

Christianstein

By Billy B. Teague

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The Beginning

“You know, we can make a difference in their world,” one of the Mishchah said to the others.

“It is true, we can. Someone needs to help them,” another added.

“If we can, why don’t we?” the third member of the Mishchah asked.

The brethren of the Mishchah began to formulate a plan to infiltrate the Death World. For eons they had watched, helpless to intervene in the world of Anash. The Anash were the inhabitants of what had become the Death World.

The Mishchah were beings who had always been. Each day they observed the Anash, people whom they had created to be friends, grow exceedingly wicked in their conduct due to the absence of good within them. The reason for this lack of goodness came about as a result of rebellion. A Being who lived in the Alter World, whom the Mishchah had created and given great beauty, began to secretly cultivate a separate mindedness. He began the cultivation of his thoughts, which were contrary to those of the Mishchah and the Alter World.

Before this time, the thoughts of the Mishchah were filled with peace and plenty. They meditated on things that made all to prosper and be at ease. The Being whom they called “he, who brings light,” began to forge new thoughts. One day, after leaving the presence of a Mishchah party, he began to seclude himself and invent a completely alien thought life to that of the leadership. Soon, his light, that all could see burn within him, became dull.

There came a point in time when the Being was forced to reveal his activities to the Mishchah, who were displeased with what he had been achieving in private. He was questioned as to why his light had diminished. The answer he gave to the Mishchah was that he had found a way of life that enabled him to be an individual, free of the leadership’s restraints.

When asked why he felt the need to be free of the leadership, he responded by asserting that the leadership wished to control him in order to keep him from expanding his horizons as a free Being.

The Mishchah were furious with the Being and forced him from the Alter World. The

Being then decided to infiltrate the world of the Anash to spread his new found revelations.

He found willing partners in the Mishchah's newly formed Anash. They were young and had no knowledge of his existence and how he had lost his first position. Taking the form of an animal of this world, the Being spoke to the Anash, convincing them to follow his dark revelations concerning the Mishchah. The moment that the Anash submitted to him by obeying his ideas, the Anash fell victim to the same state as the Being with one difference. The Anash had been created with the Mishchah's personality. They had been given a monopoly of power regarding the world in which they lived. Whatever they chose to make of themselves, they became. Bara, the Anash's planet, was no longer their own.

This authority brought with it a horrible reality. Anyone to whom they gave control of their world would gain the control of their lives. The Being, having used this understanding to his benefit, became the ruler of the Anash. The Mishchah were now on the outside looking in, to view a creation in which they could no longer participate.

The Anash began to grow and spread over the face of the planet Bara until they inhabited every portion. As the Anash multiplied, they found a byproduct of the Being's takeover. That byproduct was manifested lack. The Anash became ill, poverty stricken, and violent in their actions. Death, a once unknown occurrence, became normal. Fear swept through the thoughts of Bara's people. Time passed and the Being grew in his control and power. It was not long until the life expectancy of the Anash had dwindled to sixty years of age. This once lush and bountiful world, created by the Mishchah, had become the Death World.

"How do we get involved with the Anash to help them?" one of the Mishchah asked.

"We must infiltrate the Death World, overcome the Being, and release ourselves into the Anash," another said.

"How are we going to release ourselves into them? If the Being knows what we plan, he will never allow it to happen," the last said.

The leader of the Mishchah, the one they called Ab, had a plan. He wanted to send one of them into the Death World concealed as one of the Anash. Once there, they would manipulate the Being into relinquishing his control of Bara and the Anash.

"How, exactly, do we do this?" the two asked Ab.

"Remember, my brothers, those born into the Death World have power in it. They can walk in its cities among the people. They can speak words that will issue in the recreation of life,

thoughts of wellbeing and plenty. We can reintroduce ourselves into this world and save the Anash if we have bodies. The bodies will interact with others and explain how things are to be done.”

The other two favored the idea of going to Bara, but how? When they arrived there, how would they convince the Being they had exiled from the Alter World to give up his authority?

“It is simple,” Ab said to them.

“We will take the bodies of one of the troubled Anash, and build our own person. We will style the inside workings and personality like our own and free him to interact with the Anash. Once the people see that someone of their kind is capable of escaping from the Being’s control, the Anash will flock to that person to discover how he broke free.”

“Which of us will travel to Bara and convince the Anash?”

“The first thing we must do is have a base from which to operate. We will all travel to Bara and when all is ready, we will decide who will take the journey.”

“So, we are going to overcome the Being in Bara by convincing the Anash there is a better way to live.”

“Yes, that’s right.”

“But Ab, we are no longer within them. How will we repair that portion of the Anash?”

“When it is time, I have a plan that will accomplish that, as well. Come, we must go to Bara and make ready.”

The three entered the Death World, undetected by the Being, and took upon themselves the shape of the Anash.

2

Posing as travelers, the three rented a large home overlooking the city of Gabbatha. This house lay outside the city walls and was free of the nosey Anash. The three would be free to work their plan with no one close enough to hear or determine what they were doing. The people of the city had no idea that they had rented a house to their creators. Inside this house were massive rooms, which opened to a skylight in the roof of the house. It was a perfect arrangement for what Ab had in mind.

Days passed as the three kept to themselves, cleaning and rearranging the house to suit their needs. Large electrical generators as well as many other types of equipment were delivered from the Alter World. It took several days to connect the equipment and test the pieces thoroughly. Two weeks passed before the three had successfully prepared the house and equipment for their experiments. Now, all they needed was a body.

The town of Gabbatha began to talk among themselves concerning the three men who had rented the largest home in the area. Who were they, and what were they doing in their town? Distrust was spreading like a wildfire concerning the three men. While trying to keep a low profile the Mishchah never left the house. So, the city officials came to pay them a visit. When someone pounded on the door, Ab headed to the entrance to see who was there.

“Yes,” Ab said, “may I help you with something?”

A short man about 5’6 or so said, “yes you can, the citizens of Gabbatha were wondering who you people are and where you came from.”

“Oh,” Ab said, “we are brothers taking a vacation from the stress and strain of city life.”

“You live in the city then?” the man said. “What city would that be exactly?”

“Is it really necessary for you to dig into our business like this? After all, we are trying to relax until we return to our regular lives. We’ve paid for the house in full as well as purchased the items we will need during our stay in your town. We have grown so tired of the hustle and bustle of city life. We do not want to bother anyone. We wish only to be left alone until our

return. Is that too much to ask?”

This man who was obviously a town official, became nervous tripping over his words. “No, that is not too much to ask. Please, pardon our interruption. If we can be of help in making your stay with us more enjoyable, let us know.”

A few more congenial words were spoken by both parties. Then the door was closed. The people went away satisfied for the time being that these were men who wanted to slow life down before jumping back into the rat race. Everything was fine now that the inhabitants knew why these strangers had come to their town. They were simple vacationers wanting to escape the pressure of life for awhile.

“I do not think that they will be back,” Ab said.

The three sat in the living room discussing the next plan of action. All the attention was directed toward Ab because he was the one with the strategy.

“Ab, you said you had a plan. Don’t you think it is time to let us in on it?” Noomah asked.

Heros was seated quietly and waited for Ab to share his thoughts regarding the next step of the plan.

“We need to find a body,” Ab told them. “It cannot be a dead body. It has to possess life inside it.”

“How are we supposed to find a live body unless we expose ourselves to the town’s people? And once we find this body, do we bring it here for the purpose of the experiment?” Heros asked Ab.

Noomah was shaking his head because they were supposed to be keeping a low profile. Now they were supposed to go out into the streets and locate a volunteer.

“I already have all that figured out,” Ab said. “I have scanned the hospitals for terminally ill patients. A young man has been diagnosed as having a brain tumor with a life expectancy of only a few weeks. He will be perfect.”

Noomah was the one chosen to visit the young man in the hospital and offer him an alternative to death. The Mishchah placed themselves in agreement and Noomah left the room.

Evening was coming and the sun was beginning to set over the mountains of the small town. Usually in communities of this size, the hospital is the largest building around. Sure enough, Noomah was right. At the far end of the city you could see the lights of its parking lot

lighting themselves automatically.

The young man was located in room number ten next to the emergency room exit. As if having radar Noomah melted through the roof into the man's room. The man was alone and attached to several machines that were beeping and squawking to alert the nurses to the fact that he was still alive.

Wanting to lay his hand upon the man's brow he said, "young man, you do not have to die."

The man bolted up in bed. "Who said that?!"

"I did." Noomah walked over to the bed so he could see him. "I have been sent here by the Mishchah to make you an offer."

"The who? Never mind answering my question. You have the wrong guy. Offers should be made to those who will be around to fulfill them."

"We are perfectly aware of your diagnosis. You are just the one for whom we are looking."

"What could be so strange that you would need a terminal Anash to complete?"

"We need your body"..... Noomah interrupted him.

"Oh! I get it. You are some weirdo who likes to toy with dead bodies."

"No, I am a member of the Mishchah. We are the creators of this world."

By this time the man was looking at his medications to make sure he was not hallucinating.

"What would a Mishchah need with a physical body?"

"That is a fair question. We need it to proclaim a way of escape to the Anash. We have seen the anguish and torment that the Being has forced upon the creation. We need you to preach our message and way of escape."

He was perplexed as to why the Mishchah would come to a dying man with such a request. Actually he was overwhelmed.

"Why me?"

"We know that you have had your hope of life taken from you. We wish to return it."

"How can you restore my life to me?"

"We can restore it by placing ourselves within you. The Mishchah, placed in man is all that can deliver the Anash."

“You can give me life if I choose to accept your offer? I can have my life back if I surrender my body to you?”

“There is more to it than that. You must serve us. You will no longer be able to follow your own destructive desires. You must surrender to the message we wish you to proclaim. Can you do that?”

The man wasted little time responding. “Of course I will sell out to you. If you are what brings life, you are my choice.”

“We will have to leave here for the experiment.”

“What experiment? You did not mention any experiments.”

“Calm down. The experiment will be the placing of one of the Mishchah inside you to live.”

“Will it hurt?”

“No, it will not hurt, I promise.”

The two exited the way Noomah had entered. The tumor had already begun to shrink and die simply from being taken into Noomah’s arms. The young man was feeling much better. By this time the sun had set and darkness covered the town. In moments all were together in the living room of the house.

“Very good,” Ab said, “I see he has chosen the way. I am glad to hear it.”

“What are you planning to do to me?” he asked the Mishchah.

“We will restore you to the state to which the Anash was originally created. In the beginning we lived inside them. The Being usurped our creation and filled you with himself. That is one of the reasons disease can grow inside you.”

The largest room in the house was the dining hall so the equipment had been installed there. A short tour of the equipment and its functions were given to the young man.

“Well, when do we begin?” the young man asked.

“We will start tomorrow. Tonight we desire that you eat the evening meal with us.”

“That’s awfully kind of you. I am very hungry.”

“Good. It is settled. We begin tomorrow.”

3

The Anash who inhabit the Death World of Bara have been deceived into a lifestyle that kills them. This young man whom the Mishchah selected to infiltrate the Death World was succumbing to death when they located him. The only wages of this lifestyle paid by the Being was to destroy the Anash.

From birth to death, the Anash live life to the fullest in an attempt to experience the heights of emotional stimulation and wealth. They understand that this all out pursuit of fornication and theft will result in a painful agonizing departure from their world. They have no knowledge of any other way of living, so they willingly follow each other to a place of death. “Live and feel good doing it because tomorrow you die.” This is lifestyle of the Anash taught to them by the Being.

The Mishchah wish to disclose a way of living in which the Anash experience all the positive emotional stimulation as well as the blessings that wealth can contribute to one without the horrible demise at the end of that life. To live free of life’s pains and torments while prospering would be unthinkable abnormal for the Anash. Because of the Being’s thorough brainwashing, he is allowed to steal, kill, and destroy at his leisure. The Mishchah will unleash a theatrical production of their lifestyle in the form of an Anash. This new Anash will expose all those it meets to this new lifestyle of pleasure without death.

4

As the young man slept, Ab talked to Heros and Noomah about instructing the participant as to what would happen to him during the transformation. He would be forever changed in a way that he could not have previously related. This man had to give himself to them wholly and completely of his free will, knowing how he would be altered.

The morning came awaking the young man to see the Mishchah standing over him.

“We wish to explain what will happen to you today,” Ab said. “You will be permanently altered from your present state. You will no longer relate or feel at ease in the lifestyle you have known. The ability to enjoy it will be forever lost. Your thoughts will be altered causing emotions opposite to those you now experience. The only part of you that will remain as you have known it will be your body’s appearance. Its desires will no longer hunger for perversion, but for us. You will follow wherever we lead you doing whatever it is we desire. You will be an extension of the Mishchah. Do you understand all we have told you?”

The young man indicated with a nodding of his head that he understood.

“You’re going to have to say aloud that you understand what you have been told. Before you speak, your voicing the affirmative will give us the legal right to invade and deliver you from your current situation of ill health. Most of all it will be a submission on your part to our ownership of your life from this time forward.”

Noomah said. “What is your answer?”

“I say yes. Yes to all the Mishchah has spoken. I have never before felt such great care and comfort as I feel when I am in your presence. I want to live where you are. I believe you will do me good and no evil.”

The members of the Mishchah looked at each other. “There it is. We have our answer. He has submitted.” Ab said.

“I will make everything ready in the dining hall,” Noomah said to the others.

Ab motioned Heros into the kitchen to speak with him privately.

“I have something I need to ask of you, Heros.”

“What is it, Ab? Ask and it will be done.”

“I need you to volunteer your essence for the project before us.”

Heros knew what he was being asked to do. It would be him who would give of himself to change the young man. The attributes of his essence would live in the man and would be exchanged for what was already inside him.

“Do you understand what you are being asked to do, Heros?”

“I think so, Ab. You are asking me to take upon myself the essence of the man and donate to him my essence.”

Ab wanted to be sure that Heros knew that more than a simple exchange would be needed to alter the man.

“Heros, I want you to understand that the current essence of the man has to be terminated. If it is not, the man will not be capable of accepting your essence. It would kill him.”

“What are you asking of me?”

“I need you to take the man’s essence into your body. I need you to become one with it and allow it to infect every part of you.”

“What will happen if I ingest this evil essence inside me?”

“It will kill your essence and force you to become as the Anash. It is the only way to destroy the bondage once and for all. You have my promise that you will not perish from the Mishchah. When the essence has fully expired, I will give you my essence and we will be one. When all is complete, then, and only then can the man partake of your essence. When this happens, the man will be one with the Mishchah and the way will be prepared for all the Anash to follow.”

“Ab, you have never lied to me. I trust you with my essence and I will submit to your strategy.”

The two took hold of each other and hugged.

“Noomah! Make ready the dining room. Heros has agreed.”

In the dining room were two tables enclosed by machinery. Heros would lie on one and the man on the other. A surgical procedure was about to take place.

“Noomah, you are the surgeon of the Mishchah. Make your incisions straight and true. Everything rests with your skill,” Ab said.

With the subjects lying on the tables and the appropriate anesthetics administered,

Noomah began his work. He used a scalpel cutting open the chest cavity of the man, revealing the essence of his life force. With glistening white gloves he reached inside and removed the essence. It had the texture and look to be that of yellow pus. The entire contents filled a gallon jar that was placed on a counter behind Noomah.

Taking a large swab, he cleaned the internal organs of the man removing all the residue of the pus. The substance in the jar hissed and boiled releasing an odor that forced Noomah to clip his nostrils closed. He removed the gloves from his hands replacing them with clean ones. Turning to Heros he repeated the same procedure. New utensils were used so as not to contaminate the essence of the Mishchah with the man's. Carefully the essence was taken from his body and placed into a silver chalice. The silver represented the redemption that was yet to be born.

Now came the most difficult portion of the surgery. Noomah had to place the pus essence into the body of Heros and close the incision. With tears of gratitude for Heros' sacrifice, the man's essence was installed. Immediately, Heros went into convulsions. Noomah was forced to hold Heros' body onto the table.

"Ab, I need your help!"

Ab had turned his back refusing to look upon the implantation of the evil essence. The convulsions became so violent that Heros had to be strapped to the table with lashes.

"Noomah," Ab said, "you need to leave the room now. We must let Heros finish his work."

This was the hardest thing Noomah and Ab had ever done. They had to leave a member of their family wreathing in torment. Both left the room closing the door behind them.

"When can we reenter the room?" Noomah asked.

"Soon, very soon. Heros must hold onto the essence for three hours before we can intervene."

The two waited outside like parents awaiting the news of an injured loved one. The clock struck 3:00 o'clock PM. They had just begun. Ab, time after time, glanced at his watch, hoping time would pass more quickly. Noomah watched Ab for the signal to reenter the room and remove the essence. It was now 5:00 o'clock PM, leaving one hour to go. The final hour seemed an eternity. Finally the clock struck 6:00 o'clock PM. Ab hurriedly motioned Noomah to enter the room.

It took just minutes to remove the stitches and the essence. Noomah took extra care in making sure that the essence was totally cleaned from Heros.

“Sew the incision,” Ab told Noomah.

“What about his essence? I need to place it within him.”

“No, close the wounds and I will take over from that point.”

Turning to check the silver chalice for Heros’ essence, Ab saw that it had spoiled and lay putrefying in the chalice. Heros’ essence no longer existed. The final stitch was sewn as Ab asked Noomah to move from the bedside.

“Taking a deep breath, Ab opened his mouth and placed his lips over Heros’ nostrils.”

You could hear the air being forced into Heros’ lungs. Ab was giving of himself to replace what Heros had lost. Once the breath was issued, Heros’ vital signs came alive and his body functions stabilized. Ab fell back into a chair to catch his breath. The Mishchah had given their all. Now the Anash could be reborn as the children of the Mishchah.

Noomah resumed his duties as surgeon. With the man’s chest spread wide he looked at Ab for replacement essence.

“Close his chest.”

“But Ab, we have not installed the essence of life.”

“Heros must give of himself to each of the Anash that submit to the terms of life.”

Once stabilized by Ab, Heros began healing. The lashes had left stripes across his body while the hand and feet restraints had punctured his hands and feet. All that remained were scars from the ordeal.

“I am well, brother Mishchah,” Heros said. “Where is the man?”

Heros rose from the table crying. “I make all things new, my brothers.” As Ab had done earlier, Heros gave mouth to mouth resuscitation to the man. The essence of the Mishchah supplied by Ab was now in the man, an Anash.

“What do we call this Anash since our essence is again within him?”

Ab spoke, “We are the anointed. We will call him Christianstein! He is a creation of the anointed.”

The man was still sedated by the Mishchah’s presence as if there was something left to do. Noomah knew what he must do. The essence had been changed, but the mind of the Mishchah had to be transferred into the man. Without this being done, he would still succumb to

the Being's trickery.

A large door opened leading into the side of one of the machines. It looked similar to an observation chamber with its glass window. The Anash was placed inside with his head aligned between two vises.

Ab looked at Heros. "I need to duplicate your thought patterns. It is imperative that the Anash be given your thoughts and emotions. Your essence already resides in him. All that remains is to give him alternative thoughts through which he will be able to know and respond to our leadings."

"What is it you need me to do, Ab?" Heros asked.

"I need you to place this upon your head."

Ab pointed to a device resembling a helmet. Without hesitation, Heros took the device and placed it upon his head.

"I am ready, Ab," he said.

A switch was thrown activating a thought recording receptor. It recorded the process by which Heros formed his thoughts. It copied the types of thoughts as well as cataloging all the wisdom that they contained. All was burned upon a compact disc that ejected itself when the copying procedure was completed. The entire step took minutes.

The door to the machine holding the Anash was closed and the power switch was activated. This machine had the power to renew distorted brain tissue and allow life to once again traverse its pathways. All it needed was a prototype from which to draw the model. Heros' disc would supply that model. It was inserted into the machine. When the programming light illuminated a green color, Ab spoke.

"Now!"

The machine began humming and grew hot to the touch. As the temperature rose to operating perimeters, the vises started toward the man's head. They did not stop as they touched the skull, but continued to press inward on the head becoming stationary for several minutes then retracting. Once the retraction was complete, small microchip implants could be seen protruding through the skin. These did not travel simply through the skull, but into the brain to stimulate Mishchah thoughts. Christianstein was complete. All was ready for phase two of Ab's plan.

"Let him rest. I have plans for our new loved one. He is going to witness to the Anash. He will proclaim our gospel to them. Let him rest. Tomorrow we begin anew."

5

Ab began to recall the Anash's beginning. To him it was an extremely pleasurable time. Times of fellowship and sharing of Bara's universe were commonplace. He missed being able to instruct the Anash, to hold the Anash and most of all, to speak with the Anash. He looked forward to having those times of intimate fellowship again.

The night passed as Heros watched over the young man. Noomah spent the evening and late hours of the night monitoring the Being's movements upon Bara. There was something happening in Gabbatha, but the Being was unsure of its location.

"Ab," Noomah said, "the Being is aware."

"Does he know our location?"

"No, not at this time. He is making an active search, but his method of conducting the search makes it clear that he's not sure what he is seeking."

"Where is the Being at this moment?"

"He is in the bedroom of the mayor of Gabbatha."

"Go there and discover what he knows. It may prove useful to us. It might also be wise to steer the Being's direction from our path. That is until the time comes."

The door slammed behind Noomah as he headed for the mayor's home. Ab knew the time was almost right for Christianstein's release into Gabbatha, but his testing had to be completed before that could happen. This new Anash needed to be instructed in the microchip's use as well as his becoming familiar with his new essence. They needed one more day.

Noomah, who was perched in a window, watched the Being communicate with the mayor. The conversation was between the mayor and his wife. She was concerned about a nightmare that she had had only minutes ago.

"I went inside the rented house overlooking the city. The three brothers renting the house were conducting experiments on people. Men and women of the Anash were chained in the basement and were brought to the upper floors when another subject was needed. I entered the dining room discovering stacks of body parts. I ran from the house screaming, terrified that I

would be the next victim of their hideous experiments.”

The husband tried to calm his wife, but the Being wanted him to investigate the house of the three men. The mayor, through fear of what the strangers could be doing, decided to investigate the rent house. The Being would gather his intelligence through the mayor. Noomah backtracked to the house to report what he had heard to Ab.

“They are coming, Ab. First thing in the morning I would expect.”

“What exactly does the Being know of our plan?”

“He doesn’t. He is sending the mayor on a fishing expedition. It is not what he knows, but it is what he hopes to uncover during the surprise visit.”

“Let’s make the mayor welcome, shall we Noomah?”

“What do you have in mind?”

“Sunrise is only an hour from now. We need to have the equipment moved back to the Alter world.”

“What do we do with the young man? He needs to be proved before he can be used.”

“Leave him in the microchip chamber. Once the mayor has completed his inspection and found nothing, we will have him returned to Bara.”

Noomah left the room to inform Heros of the coming inspection and Ab’s plan. The young man was still sleeping and probably would remain so until taken from the chamber. As the servants of the Mishchah removed the chamber, Heros instructed them to not remove the young man from the machine.

The three turned toward the door as the sound of someone knocking traveled into the dining room.

“Noomah, will you open the door for our guests?” The knocking continued.

“Well, what a pleasure,” Noomah said to the mayor, “to what do we owe this visit?”

“We have heard some troubling rumors from your neighbors. It seems that people have been seen entering the house, but not leaving. And strangely, a patient from the hospital disappeared last night.”

Of course, none of what was being said was true other than the patient being gone from the hospital. The mayor was stating what his wife had witnessed in her dream.

“I am sure there is nothing to these accusations, but I am the mayor so I need to ask you to allow us to search the premises.”

“But of course. Search to your heart’s content,” Ab told the mayor, “we have nothing to hide, but there is one thing I will ask.”

“Yes,” the mayor answered.

“Once you have searched the house, will you please leave us alone?”

“I apologize, but Gabbatha is not a vacation destination. We are miles from the coast and have no sights that tourists would be interested in seeing. We are just a quiet community wanting to be left to ourselves. Why would you want to come here?”

“I have already explained that for the reasons you have mentioned we chose your community. We also wish to be left alone. Is that too much to ask?”

“No, I guess not.”

The search consisted of three city officials and took thirty minutes.

“Mr. Mayor, there is nothing here. Everything looks perfectly normal.”

“Did you inspect the basement?”

“Yes, we did. There’s nothing down there besides spiders and a bunch of rats.”

“Well sir, it looks as though your neighbors have been seeing things. We are sorry to have disturbed you.”

“It is quite alright, Mr. Mayor, but I do hope you will leave us to relax in peace now.”

The mayor lowered his head in confirmation of the request. The Mishchah had stopped the Being’s attempt to discover what was happening inside the house. All they needed was one more day to prove the young man.

After a few more apologies, the mayor exited the house. No sooner had he walked through the door than Noomah authorized the return of the chamber and the young man.

“We have thwarted the attempt this time, but the Being will try again. We must prove the man as soon as possible and exit this world,” Ab said to the others.

“All is ready,” one of the Mishchah servants replied. The machinery was in place.

Heros was gazing through the glass opening watching the man. A part of him was inside the Anash. From today forward, the Anash would live life as before. They were restored to the Mishchah and Hero had missed them.

“I missed them as well,” Noomah said with a smile. “I missed our walks and conversations. I missed being able to protect them from injury. I missed their little hands and feet. I feel complete with them again.”

Ab entered the room knowing that they were conversing about the restoration of the Anash. There was still more to be done. Heros had paid for the transgressions and given his life essence to restore them. Now Ab wanted Noomah to live within them as well.

“Wake the young man. I have a question to ask him before the proving can begin.”

“What question will you ask him?” Heros asked.

“Noomah, I want you to live within the Anash as well as Heros. Are you willing?”

“Of course I am, Ab. What is the purpose?”

“I want your power and skill to abide in the children of the Mishchah. Heros’ wisdom and love combined with your power and ability will make them strong enough to enforce the Being’s defeat.”

“Defeat? What defeat are you talking about, Ab?”

“The Being came hunting for us because he had felt the shift of power to the Anash. When you died carrying the man’s essence, you killed the dominion by which the Being controlled the Anash. He felt his cord of bondage snap.”

“How do I enter the Anash, Ab?” Noomah asked.

“You will be asked just like Heros was. Is the man awake yet?”

“Yes, he has awakened,” a servant told them.

The man looked healthier than ever before. The tumor had been killed by the presence of Heros within him. Energy filled his once exhausted body.

“I feel so much better. Thank you for healing my body and giving me life,” the man said.

“We have something else we would like to ask of you,” Ab said.

The man stood facing them waiting for the question to be asked.

“What is it, Ab?”

That was the first time an Anash had called him by his name in thousands of years. It sounded good. The three took time to explain how he had been changed, and how his life force had come from Heros who received it from Ab. As of yet, the microchips had not been activated. This was to be the portion that Noomah would play in the Anash. Without Heros’ wisdom, the power of Noomah would destroy his body. He would not be able to contain him.

“We would like to further your development. Noomah would like to come and live within you, as well.”

The man was exuberant in his response. “Yes, yes! I want him to live in me. That would

be awesome. How do we make it happen?"

"We need you to reenter the chamber. The joining will occur there."

The man almost tripped over himself racing for the chamber. He wanted all the Mishchah had to offer. Tears appeared in the Mishchah's eyes. They were so filled with love that an Anash wanted to be a part of them. It was what they had desired.

Once in the chamber, Noomah was hooked to a series of wires that allowed his essence to be converted in such a way as to be absorbed into the man's essence.

"All is ready," Heros shouted over the machinery's roar.

Ab signaled the process to begin. Noomah felt a demand upon his essence as a sucking sensation pulled at insides. Noomah's essence traveled through the wires as energy into the man's body. It went directly to the essence cavity of his chest. As if looking for something, the energy delayed its movement until it spotted Heros' essence within the man. Once identified, Noomah entered the essence, charging it with electrical power.

"Yes!" Noomah yelled. "Yes, it feels so good! It feels so good to be in the Anash. I am home, Ab. I am home!"

Ab's eyes filled with tears. He knew this feeling. He had felt it when his essence entered Heros, then into the man. The Mishchah were where they longed to be. They were home in their children.

Again, Ab signaled the transfer to cease. It was done. The man had been infiltrated with Noomah's essence. Now, the man and the Mishchah were one. Each had become part of the other. It was time for the proving to begin.

6

The Being was not happy that he discovered nothing in the rented house. He was still distrusting of the three strangers and their so called “vacation in Gabbatha.” Knowing that the Death World had been permanently altered left him with a loss as to what to do. His controlling power had been jerked away and the only ones with that kind of ability were the Mishchah. As far as the Being was concerned, these three men had to be linked to the Mishchah and they had somehow maneuvered a world takeover. It was his world and he wanted to be in control forever.

The Being walked the streets looking to the Anash for hints of what had happened. He remembered the promise made by Ab before leaving the Bara under his control. “One of the Anash would come and stamp him to death.” If this were true, where was this Anash? He had not seen him. He would see for himself the handy work of the Mishchah’s promise in a few hours.

The man was removed from the chamber with the biggest smile on his face. He fell forward as he placed his feet on the floor. He plunged headlong into Ab who caught him. Ab’s arms held him several seconds before releasing him.

“Its time, my brothers,” Ab said. “The proving must begin.”

Noomah’s essence had worked its way into the skull and attached itself to the microchips. All that was needed was the okay from Ab to activate the thought chips. Seeing Noomah was in position within the man, he began his instructions to the Anash.

Looking directly into the man’s eyes, Ab spoke, “we need to prove that the essence and chips installed within you are functioning properly. Once we do this, we will release you into the Death World to preach the way to the Mishchah. All who will receive us will be altered as you have been. We will live in all who desire us.”

“Ab,” the man said, “you will leave me here alone, won’t you?”

“You will be here on Bara, yes, but you will not be alone. We will be living within you. You can call upon us whenever you wish and we will answer.”

The Mishchah could see the man was disappointed.

“We need you to stay and tell the others. You have the authority in this world. If we are to be preached to the Death World, you must do it.”

Wiping the tears from his eyes he said, “prove me, Ab, so I might preach the Mishchah to the Death World. All will know of Heros’ essence. All will know of Noomah’s power and how Ab formulated and administered the plan to free us. I will proclaim it to the world.”

Heros removed a black bag from behind the machinery. Inside it was the sickness that had been removed from the man previously. The man recognized it when it was pulled from the bag. You could sense the brainwashing of the Being trying to rise within the man. The Mishchah needed to observe how the man would react to the sickness. Heros moved closer with the tumor. When he had walked within six inches of the man, the tumor leaped from his hand and struck the man’s body. It began tunneling into his chest until it vanished within him.

“Do not fear. That is the essence of the Being. We will help you,” Ab said, “activate the chips!”

Noomah touched the microchips embedded in the Anash’s skull. They began tingling.

“Listen to the thoughts, Anash. They will show you the way to health over the tumor,” Heros said.

The chips had accessed the library of information within the chip. Thoughts of confidence and power rose in his mind. These thoughts echoed, “by the stripes of Heros you are made whole. He suffered your death that you might live. Surely, Heros has already defeated the attack of the Being. Therefore, you are free of his sicknesses.”

“Yes! I hear them. I hear the thoughts of Heros within me. Heros has taken the death of the sickness. It has no power in my body. All praise goes to Heros, the healer! I am whole in body and mind. I am made one with the Ab through Heros.”

The tumor was pushed from the man’s chest. He screamed as it was thrust to the floor where the Anash stepped on it smashing it flat.

“All is well with me. I am one with the Mishchah. None of the Being’s deceptions will prosper against me. I am Christianstein!”

All three looked at each other. The man had passed the test. He had come to the realization of what had been done. The Mishchah had placed themselves within him, elevating him to their level of authority and power. Now, four beings made up the Mishchah.

“It is time to release him into the Death World,” Ab said.

“He will wreak havoc in Gabbatha and throughout the Being’s authority. He is ready.”

Some final instructions were given to Christianstein before Noomah took him to where he was to begin his tirade of life. “You must not allow the Being’s brainwashing of fear to rule you. Do not obey it. Depend on the microchip implants. They will flood your mind with Mishchah thoughts. Speak them in the place of the Being’s thoughts. Simply follow the peaceful thoughts and stay far from the fearful ones. In this you will know who attempts to lead you.”

“Prepare him for departure,” Ab told Heros.

The Being had made up his mind that the three brothers were representatives of the Mishchah and he was going to drag them in the streets and expose them to regain his power in the Death World.

The mayor, accompanied by the townspeople, were on their way up the hill to force themselves inside the house and drag these vacationers out into the street.

“Master?” one of the servants, said to Ab, “the town is rushing up the hill to take you captive.”

“They are, are they?” Ab laughed. “Get the man to the designated location, Noomah. We have finished our work here. Meet us in the Alter World once he is delivered to the location.”

Simultaneously, the mayor had the door broken down as the Mishchah left the house through the roof to reunite in the Alter World.

Now the Being knew for sure that the Mishchah had stolen his authority over the Anash. There would be only one way to spin this event in his favor. He had to keep the Anash ignorant of the transfer of power. He had to keep his weakness a secret.

“I am going to leave you at the hospital where your journey began. Go through its hallways and release the knowledge and power we have given you. Tell all those who are ill and ailing that the Mishchah have made a way of escape for all who will choose them. Spread the Word of the Mishchah.”

In the room where he had been told the news of his imminent death, the man began his ministry as Christianstein. He was created one to kill and destroy all the deceptions of the Being within the Death World.

The rooms began filling with laughter as Christianstein entered and exited them. The patients, who had once been left with no hope, found themselves laughing and giddy with excitement. The patients filled the hallways free of their maladies. The people had received the rebirth of the Mishchah through Christianstein’s preaching. The medical staff had no idea what to do and called the police. As the call was placed, the Being knew what had been done. He rushed to the hospital in an attempt to stop Christianstein. That would prove to be futile on his part.

He found every room had been cleared of the ailing. As the Being entered, he saw the Anash Christianstein coming from the nurse’s station where everyone was laughing and jubilant.

“You will stop spreading joy right now, Anash! I command it!”

“Who are you to command Christianstein, son of the Mishchah? You will bow before the presence of Heros, the Savior. You will bow before Noomah, the empowered. You will bow before Ab the creator and you will do it now!”

Believing himself to still have power over the Anash, the Being charged Christianstein. Christianstein’s instinctive reaction was to charge toward the Being. Both struck in the middle of the hallway. With a tremendous crash, the Being was slammed against the wall and was knocked silly by the impact.

“You will no longer lord it over the Anash. We have been set free of your torments. We reign in this Death World through Heros, son of Ab. I enforce that defeat by the power of Noomah, number three of the Mishchah. You, Being, are under my authority. I am Christianstein, and I am a son of the Mishchah. Bow before them!”

The Being raised his hands releasing thoughts that departed his fingers screaming. They ripped their way into Christianstein’s mind, attacking his confidence.

“You’re no different than before. I will punish you for your rebellion against me. Feel my fear, Anash!”

The microchip sparkled in the light of Noomah’s presence. The thoughts of the Mishchah filled his mind.

“You are the conqueror here, not him. You have Heros the savior, within you. I am here with you. There is no evil that can withstand your authority, not even the Being of the Death World. Call upon us and we will answer.”

Christianstein released the words that Noomah fed him. He was growing stronger. The conflict with the Being only increased his confidence. He refused to back down.

The Being rushed from Christianstein’s presence, fearing capture. He formed a plan to deceive the Anash into believing that nothing had changed. It would now be up to the Mishchah through Christianstein to spread the good news of the rebirth and the life they provided. All those who chose them would live free of the Being’s torments and tricks. The Being could not deny the transfer of power. Christianstein walked as living proof that the Mishchah had visited the Dream World and altered a member of the Anash. Wherever Christianstein traveled, the Dream World would be altered. Everyday, many sons and daughters were born to the Mishchah through Christianstein’s witness. The Being’s days were now numbered. There were new rulers in the Death World and the “Mishchah” were their names!