



**Nephilim**  
The **REMNNANTS**

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DAVID A. HENDERSON

# Nephilim

he REMNANTS

written & illustrated

by

David A. Henderson

[NephilimTheRemnants.com](http://NephilimTheRemnants.com)

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**NEPHILIM THE REMNANTS**

by David A. Henderson

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# ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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First and foremost, I would like to thank God my creator and Jesus Christ my LORD for blessing me with a creative mind and the abilities to write, illustrate, and design this book. I offer it back to You for the growing of Your Kingdom. May Your mercy and grace be upon me where I am in err. Amen.

Second, I would like to say a very special thank you to the woman I love, my amazing wife Johanna for her open and honest input and for her continual love, encouragement, and support throughout the very long process of writing this book.

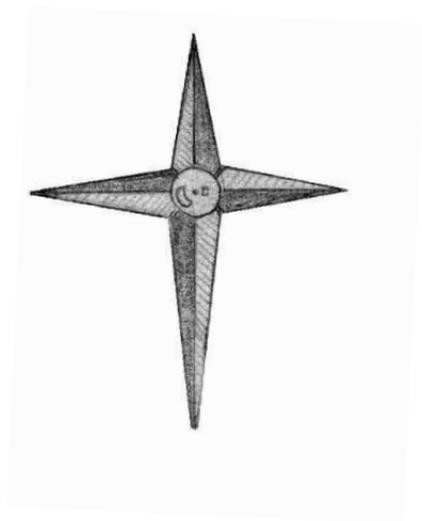
I would also like to thank the members of my family and friends who proofread the many various versions of this book. And thank you to Kima Jude and Richard Porter for their generous gift of time in their professional support of this book.



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*To my LORD God and Savior,  
Jesus Christ,  
whose love for me is neverending.*

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## AUTHOR'S NOTES

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I never intended to write a book. But here it is— a labor of love for over ten years. It first started when... wait no, I guess it actually goes back further than that.

It first started with the homemade comics I used to draw as a kid. I made up my own characters and soon was creating short comic books drawn on lined notebook paper placed into three ring binders. The comics evolved from silly to more serious but by the time I graduated from high school I was pretty much done making them.

However, I still loved drawing comic book style characters and continued creating them throughout my college years.

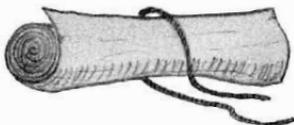
Inspired by Japanese animation I decided to test my abilities by writing a script for an animated feature based on my own original characters. I began writing in my spare time and after a few years I had a finished draft. Then I began passing it around to family and friends for proofreading and feedback. But the feedback I received was overwhelming.

“You should write a book,” was the nearly unanimous consensus. I wanted to quit right then and there. I had just spent the last few years agonizing over this script and I thought it was finally done. Besides that, “I never considered myself a writer. I didn’t know anything about writing a book. I’m not even that fond of reading them, how am I ever going to write one.” I said on more than one occasion. But I sensed God spurring me on, “*All things are possible with God.*” (*Mark 10:27 NIV*) So I committed it to Him. If I was going to write this book I was going

to need His help. *“Never will I leave you; never will I forsake you.” (Heb.13:5 NIV)* He reminded me. And so began the painfully long and tedious process of transforming the script into a full out book. And God was with me every step of the way, encouraging me and spurring me on, throughout all the ups and downs.

After several more years I was ready for more proof-reading and feedback. This time the consensus was that I should use my drawing abilities to illustrate the book as a graphic novel. I really liked the idea of using my drawings to help illustrate the story and characters, so I spent the next couple years drawing, editing, and placing illustrations throughout the book. In fact, some of the characters in those old notebook comics from my childhood survived all these years and has now evolved into the main characters of this book. It was a lot of fun and a lot of hard work all at the same time but in the end I feel it was worth it. I think the illustrations greatly enhanced the look and feel of this book.

And now here it is. The first of what I hope will be several other books. If you are reading this book, it is only by God that it came to be. You do not realize how many times I just wanted to be done with it– to quit and give up. But I couldn’t, this is what I was created by God to do. And I want you to know that while the words of this story may be fiction, the scriptures used in it from God’s Word, are faithful and true, and can be fully trusted.



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# CHARACTER PROFILES

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## SIR DANIEL THE GREAT SON OF HENDERS

Holy Warrior and descendant of  
the legendary dragon slayer  
Lord David Henders  
Affiliation - Christian  
Age - unknown  
Height - 6'4"  
Weight - 248 lbs

## JOHANNA PRINCESS OF AVOLON

Daughter of King Ældor and the  
last heir to the throne of Avolon  
Affiliation - Avolonian  
Age - 22  
Height - 5'4"  
Weight - 123 lbs



## KING ÆLDOR KING OF AVOLON

Ruler of the Kingdom of Avolon and  
father of Princess Johanna  
Affiliation - Avolonian  
Age - 63  
Height - 5'2"  
Weight - 188 lbs



CHRISTOPHER T. IAN  
CAPTAIN OF THE  
FISH HOOK

Captain of a questionable crew of  
pirates aboard his ship the *Fish Hook*

Affiliation - Pirate

Age - 48

Height - 6'6"

Weight - 265 lbs



GIDEON  
FIRST MATE ABOARD  
THE FISH HOOK

First Mate of the crew aboard  
the *Fish Hook*

Affiliation - Pirate

Age - 42

Height - 5'8"

Weight - 172 lbs



MAX

Young peasant boy with dreams of  
becoming a great knight

Affiliation - Avolonian

Age - 11

Height - 4'8"

Weight - 89 lbs





## GENERAL ROLYAM AVOLONIAN GENERAL

Newly appointed by King Ældor to be  
general over Avolon's armies

Affiliation - Avolonian

Age - 42

Height - 5'11"

Weight - 143

## TROLLS & GOBLINS

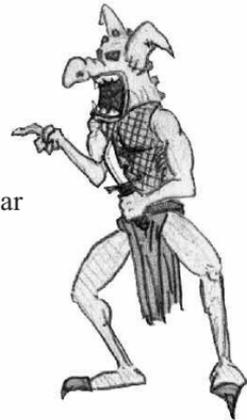
Mythical sub-human creatures  
rumored to live in the Fallen Forest of Fear

Affiliation - Goblin

Age - varies

Height - varies

Weight - varies



## VLADMIRIAN WARRIORS TRAINED SOLDIERS

Ruthless black-hooded warriors  
of the Vladmirian Empire

Affiliation - Vladmirian

Age - varies

Height - varies

Weight - varies

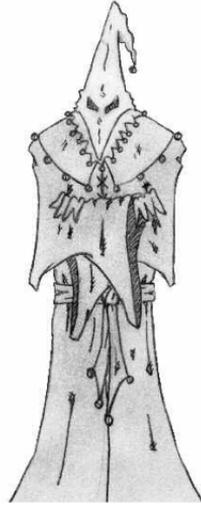


LORD GEREMY OF LORE  
BLACK KNIGHT OF ARTEAH

Lost heir to the throne of the  
old Lorean Empire  
Affiliation - Nephilim  
Age - unknown  
Height - unknown  
Weight - unknown

MAYLOR  
WIZARD OF VLADMIRIA

Dark Sorcerer of secret arts with an  
extreme hatred for Lord Geremy  
Affiliation - Warlock  
Age - 43  
Height - 5'11"  
Weight - 144 lbs



COUNT VLADIMIR  
RULER OF VLADMIRIA

Self proclaimed god bent on ruling  
all of Arteah in a new age of darkness  
Affiliation - Nephilim  
Age - 514  
Height - 6'8"  
Weight - 271 lbs



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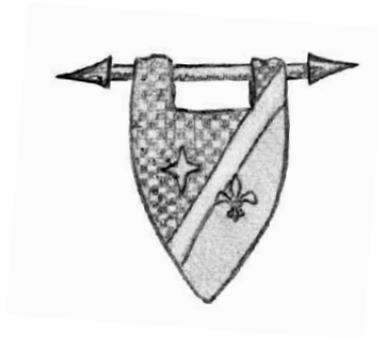
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# In the BEGINNING...

In a small but cozy, dimly lit room, a dark-haired man suited in medieval battle armor sits on the corner of his bed reading from a forbidden book of old. The light from hanging lanterns flickers across the wood-trimmed room as he sits hunched over the thick leather-bound book. The olden book is worn, and it's hard to tell if the cover was once black or brown as areas of the leather are cracked with age. The brittle pages are yellowed by time and show areas of dried water damage. Skimming through the pages, the man reads a passage to himself then flips aimlessly to another passage and does the same. As if he were trying to discover the secrets it may hold through a few seemingly random sentences here and there. And he reads:

*“In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. He was with God in the beginning. Through Him all things were made; without Him nothing was made... In Him was life, and that life was the light of men. The light shines in the darkness, but the darkness has not understood it.<sup>1</sup> And the Word became flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.<sup>2</sup> He was in the world, and though the world was made through Him, the world did not recognize Him.<sup>3</sup> He came unto his own, and His own received Him not.<sup>4</sup> Yet to all who received him, to those who believed in his name, He gave the right to become children of God.”<sup>5</sup>*

The young man stops for a moment, puzzled, wondering why it is that he is reading about the beginning when he has opened the book over three-fourth's of the way through. In fact, he is closer to the end of the book than the beginning. Curious, he decides to go to the front of the old book. Opening it to the first page he reads again, "*Genesis, In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.<sup>6</sup> In the day that God created man, He made him in the likeness of God— He created them male and female, and blessed them and called them mankind in the day they were created.*" <sup>7</sup> Skipping ahead, he reads on... "*Then the LORD saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth; and that every intent of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually, ...and He was grieved in His heart.*" <sup>8</sup>

Still curious about this ancient book of intrigue, the man flips to another passage. "*For the wages of sin is death...<sup>9</sup> For all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God,*" <sup>10</sup> Using his fingers to keep his place, he turns back further in the book and reads another Scripture: "*...your iniquities have separated you from your God; your sins have hidden His face from you...<sup>11</sup> But God demonstrates his own love for us in this: While we were still sinners, Christ died for us.*" <sup>12</sup>

Rummaging through the brittle pages the dark-haired man finds a different place and reads on. "*For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have everlasting life. For God did not send His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved. He who believes in Him is not condemned;*" <sup>13</sup>

Captivated, the young man searches out yet another

verse, *“Believe on the LORD Jesus Christ, and you will be saved,”* <sup>14</sup> Returning to the place his fingers had kept, he reads again. *“For it is with your heart that you believe and are justified, and it is with your mouth that you confess and are saved.”* <sup>15</sup>

He stops and ponders to himself why such a book has been banned.

Suddenly there is an abrupt knock at the door interrupting the man’s thoughts. The man turns his head slightly at the sound then closes the old book and sets it down on a small wooden desk just an arm’s length away.

“Enter,” he calls in a strong deep voice responding to the knock.

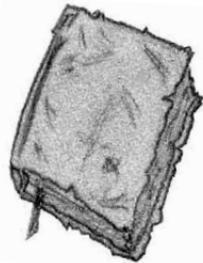
The door opens and another man, also suited in armor, walks in. The soldier begins to speak, then stops suddenly after noticing the large leather book on the young man’s desk, almost as if he were uncomfortable with its very presence. The dark-haired man turns to see what is troubling the soldier. Finding that it is the old book causing the soldier’s uneasiness, he turns back to face him and commands, “Report at once.”

“Forgive me, my Lord,” the soldier says quickly. “Your men are assembled and ready. Count Vladimir awaits you in his throne room.”

“Good. You are dismissed.”

At his command the soldier takes one last glance at the book before exiting the room. Alone, the young lord looks back

at the worn book for a moment. Then reaching across the desk, he grabs his helmet and starts for the door— leaving the book and his thoughts behind as he exits the small wood-trimmed room.



## Chapter I

# The BLACK LORD of LORE

In the southern lands of Lore, now known as Arteah, on the far outskirts of the Kingdom of Avolon lies the sleepy town of Brendinheim. It's a cool autumn night. A nearly full moon peeks through the clouds that move across the night sky. Lights from burning lamps can be seen in village huts and look like little stars scattered across the countryside from the height of the village watchtower. The guard posted there yawns as he looks out over the peaceful community below.

Pulling watchtower duty in Brendinheim is a dull job. Brendinheim is a small farming community, and nothing very exciting ever happens there. Occasionally a few animals get loose and several villagers band together to chase them down, or sometimes wolves stir up the livestock and must be run off, but nothing dramatically interesting. Most of the time it is just laid back and peaceful. Like every other night in Brendinheim, the same seems to hold true for this night. Nothing is stirring except a few dogs wrestling over a bone. The watchtower guard drifts in and out of sleep throughout the night as his eyes become heavy with fatigue.

However, in the distant skies above, an enormous evil approaches. Something elusive moves through the clouds in the darkened sky. A flicker of what appears to be several fires glows high in the atmosphere. At such a late hour, only a few people in

the village are even awake to notice the peculiar sight as the enormous mass moves towards the unsuspecting town.

A villager on his way out to relieve himself sees the fiery glows of red and orange flickering in the night sky and wonders to himself, “What is that?”

Elsewhere in the village, a man and his son carrying firewood also see it. The boy points to the large object, “Father, what’s that?”

“I don’t know, son, we’d better get inside,” his father replies.

Finally, the guard in the watchtower wakes long enough for his tired eyes to take notice of the glowing flames above. Getting to his feet, he rubs his eyes for a better look and wonders to himself. “A dragon? In these parts? It can’t be. There haven’t been any dragons around here for a...”

But he stops as the flickering lights of the large mass moves in closer towards the village, and he decides to alert the townspeople. Pulling a rope, he sounds the warning bell. “Gong! Gong! Gong!” The bell echoes

across the countryside as the whole community of Brendinheim wakes into a frenzy. The enormous mass stops in the sky above, directly over the center of town, blanketing it in a large shadow. Moments later, from out of the shadow, an army of hooded



warriors dressed in black appears. Carrying swords, spears, and axes they prey upon the small village, launching a vicious attack. The malicious warriors chase screaming villagers and burn huts as they begin to pillage and plunder the town.

Nearby in the same moon-lit night, on top of a small hill, a tall, horse-mounted figure gazes down at the country village that has been set ablaze. From the silhouette of his single-spiked helmet, the knight stares at the burning flames from the village huts as they rise up, licking against the night sky. Hearing the screams of the inept villagers, he watches as the hooded warriors ransack the village and burn books in a large bonfire. Amidst the chaos, something catches his attention. A young woman fleeing on foot, holding the hand of a young boy who runs closely behind her. They are chased by two of the black-hooded warriors. In the woman's other hand she carries some kind of book. The two warriors pursue the woman and boy into a small pub, one of the few remaining buildings not yet torched by flames. The tall horse-mounted figure hears the young woman's distant screams from inside the pub. Giving his horse a kick, he rides off down the hill— his cape flowing in the wind behind him as he heads towards the small pub.

Inside the pub, the two black-hooded warriors close in on the woman and young boy. In an act of protection, the boy charges the two men. But the first warrior knocks him to the ground with ease and pulls out his sword.



The young woman, gripping tightly to the book in her arms, screams in horror. “No! Max!!”

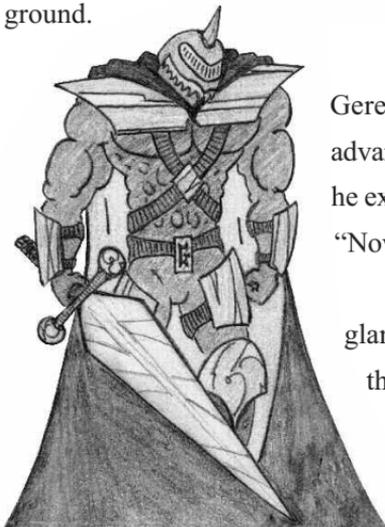
The hooded warrior raises his sword above his head preparing to strike and kill the boy. He brings the sword down with a terrible shearing sound, and an agonizing scream erupts. The blood-spattered boy looks up, trembling in disbelief. Only to find that it is his attacker screaming in pain. Examining himself, the boy realizes that he has not been harmed. As he wonders how that is possible, he notices his attacker's severed arm lying on the ground in front of him, still clinching the sword. Looking back up, the boy sees a tall, shadowy figure standing before him, the most horrifying and frightening individual he has ever seen in his relatively short existence. He is even more dark and menacing than the rumors and stories had described and yet, there he stands in all his dread. There is no mistaking it— it is him: the infamous Lord Jeremy, the Black Lord of Lore. The dark Lord is supposedly the forgotten heir to a kingdom long since past, buried by the ages of time and lost from the pages of history. No warrior has ever faced him without severe consequences. In fact, most warriors do not survive him at all.

Frozen with fear, the boy ignores his former attackers— his eyes locked on the black knight standing before him. The tall, charcoal figure stands strong with his cape draping to the floor. The outside of his cape is black as pitch, but its underside is white, silhouetting his massively superior physique. The dull grey steel of his armor accents his dark apparel. His rounded helmet is made from the same dull grey steel as his armor and is topped with a single spiked horn. He stares back at the boy through a row of vertical slots which line his visor. Shark-like teeth protrude from the hideous grin cut into the bottom edge of his helmet, looking as if to be laughing evilly though silent. Like

a vile demon spawned from a nightmare, just the sight of him is enough to strike fear in the hearts of the bravest of men.

In his right hand he holds a massive shard-like sword. The blade itself is shaped like an elongated diamond, flared straight out from the hilt, then coming to a long, sharp point. The hilt itself is extra long to compensate for the enormous size of the blade; its cross-guard is adorned with two large, ornamental balls, one on either end to keep it balanced. He holds the giant, bloodied sword with one hand; his muscles bulge under its weight. A normal man would barely be able to lift such a sword with both hands, and yet he wields it with one as if it were a stick. With a single blow, the dark Lord of Lore had severed the warrior's arm, and there it lay twitching on the floor.

As the one-armed warrior clutches at his missing appendage in pain, the other hooded warrior takes hold of the young woman. At this, Lord Geremy makes one quick move and backhands the masked warrior, sending him straight to the ground.



Then the daunting Lord Geremy speaks. “We do not take advantage of women and children,” he exclaims in a deep, strong voice. “Now leave!”

The one-armed warrior glances at his missing appendage, then flees— leaving the severed arm behind. The other warrior stumbles and staggers back to his feet trying desper-

ately to flee with his life while he still has it.

The boy runs back to the woman, who is on the ground holding her book tightly against her stomach.

“Mother! Are you all right?” the boy asks.

But the fair, young woman just looks up at the sinister Lord Jeremy with tears running down her cheeks and with gratitude, says, “Tha- thank you, sir...for rescuing...my son. We owe you our lives.” Then dropping the book from her grasp, she reveals a large knife wound in her side.

“Mother?!” the boy cries, seeing her blood.

Noticing the knife wound, the black knight realizes it is only a matter of time before she dies. The hooded warrior must have stabbed her when he took her hostage.

Taking the book into her grasp again the young woman says to the dark lord, “Here, take this.” She offers it up to him freely now. “I... I’m not sure why, but I believe He wants you to have this. A gift to you for sparing my son’s life. But please, do not burn it. For within its pages lies a secret treasure and a hidden power to which nothing can compare. It is full of truth and life for those who find it.”

Curious, the dark lord takes the book from her open hands. He looks at the woman for a moment and then at the thick leather book in his hand. Saying nothing, he turns to walk away.

“Where... where are you going?” the boy pleads. “You have to help her. You can’t just leave us?”

The black Lord of Lore stops for a moment and glances over his shoulder, only to ignore the boy and continue on his way.

Outside the pub, near a large pile of flaming books, an-

other sinister figure awaits the black lord. His raspy voice seethes with contempt.

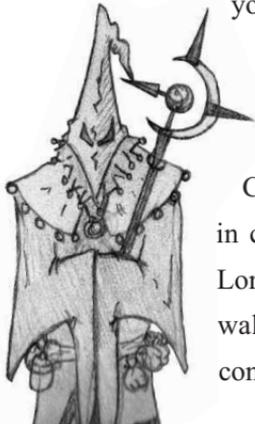
“That was quite a noble deed you did in there.”

It is Maylor the sorcerer, the evil Vladmirian wizard. He is thin and wiry, clothed in brown robes and wearing a white pointed hood which completely covers his face except for two narrow eye holes. He stands holding a long wooden staff decorated with an elaborate gold crescent moon, within which a single sphere-shaped orb seems to float.

“It pains me to have to report this to Count Vladimir,” he adds.

“Do what you will, wizard,” comes Lord Jeremy’s unconcerned reply. “I am merely carrying out the Count’s wishes. We have taken the village; our mission here is complete. Now leave me, sorcerer.”

“As you wish, my Lord,” Maylor says, turning to leave. Then stopping, he turns back to add, “You know as well as I do that most of the survivors here will die as Count Vladimir brings about his new age of darkness. Your fruitless heroics, as well as your return, are a clear sign of weakness.”



“The only weakness here is standing in front of me,” Lord Jeremy antagonizes. “If it were not so, then perhaps Count Vladimir would have left a wizard in command instead of a Nephilim.” Then Lord Jeremy turns his back on Maylor and walks away as the village is taken under his control.

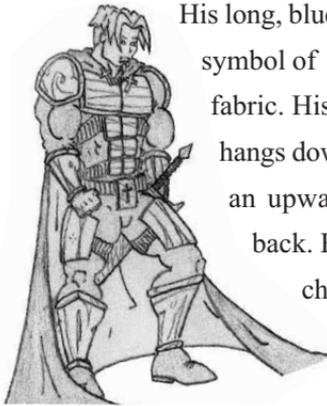
## Chapter II

# The GREAT SON of HENDERS

Further south in the land of Arteah lies the glorious Kingdom of Avolon. Surrounded by its colorful foliage and exquisite landscapes, it sits in the hill country, basking in the mid-morning sun. The Kingdom of Avolon is the largest of the kingdoms of Arteah, known for its beauty and broad splendor. Its walls extend for several miles across the horizon. Flags of Avolon ripple high in the wind from the tops of the cone-shaped towers, which are spread throughout the expanse of the kingdom. A single river that flows out to the sea, runs straight through the kingdom of Avolon and crosses the main road. At this crossroad in the heart of the vast kingdom sits the royal palace. Tall and beautiful with its sharp peaks, the royal palace overlooks the entire kingdom of Avolon.



Inside the royal palace, through the spacious rooms and arched hallways filled with people, a dashing young knight makes his way. He is tall, handsome, and mighty just from his appearance. He is clothed in blue and shines from the chrome of his armor. His sword dangles at his side as he walks. Upon recognizing him people part in the halls and move out of his way.



His long, blue cape drags behind him bearing the symbol of a large white cross stitched into the fabric. His blond hair parts in the middle and hangs down the length of his face but is cut at an upward slope to above his ears in the back. He rubs the blond tuft of hair on his chin in deep thought as if something heavy is on his mind.

The dashing young knight walks past several guards and into the royal throne room where a large crowd of people have gathered and stand waiting. Towards the front of the crowd he notices an old, scruffy man in torn clothing and a young boy. Both seem to be very troubled and very out of place among the well-dressed knights, nobles, aides, and royal officials who fill the hall. Just then, King Ældor and his daughter Johanna, the Princess of Avolon, enter the royal throne room together.

The blond-haired knight watches as the plump, old king waddles his way out, tugging at his grey beard. The king is dressed in the finest of scarlet robes trimmed with fur of pure white. A golden crown crusted with jewels sits upon his balding head. He sparkles with the gold of his gaudy rings, chains, and medals as he makes his way with his daughter across the platform towards their two thrones.

The Princess of Avolon, on the other hand, bears no resemblance to her father. She is young, slender, and breathtakingly beautiful. Her exquisite, pale-blue dress seems simple in contrast with her long curling blond hair. Unlike her father, she is lightly trimmed in jewelry, wearing only pearls. For her eyes

are the precious stones of rare turquoise set against the smooth white of her skin. And her lips are the color of soft pink roses as she bestows a warm smile upon the crowd.

As the King and Princess stand in front of their thrones, everyone in their audience bows a knee before the King of Avolon— all except one individual. Like a tower rising above the forest tree line, the blond-haired knight stands tall over a sea of kneeling patrons. A few heads in the crowd turn a bewildering look at the young man standing calmly before the king. But no one says anything. A puzzled Princess turns to her father as if to question the unusual situation.

“It’s all right,” the king assures her quietly, and the two take their seats. Then the King goes on to address the young knight who stands before him.

“So, Sir Daniel, the Great Son of Henders, you have heard the unfavorable reports as well?”

“Yes,” the knight answers confidently. “I heard that Brendinheim was attacked only a few nights ago.” At this the rest of the crowd gets back to their feet.

“You are correct Sir Daniel,” King Ældor affirms before continuing. “The Black Knight of Lore has returned, leading the armies of Count Vladimir. And his forces are on the move. He’s been attacking the lands from the north and has now made his way here to the Kingdom of Avolon. Something about bringing a new dark age to the lands of Arteah.”

At these words, the crowd gasps and breaks out into a worrisome chatter all across the great hall.

King Ældor then gestures to the ragged man in torn clothing and continues. “This man and boy are some of the sur-

vivors. They have traveled three days to bring us the news.” The crowd grows silent at the King’s gesture.

The man in torn clothing steps forward and begins to speak. “Count Vladimir’s forces surprised us, attacked us at night. They dropped down out of the sky. We were completely defenseless against them. They spared those who submitted to their rule but killed all who resisted. They took our books and burned them. We barely escaped with our lives. And now they control Brendinheim.”

At this the crowd starts chattering again.

Hearing this, one of the royal officials speaks up, questioning him. “From out of the sky, you say? How is that possible?”

“I do not know, but it is as I told you,” the man in torn clothes replies.

The royal official grunts in disbelief, then mumbles something about peasants under his breath as he rolls his eyes.

Angered at the royal official’s disbelief, the boy with the man in torn clothing interrupts, “It’s true! Just as he said! They killed my mother!” But the man in torn clothes stops him from continuing any further. “Max, that’s enough. ‘Twill be all right.”

Sir Daniel takes notice of the boy’s fiery outburst. Though inappropriate and out of line, the boy reminds him of himself when he was that age, and he admires his courage.

Then a nobleman interrupts, “You said they burned your books? What would Count Vladimir hope to gain from this?”

To which one of the scribes answers, “He wants to start

another dark age by robbing us of our knowledge. Our children will grow up unlearned without the wisdom of our books, which have been passed down for generations. Thus, he will reduce us to controllable slaves, plunging all the lands of Arteah into his dark rule.”

“But that would take decades,” another knight elsewhere in the crowd blurts out.

King Ældor interjects, “Yes, but it is rumored that Count Vladimir is a Nephilim, an immortal, some sort of vampire. He is supposed to be the very same Count Vladimous who started the first dark age over two hundred and fifty years ago.” At this the crowd breaks out into waves of panicky chatter. With the crowd getting out of hand, King Ældor silences them, “Quiet! Please, everyone, quiet!”

Sir Daniel listens intently, taking it all in. Angered at what he hears, he says to himself, “I’ve got to stop that monster.” As if he had some personal vendetta to settle.

As the chatter in the royal throne room returns to a quiet lull, Sir Daniel speaks up, “You have my sword and services to help protect your kingdom while I am here.”

“Thank you, Great Son of Henders,” the king says with gratitude. “I had hoped you would offer, for I have a task of great importance I would like to ask of you.”

“What would that be your highness?” Daniel asks with much anticipation.

“I need you to help escort my daughter to the Kingdom of Etheria,” the king answers.

“I do not understand. Surely your royal guards can handle a job like that,” Sir Daniel reasons. “I had hoped to be of use

in organizing your forces for an attack campaign against Vladmiria.”

“If Vladmiria were to gain control of either kingdom, Tremond or Etheria, they would be far too much for us to handle,” the king enlightens. “I have already sent word to the Towers of Tremond for help but have received no response. I must consider the possibility that they have already been taken. And, if so, I do not have enough men to hold off a full-scale attack from Vladmiria. Therefore, I need someone to personally escort the Princess to the Kingdom of Etheria to ask King Titus IX for his support. Only with our kingdoms united will we be able to stand against Count Vladimir’s forces and stop him from bringing about another dark age.

“My daughter must reach Etheria and ask for King Titus’ support in person; if she does not, then they will not help us. And if my kingdom is taken in the meantime, Count Vladimir will surely leave no heir to my throne alive. Sir Daniel, I need you to protect the Princess at all costs. She is the only heir to my throne and the only hope for uniting our two kingdoms and saving the lands of Arteah. Will you please help us? All the kingdoms of Arteah depend upon this.”

“May all the kingdoms of Arteah depend on God alone,” Sir Daniel replies profoundly. “This decision is not mine to make. I must speak with my King. Only then can I give you an answer.”

“Let it be as you say,” the king replies, “but I will need your answer soon. The Princess will begin her journey two days from now.”

“Then I will give you His decision in one,” Sir Daniel

says with a nod.

“In one day?” the King questions.

“Yes,” Sir Daniel affirms.

“Good, then it’s settled. One day from now we will assemble again to have your answer and to discuss this in more detail over dinner.”

Then the King rises and dismisses all the people in his audience before he and the Princess exit the throne room.

Chattering people start to empty the large hall through the two portals on either side of the throne room. Sir Daniel notices the man in torn clothing and the young boy as they filter through the crowd to make their way out. He watches the two talk as they exit and wonders to himself about what they will do or where they will stay now that their homes and loved ones have been taken away. Bearing this in mind, he joins the crowd of people and exits the hall himself, considering the possible journey which may lie ahead of him.



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