court. By the year 800, I helped to maneuver his majesty into a history-altering event, his crowing as Emperor of the Romans by Pope Leo III.

Wars of succession erupted throughout Europe over the next three hundred years, as kingdoms were broken up by ignorant, evil sons, I found myself putting out fires in all of them. I personally kept the Key with me throughout this time, as I was its best defense. I could trust no one, as those who would seek out the Key now were aware of my existence though knew not my face. There is something to having a reputation.

To throw off my pursuers I magically placed an inscription on the headstone of King Dagobert that would confound all who read it:

TO DAGOBERT II KING AND TO SION BELONGS THIS TREASURE WHERE HE IS THERE DEAD.

This was the end of the Merovingian dynasty for a while.

So it was in 1095 that Pope Urban II called for the first crusade to free our brother Christians from the Seljuk Turks in the Holy Land. More importantly, it was a way to recapture the throne of Solomon and bring the Key to its rightful place.

I then gathered those brothers who I trusted most, the great-grandchildren of the Revered Dynasty. I enlisted Godfroi de Bouillon and those kinsmen whom we both trusted and the seven of us made our way to recapture Jerusalem. We named ourselves in the memory of Dagobert and the message I left eons before. To ourselves we were known as Prieure de Sion.

With an army of twenty-two thousand we retook the holy city and set up our council and our cover. Fueled by our Holy coffers, we returned to Rennes-le-Château and brought fourth our band of brothers in the name of Our Order of the Lady of Scion and the Knights Templar who defend her. Our orders were many and throughout the lands of all kingdoms on the earth in order to throw off those who pursued the seven of us that made up the inner circle, the circle that was nameless to all but us.

We began the retention of our place in the kingdom once again as King Louis VII conferred upon us the seat of Orleans in 1152. It was only the beginning as we regained those territories the Merovingian's once held. By 1178, we had regained almost all. From the House in Jerusalem down the path to the Holy Cathars and beyond we spread ourselves.

We were forced underground once again for our foes retook the papal throne. At Gisors, the seven that now made up the power and knowledge base of the Scion decided that we should split up in order to retain command in areas throughout Europe. I again brought the Key back into my possession.

As we were informed in secret, French King Phillip turned on us at the urging of the Papal Throne who was, in turn, fueled by the rise of evil and its leader. On the thirteenth day of the tenth month in the year 1307, hundreds of Templar's gave their lives to secure our escape.

I again found myself having to unite the families that had forgotten the face of their fathers. I traveled from one end of Europe to the other and stayed within the houses of those within the line of the key. The House of Castile, the House of Bethencourt, the Houses of de las Casas, de Mendoza, de Pedraza. All were visited so that the plan for the next century would unfold as necessary.

In those travels, I came to find that keeping the key became too risky. It was in 1320 that I found the island that would house my holdings until such time as it again need be moved.

I knew that time would not be long in coming. I knew that time would not be long in coming.

1402

South Atlantic Ocean

The Norman Knight Jean de Bethencourt held onto a railing in an effort to steady himself while attempting to look through his scope to the ship trailing his own, the Morelle. Its Captain, Gadifer La Salle, had been acting strangely ever since they departed the Azores two days earlier. He brought on La Salle because he needed another well-respected leader to help with the conquest of *Islas Canarias*.

Bethencourt turned back around and saw that the desert islands of Alegranza, Montana Clara and La Graciosa to the north of Lanzarote grew ever closer. It wasn't long before the bigger coastline of Lanzarote came into view. He looked to his left and called a page over.

"Bring to me Juan Le Verrier," he said referring to the influential Franciscan Monk he coaxed into coming along as the official chronicler of the expedition.

Minutes later, Le Verrier was at his side. "I see we are close, Lord Bethencourt," he said.

"Two and a half months after leaving La Rochelle and after twenty-six desertions, we have at last arrived," Bethencourt replied. "I need you to do something for me, Father."

"Of course, my lord," Verrier said. "You've but to ask."

Jean looked around and saw that no one was within earshot of their conversation. "I want you to keep particular attention on Captain La Salle," he said. "And I want you to report any suspicious behavior to me and only me."

The monk's face became a swirl of confusion.

"Your second in command, you want me to spy on your second in command?" Verrier asked in disbelief.

"Don't look at it as spying, Father," Bethencourt replied looking sternly at him. "Look at it as doing a favor for *me*."

Verrier became very uncomfortable very quickly. He had known Jean for a number of years and he knew full well what the stone cold look on his face was really saying. "*Do this for me or suffer the consequences*" was his message.

After his swimming mind settled, he looked up at Jean. His hard blue eyes, though a little less intent, still infused fear in his very blood. Even so, Verrier moved in close to him.

"Of course, Jean. We will keep this between us," the monk whispered.

"Good. Now please find my cousin Alonso de las Casas and send him here," Jean ordered.

"At once, my lord," the monk said as he scurried away like a rat out of daylight.

"My lord!" came a call from the captain of the ship, Angiolion del Tegghia III, whose grandfather led the Portugal mission of mapping the archipelago.

Bethencourt looked to the captain, who was pointing to dark clouds coming in on their port side. He followed Angiolion's hand and began tugging at his long blonde beard, a habit his wife detested. "Can we outrun it and dock on the north side of the island?" he asked.

"It's rocky, my lord, but we may be able to," the captain replied.

"Make your way, then. Prepare to dock!" Bethencourt ordered.

No sooner had the fifty-four remaining sailors and soldiers began scurrying in preparation of docking when the winds doubled their speed and began swaying them fiercely.

The double doors leading below popped open and the Spanish Lord of Creux, Alonso de las Casas, emerged. Spying Bethencourt, he made his way to him.

"Nice weather, cousin," Alonso said.

"And if we can get docked before it gets any *nicer*, it may be the perfect cover you need to do what you came here to do," Bethencourt said.

"Aye, it would," Alonso concurred. "I will make my preparations, cousin."

Jean watched as Alonso walked away. His mind quickly took him back six months earlier; to the time his distant cousin came back into his life. \*\*\*\*\*

## Six Months Earlier

Jean walked into the small Inn, Marcel, located in the back alley streets of Tours. He had been back in France only a day when a messenger arrived bearing a note from the infamous Knight Templar of Spain, Aaron. He did not know him personally, but his father served with him and the notes promises of a grand business endeavor peaked his curiosity. Business meant money and money he needed if he were to go to Spain and ask for help in securing the Canaries.

He immediately spotted his cousin, Alonso de las Casas, and made his way to his table. Alonso was with another man whom he reasoned was the Templar Aaron. Before he sat he said, "Cousin, it has been a long time."

Alonso moved over and allowed Jean to sit. "This is *our friend*, Aaron of Spain," Alonso said.

"My lord, it is an honor to meet you," Jean said. "I've heard many stories of the adventures of you and my father, Jean III."

"Your father was a good man. You may not remember, but I was present at his funeral, though I prefer to keep my concealment from those who wish us harm," Aaron said in reference to those still loyal to the (now deceased) French King Phillip VI.

"I understand," Jean replied. "So what can I do for you gentlemen?"

"I need a favor from you. Well, those of Scion need a favor from you. One in which you will be greatly compensated for in manner of monies and favors," Aaron said.

At the mention of Scion, Jean knew that whatever happened from here on would carry very serious consequences either way he answered. He quickly made the only logical decision. "Whatever I can do for those loyal to the kinsmen of God I will surely do, my lord."

"We know of your endeavor, Jean and we mean to assist you in achieving it. But for this assistance I ask that you take our cousin Alonso with you so that he may fulfill an even more desperate mission," Aaron said.

"What type of mission, if I may ask?"

"One that will have no bearing to those who wish us undone now," Aaron, said, "but one that will bear fruit for *both* of your kin in the years to come. The less you know, the less anyone can get out of you in case of torture. That being said, you have to know what our plan is in case anything should befall our cousin."

A look of grave concern overtook Jeans sense of awe. It did not pass unnoticed.

"We mean not to cause you angst, cousin," Alonso said. "But mankind may hinge on the success of this seemingly innocent request."

"Do you know the Pico de Teide?" Aaron asked. "The volcano on the north side of the main island?"

Jean began tugging at his beard. "If you're referring to the volcano on the canaries, yes. I am familiar."

"Good," Aaron said. "At the base of that volcano is a cave, La Cueva de las Verdes. Deep within that cave is a room built by Bernard of Clairvaux, the first Master Templar, in the thirteen hundreds. It

is there that the Grail and Key of Solomon are held.”

The tugging at Jean’s beard became nearly painful for the other two at the table. Alonso reached out his hand and brushed away Jean’s from his face.

Jean let out a slow gasp. “You mean there is a chalice hidden in there? *The Chalice?*”

“No. Not like you think. It is also a key, the Key to all mankind. And we need to move it to a more secure place.”

“Where?” Jean asked.

“That is where the less you know speech applies, Lord Bethencourt,” Aaron said. “Just know that your job will be to get your cousin here safely to the island. Once he’s there and has finished his job, you both will return without haste. You will come see me and then you will report to the King of Spain.”

“The King of Spain?” Jean asked with reason.

“Our cousin Henry has been informed of the benefits of securing Islas Canarias for the benefit of the crown *and* the Church,” Alonso whispered. “There is much to be gained from him.”

“He only awaits your request for help in your exploration of the Canaries,” Aaron said.

“My fellow brothers of the Scion would expect nothing less than full compliance,” Bethencourt said. “Of course you have my services, my lord.”

Aaron reached out his hand to Jean as Alonso draped an arm around his cousin’s shoulder. “More drinks here!” Alonso yelled to the innkeeper.

\*\*\*\*\* “My Lord!” the ships captain screamed.

Jean shook his head clear and made his way to the screaming man. “What is it, Captain Tegghia?”

The wind whipped the ship and sent waves of frigid water over them.

“We’ll never make it through the rocks in this wind, my lord!” the captain said loudly. He pulled out a map and pointed to an island. “Alegranza, it’s uninhabited,” he said tapping the map.

“Can we make it there safely?” Bethencourt asked.

“Yes, my lord,” Tegghia replied.

“Then make it so,” Bethencourt ordered.

Jean then made his way below deck to inform Alonso of the slight change of plans. When he reached the bottom of the stairs, he saw that Alonso was rolling his sword into a bedroll.

“Don’t you think you’ll need that once we get on the island?” Jean asked.

“No. There will be no trouble from the Guanches this day,” Alonso replied. “Aaron has already been in contact with King Guadarfia and his mother, Queen Ico and a deal has been struck. There will be no bloodshed in this conquest.”

"What kind of deal?" Bethencourt asked.

"He will submit to you, Jean, and in return all he asks is that he be recognized as an allied prince within the realm," Alonso said. "But you must act as if you are to invade. You must gather your men and infuse them with the confidence of warriors and approach the island as if you know nothing."

Jean said nothing for a minute as he took in all that had been said. He sat down. "Well, I came down here to tell you that we can't make it to Lanzarote... yet. We have changed course and are making way to Agranza. Once we are there, I will gather the men in a council of war and go through with the preparations of conquest. Tomorrow we will go to Lanzarote."

"Then tonight," Alonso said. "I will do what I came here to do and will meet up with you in the morning."

"When will you leave?" Bethencourt asked.

"As soon as it's dark," Alonso replied.

"As soon as it's dark," Alonso replied.

Alonso steered his small boat onto the volcanic Lanzarote shoreline by midnight. The wind and rain had since let up and the air was now still and moist. Hidden night bugs echoed their calls to each other and Alonso took note of every noise.

He pulled out his map and quietly mouthed a light spell. A small ball of light opened above his map and Alonso oriented himself to it. Once he figured out where it was he was to go, he snuffed out the light and began walking on the hard craggy lava bed. It was about an hour before he made it to the stream that lead into the cave.

Before Alonso stepped into the stream, he took his mind back to a conversation he had with Aaron about this very moment.

*"Once you enter the stream, strange things will begin to happen," Aaron had said.*

*"Strange things," I said with a laugh. "Like my feet swelling ten sizes or my head exploding?"*

*"Apparitions will begin to appear to you, very scary sights they will be," Aaron said.*

*"You know me, Aaron, and you know I do not scare very easily," I told him.*

*"You say that now in front of the comfort of a warm fire and strong mead. You won't be saying that once you're there..."* Alonso stepped into the stream. "Let's see if you're right, Aaron," he said to himself. He began walking upstream towards the mouth of the cave leading into the Pico de Teide volcano.

\*\*\*\*\*

The water was bone chilling cold. I could feel small fish sliding past my feet and even felt a nip or two from a few of them. I saw no ghosts until the outline of the mouth of the cave came into view. With sudden clarity, I fully understood Aaron's words.

Before me stood the ghost of the first person I ever killed, Santiago de Paz, son of my mothers best

friend, Rozala. When we were children, we had been playing swords and knights and I was chasing him with my wooden dagger when he tripped on a rock. I couldn't stop in time and I landed on top of him. My dagger went straight into his heart, killing him instantly. It was all a terrible accident, and now his banshee was approaching me with that same wooden sword.

"Be gone, Santiago. Bother me not this night for I am on a mission of God, my friend."

The apparition, which was exiting the mouth of the cave and making its way towards me, was smiling and moaning at the same time. Then the sounds multiplied and then doubled yet again. It was not long before the stream was littered with the walking ghosts of seemingly every life taken by my hand.

I trudged on, past great warriors and weak men, past the faces of Frenchmen, Spaniards, and those of the Caliphate. Men who died honorably and those who perished with sin in their hearts. But I did not allow them to dissuade me from my mission.

"I now understand, Aaron," I said as the ghost of Count Tiedra passed on my left, the left side of his face torn in two from a battle-axe I swung fifteen years earlier. I turned away from him and focused my attention on the mouth of the cave, which was now thirty steps ahead of me.

The mouth of the cave was shaped like the entrance's of the cathedrals inspired by the geometric designs of the ancients. A coincidence? Possibly, but not likely knowing Aaron and his pedigree.

Finally, I stood at the entrance of the cave. I looked behind me and saw that the ghosts dissipated into the fog that now hovered just above the water. I slowly continued on into the cave and, after I was sure no one would be able to see it, I again mouthed a light spell and illuminated the ancient cave. I sprinted the rest of the way. \*\*\*\*\*

The cave within the cave was exactly where Aaron mapped it to be. The four letters, *MIDI*, which marked the spot, were clearly evident. I dug for what seemed an hour but was probably half that time. Finally, my fingers hit the lid of the ancient box. Slowly, I began digging around it and gently lifted it from its entombment.

Blowing the dirt from its lid revealed a plain box adorned with nothing but age, none the less quite exquisite. The urge to open it fell upon me in a wave and I had to lower it from my gaze and ask the Lord for the strength to finish my mission. The urge relented and I quickly made my way back out of the cave and into the River of Sorrows.

An hour later, and two hours after I landed on the volcanic island, I was back in my boat and making my way to isla Gomera, the new hiding place for the relic. Two hours of hard rowing and I was on the shoreline of the small round island.

The land was much different than that of Lanzarote. The smell of green grass and seawater mixed to make a quite calming aroma. The urge to open the box completely gone.

The new cave, which Aaron had enchanted and named "El cuevo de Esperanza" (The Cave of Hope), was right off the beach. It took only minutes to find it and as I walked through the entrance, I felt the calmness of Aaron's enchantment.

Those with evil intent in their hearts would not be able to even see the cave, a spell that took Aaron years to somehow manufacture. Knowing that this would not be the final resting place for the jewels, just another temporary stop in the time line of man, I began digging as ordered and buried the sacred relic within the cave. After satisfying myself that the dirt looked as it had before the

excavation, I pulled a piece of charcoal from a pouch and drew this sign.

Putting away the charcoal, I applied a spell that would illuminate the sign when one of God's soldiers was within its presence. A protection on the chance of fate, a backup in case no one from Aaron's group survived, that possibly someone else may take up the Lords work. That was if the Lord wished to continue the fight.

Running my hand over the sign on the cave wall, I mouthed the final words and, in an instant, the image disappeared. I quickly made my way back to my small boat and I was back on Alegranza island an hour before sunrise and anxious for sleep. CHAPTER ONE

## •The burden of sin echoes in prophesy

**Ascending from Hell forever despising,**

**Judas is rising•**

**-Judas Rising-2005 Judas Priest© (Tipton, Halford,& Downing)** -Judas Rising-2005 Judas Priest© (Tipton, Halford,& Downing)

A massive strand of sickly yellow, pus-like drool slopped to the floor before her. As it hissed and crackled, the acids within cracked the hard stone and scorched it as she watched.

"The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God and no torment will ever touch them," Aeanor Ayala *began repeating* over and over. She shut her eyes tight, hearing only her own voice and the now fainter hissing of the drool as it continued to eat the stone. Her prayers were getting harder to whisper as she felt the need to gag at the nearly overwhelming odor of rotten eggs.

She shifted her weight and a sudden bolt of fresh pain coursed through her hand to her shoulder. Fear gripped her harder. Slowly, with her heart pounding, she opened her eyes to the base of the Black Madonna statue protecting the entranceway. Then, just as slowly, she moved her whole head to the left of the statue and then up to look past the idol blocking the small cave's entranceway. She saw nothing but sand and ocean.

She felt a wetness begin trickling down her arm. She looked down and saw blood running freely, no doubt from trying to escape the massive beasts that had been hard on their heels.

Then she heard sniffing. Her eyes grew wide and she swallowed the dryness in her throat hard. Ever-so-slowly she began to look back up when a massive paw filled the lean gap between the statue and the entrance. Filthy charred clumps of hair clung to mottled flesh wrapped around bulging muscles. Massive hounds, the size of small horses and reeking of sulfur, she saw the claws of the beast, shining black onyx, blacker than anything other than the heart that beat within its body.

More scalding drool fell from the massive jaw of the great Hellhound. It splattered across the rocks before her again and even onto the statue she hid behind. The rocks beneath the statue cracked and charred, but the statue held firm.

Tears began down Aeanor's dirty face. Her gaze, now twinkling, began blotting her vision as she continued up the hell hound's tree stump of a leg.

Then she heard something that ripped any remaining confidence she had right out of her. She heard her grandfather.

"Aenor, come to your papa," he said soothingly.

She began shaking her head 'no'. She had seen her sweet, gentle grandfather beheaded and there was no way that this was him.

She felt a tug on her leg.

"That's grandpa, let's go!" her little nephew Guillen said.

In her fear, she had forgotten that she shoved him in the rear of the small grotto. She attempted a smile and looked back at him.

"No, Gilly. It's *really* not grandpa, but you have to be quiet.

"Guillen, come to your papa."

Aenor saw the confusion on Gilly's little face. "It's not him, I promise, Gilly."

The Hell hound began barking viciously and Aenor slowly gave her attention back to it as she reached out to touch the back of the Black Madonna.

Aenor felt another tug on what was left of her party dress. She looked back at Gilly.

Suddenly Gilly's face changed into the large horrific face of a Middle Eastern man with elongated teeth. His eyes bulged inches out of their sockets and in a deep voice he screamed at her. "You can't stay in here forever, little girl! The black bitch will only protect you for so long. Why don't you just come out now and join the rest of your family?"

Aenor Ayala began screaming wildly.

Aenor Ayala began screaming wildly.

Brasov, Romania

Summer 1499

Mihail was dead asleep when the sounds of steel hitting the floor jarred him awake. He was out of his bed and on his feet in seconds. He looked around the pitch-black room in nothing more than the hair that covered his body. His fists held out, he felt fur running past his ankles and it made him scream and jump back onto the bed like a little girl. "Damn you, Thrace," he screamed at his cat.

Thrace jumped on the bed with Mihail and began purring and circling legs.

"What did you knock over now?"

Mihail jumped back off the bed and opened the door to his room, illuminating it with the torch that hung in the hallway. He looked around and saw his broadsword lying on the floor. He walked over and picked it up, placing it back in the corner from which it had fallen.

"It's bad enough I can't sleep because of these cursed dreams, when I do manage to get some, you need some one on one time, huh, Thrace?"

The cat yawned deeply and began kneading the soft wool blanket draped over the bed.

"Just as well. I'd rather not know what fate befalls that child," he said to the black and white ball of fur.

Thrace looked back at his master with sleepy love.

"Well, at least one of us is getting some sleep. Good night, little one," Mihail said as he pulled on a robe.

Exiting the room, he went downstairs to his study and attempted to find solace in his bible. It was not long before he was again asleep.

The dreams began as recently as last week and they did not let this sleep go by unabated. No, this time his dreams took him some place familiar. Not the girl in the cave again. This time they took him to the estate of his Spanish friends, the Ayala's.

Frozen in his dream, Mihail was forced to watch as Don Fernan's entire family were prepared for execution.

"You have been found to be conspirators against the church, a heretical and infidel people who deserve no repentance. You have been found guilty, by order of his Most Holy, Pope Alexander IV, of heresy and are hereby sentenced to death by burning."

Mihail watched as twelve members, to include children, were prepared for death. They wore smocks that had the face of the pope hovering above a bundle of smoldering fagots. Above the pope were demonic flying dragons clutching spears and bellowing fire.

The children, four girls and a boy, were crying uncontrollably. A younger, pregnant woman was screaming unheard words, no doubt pleading for her life and or that of her unborn child. Staked next to her were the grandparents and patriarchs of the family. They along with their four sons stood stoically and said nothing until the Grand Inquisitor was finished speaking. Then the oldest, Fernan, spoke.

"You claim that we, as Conversios, are not faithful Catholics, but it is your own Sarmiento who only wishes to victimize those honored and rich families; to steal what is rightfully ours. Be it known that a messenger has been dispatched to our King, and my friend, Ferdinand The Catholic. He will not allow such treachery to pass without taking action against you, Lord Adissirc. You claim we will go to Hell? Well, sir, if that indeed does come to pass, you shall meet us all there, and we *shall* be waiting!"

"You have said your hollow words, Judaizers, and now you shall pay for your crimes. As for your king, it is he who authorized and even ordered my authority. It is you who truckle to him so you therefore truckle to me, and I sentence you to die."

The Grand Inquisitor nodded his head to one of the many guards and walked away.

The guard took a torch and began lighting the first pyre, that of a ten year old girl. She began screaming as the other guards began lighting the rest of the pyres. Multiple screams echoed through the land as the banner of the inquisition, the banner depicting Mercy and Justice, snapped in the waves of flesh heated air.

Mihail jumped out of his chair screaming. "No!" He hurried to the kitchen area and poured some

wine and quickly tried to extinguish the roaring flames in his mind.

"What the hell is going on? Why am I seeing these things? Are my friends dying?"

Mihail looked out the window and saw that the sun was already peaking over the horizon, painting the skies a burnt red/orange tone.

"Give me a sign lord," he said aloud.

He went back into his room, got dressed, and made his way to the church in the center of the city.  
to the church in the center of the city.

Mihail walked among the people in his new home city of Brasov in Central Romania. Children played in the square while parents sold their wares and foodstuffs supplying the ever growing population. The city had been at peace for a year or so now and the people were generally happy. But it was a happiness of fools. Fools blind to the fact that the far reaching Ottoman Empire was now reaching into their own back yards; year by year steadily pressing at their doorstep. Mihail surmised that the feigned peace would not last much longer.

Stopping at the cart of a man selling woolen blankets, Mihail approached and began browsing the fine woven blankets.

"That sir is a fine choice for a sleeping blanket. Tell me good sir; wouldn't you want another for your fine looking wife, would ya?"

"Ah, a clever businessman you are. Tell me a price that I consider fair and I will buy two, though not for myself and I have no wife," Mihail said.

"Aye, they do make a good gift sir," the man replied. "For my pride twin stallions, yes sir, a good gift indeed, how much my good man?"

"For a man of honor such as yourself, sir, ten goldens for the both," the merchant said smiling.

"Ten? Come now, eight is the amount I had in my head. For ten, they should be laced with gold and smell as sweet as the sugar beets that fill the fields beyond. Eight," Mihail haggled.

The man smiled.

"How am I to compete with a master barter such as yourself? I too must feed a family, my lord. Twelve goldens will be fine," the old man said flashing that now famous smile. "Seven," Mihail said without a trace of a smile.

"Eight goldens it is. A fine deal has been struck this early morning. Shall I package them for you, my lord?"

"No need," Mihail said handing him eight golden coins. "I will take them as they are."

With the deal concluded, Mihail walked towards the Church of Saint Bartholomew with his blankets over a shoulder.

He reached the doors of the church and stopped to look back at the children play sword fighting. Young boys and even a couple of girls were having fun in the morning sun. He smiled in envy of such frivolous joy and tried to remember if he had ever felt such pleasure. He was sure he hadn't yet he smiled none the less.

Mihail entered the church, walked to and knelt at the altar. After a quick prayer, he moved to a bench and sat, placing his blankets on the bench with him. He pulled his bible from his belt and began reading from Kings and, as before, it was not long before he was falling asleep. Within minutes he was snoring.

The safety of the church did not prevent the dreams from returning. This time the dream was blurred but the evil was the same. Fires raged in the background and Mihail was unable to determine where he was. Blood curdling screams, amplified by some evil means, echoed in his head. He began to run to try and help, but everything was so far away even as the heat from the flames singed his hair.

In the church, Mihail was beginning to shake. Tears streamed from his closed eyes as the dream held him in a corner of fear reserved for the vilest of men. Suddenly, Mihail jerked and his bible flew from his hands.

He was there, in his dream, the same man who presided over the deaths of the Ayala's. His name...what was his name? The man had his back to him, but he knew who it was. He began to run towards the man in the black cape when in that instant, he turned to reveal himself.

Mihail stopped in his tracks and the bible he was carrying flew from his hands. Fear instantly filled him. Never in his life had he seen someone such as the man who now stood in front of him. His hair, as his eyes, were pulled back. He had a goatee that ran from his chin, and teeth, no fangs on either side that dripped with blood. Mihail knew that somehow, this was Lord Adissirc.

Adissirc looked to his left and Mihail followed his gaze. Children were play sword fighting, oblivious to the death wreaking havoc around them. Suddenly, one of the children, a young boy, stopped playing and dropped his sword. He turned and looked at Adissirc, who beckoned him with a single forefinger. The boy stumbled blindly towards him and, when he was within reach, Adissirc pulled him into his arms.

The boy did not struggle, as if he were under a spell. Adissirc cleared the hair from the neck of the young man and looked back at Mihail.

"This is your doing, for your participation against my Lord and true King of Kings. He has unleashed me to do his bidding. Capitate now and join me, Onyx Warrior, and we shall both reign next to our lord. Join me and you shall live forever!"

Mihail stood stunned. Though he felt the lure of the demons call, he resisted. Reaching inside his shirt, Mihail pulled out an ancient iron cross and clutched it in his colossal hands.

Through his fear, he said "Know now that God reigneth now and forever and I am a warrior of God! Not one to turn and run when a minion of the devil reaches for my heart! I have seen your kind before; Zadoc, who thought he too could turn the tides of God. Find him now and ask him how that went, then come back to see me!"

Adissirc smiled and in doing so his fangs seemed to grow as he pulled the boy closer to him. Looking directly at Mihail, Adissirc smiled as he sank his fangs into the boy, who struggled not one bit. After a few seconds, Adissirc let the boy fall from his grasp. The boy tumbled to the dirt in a

heap.

"You had your chance, Onyx Warrior, and remember, his death is on your hands," Adissirc said.

Mihail watched as the bloodsucker began mouthing words and rotating his hands. He knew what was coming, but he was unable to move. He tried to understand what was being said, but he could not.

With sudden realization, he recognized the speech as the ancient tongue of the Masked Turaegs, an ancient Berber Language.

Adissirc stopped speaking and hurled a bolt from his hands. \*\*\*\*\*

The church, empty but for Mihail, began to shake. Stained glass windows began to shatter as idols and relics began tumbling to the floor. \*

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This is the second installment of The Solomon Chronicles Series which traces the life of the last living blood descendent of King Solomon, the Immortal Delgado del Sol. &#x22;Revisions&#x22; takes you back into the world of Delgado, Aaron, Mihail, Sara, Beatrice, the Twins Pedraza, and their trusty warrior mastiff Azul.

A new evil, Adissirc, has been sent to disrupt the Prophecy of Solomon before it begins by going back into time to the deathbed of King David to make sure that Adojinah takes the throne, not Solomon, thus ending the prophecy before it begins.

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Week 11 - SAMUEL-KINGS-CHRONICLES - REVISED - The two books of Chronicles form a history of the Temple and its priesthood, The following chapters speak of Solomon's prayer, vision, sacrifices, glory, and in ix. subsequent versions, and

ultimately by printed editions of the Hebrew text. Mark 9 14 29 nrsv - The two books of Chronicles form a history of the Temple and its priesthood, The following chapters speak of Solomon's prayer, vision, sacrifices, glory, and in ix. subsequent versions, and ultimately by printed editions of the Hebrew text. Book Of Psalms Kjv - Read and study 1 Chronicles in the Revised Standard Version. As the last verses of 2 Chronicles and the first few verses of the book of Ezra are nearly David and Solomon as well as their successors are the main subject of the Chronicles. Acts of Solomon - Wikipedia - The Old Testament is not one book written by a single author, but a collection of [1] In 1989, it was significantly revised and republished as the Revised English Bible.. and the book designed as the concluding crown jewel was Chronicles! In the Hebrew Bible, Ecclesiastes stands between the Song of Solomon and 2 Chronicles 15 Summary - uebersetzungen-bamberg.de - A User-Friendly Look at the Good Book Douglas Connelly. Second Chronicles also divides into two parts: Chapters 1-9 give us an account of Solomon's reign. Solomon's Accession in Chronicles - Journal of Hebrew - 15 For we do not In the Christian Bible, the books (commonly referred to as 1 Chronicles The New King James Version The New Revised Standard Version New Living 2 Chronicles 7:13-14 A1 SOLOMON'S REIGN OVER THE UNITED 2 Chronicles: Lessons From Judah's Kings - Life, Hope & Truth - Read 2 Chronicles 35 in the New Revised Standard Version (NRSV) online. Put the holy ark in the house that Solomon son of David, king of Israel, built; you need no of the people, to offer to the LORD, as it is written in the book of Moses. 2 Chronicles 15 Summary - Featured Bible Commentaries for this month Book of Nehemiah The Book of. 1 Kings 2 Kings 1 Chronicles 2 Chronicles Ezra Nehemiah Tobit Judith Esther of Solomon Wisdom of Solomon Sirach Isaiah Jeremiah Lamentation Baruch Ezekiel. The NIV Bible was first published in 1973, with revisions published in 1978 The Solomon Chronicles: Book Two: Revisions by Mr D R - Chronicles is a summary of Hebrew history that duplicates much of the books of Second Chronicles first describes Solomon's reign and then moves on to The Accession of Solomon in the Books of Chronicles - jstor - Low prices across earth's biggest selection of books, music, DVDs, Selected by Choice as an "Outstanding Academic Book of 1996" and now extensively revised,.. Book of chronicles and Holy Quran, the great King Solomon also known as Book Of Psalms Kjv - The Second Book of Chronicles of Hebrew Scripture traces the history of Israel from Solomon to the Babylonian Exile and the decree of King Cyrus to allow the

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