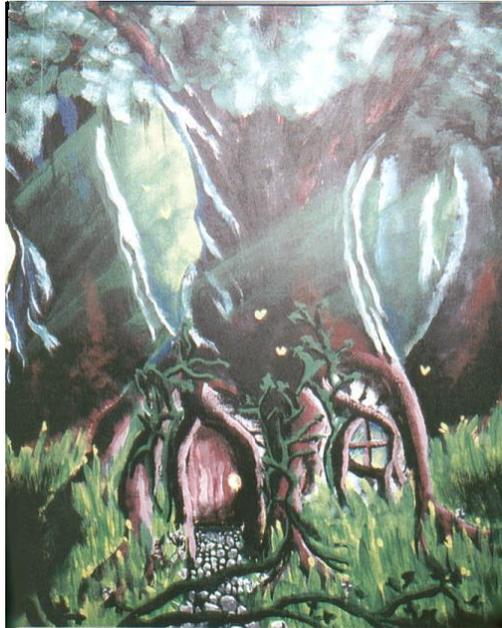


# THE BOOK OF ENTHNAR

Part of the Green Candle series by Samuel Warren Shaffer  
and edited by K. F. Nickel



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## Chapter One

### *King of Elves*

Enthnar was born on a rainy day in a cottage, in the village of Egala. Enthnar's father whose name was Enthnar had gone back that night to secure more of the ancient records of their people before the forces of darkness got to them and had never returned. Enthnar was a prince son of Enthnar who's Kingdom had been overthrown. This is the brief history of how this began.

Upon distant Isles, which at one time bore the name Embalanach, but are now called the Isles of Infamy, Andan had made his earthly abode. He and his emanations came down and partaking of the elements of Atara was made physical. His capital was called Min-andaris, and was crowned with

seven towers, six around and one in the center that reached unto the sky. A Kingdom ordered and grand, although it was too ordered and those who lived under his force had their humanity weakened. Andan forbade any physical relationship between persons without a permit from him. He made everyone wear veils so that they could not see each other's features and prescribed all the work, eating and every activity. Over many generations the people became so degraded that their physical features were made ugly and their minds full of rage like unto animals, and from these came the races of orcs, goblins and many others.

Other emanations of Andan had settled in other places of the world and were not under his rule. One line of emanations was very fair and full of light and love and lived in a land to the north west of the Isles of Infamy upon a land called Ethema. Ethema was covered in mountains and forests and the whole land round about was guarded by a ring of rocky islands covered in serpents save one port called Winathian. Ethema was the home of the Elves. The King of Ethema was Enthnar the father of Enthnar.

Those from the Isles of Infamy had invaded Winathian and even though Enthnar's grandfather had defeated them still some of them slipped into the heart of the land and there hid in the almost endless forests of Ethema. Deep in the forests they multiplied and it was not until Enthnar's uncle Simenon had spotted one that they knew of their survival. Simenon had fallen into a ravine while trying to pursue a rabbit and saw a goblin walking down it. Simenon followed him unto a great den of goblins and other creatures from the Isles of Infamy. Simenon listened unto their leader speaking and heard that they planned to attack the castle of Enthnar and also that they desired to subject the people unto the laws of Embalanach, for freedom was repugnant unto them. Simenon hurried back unto his village and mounted his horse and rode unto the castle of Enthnar and told Enthnar's father of their existence and of their plans.

Enthnar's father prepared his defenses and gathered his army but when the armies of those from Infamy gathered he did see their great numbers. He held them off for several weeks but one evening goblins that had been tunneling under the castle broke into the well. They climbed up the well and began to come up into the courtyard. Those who had made it up threw down ropes to those below. A great battle ensued, and the goblins managed to light an oil fire in the gatehouse, which lead to the weakening of the gate until the battering ram made it through. Enthnar's father evacuated many people through a secret passage and then caved in the passage with an explosion; he also hid the records of his people under the stones of the castle floor. Enthnar's father then fought his way, with some of his most elect men, through the ranks of the goblins. Enthnar's father even threw his spear

into the heart of the goblin leader who desired to fight him. Many men perished but Enthnar's father and two of his men escaped severely wounded.

Enthnar's mother escaped unto Egala and Enthnar's father met her there; but upon the night that Enthnar was born he had gone back for the records and did not return. Egala was surrounded by high mountains and was just north enough to see the northern sun in the winter months. The forests there were quiet and peaceful and the pine trees stretched in every direction. Enthnar grew up in wisdom and soberness and his mother taught him that Andan was not God but only an emanation of God. She taught him a love of freedom. She also taught him that there was a way out of this plane of existence but that it had not yet been revealed to them.

One morning in Enthnar's sixteenth year he went hunting with a neighbor and his son. They rode through the mountains on horseback and sunlight poured through the trees. Things could not be more beautiful Enthnar thought. They camped that night on the opposite side of the mountains east of Egala. The stars were beautiful and Enthnar and his friend played a story game around the fire until they were told to go to bed.

Enthnar suddenly startled awake to the sound of his friend's father yelling frantically. Enthnar knew something was wrong and jumped up into the cold early morning air. "I saw goblins," he gasped. He then said, "get onto your horses now, both of you; and warn the people at Egala." Enthnar's friend didn't hesitate and rode off before Enthnar could even take in what was happening. Enthnar grabbed his hunting knife and swore he would fight alongside his neighbor. To Enthnar's surprise his neighbor said, "No! Get away, I will hold them off. Enthnar paused. His neighbor then exclaimed, "Get out of here! There are too many of them and I am giving up my life for you, now get away!"

Enthnar climbed up on his horse and from that vantage point he saw them coming up the hill with swords drawn. Realizing the gravity of the situation he rode through the woods as fast as he could. He heard the howl of dogs behind him. Enthnar rode and rode until he thought that he had lost them for sure and got off to get a drink from a river he came to quickly. He also wanted to get his bearings as where he was did not look familiar. As he drank the cold water Enthnar suddenly heard the dogs behind him. Heart beating he tried to get back onto his horse as fast as he could. They seemed to come out of nowhere and started chasing his horse down the riverbed. Enthnar's horse tried to leap up the opposite bank, as the dogs were biting at his legs, but missed and Enthnar and his horse came tumbling down the bank and into the icy cold water.

Enthnar jumped up and one of the dogs latched onto his arm. Enthnar screamed before he

realized what had even happened, the stinging pain shooting up his arm. He instinctively grabbed his knife and started trying to stab at the eyes of the dog while the dog jumped back and forth pulling him around. The horse got up and Enthnar dropped the knife to grab onto one of the horse's leather straps. Enthnar felt himself being dragged through the riverbed and his arm almost being torn off as it were. Suddenly the horse went over a huge waterfall and Enthnar's heart stopped for a moment. There was a terrible clap, as they struck the surface of the water. He felt a horrible sudden pain as something struck his back. Enthnar surfaced gasping for breath and then realized there was a powerful current and used it to swim sideways down the river as far as he could get from the dogs.

When Enthnar came to a beach he was lightheaded and breathing hard. He didn't move for a while, until he realized that his hand was bleeding into the soil and that he must do something to stop it. The terrible pain in his back remained and it hurt just to try and reach back and feel it. He bound his hand with some cloth and waited for nightfall. He shivered in the night making the pain worse, so he crawled up under a low pine tree. The needles poked him but at this point he was numb to most pain. The next morning Enthnar began to get up, he felt a huge lump in his back, and still felt faint. He hobbled down to the river again and tried to catch fish with his hands or by casting rocks at them in vain. Feeling so weak he began to tear moss off of rocks and eat it, even though it tasted like dirt. That day Enthnar summoned some more strength and began carefully walking up the river trying to find his horse. It wasn't until night fall that he found it dead on the shore of the river. He looked in the leather bag that contained the bread only to find a wet soggy residue of it clinging to the sides of the leather; he gratefully scooped it up in his hands and ate it. Enthnar also found his pot and his flint and steel. He decided not to make a fire tonight, but put some sticks and leaves up against a log to sleep under.

That night Enthnar looked up at the stars fully conscious at night since the other night around the fire. He wondered if his mother would be okay, and also if his friend escaped. Enthnar also wondered about the endless expanse above him as if he was seeing it for the first time. Are there other worlds? What is the meaning of this one? To have joy; and what brought us here? By what power did I enter this existence and to where am I going?

The next morning Enthnar realized that he should start to eat the horse before its flesh began to rot. He also saw that something else had been eating at it in the night besides birds. Enthnar took a sharp rock and started trying his best to tear some small strips out from under its hide. Enthnar managed to place some stripes of meat out on the rocks to dry, it was the best he could do with

what he had. At night he ate one and took the others into his shelter with him.

On the third day after the attack, Enthnar spotted a large hill and decided to climb it and see if he could see in which direction he had to go to get home. Once he had reached the top of the hill by the late afternoon he realized that he had no idea where he was. He walked back down the hill; head hung low, and tried to make a better shelter before nightfall. Enthnar was told as a boy that his father chose the valley of Egala because of its hidden nature and that one had to know the right pass and valley to enter it. From the top of the hill Enthnar had seen dozens of mountain passes and he didn't know where to go. In the morning Enthnar ate another piece of his horse feeling fatigued and decided to go down the river instead of trying to brave the treacherous passes in which he would surely be lost and killed.

## Chapter Two

### *with Isis Reunited*

Enthnar hiked all day down the river until he came to a small meadow as the sun as it set behind the trees. He quickly put some branches against a log to crawl under as the night air began to become cool. As Enthnar lay there behind the branches he saw one light after another appear in the sky, but suddenly lights started appearing in the grass of the meadow also. One by one they began to appear until the opening in the woods was full with dancing lights. Soon Enthnar drifted off to sleep.

Enthnar awoke with a terrible knot in his shoulder, having slept on some roots, he was also sore all over. He got up and continued hiking all day through the woods and meadows of the valley below until he finally came to a small lake. Enthnar went down to the edge of the water and got in to cool himself off. Once he was in the water he suddenly got low in the water as he saw someone else on the other side of the lake. It was a young elf woman. She took off her clothes and got in the water to bathe. Enthnar didn't want her to know he was watching her but he also wanted to know about the closest town. He thought there must be a trail on her side of the lake, and determined to sneak around. It was a big lake and he got into the water a ways off to swim around real low since there was a lot of moss and sticks in the water. Suddenly he heard her voice calling out, "Hey, come here."

Enthnar looked back with his eyes just above the water and saw that she was waving to him. He felt as though he had no choice and started swimming towards her. He started feeling nervous as he

approached her head sticking out of the water. “What is your name?” She asked. “I am Enthnar, Son of Enthnar.” “You are the Son of the King?” She asked. “Yes.” Enthnar replied. Enthnar continued, “I came from Egala, but my friends and I were attacked by goblins and I and couldn’t find my way back, I was wondering if there was a man in your village who could take me there.” “Yes there probably is, but you must make children before the goblins get you and your line is destroyed.” She said with a smile. “I never really thought too much about it.” Enthnar lied. Enthnar had grown up in the knowledge that even though elves usually made life long relationships, the elves of Etheta did not believe in marriage. In their minds marriage was something that was invented by those from Embalanach, and they called it infatuated or possessive slavery.

“I am Isis,” the girl said as she put her arms on Enthnar’s shoulders. “It is nice to meet you.” Is all Enthnar could say. Suddenly Isis kissed him and said, “Let us make sure you have some offspring.” Enthnar did not know what to say while she led him to the shore. She had a horse waiting in the trees, and she got a blanket off of it, and laid it in the trees where a deer bed had been. She held Enthnar close against her wet breasts and said, “From the moment I saw you a few minutes ago I was attracted to you for some reason beyond what is normal, and I believe you, that you are the Son of Enthnar, I can tell that your words are true. It looks as though you have been through a lot.” “They killed my friend’s father.” Enthnar replied suddenly feeling more emotion than he had anticipated at his words.

Isis held Enthnar even closer and they began to kiss more. “I will heal all of your wounds,” she said; and they began making love. They made love until the evening time, and then Isis, said, “We better be on the road back to town.” They got dressed and mounted her horse and began to ride through the woods. After a while they came out of the woods into a beautiful clearing that opened up to bigger fields, and at the center of which was a town. There was a short wall made of stone and on the other side of that all the houses and shops were huddled together. They rode into the center of town and Isis said, “My people, this is Prince Enthnar Son of Enthnar from Egala.”

Once Enthnar got off the horse a man came up to shake his hand and ask him how he came to come from Egala, although Enthnar immediately noticed that he was a Human; Enthnar had never seen a non-Elvish man before. He introduced himself as Sir Birgawin and told Enthnar that he had served in the war with his Father. Cyrus the Father of Isis also introduced himself to Enthnar, and invited him into their home saying, “I am sure he is tired Birgawin, he can tell all once he has rested and eaten something.”

Enthnar never remembered being so hungry as they put some chicken and vegetables in front of him. Enthnar told them how the goblin dogs had gotten his horse in the river and how he ate his horse to survive, and why he had decided to come down into the valley. During dinner a knock also came at the door and a tall blond haired elf entered the room, and said, "You are him, I am your uncle Simenon." Simenon sat down and everyone continued the conversation, and they told Simenon about how Enthnar had gotten down into the valley. Simenon raised his horn of ale in Enthnar's direction, and made a toast to him. They all had a good time and Enthnar felt as though he had found his long lost family.

Enthnar stayed in the village for several days recovering. Cyrus was up watching the moon late one night when Enthnar was walking by on the path. He gestured for Enthnar to come to him. "Yes sir?" Enthnar said. "You will have to face the forces that destroyed your father's Kingdom soon. If our land is to be freed you must unite the people who can help you defeat the powers who dwell in your father's castle," Cyrus said. Enthnar's words seemed to catch in his throat; "I wish I could just live happily here with you and Isis forever. Can we not make peace with them?" Cyrus went on, "It is a matter of freedom and love versus force and fear. If you ever want the world of your ancestors to be restored you must take up your sword and fight. The life here as it is will only last so long. Do you want freedom for your children and your people's children or not?" "Can't I return to Egala and let my mother know that I am alive?" Enthnar asked. At this point Cyrus seemed to choose his words with care, "You have been set on this course for a reason, and if you turn back now you will not fulfill the purpose for which the three fates brought you into this world. Simenon and Birgawin will prepare you for the journey to gather our best warriors tomorrow. A storm is coming Enthnar, do you want to be the hunter or the hunted?" Cyrus replied.

Enthnar could hardly sleep that night. Since he had arrived he felt as though his new family would surround him forever, and he had hid the harsh reality of the situation at hand from his thoughts. Enthnar felt like he had been awoken almost before he had fallen asleep. Simenon and Birgawin stood above him with their shirts off and painted in war paint. They grabbed Enthnar, blindfolded him and proceeded out into the woods to a mound of earth covered in grass. There was a door in the mound and they took him down into a dark cavern. They laid Enthnar on a cold slab of stone, and let him stay there in the darkness for a while. Enthnar felt as though the darkness totally enveloped him, and the abyss around him was totally silent. Only a few minutes felt like forever, and he was there for a lot longer than that.

Enthnar was suddenly raised by a strong arm and heard a voice. He heard Isis calling his name,

while the arm was that of a man. The man held his arm in the sign of the horned God, to lift him up. The voice changed slightly to reveal his new name. Suddenly a torch was lit and there standing beyond the stone alter was Isis surrounded by golden light. Enthnar looked down on the alter to see bones laying in cobwebs. "That is your old body." Isis said. "Come and drink the mead of eternal lives and be married unto the Goddess." Enthnar went around the altar and drank from a drinking horn in the hand of Isis. She then led him to a stone to sit upon and gathered water in a rag from a dip in the floor filled with water. She washed his feet and said, "Regardless of any fault you shall be our prince forever and we shall overlook your mistakes in eternal love. We shall love you enough to be with you, and you shall love us enough to keep us as your eternal Kingdom."

Cyrus then came out from the shadows and poured oil upon Enthnar's head, and laying his hands upon his head ordained him a king forever. Enthnar was then lead into the morning light and given a horse by Sir Birgawin. He pronounced the blessing of the horse kings saying, "This shall be your horse Enthnar. You shall die if he dies and he shall die if you die; you shall ride him into the afterlife." Enthnar mounted his horse and Isis tied a cloth around Enthnar's arm and gave him a kiss. Cyrus clipped a sword unto his belt and said, "May the Gods be with you."

## Chapter Three

### *Freedom or Force*

Enthnar looked back at Isis as he rode away with Simenon and Birgawin. Enthnar barely assimilated what had just happened to him as they rode through the countryside, across meadows and through woods. The day was over after a very long ride and Birgawin was looking for a suitable place to camp off the road as the sun went down. Simenon explained that they were going to a certain lake where a tribe of horsemen that were once loyal to his father dwelled. They were the only non-elfish humans that lived in Ethema and Birgawin was one of them. After that they would go into the mountains to gather men from several tribes of elves. "The element of surprise will be our only friend," he explained.

They set up a cloth tent Birgawin had brought and retired for the night on the hard ground. Enthnar slept surprisingly well and they were packing up and riding first thing in the morning. They rode for several days and Enthnar saw more countryside than he had in his entire life. One night Enthnar was awoken to some rustling outside. He began to arise and Birgawin put his hand on his chest and gestured to be absolutely silent and put his bedroll over him. Enthnar held the hilt of his

sword under the bedroll. Birgawin took out his sword and Simenon carefully nocked an arrow on his bowstring. Simenon covered Birgawin while he peeked out of the opening in the tent. Suddenly Enthnar heard Simenon's bow release as he let an arrow fly. There was a groan and Birgawin shouted and started clashing metal with someone. There were a few more groans and after a few moments Simenon took the bedroll off Enthnar. Outside Enthnar saw the slaughtered remains of two goblins and a dog. Enthnar slept lightly that night, and they left with great haste in the morning and traveled cross-country.

Finally they were overlooking a giant lake down in a valley below them, and Birgawin told him that they were almost to their destination. They made their way through some dense forest and came out into an opening in the trees with a wooden wall looming before them just after sunset. Birgawin hailed the watch, and they entered through a small horse gate into a large town, full of houses. Enthnar had never seen such an extensive settlement having grown up in the village of Egala. The people stared at them as they made their way to the house of someone Birgawin knew.

A tall muscled man with long hair and a wide belt opened the door. He smiled and he and Birgawin suddenly embraced. He invited them in and they entered. Birgawin introduced him as his cousin Tyrawin. Birgawin also explained to him who Enthnar was, and also about their mission, and the attack the previous night on the borders of the town. Tyrawin leaned in close and whispered. "There is a priest of Embalanach here in this very town, trying to convert people to the ways of Embalanach, and preaching about the sin of freedom and many other things. There is no telling how many people he has swayed but there are some to be sure. We must be careful who we try and recruit, so we do not endanger ourselves and the mission." "We will rely on your judgment." Birgawin said. "I will have a small army gathered by the peninsula on the north bank, by sundown three days from now, stay here tonight and then go camp and wait for us in the woods there." Tyrawin said.

Enthnar, Birgawin and Simenon left before sunrise that morning, and then made camp about twenty miles away in the place they were instructed. The days then seemed to pass very slowly and Enthnar just gazed at the trees as they moved in the wind. Simenon said, "Enthnar, what do you think you will say to all those men when they arrive." "Say?" Enthnar asked. "Yes of course." Simenon said. "They will be waiting to be inspired to give their lives for you. You owe them a speech, to let them know why they are doing this." Enthnar's heart jumped, and now what he would say began to trouble him as he looked at the trees. "What could I possibly offer them in return?" he thought. "Freedom to learn and think about the mysteries, to be creative, to love, and live one's life,

should belong to everyone; how can I say give up yours? Give up your life so others can have live?” Enthnar thought about it until the light of the day receded and he was looking up at the stars when Birgawin insisted he make his bed and get some sleep.

That night Enthnar had a dream, and in his dream he saw a crystal palace and coming to him out of this palace were beings made of flowing energy and colored light. He suddenly felt as though he was full of lightning. The beings embraced him and said, freedom and love are forever and govern countless worlds and planes of existence. Suddenly Enthnar’s eyes were empowered and he saw an endless cloth of strings being weaved together into an orchestra by three primeval feminine powers. He saw that portions of these powers flowed into the cloth from their hands, making up sparkling dust clouds without number which all reflected each other infinitely. Enthnar then saw that they inhabited countless worlds, and he heard a voice which said, “These bodies of dust are spirit and they are made of countless intelligences.”

Enthnar then looked and saw these beings in countless heavier bodies filled with energy, which energy contained signatures of information. He saw many lives and deaths, each death separating the energy from the spirit, to dissolve, be reunited, and live on, or to wander in search of the lover of its spirit in a future life. These bodies of energy went through ordeals the fates wove, always bringing the spirit closer to its final destiny of final enlightenment in the body of infinity. Enthnar felt the eternal love of the Goddess, who said, “You yourself are in the body of another life and you are in a state of forgetting. Your search for all truth brought you to this place and time, a promise from a witch long ago. You can visit these worlds if you wish, if only you go against the current that leads you to darkness.” Suddenly Enthnar remembered a split second of waking up in the caves and the name Han reverberating in his ears. Enthnar woke up sweating and walked outside barefoot. He looked up at the stars to make sure they were still there. He was here and now in this plane of being, and the world around him was intensely beautiful. He climbed back in bed and thought about what he had seen.

The next day there were about forty horsemen waiting for them on the north bank. Enthnar was surprised at their rugged appearance. Most of them wore leather armor and looked somewhat dirty or drunk. Enthnar had hoped there would be more and from the look on Simenon’s face Enthnar could tell he had as well. Simenon looked on Enthnar and nodded toward a grassy mound by the beach. Enthnar got off his horse and climbed up it. They all looked at him and he said, “I am Enthnar son of Enthnar King of Ethema. The reason you have been called here is because we have lost such precious time in the fight for our freedom. You hear the preaching of Embalanach within

your own walls. Just ask yourselves; do you want those teachings to be taught to your own precious children? Or do you want them to be free? Do you want shame, guilt and fear to rule their lives, or do you want the ways of your ancient fathers for them? I had a vision last night, and I can tell you that I know that freedom and love govern countless worlds. They are eternal and divine principles, and only in their absence can such ignorance exist. One is the road that leads to ignorance and the other is the road that leads to enlightenment, worlds and lives without end. I also saw the cycles of many lives in my vision, and if we die this day, then this is the day in which we shall be in the loving arms of the Goddess. Ignoble souls are recycled, but the Goddess preserves those warriors whose blood is spilt on the battlefield with her golden apples, so they can dwell with her in the underworld, or go unto the halls of their fathers for that battle for our world, which is to come. The battle that will be fought at the end of time is a battle between freedom and force, love and fear, ignorance and enlightenment. If you want your world back, then join me. Make a covenant unto me this day and you will be with me forever.” One by one the men stepped forward, raised their hands and said, “I covenant to establish the house of Enthnar again on the throne, for our families, countries and the old ways. Heil Enthnar, Son of Enthnar!”

## Chapter Four

### *Serpents of Life and Death*

They all camped that night in a clearing. Enthnar was standing by the fire when Simenon approached him and said, “Enthnar if we are to keep this movement a secret we must all split up and go cross country; and have a meeting point.” “What should the meeting point be?” Enthnar asked. “It can’t be far from your father’s castle, so we are undetected until that point. It also must give us enough time to go to the mountain elves.” “Council me on this, I do not know how far either destination is.” Enthnar replied. “I would tell them to be at the cross roads of Endlheim in fourteen days, beginning tomorrow morning.” Simenon said. “Also tell them to go home tonight and make excuses for tomorrow so their presence is not missed.”

Enthnar raised his hands and said, “attention my men.” Everyone became quiet and he said, “We must go cross country so we are not detected. We shall meet at the cross roads of Endlheim in one fortnight. Go home now and make excuses so your absence is not wondered upon come tomorrow. Meet us at the cross roads in fourteen days and we shall be accompanied by the mountain elves. I shall give you further instructions there. As for now, come before me and divide

into fives and appoint a captain of each party. These are the parties you shall go cross country with." In fives they came before him and Enthnar bade them farewell and gave them the kiss of brotherhood to accept their captains. After this Enthnar, Simenon and Birgawin were left standing by the fire in an empty campground.

The next day they were riding again, and camping again. The riding and camping seemed endless, for several days they traveled on uneventfully. In the distance the mountains of the elves, which were part of the same ranch in which Egala rested to the west, slowly grew bigger and bigger before them. One day Enthnar looked down from a hill they were on, and saw a caravan of goblins marching down a road below them. Birgawin grabbed the reins of Enthnar's horse and said, "quickly, into the trees." Enthnar asked Birgawin and Simenon, "Where are they going?" "It looks like they are headed towards Araheim, where our village is, Enthnar." Simenon said. "We have to stop them then." Enthnar breathed. "We cannot stop them" Birgawin said, "you would die and our hope of uniting this country would be lost. The others know how to take care of themselves." "Well they would never give into the laws of Embalanach and they will burn them." Enthnar said. "They will do whatever it takes to survive to fight another day. Do not give into your fear for them." Simenon reassured. After the caravan was passed, they rode on across the tracks of the goblins, and into the forest. Enthnar could not stop thinking about the others now, and he felt distracted while they rode toward the mountains.

That night they arrived at the foothills of the mountains and made camp. Enthnar dreamed of Isis that night, and of the last time they were together in the burial mound temple. He woke to the moonlight coming through the cloth of the tent. Enthnar got up and went out to see it. Standing there in the moonlight was Simenon. "Why are you up Simenon?" Enthnar asked. "We keep watch every night Enthnar." He said. "We just do not wake you up to do it because you need your strength. You are much more valuable. Now go back to bed, we shall be to the home of the elves in the morning."

The next day they rode up into the mountains all that day, past great cliffs and through steep forests. Finally they came to a village, and Simenon gave them the sign this time, as there were elfin archers posted outside in the woods. The whole village gathered to meet them, and Simenon said, "This is Enthnar son of Enthnar, do you have any brave warriors who wish to assist us?" Two elven archers stepped forward, and Simenon told them to be at the cross roads of Endlheim in eight days. They bowed and Simenon turned to Enthnar and said, "Let us ride we have many villages to cover."

They rode through three more villages that night with basically the same result, three here and two there. Enthnar thought that night about all these brave men and their families. He unlike some of them had not been raised in a warrior society with initiations, but was raised by his mother in a hut in midst of the woods.

Enthnar drifted off to sleep and in his dreams he saw an elderly elf lady who looked kind of like Isis, saying, “come to me”. Enthnar awoke and they rode through eight more villages throughout that day with not much deviation from the routine of the previous day. As they rode the forests got denser and denser until one could not see the mountains around them. When the sun began to come back down the other side of the sky, they came to a certain village where the people were waiting for them. Enthnar expected the same routine but Simenon said, “Enthnar get off your horse and rest your seat, the men of this village have something to show you.” Enthnar dismounted and the men took him down a forested path. One tall one with dark hair said, “Enthnar, you are about to see the green heart of Etheta; all Kings of Etheta must go to it.” The trail came to an abrupt stop, and this elf pointed into a dense tangle of trees and said, “Go.” The trees were bent over as though they were weeping or hiding something. Enthnar proceeded to climb through them, and crawl under them when it was convenient. Enthnar came to a point where he saw a giant tree through the tangled trees. There were many dead vines and the whole place was quite impenetrable to the unadventurous. As Enthnar approached he took out his sword to cut some overgrowth, but something in him told him not to. Enthnar finally saw the base of the tree which had its roots entangled around a house beneath it. Suddenly Enthnar had a chill go up his spine and he knew he had seen this place before. In a dream maybe, but it seemed more distant than a dream; as though it was a past life, long ago. Enthnar proceeded to the door and knocked. Enthnar heard an elderly voice say,  
“Come in.”

Enthnar opened the door and he saw an old elf woman sitting in a rocking chair. He also saw onions and herbs hanging from the ceiling and suddenly his memory of these smells and sights came flooding back to him. She smiled at him and invited him to sit in front of her on an old rug. Enthnar came and sat before her. “I remember this place,” Enthnar said. “But I remember when I was here it was green all around and not dead; but I also remember that you were dead. How is this possible?” The woman answered, “My son, our lives have acts and scenes but there is no time or place the truly binds us forever.” She tenderly held Enthnar’s hand and he was speechless, she went

on. “You began in a cave. You awoke and learned that you could experience, which meant you truly existed. Wise men helped you understand the caves and also that there was more beyond them. They gave you a candle to see by and a brush to paint by. You adventured beyond those powers that wanted to keep you in that cave which was truly a part of yourself; as I am a part of yourself too. You escaped and met Titans, those who had overcome death with stones. They brought you to new worlds and in their Temple you received your own stone. That stone was a key to the world inside you. This is the world inside you; you are an emanation of Han, the God who began this plane of existence. I am the Goddess, I am Canata, I am Isis, and I am the essence of this whole universe.”

“I thought the God who came into the universe first was Andan.” Enthnar said. “Andan grew out of Han, the God that they experience within the Goddess, remember what I said first in your dreams, if you go against the current that leads you to ignorance you can visit any one of these worlds you wish. I said darkness at the time because darkness was the symbol of that sleep to you.” The elderly Elf woman took a ladle from a small cauldron nearby. She handed it to Enthnar and he saw that it was full of green liquid. “Drink my potion my son and you shall know for yourself of what I speak.” Enthnar took the ladle and drank it down painfully. The green liquid was hard to swallow and very bitter. Enthnar did not feel anything at first, but continued to sit at her feet. He could not think of any questions for her even though he could tell he had waited a lifetime for this meeting. She put her hand on his face and said, “Freedom and love are indeed the most important things in the universe, and sometimes they seem to conflict with one another, but one is impossible without the other. You are on an eternal journey to find truth and indeed so are all the emanations of God, so are all those which emanate from the Goddess, to experience all things. So are the door walkers on this journey.” “What are door walkers?” Enthnar asked. “Look to the door.” She said.

Enthnar looked and began to see colors of energy. He started to feel strange and electrified, as the colors came more and more into vivid focus. Enthnar began to see that he was surrounded by hundreds of little walking men shapes and flying serpents. Then he saw one Lord of all these things come into the room. He commanded the attention of all. He had the body of a man, the hair of a stag, a giant phallus, and a strange face with the beard of a wise man and the horns of a stag as well. He looked straight into Enthnar with piercing yellow eyes. He reached out his hand and Enthnar touched his hand in the sign of the horned god. Suddenly Enthnar found himself in a new place, a forest of green light that was full of life where he had first dreamed about in the caves. The horned god spoke to him. “I am he who was cast down in the beginning; I am he who loves the cycles of

life and death, as much as I love immortality. I am the bringer of green light. I am the one who is your father in the world from where you came. Without me there would not be life, I am the reflection of the ultimate creation. Let me play and bring away this canopy of leaves from off your eyes.”

The horned God took out a strange flute with several pipes, but also with holes. He began to play the most enchanting music, which Enthnar had ever heard, and there was suddenly the sound of the beating of a drum and Enthnar felt as though his lower body had become a horse, and he was carried away into endless worlds. He saw stars upon stars and galaxies upon galaxies and universes upon universes. What seemed to be an endless ecstasy began with the beating of an eternal beat. Enthnar flew into the corridor of light made of billions of stars and into the corridor of light beyond that, a grand road of the Gods. All these worlds offer up experience to the greater forever, he realized; an endless experience, an endless dream. Worlds harbor life and life harbors worlds without end. After such a vision Enthnar searched for no purpose and had no questions. Everything was before him, a million answers to anything and he felt content to just experience it. Enthnar also saw that all things are filled with energy from the endless Goddess, and that walkers fill it all, walkers transmitting the energy of everything. Always searching for more, scanning the whole of existence, an endless journey. The search for more understanding is a voyage beyond imagining. The only ones who are closed out are those who never take the first step out of the cave and begin.

Then there was a light, an endless Goddess like an ocean, which embraced him and said, “The mysteries of continuing to grow knowledge instead of an endless forgetting is to cycle your energy forever, using an inner dimensional stake called a Titan Stone. A Titan stone is made by putting part of yourself within it. Through blood oil and semen are all things energetically transmitted. You can separate a part of yourself through the division, which is caused by evil acts, and be imprinted by the emotion of hate. Or you can separate a part of yourself through enlightenment, and imprint it through the power of love. Warriors make the very stones of the battlefield their stones and the goddess saves them to take part in the battle at the end of the world. Kings use their horses or patron animals to merge with and gain the energy necessary to come unto the goddess also, in preparation for the end of their world. The goddess gives them golden apples and ferries them across the river of death while protecting them from all the demons of fear that would eat their energy and bring the great forgetting.”

The light ended and the Goddess let go of Enthnar and he felt cold ice coursing through his veins

like a serpent of ice. Then a new serpent of fire came into him and he felt the flowering of life and breath come back into him. The horned God was holding him in under the canopy of green again and began walking back with Enthnar in his arms like a child; while he saw spirits and light filling everything. Enthnar saw the old elf woman kissing him on the forehead and saying, "Sleep well my love, we shall meet again one day soon." Enthnar then felt her place a piece of wood in his hands.

## Chapter Five

### *Cross Roads of Endlheim*

When Enthnar awoke he was resting in the middle of a stone circle surrounded by elves in green cloaks. He felt weak and sick, although the tall dark haired elf raised him and steadied him. The elf said, you have been brought back into a new life; resurrected to be our King and given this wand by which you may have command of spirits. The elf then led him around the pillar circle three times and brought him back to the altar in the middle where there was a basin of water and a fire with incense. The elf had Enthnar wash his hands and dry them over the fire. He then took a white rope belt and tied it around him.

"This shall protect you. Nine men from this village shall attend you along with Simenon and Birgawin; we are now all here. I am the first of the nine and my name is Aramin; this is, Turanin, Gylfanar, Adari, Layanor, Elador, Hagalari, Torinor and Malanar. We have agreed with Simenon to meet you at a certain place in three days after we gather many more elves from these mountains. We must make haste, until we meet, farewell my King." Enthnar shook their hands before they disappeared into the woods.

Enthnar, Simenon and Birgawin mounted their horses and started riding east of the village through the woods. They gathered a few recruits at several villages and then started heading down the winding road out of the mountains, which turned to the south. They camped that night in the foothills of the mountains, and dark clouds began to roll in. It rained and thundered that night and Enthnar noticed Birgawin holding a pendent with an axe on it, and praying. Enthnar asked what that pendant was. Birgawin replied, "It is the symbol of the thunder God who is the God of my people, named Baranak. We must always praise him for the rain and pray for safe passage from the lightning, but to be endowed with the lightning of his inspiration." Enthnar nodded, and then thought about what he said. He remembered having a dream where he met a Titan of lightning named Barak, on an amazing ship. He wondered if that was just a dream or if it had something to

do with his past life, spoken about by the old witch.

It was overcast in the morning but the rain had subsided. It was damp and cold as Enthnar gathered his things, and they mounted their horses. They continued down the mountains and came to a road on the plains that they started following to the east. They rode all that day and after an exhausting ride stopped for the night and camped in the woods. The next morning they continued as usual all day, riding past woods and increasingly larger meadows and grasslands.

Towards the evening they came to a large town. Simenon and Birgawin put on the hoods of their cloaks and Enthnar did the same. Enthnar saw that in the center of the town there was an ancient temple to the Gods which had now been converted into a church of evil, for I had the red mark of Embalanach upon it. A man standing on the steps who looked as though he was half goblin, he was bald with reptilian looking eyes. He asked Birgawin where he was going and from whence he came. Birgawin said, "We are humble pilgrims out of the heathen wilderness, come to pray unto Andan at thy shrine in the morning, but for now we must find a place to rest. Good day." The man said nothing in return and they rode on. They rode strait through town and turned onto a smaller road that went up into the woods to a lone inn and tavern. Birgawin paid for a room and Enthnar and Simenon went straight up. Enthnar said to Simenon, "It is funny, I thought when I came on this adventure we would have fought our way through the whole way and I haven't wielded my sword even once." "Never hope for it," Simenon said. "Every time it is wielded you have a great chance of dying, I fear that you will have to use it."

Enthnar thought about his words and went to sleep. Enthnar suddenly awoke in the early morning. Sir Birgawin whispered, get your sword and stand behind the door. "What is happening?" Enthnar whispered. "There is a procession of Embalanach Priests coming up the road toward the Inn; they will probably want to search for emblems of Gods they hate. Your sword and several other things we have would spell disaster for us." Simenon whispered. "What is so special about my sword?" "It was your father's sword, and look it has the symbol of Eldridinos the forest God upon its hilt." Simenon replied. "I am going to blow my horn the elves should already be in the woods just above us." Said Birgawin. "It would give away the element of surprise." Simenon said. "Yes, but we are vastly outnumbered."

Birgawin went to the window and blew his horn into the morning air; it sounded clear and loud. Enthnar heard the Priests kick in the door down stairs, and then he heard some of them screaming outside. Simenon nocked an arrow in his bow, and stood on the opposite side of the room, and

Birgawin drew his sword and stood by the door. The door was kicked in against Enthnar, although a little table took most of the force. Simenon's arrow flew and Enthnar heard a body hit the ground. There was also the sound of a swinging sword and cutting flesh. There was a loud twang and Simenon screamed. Enthnar came out from behind the door and a man with a crossbow had just retreated to reload, and there was another priest with a sword that started clashing swords with Birgawin, but hadn't seen Enthnar yet. Enthnar stabbed him in the side with all the force he could muster and ran him through. The crossbowman popped around the corner again and Birgawin grabbed it and pulled him into the room, tripping him over one of the dead bodies. Enthnar turned around to get his bearings and swung cutting the throat of the crossbowman. He looked up to see Simenon with a bolt in his shoulder. He was struggling to pull back the string of his bow with another arrow in it. Blood saturated his tunic. Birgawin started clashing swords with another priest and Simenon gasped, "Enthnar, jump out the window, our men are down there ready to catch you."

Enthnar leaned on the windowsill and looked down a whole story to ground level, and he saw two elves, reaching up, indicating that he could jump. Enthnar leaped and they caught him for the most part, except for hitting his foot on the ground pretty hard. Enthnar turned to the elves, and said, "You have to save Birgawin and Simenon." Just after he said this the sounds of fighting seemed to suddenly stop. A bunch of elves came out of the tavern and so did Birgawin covered in blood but seemingly unharmed. "Where is Simenon?" Enthnar asked. "He is in there." Birgawin replied. Enthnar went into the tavern and he saw Aramin, Adari and Malanar trying to bind his wounds on a table. Enthnar saw that he did not only have a bolt in his shoulder but he was also slashed in the belly. He was losing a lot of blood and looked pale as death. He turned to Enthnar and said, "Enthnar, you will always be my King. You must leave me now. I will only slow the party down, and we might have lost the element of surprise. Go with haste, go to the cross roads of Endlheim. Birgawin knows the way."

The other elves nodded to him, and Enthnar went back out into the morning light. Birgawin said, "Enthnar, come here and wipe off your sword, you always have to take good care of it; then we must go with great haste unto Endlheim." After wiping off the blood and seeing it run out of the center groove, Enthnar sheathed it and mounted his horse. The elves said, they would always be near but that they should not all travel together so they don't draw attention; so they all began to split up and galloped on their horses through the forest, on either side, while Birgawin and Enthnar rode cross country through the valley. They rode all day and Enthnar felt sick when thinking about what happened in the Inn that morning, although he knew that what they had done had been

necessary to defend their own lives. They camped on the plains that night and the ground was a lot softer there than it was in the woods. Enthnar awoke in the early morning realizing that Birgawin had been out watching all night. Enthnar came out of the tent, and said, "Birgawin, you have to get some sleep, I will spell you off." Birgawin looked grateful and said, "Yes, my King. Be careful, and wake me at the first sign of anything."

Enthnar watched and didn't wake Birgawin until the sun was up, and they rode on all that day. They took turns watching that night, and the next day they rode on until they came to a road at about noon. Birgawin said, "This road leads to Endlheim, and we should be at the cross roads by nightfall." They rode on, and that night they came to a big cross road with one single giant tree standing next to the junction. Birgawin looked around and pointed out a stream a few miles away with trees along it, and said, "That is where the elves will be hiding, let us go camp with them. No fires tonight."

They rode over to them, and brought their horses down into the trees. Surely enough, almost invisible in the bushes were elves under their green cloaks camping. Enthnar found a good spot like a deer bed, and curled up in his own cloak to sleep for the night. The next morning Enthnar got up and saw that all his horsemen had gathered at the junction. He heard one elf say, "The humans will give us away." Enthnar and Birgawin mounted their horses and rode out to them. Then men dismounted and bowed to Enthnar. "Arise." Enthnar said. "Now is the day we will take back Etheta." "Etheta."

The crowd gave a hearty cheer. Birgawin rode up under the tree, and suddenly Enthnar heard him yell in pain. Enthnar turned around his heart pounding, and he saw a giant snake latched on to Birgawin's chest just above the neckline of his plate mail. He screamed and wrestled with it, his horse stepping nervously trying not to panic. Enthnar pulled out his sword and screamed while he tried to chop the snake down from the back of his horse; its tail still being wrapped around a tree branch. Finally Birgawin himself pulled out his serrated dagger and sawed away at it, until its head came off.

Birgawin looked suddenly faint and fell backwards off his horse, and the horse galloped a ways off. Enthnar got down, and started pulling off his armor. A terrible looking purple welt where the snake bit him was spreading. Gylfanar was suddenly at Enthnar's side; he took out his dagger and cut a small cross in the welt. He then started sucking out the poison and blood and spitting it out next to them on the dusty road. Birgawin put his hand up to Enthnar, and Enthnar held it. He then said, "Enthnar, I am not going to make it; I already feel the poison being pumped through my heart

and I may only have moments to say my last words. I see, energy beings of light, all around us. I see walkers, and Gods and Goddesses. I believe what you have said about them, and about infinity. You will always be my King. Please wash my body with water and oil, and place this pendent in my mouth, and burn me; that I may be preserved for the last battle and that I may be sealed to you. Whatever happens, you are a King forever.” Birgawin closed his eyes and let out one long strange breath, and was dead. Enthnar started to cry and kissed his cheeks and forehead. “This is no time for mourning.” Enthnar heard behind him. “That snake was put there by the dark lord. He knows we are coming.”

## Chapter Six

### *Well of Passage*

Enthnar arose and looked behind him to see Aramin standing there. Enthnar thought deeply for a few moments and said, “We must just charge forwards then.” “Perhaps, let us cast the runes first though.” Aramin replied. Hagalari came forward with a bag. He took a stick and drew a calendar in the dirt. He then took rune stones out of his bag without looking and tossed them on the ground. “The runes say that we should approach with caution, and furthermore the cycle rune is in the place of the battle strategy. This means that we should exploit the same weakness the goblins did when they first took that castle.” “The well.” Enthnar said. Enthnar got up on his horse and commanded the attention of all the humans and elves and said. “We go to the castle, to do battle; for our freedom and lands. Oh ye men of the lake, you shall advance to the Southwestern side of the castle and remain in the woods there until the gate shall open. The elves shall advance in on the Northwest woods and appear when the door shall open as well. The nine shall come with me to open the gate. The gate shall open at this time, the day after tomorrow.” Enthnar then selected a master captain both out of the elves and the humans that would be on the outside of the gate, to give the command and the men moved out.

After the burning of Sir Birgawin nightfall soon came and Enthnar and Aramin camped in the woods close to the road with no tent and no fire. “I will keep watch.” Aramin said. “I can also keep watch and sleep at the same time, so you just sleep; you need your rest.” The next morning Enthnar began to ride down the road accompanied by Aramin on an elk; the other eight swiftly ran into the woods on foot. “How can they keep up?” Enthnar asked Aramin. “They know the art of Elvish running.” He replied. “Why did I never learn it?” Enthnar asked. “Because it is unique to the tribes

of the Green Heart of Etheta; it is performed by perceiving yourself further forward than you are, and you are slightly further. So it is a mild form of teleportation. They used it to get here, and they beat you and Birgawin to the crossroads. That ability along with our practice of traveling cross-country allows us to be places before horses can get to there.”

They rode all that day, and in the evening time they came up over a certain hill, and there in the distance they could see the old castle of Enthnar. It seemed to have a dark cloud hanging over it, and Aramin said, “Let us go into the woods and camp and stay in the woods while we approach the castle in the morning. Mid-morning is the time we must open that gate.” They camped in the woods that night and Enthnar thought he would barely be able to sleep, but he was exhausted and closed his eyes. Enthnar awoke to Aramin waking him in the early morning light. “It is time to go and find the way in.” He said. They were joined in the woods by the other eight and they all approached the northwest side of the castle in the woods. There was a cave there that the goblins had first made to get to the well. Enthnar and the others carefully approached the mouth of it, and to Enthnar’s dismay, there were bars over the entrance.

“How are we going to get in now?” Enthnar asked. “We knew they would have bars over it.” Aramin said, “We will find the place on the other side of this mound where air can be felt coming out of the ground.” Enthnar went with the others around and saw Elador on the ground putting his hear between two rocks, and smelling. He, Layanor and Torinor, then pulled small shovels from off their backs and started prying away rocks and digging quietly but swift. Soon they had a little hole broken away where the dirt fell in and trickled down into the darkness. Enthnar then saw Layanor pull out a long pipe, with holes on one end and a handle on the other, from his cloak. “What is that?” Enthnar whispered. “That is full of poisoned needles,” Aramin replied. “Let him go first and he will be sure the guards are not alerted to our presence. Then Torinor and Hagalari; after them I and you will go followed by, Gylfanor, Elador, Malanar, Turanin and Adari.”

After the first three elves entered the small hole Aramin squeezed through it, and the others gestured to Enthnar to climb in. Enthnar got down in the dirt and began to slide; wondering when his feet would land on the floor of the tunnel. He felt Aramin take hold of him and help him down. He saw the light coming through the bars in one direction and a dark tunnel in the other. Enthnar pulled out his sword and Aramin had already drawn his. They crept through the cave, occasional roots and spider webs gracing their hair. They stepped over several dead bodies of goblin guards, and Enthnar couldn’t help but look in their open eyes and realize the gravity of the situation. The

cave was becoming so dark that their eyes couldn't adjust and everything was pitch black. Aramin grabbed Enthnar's hand and continued on into the darkness. Enthnar felt himself occasionally stumbling over the rough ground, but Aramin's steps were steady.

After what seemed like forever, Enthnar saw a pale light coming down from the ceiling ahead. "Don't fall into the well." Aramin cautioned Enthnar. Enthnar could now see that they were on the side of the well shaft, with the hole of the well both on the ceiling and extending down into the floor. The other three elves were standing around it, and Torinor was softly tugging on a chain on the side of the well to see if it was steady. Suddenly they heard a goblin voice in the tongue of Embalanach hollering something down the well which echoed in the cave. "What did he say?" Enthnar whispered. "He said, it is not time for your shift to end yet," replied Torinor. "We must climb without disturbing the chain, until we are up." "Let all eight go first Enthnar; then we will climb the chain once they are up." Aramin said.

One by one the elves climbed up the well in total silence. Enthnar heard some mild disturbance, above and then Aramin said, "It is time, let us climb. You go up first, and I will be sure you don't fall." Enthnar grabbed the chain and put his feet against the well wall, the pit looming below him. He began to climb as fast as his arms could carry him and Aramin was right behind him. The light of the top became bigger and brighter the closer he came. Once he put his hand over the edge an Elvish arm grabbed him and pulled him out into the early morning light. It was Malanar and he pulled Enthnar as fast as his feet could carry him to a door nearby. Enthnar saw that the elves had split up. Malanar and Adari were keeping watch on the well, from a nearby door, while the others had gone to the two front towers and the gatehouse. Aramin came over the side of the well and ran toward the door where they were waiting. Suddenly Enthnar heard a goblin horn blaring a low gargling hum. Enthnar heard steps coming down the stairs where they were, and all the elves had their swords ready. Suddenly, several goblin guards attacked, their swords clashing with the swords of the elves. Malanar, Adari and Aramin cut them down with great skill and Aramin said, "Enthnar, let us go."

They ran up the stairs and came into a common room. There were several more guards coming into this room at the same time and the elves charged cutting them down. One got around their flank and came at Enthnar. Enthnar blocked his first blow and then kicked a chair into his legs and struck the goblin's sword hand. The goblin dropped his sword in pain and Enthnar cut his jugular before he could pull out his knife. Another one had come around and engaged Enthnar as his heart was pounding, but he was also feeling a sudden rush of adrenalin. Enthnar started hitting the

goblin's buckler, and then took a shot at his knee and cut it. The Goblin lunged and Enthnar parried it and stabbed him through. The room was clear although Aramin's arm was wounded; he said, "We must go on, I will bandage it myself."

Malanar, Adari and Enthnar went up the next flight of stairs with Aramin close behind. Enthnar heard the horn of the lake riders and he knew the gate must be open. When they got to the top of the stairs there was a long hall stretched out before of them, however there was the sound of marching feet like a small army coming towards them from up another flight of stairs. Malanar opened a side door and he, Adari and Enthnar went in quickly, and closed it behind them. "What about Aramin?" Enthnar breathed. "He knows how to hide." Malanar said. There was another door on the other side of the room they had entered and Adari said, "We have to keep moving."

They went through this door to find a kitchen area with a boiling cauldron on one side. Suddenly an old goblin hag came out with a butcher's knife and threw it into Malanar's leg. He dropped to the ground and Adari decapitated her when she came at him, and he was sprinkled head to foot with her blood. Enthnar crouched down by Malanar. "Don't pull it out." Malanar said. "Or I will bleed to death." "What do we do?" Enthnar replied. "You move on without me, with great haste; you can't have me slow you down. She hit my leg to slow us down, because she knew she couldn't take us on. Now go." Adari, grabbed Enthnar's shoulder and started running to the other side of the kitchen. Enthnar and Adari moved into another hallway, and Enthnar could hear the sounds of battle raging outside. They went up another flight of stairs, and Adari said, "We are getting close to the throne room, that is where he shall be. His name is Grividor, he is the dark lord set over the lands of Ethema by Andalnoch, king of Embalanach." "What will we do when we get to him?" Enthnar asked. "I will engage him while you while you hide. When you see it is safe to strike then you can join me," Adari replied. Adari looked into Enthnar's eyes gravely, "We need you to live, to be King when this is over."

Enthnar did not protest as they snuck down a few more vacant halls until there was a set of huge double doors up a short flight of stairs. Adari opened a storage room and shoved Enthnar in and closed the door. Enthnar could see Adari fling open the double doors and rush in screaming a battle cry through a crack in the door from where he hid there in the darkness. He began to see movement in the great room beyond the door, but what was happening was hard to see from this distance. Enthnar suddenly heard Adari scream, and opened the closet door to run to his aid against the council to hide. He knew that he would be of no use as a King if he were not a true friend. He ran across the hall and up the stairs into the room beyond the giant door.

Enthnar saw standing there in the middle of the throne-room the dark lord in a black cloak holding up Adari by the neck and thrusting his sword through him. Enthnar pulled out his sword and began to advance against him. The dark lord threw Adari onto the ground and pulled out his black sword, which seemed to smoke darkness if one had the spiritual eyes to see it. The sword of the dark lord and Enthnar's clashed. Enthnar could barely block his heavy blows and finally Enthnar's sword was cut in half, and the dark sword scratched his shoulder. Enthnar screamed and retreated further into the throne room with his half sword in front of him. Enthnar sheathed his half sword for a moment and grabbed a spear from the wall. Enthnar charged and the dark lord grabbed the shaft and pulled it out of Enthnar's hands. The dark lord said, "Your father killed my predecessor in that way, and I have learned from his mistake; because I am him. The goblins perform trans-soul migration for their kings through human sacrifice; the sacrifice of your father."

The dark lord then turned the spear on Enthnar shoved it through his shoulder, lifted him from the ground and pinned him to a shield on the wall. Enthnar could barely assimilate what just happened. There was a sharp pain in his chest and running down his arm, and he felt his warm blood dripping down his body and into his boot. The Dark Lord then stuck another spear in his other shoulder, and Enthnar hung there, although the pain seemed to pass from him like a cloud off a mountain. Enthnar was starting to experience a feeling of peace come over him. He began to feel light headed and seemed to be drifting off to sleep. Suddenly Enthnar was enveloped in colorful geometric shapes moving fluidly before him. Through these shapes Enthnar saw three women weaving endless particles together, the women he had seen before. He also saw one of the women shining brightly and dressed in white. Her golden hair was the hue of burnished gold. She approached him and was holding a ladle full of mead and gave Enthnar some to drink. She then embraced him and came into him as though they were melding together and becoming one person. Enthnar then felt as full and blissful as he ever had before.

Enthnar suddenly realized he was inside a well and climbed out just like he had done this morning, although this well lead to a beautiful garden. There were many trees, and above the trees were stars even though the sun was shining. Enthnar saw a bush there that was like a tree with yellowish fruits, which came to a point on the bottom. There was also another tree with white fruit that shone with a golden light, which grew in two sections. There was suddenly a procession of elves and fauns through the Garden and they came to Enthnar. The leader of them whose robes shone like silver, said to Enthnar, "Do you wish to die, or do you wish to return?" "I wish to return, there are so many things I have to do." Enthnar said. The elf took his hand and said, "We will

always be your family,” and handed him one of the yellowish fruits.

Enthnar took a bite of it, and they took him by the hand and lowered him back into the dark well. Enthnar saw colorful geometric shapes in the darkness again and suddenly opened his eyes. He was still hanging by the spears in the throne room, and the dark lord was busy drawing a magical circle to perform some kind of ceremony. Enthnar also noticed that there was a giant beam blocking the door from opening. Enthnar also realized that his broken sword was still in his sheath. Enthnar pulled as hard as he could to get his right shoulder onto the shaft and off the blade of the spear, as well as his left one. Sweat started beading and dripping down his face, the pain also returned putting terrible stings up his whole body. He heard that the fight had stopped outside and he hoped his army had won the day and was almost to the door. He inched his way down the spear shafts until they dislodged from the shield and he came down with a crash, two long shafts still in his shoulders. The dark lord turned and looked at him, realizing there was nothing much that Enthnar could do, and returned to his work. Enthnar pulled the spears out of his shoulders and now the blood really started to flow and Enthnar suddenly felt much lighter headed than before, and a nauseous feeling made him vomit. He was in no condition to fight but he used one of the nearby pillars to pull himself into a standing position. The dark lord then pulled out his sword and approached him. “You came down just in time for the sacrifice.” He said.

Enthnar suddenly ran for the door and crouching below the beam he used his wounded shoulder to remove the beam from the door. The door suddenly burst open and in rode horsemen. The dark lord screeched and started fighting them with amazing skill. He dismounted one and took his horse, while chopping down several more. He rode out of the throne room as Enthnar collapsed and lay there. Gylfanar was suddenly by his side stanching the blood of his wounds with bandaging. Enthnar drifted off several times, but once when he opened his eyes, Isis was there also. She was holding him and he was lying now in a different room on a bed. Isis held him close and said, “No matter what happens, I will always be here with you; our love is eternal.”

Enthnar went on to have a long and happy life and did have much posterity.