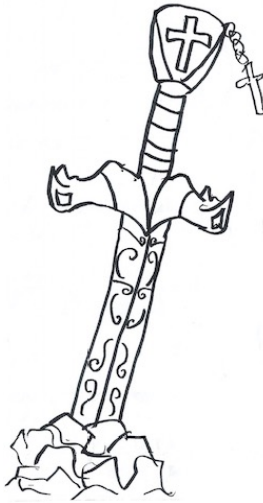


JEHOVAH CALLS



Asriel

It's nowhere to hide.

As Satan's army surrounded me,

I clutched my sword,

with my sweating hands.

sweating.

shaking.

And God...

He's not with me.

7

I am Henry Anderson.

It was quite a night to remember on Tuesday. After school. After the daily basketball practice with my friends. After munching on my veggies at the table.

That night, I opened the door with my shivering hands, and walked in the brumal weather.

Since summer, the mailbox outside our house has left untouched. Nobody has opened it, so it could have been stuffed with letters. I better check on it.

I opened the mailbox and *only one letter* flew onto the snowy ground.

I grabbed it and studied it. *Strange, Interesting.* I thought.

I took it back into my house and read on the back of the letter.

To: Mr. Anderson, P.O. box 23,
Deerfield 32, Chicago
From: Jehovah Temple, Gospel
Road 301, Heaven City

Oh my goodness! How come there's a letter from heaven?

I put it on the top of my desk, and unwrapped it. It read,

Dear Anderson,

I request you to join His army. To fight with Satan. To bring the Good News all over the world. For the Lord your God, He will protect you whatever you face.

In the name of Jehovah,
Gabriel

As a christian for ten years, I have participated in some of the church activities, including joining the Boy's Brigade. I have also heard lots of witnesses from shepherds.

But, nothing like this has happened to a shepherd. None of them has been requested to be a soldier of the army. *If this turns out to be true, I will be the very first.*

2

At dawn, I walked on the streets. The sparrow's chipping, the children's laughter.

I walked up to the Dunkin' Donuts, and bought a raisin bagel and an orange juice.

I turned the corner, and immediately found myself face-to-face with a girl.

Her blond hair gleamed in the sunlight. Her silk dress gleamed in the sunlight. Her *wings* gleamed in the sunlight.

"Who you are?" I asked as I dodge the shimmering sunlight reflected by her.

"Sarah," she whispered. "I am from heaven. I am here to meet you."

My eyes widened. Was someone making this up? Was it Sarah's pranks?

Or maybe it's true.

She smiled.

She knew what I was thinking.

“No,” She smirked. “Come with me.”

I followed her into a basement and there stood a silver coach. Yeah. The one I’ve seen in fairy tales.

On the other side, two white horses with glistening wings were resting on hay, wearing shimmering horse armour.

Beside them was a knight.

“Leader Gabriel, Anderson is here.” Sarah said. “May God bless him.”

“Yeah,” the knight answered. “May God bless him.”

I was brought into the coach, and, with lightning speed, the coach and horses erupted in flames and flew into the sky.

For a second, I felt like Elijah. Yeah, the prophet who hopped into a flaming coach and soared into heaven at the end of his life.

I looked down at the city below. The skyscrapers have turned into tiny beetles. In fact, I could barely see a crystal church in the mists.

For another second, a ship-like object emerged from the mists, inhabited by sword-clutching skeletons. It was made with a special kind of wood that was long forgotten. Its colour flew in the wind. I immediately knew what it was -

“Satan! Satan is here! The pirates!” Sarah cried. “Attack! Attack!”

“For peace! In the name of God!” A battle cry boomed from behind as clouds turned black and lightnings zapped around us.

We flew closer towards the ship. Suddenly, a grey, ghost-like creature emerged

from the ship's bridge, holding a knife. He was Satan.

“Anderson! Follow me to the storage!” Gabriel opened a trapdoor under one of the seats. A staircase that led to a storage room appeared.

We walked down the staircase and we saw a set of crystal armour hanging on the wall.

“Put on this. Be ready to fight.” Gabriel nodded. I put on it and, in a matter of moments, I could feel the armour was, like, thousands of anvil made of lead. I felt like David, who refused to wear heavy armour and carry heavy swords before the battle with a giant named Goliath.

In armour, I climbed out from the storage and found myself face-to-face with Satan.

Clank! Our swords clashed in the air. Satan tried to hit me with his knife, and I tried to stab him at his chest.

Clank! Clank!

Stank! Stank!

Stab! Stab!

While we were fighting, suddenly, a low voice boomed behind. “Be gone, Satan! I am Jehovah!”

“Fine,” Satan stopped swinging his knife at me, and made his way back to the ship, flying away in a matter of moments.

And so, there stood the big terrain of heaven.

3

“Satan is used to be an angel called Lucifer...” Gabriel explained. “But...he was jealous of God’s powers and status. And because of that, he turned into the devil, planning to overthrow God. And God decided it was time for him to leave heaven and to the hell.”

“Um-hm,” I nodded, chewing on my bagel. “I know that.”

Now I was sitting at the middle of a church. After we arrived heaven, I and the other soldiers went straight into the golden church, and it has somehow transformed into a soldier training room.

“There is a crystal trophy. The soldier who has kindness, humbleness, will be awarded with this,” Gabriel continued as he took out the trophy.

My eyes started gleaming and they were on it, even when Gabriel put it down and Sarah took it away.

“There is also a cape,” Gabriel said. “The cape will be given to a soldier, who relies on God when he was fighting with Satan.”

My eyes were like glistening diamond.

“Anderson, remember, these prizes are given on your effort. So, it’s time for you to put away that face and do your best.” he told me in front of the whole army.

“Oh, thanks for reminding me.” My cheeks turned red as laughter swarmed through the hall.

“Silence!” Gabriel shouted. “God will give to those who are longing for.”

Bam! There was eerie silence as booming sounds spread through heaven.

“We are under attack! Satan is back!”
Sarah shouted.

4

Looking up the stained windows of the church, I saw three dragons swooping around the centre of heaven, ridden by skeletons. One of them crashed onto a forum, another smashed into crystal bricks, and the last one was flying towards meeeeeee—

Crash! The glass shattered into pieces. The dragon swooped down and I block its attack with my sword.

The skeleton hopped off the dragon and - *clang!* Our blade met.

Clang! Again.

Clang! This time, his blade chopped on my shield. And, using this advantage, I slashed him to the ground.

Crash! The bones broke into pieces. I have defeated his first minion.

Thinking back to my boxing classes, I was always the one with the lowest rank.

Bang! Sam hit my head with his gloves.

Slam! Henry landed three punches on my chest.

So, defeating a skeleton was like being the best of myself.

Just when I started to pay attention, I saw the blackest dragon I have ever seen. Satan was riding on it. His eyes burning, and roared, "I am back!"

When his dragon crashed to the ground, I made a few step backs. But, no, he was not holding a sword, he was holding...

A bow.

In a matter of seconds, an arrow flew towards me. I immediately dodged.

Unexpectedly, the darkish dragon blew out fire from his mouth.

It was too fast that I was not able to dodge, and my armour turned into a bonfire.

“AAARGH!” I screamed.

Suddenly, a voice appeared from nowhere.

“I am Jehovah. I can help you.”

These words were like dancing in a small corridor. They echoed in my brain.

Knowing the truth, I screamed, “In the name of God!” the fire burnt out. I clashed Satan with my sword, and he vanished. Even the other skeletons disappeared from view.

Before he vanished, he screamed in a distorted voice, “I will be back!”

The other knights was surprised. “He defeated Satan! This new soldier!”

“No,” Sarah said. “God did it.”

5

“Anderson is awarded with the cape!” Sarah announced.

I couldn't believe it.

I walked onto the stage, and soon a cloak formed from my shoulder to the ground, like a golden waterfall of coins.

“In this war, Anderson beat Satan in the name of God. But, Satan will be back, and so, you all should keep on fighting.” Gabriel explained.

I am *a little proud* of myself.

Jesus picked me up next to the stage. “Good job, my child.” he said.

“Thanks,” I replied.

“By the way, you will turn on me tomorrow,” Jesus said.

“What...what do you mean?” I blinked.

“You will refuse to receive my help,” He explained as he shook his head.

I did not understand.

After I got to my house in heaven, I took off my equipment and rested on my bed. Suddenly, I felt something on my back.

It was a book.

“What’s that?” I asked aloud.

Curiously, I flipped through the pages.

The Story of the Army of God

By Gabriel

The army was created after Satan turned to hell. It is an army of angels and the leader is myself.

Throughout the years, we had countless battles with Satan's army, and every time we won.

I have set up lots of goals for my army to make...in order to give them trophies, capes, gold, and other items.

This year, I created a trophy and a cape. The cape was first given to ANDERSON.

6

I was very proud of myself.

I continued to flip through the pages.

The Story of the Army of God

By Gabriel

Anderson is the novice soldier in our army, specially, he was come from earth. He is a human.

Today, he has got his cloak...but tomorrow, he will be defeated.

7

“WHAT THE HECK IS HE TALKING TO ME?!” I yelled as I ripped the book into smithereens.

My eyes were blazing when pieces of paper flew through the room, as if they were on fire.

The next day, I put on my armour, and march off to the church.

“We have to rely on God,” Gabriel said. “He will help us defeat Satan.”

This Mr. Angelfool, I thought. His book is rubbish.

Crash! Again, dragon swooped down to the streets of Heaven City, with skeletons riding on them.

But, it had been different. All the skeletons are equipped with shimmering

chest plates. As their equipments gleamed in the sunlight, I had a kind of fear I never had before.

“For heaven!” Mr. Angelfool’s battlecry echoed through the hall. “And most importantly, rely on God.”

I looked at my golden cape. *I don’t need Him*, I thought. *Let’s do it myself.*

All of a sudden, I smelled something burning. But there was no time to find out what went up in flames. Dragons are roaming through heaven.

We marched out the church, and dragons began to attack us. Some shot fireballs, some used their heads as weapon, to bump us off.

I found myself face-to-face with a hydra...Satan was riding on it.

Clang! Our swords met. But it wasn't a great start - when I retreated, Satan slashed me to the ground!

I tried to get up. But I found out that - the object that was burning is *my cape!* The golden cloak immediately turned into pieces.

And...

It's nowhere to hide.

As Satan's army surrounded me,

I clutched my sword,

with my sweating hands.

sweating.

shaking.

And God...

He's not with me.

8

I woke up in a basement. There had been a big screen in front of me, and I instantly found myself not in my armour. My helmet. My sword. My cape. Gone.

I found a controller, and I pushed the power button. The screen lit up, and images flashed across the room.

The letter from heaven.

The battle on the coach.

My golden cloak.

The book Gabriel wrote - in smithereens.

Refusing the help of God.

My cape burnt to pieces.

What have I done?

All of those promise...gone.

The humbleness of myself...gone.

The help of God...gone.

Lord, can you forgive me?

Let me have my second chance...Let
me...have...

9

I walked down to the second floor from the staircase, and I found Satan.

“You have two ways,” he explained.

Two doors appeared behind him. The one on the left have gold sealed on the side of it. I opened it, and gold began to fall to the ground like waterfalls. There were countless of medals and cups...and a wave of victory swept across my mind.

The one on the right is a little broken and dusty. I tried to open it, and it took me a few seconds to open. One of the hinges was surely broken. As I opened it, a sandstorm roamed through the room. But somehow a warm feeling swept all over me.

“I will choose the right one.” I decided. As I made this decision, the door on the left collapsed.

I walked through the door to the next room. And there stood thousands of capes and trophies.

“I will give you all of these prizes, only if you bow down and worship me.”

“As in the ten commandments,” I refused. “The first commandment have been, ‘You shall have no God before me.’”

“Urggh!” Satan cried frustratedly. He waved his hands and all the trophies turned into a cage, with Sarah captured inside.

“See,” Satan crackled. “You lost this war. And Sarah have been kidnapped. You can save her. But only if you bow down and worship me.”

“Don’t listened to him!” Sarah sobbed. “Remember God’s words! Remember God’s words!”

“No! I won’t!” I screamed. “I won’t obey you, Satan!”

Immediately, a gold cape appeared from my back again. My armour was on, only with better conditions. My hand gripped the sword, only with better conditions.

“In the name of God!” I yelled. I struck Satan. Right. On. His. Chest.

He vanished into the air. “Noooooo!” he cried. “I will be back! I will be back!”

The cage shattered into pieces and Sarah flew high up in the air.

“Remember,” she smiled. “Always rely on God, and your cape will be longer than before.” with a shimmering glow she flew away.

Instantly, I found myself back to the battleground. The minions were charging forward to me.

I slashed them with my sword. As they were sent through the air, I knew that...my

sword was not sharpened, but enchanted with God's powers.

Epilogue

Guys, I am back.

I immediately hopped of the flaming coach, and I strolled back home.

After I entered the door, I put down my back pack, and I took out a *trophy*, polished.

It had been a victory back in heaven. Satan was defeated again, but he will be back. And God promise he will call me and fight with him at the end of the world.

About the Author

Asriel is a Hong Kong teenager who was born in a christian family. His family introduced Jesus Christ to him, and he devoted himself to God.

He had been a christian for two years. He also joined the Boy's Brigade. Although he has some trouble there, like unable to march very well, having trouble with others, he hope God will help him.