

THE IMMORTAL THIRTEENTH DISCIPLE.

By
Derek Sutton & John A Silkstone

CONTENTS

Chapter One	Strange Travellers
Chapter Two	Storm Clouds
Chapter Three	A Miracle
Chapter four	The Search
Chapter Five	A Vision
Chapter Six	Resurrection
Chapter Seven	Journeys End
Chapter Eight	Unarmed Combat
Chapter Nine	Painful Memories
Chapter Ten	A Golden box
Chapter Eleven	All at Sea
Chapter Twelve	Terra Firma
Chapter Thirteen	Knowledge of Atlantis
Chapter Fourteen	Man of Vision
Chapter Fifteen	A Close Friendship
Chapter Sixteen	The Cup
Chapter Seventeen	To Predict the Future
Chapter Eighteen	Revisit
Chapter Nineteen	Years of Solitude
Chapter Twenty	A Long Sea Journey

Chapter Twenty One	The Battle
Chapter Twenty Two	George
Chapter Twenty three	Convalescence
Chapter Twenty Four	Unknown Destination
Chapter twenty Five	Returning
Chapter twenty Six	Eddy the Pretender
Chapter twenty Seven	A New Name
Chapter twenty Eight	A New Star
Chapter twenty Nine	Atomic Age
Chapter Thirty	Assassination
Chapter Thirty One	A New Power
Chapter Thirty Two	Not of this Earth
Chapter Thirty Three	Back to the Mainland
Chapter Thirty Four	Journey's End

Synopsis
THE IMMORTAL THIRTEENTH DISCIPLE.

This is the story of a young man called Kaine who met Jesus Christ. Jesus cures the cripples and heals the sick, however, he gives Kaine the greatest gift of all, that of immortality. With the gift comes the ability to heal the sick. With these new powers bestowed on him, Kaine is sent on a quest to save the future of mankind from self destruction.

Kaine spends the next 2060 years travelling the world with each day bringing yet another adventure. These journeys lead him to the lost Island of Atlantis which is suspended in a future time. Here he learns about the Atlantians themselves. They left Earth seeking a new home after they accidentally destroyed the planet. On the Island is a talking monolith that tells Kaine about the Atlantians history and how they left behind four golden keys. These keys when placed on the monolith would summon the Atlantians to return to Earth and would also bring the island of Atlantis back into the present time.

When Kaine heals someone with his powers, it also enhances their natural skills. On his historic travels, he meets and helps: Leonardo da Vinci, Nostradamus, and H. G. Wells, just to name a few. All these people in their own way help mankind to survive.

In 1875 Kaine is flung into the twenty seventh century by a time traveller doing historical research. When returning him to 1875 the transporter stops off in 1908 to witness the explosion that flattened the forest of Tunguska in Russia. The explosion was not caused by a meteor as thought, but by an alien craft exploding on take off.

In 1952 Kaine meets John F Kennedy and becomes one of his campaign speech writers' while in the White House, the President has an slight accident and Kaine's power of healing help President Kennedy to find a solution to the Cuban Crisis and therefore diverts World War Three.

In 2062 Kaine and five other scientists discovered an alien craft that they believe to be over 150 million years old. They keep the fact a secret and harness the new power and knowledge for the benefit of the world.

One night in 2079 Kaine hears a voice tells him to return to the village he left all those years ago. He waits in anticipation to find out who he is and what his adventures was all about.

Kaine sat on the hill overlooking the ruined village of El Echad. Slowly he leant back and allowed his memories to rewind over two thousand years, to the day he first saw the strangers.

STRANGE TRAVELLERS

“Kaine!” shouted his mother Miriam. “Get out of bed, the sun is up and your father’s been at work for ages.”

Swinging his legs over the edge of the bed he stretched his arms. Dressing without delay he went into the kitchen for breakfast. To Kaine, this was just another day, but what he didn’t know, was that this day would change future history, leaving the survival of the world in his hands.

The sun was well past its high point as Kaine put away his carpentry tools. He was a well-built young man of nineteen years, standing four cubits and one hand in height, with a strong muscular body and a crop of shoulder length fair hair, so unlike the jet black hair of his parents.

El Echad was a small village of forty-seven houses, but what made El Echad different from other villages in Judea was that it was on the main caravan route.

Kaine walked from the workshop to enter the house. Inside the kitchen his mother was busy by the stove. He could smell the freshly baked bread and see the steam rising from a pan which would hold their evening meal. Strolling across the room he stood behind his mother and placing a hand on each of her shoulders he bent forward to plant a gentle kiss on the top of her head.

“I’m off to the river for a swim; I’ll be back in time for the evening meal.”

“Your father will be home soon, so don’t be late.”

Leaving the house, he saw a band of travellers just outside the village. They looked dusty and weary as if they had been on the road for several days. The sighting intrigued him for it wasn’t often that a small group of travellers passed through the village. They usually travelled with the caravans for safety.

Quickening his pace he got close enough to hear what they were saying, yet far enough away to be discreet.

A tall man, nearly as tall as himself, walked slightly in front of the other five. He was casual and appeared relaxed as he looked around him to take in all the scenery, even though it was mostly brown barren wasteland and looked the same in every direction. He was dressed in a long off-white flowing garment that was ragged around the hem where it had frayed as it touched the ground. After wrapping the body of the garment around him, he’d thrown the end over his head to keep the hot sun off his face.

Kaine listened to the words that flew back to him on the breeze. The five men talked among themselves; they spoke of the deeds the tall man had performed, things like healing, forgiveness, and compassion towards one’s fellow man. They also talked about a new kingdom, but Kaine couldn’t hear everything as the sound of their feet on the dry dusty ground occasionally covered their words.

Could it be that the tall man was a healer or maybe a rabbi? thought Kaine. He was even more intrigued now for he’d never seen a healer before. In the village, it was the old woman, Ruth, who cared for the villagers if they were sick. Her herbal skills had been learnt from her mother and her mother’s mother before her, and she’d always made it known that her skills had been passed down through each generation. Healers were greatly respected and throughout his early life Kaine had often daydreamed of becoming one himself. But his dreams remained just that, for in time he had come to work for his father. Joinery was a good skill, and with the passage of time he came to enjoy the work as much as he loved the smell of freshly cut timber.

Reaching the banks of the stream, the travellers finally came to rest. The stream was about twenty feet wide at this point with a shallow ford crossing and on the outer edges was a deep hole in the bedrock. It was there that Kaine sometimes stood with his chin resting on the slow moving waters, cooling himself from the heat of the day.

Among the many bushes that grew along the banks of the stream was a large Cypress tree that cast a cool shadow beneath which it was rather pleasant to sit. The sandy soil was fine and white with just a hint of yellow to it. The grass that grew in the shadow was light green in colour, while the surrounding vegetation was a scorched brown, clearly the effects of an unforgiving sun. There were several clumps of tall grassy mounds in the area and Kaine hid behind one that was close to the travellers. The band of men looked harmless, but one could never be sure if they were robbers, murderers, or even slavers.

The travellers removed the blankets they carried wrapped around their shoulders and spread them upon the ground before sitting down. As they settled themselves it occurred to Kaine that they had stopped at the one spot on the whole river that was his favourite bathing place.

The five men continued to talk of the good deeds the tall man had performed in weeks gone by and Kaine took it all in, relishing everything they said.

Suddenly something on the periphery of his vision made him turn his head in fright and he gave a sigh of relief as he saw it was only a dust devil. Turning back to the group he saw that the tall man had moved to the river and was filling a goatskin flask with water. Returning to the group he passed it amongst them before he quenched his own thirst. He then passed around a small piece of bread, which surprisingly seemed to feed them all. Kaine was astonished. He could eat twice as much at home and still be hungry.

Cocking his ears, Kaine wondered if he had heard aright. The tall man had cured an old man of blindness and a young girl's crippled leg? This was indeed strange. The tall man, who was obviously the leader, now began talking about his father in the Kingdom of Heaven. Listening to the stranger talking about his father, who lived in a land he had never heard of, made Kaine's eyes open wider in astonishment. The man made it sound as if his father was some great and rich nobleman, maybe even a ruler! Yet if this were so, why would his son be dressed like a commoner?

The tall man spoke with a soothing voice that brought peace of mind to the listener and from time to time, the others would call him master.

"I wonder why they call him master; they don't appear to be slaves." Kaine whispered to himself. Then he felt a coolness on his back as a shadow fall over him. Rolling over in fright, he heaved a sigh of relief as he saw one of the boys from the village. Kaine's edginess was due to the fact that his mother had always warned him about robbers and slavers, who would beat him up and take him away to be sold.

"What are you up to, Kaine?" said the boy in a loud voice.

"Go away." whispered Kaine, but it was too late. The group of men had seen them.

The tall man stood and spoke. "Welcome, please do not be afraid, pray don't hide behind that mound, come and join us."

The boy ran off immediately when he spied the travellers but Kaine climbed to his feet and stood quickly to attention like a Roman soldier who was being reprimanded.

"I was doing nothing, sir, I was only listening to you." said Kaine, with a slight tremble in his voice and a queasiness in his stomach.

The tall man walked slowly forward so as not to frighten the young man before him, but as the stranger advanced Kaine slowly retreated. He thought, *they don't look*

like robbers and by the conversations he had overheard, he was pretty sure he would not be harmed. Yet still he couldn't stop himself from backing away from the tall man.

"Don't be afraid, young man. Come, sit with us." said the stranger with a waving gesture of his hand.

"I don't know if I should."

"You have nothing to fear."

"Can I ask you a question?" Kaine asked cautiously with a tremor in his voice as he was drawn closer to the man. "You spoke of strange things. How can you make a blind man see? Are you a healer?"

"Please don't be nervous, young fellow; you might say the man cured himself."

As the gap between Kaine and the stranger narrowed, he became less frightened. The stranger's voice had a calming effect on him and so he allowed himself to be led across to the group. The tall man said with a sweeping gesture of his hand, "Sit beside me."

Kaine sat down and looked deeply at the stranger's suntanned dusty face. He could see this man was well travelled and each line in his face appeared to smile at him and put him at ease.

Kaine repeated his question. "Are you a healer?"

"No, I am not. The blind man was helped by his faith in God, but mainly he had faith in himself, and that's what cured him. What's your name?" he then asked.

"My name is Kaine. I'm the son of Nathan the carpenter. I live in that last village you passed through, the village of El Echad."

The tall man replied, "My father taught me to be a carpenter too."

"It's a good profession, and my father is teaching me all he knows." said Kaine.

Sitting on the blanket beside the strangers, Kaine felt quite at ease and his fears disappeared; it was as if he'd know them all his life. The tall man talked to the others in turn, and as he spoke he called them each by name.

First was Simon, a strong looking man with a broad torso, whose jet black wavy hair fell well below his shoulders. His face was well worn and the coat he wore was dark brown with a large black stripe that ran down the centre of the back. It was tied off with a piece of rope around his waist.

Then there was John, a thin man who also had a brown coat but his had many thin black stripes running through it and a hood that he could pull over his head to keep the hot sun off his face. He had a very prominent bony nose and dark eyes and it was odd to see that his beard had two lines of grey hair running from the corners of his mouth to meet under the chin.

Matthew had a slight stutter in his voice. He was a light-hearted man, always happy and full of talk. He wore a white wrap that was wound around his body and he, like the tall man, threw the end of the garment over his head to act as a hood.

Mark was the quiet one among the group. Kaine only heard him speak the once and suspected he was more of a listener than a talker. Mark wore several layers of light cloth almost yellow in colour, the bottom trimmed with a brown piece of blanket – to stop it fraying. This left Judas, who was always moaning or mumbling to himself whenever he spoke, which seemed constantly. One of the group would say, "speak up, Judas" and he'd have to repeat himself.

Never before had Kaine listened to a group of people with such interesting stories. These stories the tall man called parables. The group had been together for over three years now, and were giving voice to the experiences and adventures they'd had.

It was late afternoon and the sun was beginning to cast long shadows across the land. Kaine told them that he would have to go as it was time for his evening meal. "Will you be here in the morning?" he inquired.

"Yes," said the tall man, "we shall still be here."

Kaine set off running for home. At the top of a small mound he turned and now running backwards shouted, "What is your name?" addressing himself to the tall man.

"Jesus... Jesus of Nazareth." was the name that echoed back to him.

Chapter 2

STORM CLOUDS

The pink glow of dawn lit up the sky as Kaine rose from his cot. "I wonder if Jesus and his friends are still by the stream," he said himself. Thoughtfully he answered his own question. *They must be there, for Jesus doesn't appear to be a man who would go back on his word and he said they would still be there.*

Quickly getting dressed he ran out of his small bedroom and into the kitchen. He slipped his feet into his worn leather sandals by the door, and was reaching for the latch to open it when his mother called. "And where are you going in such a hurry?" she asked in her usual fussy voice that stopped Kaine in his tracks.

"Out to meet my new friends by the stream," he replied.

"This early in the morning? Such enthusiasm you have. You can have some food first. Come, sit down," she said.

"But mother, I'm not hungry."

"Not hungry! Are you sickening for something? You are always hungry. Shall I get Ruth to see what ails you?"

"Mother, you still treat me like a little boy," Kaine replied.

"I can only say you will always be my little boy," said Miriam, the smile showing her deep love for the young man before her. "We adopted you, when you were a little boy and my little boy you will always remain."

Miriam and her husband Nathan had been desperate for a child of their own. They have received their bundle of joy from Kane's real father who had been a travelling man. He said his wife had passed on, so he could not give the child all the love and care he needed.

"You are right as usual mother, some food would be nice." He relented only because he didn't like the herbs that old Ruth gave out. They always tasted horrible and anyway, he wanted to be off.

His mother placed a bowl of softened oats in front of him and a large cup of goat's milk, which he quickly gulped down.

"Can I go out now, mother, please?" he asked when he had finished.

"Of course you can, and save some of that energy for helping your father. I want you back for midday, for you are to help your father move the new wood into the loft."

"Yes mother," Kaine shouted, as he rushed for the door.

"Mind that pan of hot water!" Miriam always worried about her son, and fussed over him like any good mother would do. She was a good looking woman for her age, having just celebrated her forty first birthday. She was fit and healthy and had never had a sick day in her life.

At the door Kaine stopped, turning around he said, "Mother, can I take the wooden cup I made and give it to Jesus, they don't have anything to drink from?"

"That was the first thing you ever made. Your father was proud of you the day you finished it." There was silence for a few seconds, and then Miriam said, "Well, if you are sure, after all it is your cup."

Kaine collected the cup and hastily made his way to the stream, hoping upon hope that Jesus had not moved on.

As he approached the stream the wind began to blow, gathering dust and pushing it into the air. As the wind blew the sky quickly turned a slate grey in colour. Kaine was inwardly overjoyed at the sight of Jesus and his friends in the distance and so he

started to run. On arrival he noticed that they had just finished their morning ablutions for he could see small droplets of water still attached to their beards.

“Good morning, Jesus, Mark, John, Simon, Matthew, and Judas.”

They each replied in turn.

“What are you going to do today, Jesus?” asked Kaine.

“We will continue onwards with our journey to Jerusalem, for our destiny lies there, but now we wait for Luke to arrive before we can move off.” said Jesus with an air of mystery about him.

“Will you be telling more stories first?” Kaine asked excitedly.

“You sound very interested in the parables.” said Jesus. He turned to the group. “Simon and John, you two were going to look around the village first, weren’t you? And you, Matthew and Mark, were going across to that far hill to see if Luke is in sight.” Jesus nodded his head towards the distant hills. Then turning to Kaine and Judas he said in a soft, almost whispered voice, “It looks as if you and Judas will be the only ones keeping me company for a while.” Jesus then looked up into the sky with a critical eye. The sky was getting much darker and cloudier. “There’s a great storm coming.” he said.

“It will help the crops to grow. We are always short of rain on the fields.” replied Kaine.

As the others moved off, Jesus said, “Come Kaine, sit under this bush. You too, Judas and place your blanket over the bush to give us a shelter should it start to rain.”

“Yes, Master.” replied Judas.

Once settled, Jesus started a story and a fine drizzle started to fall, which soon developed into larger droplets of rain. The thick black clouds that rolled and boiled above the village, continued to head towards them. Soon the heavy rain clouds covered the whole sky and blocked out the daylight. The wind started to blow with a ferocity that Kaine had never known before. He instinctively hitched a little closer to Jesus for comfort and protection.

The sky above them exploded in a fusion of light, and a few seconds later a loud bang followed by a continuing rumbling sound rolled over the ground towards them. The rain started to fall faster and heavier. Kaine sat and watched the raindrops hit the earth and bounce back up again into the air. The ground soon turned to mud and small rivulets of rainwater began to join each other to form small meandering streams that crossed the landscape to join the swelling stream.

Jesus turned to Kaine saying, “Do not be frightened, it will soon pass.”

Kaine replied, “We don’t get thunder and lightning very often. My young friend Joseph said this only happens when God is angry. Is that true, Jesus?”

“No, Kaine, the rain is nature’s way of making all the seeds grow. Then the sun comes out to shine upon the refreshed plants and everything is beautiful. However, on this day, a special seed will be planted which will grow and flourish.”

Bang! Crack! The ear-splitting sounds of the exploding thunderclap reverberated above and around them making the air thick and heavy and giving it a smell that Kaine could not place. Fingers of lightning crackled, and the atmosphere was growing more and more intense.

Judas looked in amazement as the hairs on his arms stood up. This terrified him and as the lightning flashed and flashed again he became so nervous that he jumped to his feet and spoke so fast that he stumbled over his words. “Master, I will go and look for Simon and John in the village.” Then he was off and running towards the village before Jesus could speak

Kaine thought, *Judas is just frightened by the heavy storm and he's used Simon and John as an excuse to go and shelter in the village.*

The sky lit up once more as a streak of white lightning struck the ground not more than a hundred feet away. The thunder was deafening and Kaine leaned into Jesus who put his arm around him saying, "Do not worry, Kaine, you are safe with me."

Suddenly there was a mighty flash as an unusual bolt of blue lightning struck the bush they were sitting under. The lightning strike shook the ground and lifted them into the air for a brief second or two. Kaine felt a tingle as the electricity engulfed them both. It ran through their bodies and made them both glow with a bright blue luminescent light. With fear in his heart, Kaine clung on even more tightly to Jesus.

"Nothing will harm you, Kaine," said the soft, soothing voice, and with that Kaine was again put at ease. The thunder and lightning started to subside, the storm grew quieter, and the blue glow began to fade from their bodies.

The rain stopped as quickly as it started. The clouds began to break and a bright blue sky widened out above them. As the dark clouds drifted out of sight, the hot sun caused steam to rise from the saturated ground.

"Phew!" gasped Kaine. He was glad that the storm had passed. Never in all his life had he seen or felt such a storm; he was amazed that the lightning had not killed them both.

Emerging from under the bush, Kaine was astonished to see that the foliage had not been damaged; it was as if it had never been struck by lightning and was as fresh and green as ever. Within a few minutes there was no sign of any clouds. Everything looked bright and beautiful and the air was filled with that fresh aromatic smell that only comes after a rainfall.

"I shall have to go home, Jesus, my mother and father will be worried. I will have to let them know that I'm safe." Kaine said.

"Yes Kaine, I understand."

"Thank you, Jesus; I suppose you will now be continuing your journey to Jerusalem?"

"Yes, we will," Jesus said, and then smiled, his blue eyes giving faith to his happiness.

"Thank you again for looking after me."

"Be good, young Kaine, I will see you again one day," said Jesus with great emphasis on the word will.

Kaine then remembered that he still had the cup. Removing it from his clothing he handed it to Jesus saying, "I wish you to have this small gift that I made." And he held it out to Jesus.

"Thank you, Kaine; this cup will be a treasure for all time."

Kaine turned and as he walked towards home he saw Simon and John in the far distance with Judas lagging behind them. As Kaine drew nearer to the trio he was surprised to see they were all dry, and thought they must have taken shelter in one of the houses.

When they met, Simon said, "We took shelter in your father's house for we remembered you said he was a carpenter. We told him you would be safe in the storm with Jesus."

"Thank you, Simon, and I wish you all a safe journey."

John pointed behind Kaine, who turned to follow the pointing finger. In the far distance he saw three small figures whom he assumed to be Matthew and Mark with their missing friend, Luke.

Arriving home, Kane's mother reached up and put her arms around him. She gave him a hug and with tears in her eyes she said, "I was frightened, Kaine, Never have we heard such thunder and seen such lightning in all the years we have lived here. Two strangers stopped to tell us where you were. A short time later a third man appeared to say you were safe. He was soaking wet so he dried off in front of the fire. I gave them all shelter until the rains ceased."

Miriam sat Kaine down and said, "Now have some soup with this bread that's just come out of the oven. Then you can help your father with moving the wood to the loft."

"Thank you, mother, the storm has made me very hungry."

As he ate his soup, Nathan entered the house and sat at the table. While they ate, Kaine told his parents what had happened and how the lightning had struck the bush, the one under which he and Jesus had been sitting. He told them how it made their skin glow blue. Both his mother and father gave a little light laugh, as if Kaine was telling a tall story.

Chapter 3

THE MIRACLE

After the meal, Kaine went into the workshop to help his father with moving the timber into the loft. When most of the planking had been stored, Nathan informed his son that he was going to the miller's house to take measurements for some boxes he wanted making.

"Okay father, I'll continue here."

Kaine watched his father go and he removed the upper part of his garment to cool off. Standing over 6ft tall was handy for stacking the wood on the high shelves and this was where Kane's strength and muscular body came in handy. While working, he thought about the storm and what happened. He was so engrossed in his thoughts that he hadn't noticed that he was stacking the wood too high, a danger his father often warned him about. With his mind still full of all the wonderful stories that Jesus had spoken of, Kaine reached up to place the last plank on top of the load. Without warning, a long thin piece of wood, with a point as sharp as a spear, broke away from a large plank and fell. It pierced Kaine in the upper abdomen passing right through him and knocking him off his feet. Losing his balance he fell backwards and the timber penetrated the earthen floor and pinned him there like a moth. Kaine cried out, expecting pain, but his clouded mind had not yet comprehended that there was in fact no pain. When he realised he could not feel any pain, his first thought was, *am I dead?* When he looked down at his side he could not see any blood.

"I must be dead!" he said aloud. "Yet I can still move my arms and legs."

Kaine lay there for a few moments still awaiting the pain that did not come. He thought about shouting for help, but he didn't want to frighten his mother. Her heart might not be able to take the sight of him lying there helpless. He therefore took a deep breath, clenched his teeth and with closed eyes grasped the wood with trembling hands and began pulling the timber back through his body. After he withdrew the wood, he opened his eyes too looked at it. The pointed end was stained red with his blood but strangely it was not wet. He looked down at his wound, only to see that it was instantly healing itself and after a few seconds had disappeared, leaving no visible scar. Kaine threw the piece of timber to the back of the room; *this is not possible*, he thought as he felt the area where his body had been injured.

Standing up he shouted, "Mother, Mother," and ran from the workshop across the yard, scattering the chickens in his wake. He reached the kitchen shouting "Mother!"

A startled Miriam turned to her son. "Whatever is the matter? Slow down, Kaine, and tell me what has happened." she said.

"Mother, a large piece of wood fell on me and went into my side and..."

"What!" she gasped. "Let me look." She grabbed his arm and spun him around looking for a wound. "I don't see anything."

Kaine replied, "The wound healed itself has I pulled the wood out and it didn't hurt at all."

Miriam looked at her son. "Kaine, why did you say such a thing? You don't normally tell stories like this, and don't tell any more ever again. You frighten me. I thought you had injured yourself. I'll have to have a word with your father when he comes home, frightening me like that. You're a grown man; you shouldn't be doing things like that. Now go and fetch some wood for the fire." she said in sharp, angry tones.

It was getting dark when Kaine sat down to supper. His mother laid his plate in front of him as his father entered the house.

Nathan looked at them both saying, "Sorry I was so long, it's going to be a big job I do for the miller. He wants 50 large boxes making..." Sensing that something was wrong he stopped talking and paused for a second. "Why are you both staring at me? Miriam? Kaine? What is going on?"

Miriam replied, "Husband, I have something to tell you about your son. Why don't you sit down first? I'll get your supper and then I will tell you what Kaine has put me through today."

Nathan sat down at the table and thought, *Why is he always my son when something happens?*

They sat at the table eating supper and Miriam told Nathan what Kaine had said about his so called accident.

"Kaine, you should not frighten your mother like that."

"But father it is true." said Kaine.

"Nonsense." said Nathan. "One more word and you'll leave the table. You don't usually tell stories like this. What's come over you? Is it something to do with those travellers you met at the stream? Have they been filling your head with strange ideas?"

"But father..." replied Kaine.

"Quiet, leave the table and don't argue with me."

"Yes, father." said Kaine.

He stood up and rushed across the room in his usual hurried manner and in doing so he brushed against the large pan of boiling water that his mother always kept on the stove. The pan spun around and began to slide off the stove. Kaine reached out to grab the pan to stop it falling and in doing so, overbalanced and fell, spilling the boiling water over his body. A high pitched scream came from his mother and Nathan rushed over to help his son. Miriam grabbed a cloth to put over the scalded flesh.

Kaine lay on the kitchen floor looking up at both his parents.

Nathan shouted, "Miriam, get old Ruth as quick as you can."

"Father, Mother, I'm fine, look, there are no marks on me."

"That's impossible." said Nathan.

"That is what I was trying to tell you earlier, when the long sliver of wood went into my side. When I pulled it out, the wound healed itself and left no scar." Kaine started to rise to prove that what he was saying was the truth. His parents looked puzzled and sat back down at the table, while a silence descended over the room as they tried to comprehend what had just happened.

"This must be some sort of miracle, but how?" said Miriam.

Kaine reminded them of what he had said earlier about Jesus and the rain and the lightning that had stuck them both as they sheltered from the storm.

"I will show you." He got to his feet, picked up the oil lamp from the kitchen table and left the room. Nathan and Miriam looked at each other with confusion and worry etched into their faces, but not a word passed between them.

Kaine returned with the piece of wood and sure enough it was stained red with his blood. He placed the wood down on the table. Miriam picked it up to examine it, and then passed it on to Nathan.

"Some sort of miracle must have happened. Maybe it was something to do with this Jesus person." she said.

"If it was Jesus, what do we do now?" said Nathan.

There was silence for a while, then Nathan said “We cannot tell anyone about what has happened, they’d think we were crazy or even in league with the Devil. We’d better think about this. Let’s sleep on it and we’ll talk about it in the morning.”

“Goodnight, mother. Goodnight, father.”

They mumbled their own goodnights, but their minds were still troubled by the events that had engulfed them, which they could neither explain nor understand. They too retired, but sleep never came to them that night. All they could think about was the incident with the boiling water and Kane’s story about the wood piercing his body.

Kaine lay on his cot and thought about Jesus and what had happened to him. Eventually he fell asleep. In his sleep he dreamt that Jesus came to him saying, “Do not be frightened, Kaine, you will live a long and prosperous life. We will meet again before long and I will tell you more.”

Kaine awoke as the sun shone through his small bedroom window, but unlike any other morning there was no sound of activity from the kitchen, no clashing of pots and pans; those sounds were not present today. He listened a little more intently and heard the mumbling of low voices coming from the kitchen. Slowly and quietly, Kaine emerged from his room and saw his parents seated at the table talking. He heard his father say, “This stranger that Kaine called Jesus, I think I have heard stories about him and how he was supposed to have worked miracles when he was in Galilee. It is said that he cured a leper and helped a blind man see. He also helped other people who came to see him while he was talking. They came from miles around just to hear his voice. I wonder if this is the same man, the one they call the Messiah.” Nathan then looked up and saw his son. “Good morning, Kaine, come, be seated, we have things to talk about.”

Kaine sat at the side of his mother.

“Why are you whispering? No one can hear you. Do you think it was Jesus that healed me? If so, what are we going to do now?”

Nathan took a long look at his son and then he spoke. “Kaine, my son, hold out your hand. I have to know if it is true and not just a coincidence that you cannot be harmed,”

Kaine put out his hand knowing his father would not intentionally mean him harm. His father then removed a small sharp knife from his belt. “Hold still. I will try not to hurt you.”

Holding Kane’s finger, Nathan made a swift cut across it and as soon as he had done so the wound began to heal without any loss of blood.

“By all that is holy, its true.” shouted Miriam, standing up quickly and knocking over her chair.

Nathan, still holding Kane’s hand, turned it over and examined both the finger tip he’d cut and the back of the finger, but there was no sign of any cut or scarring to be seen, not even the blood that tends to collect at the side of the fingernail. There was stillness in the room for a few seconds, and then Miriam spoke in a hushed tone.

“We must not let anyone know, or he will be seen and treated as an outcast the villagers would say it was the work of an evil sorcerer or something like that.”

Nathan replied, “We have to think about what needs to be done.”

For several minutes all was quiet, and then Nathan spoke very quickly. “Kaine, you must go and find this man Jesus and ask him what has happened to you.”

Kaine looked at his father. “If that is what you suggest, father, then I shall go and seek him out.” And he thought of what Jesus had said in his dream, *we will meet again before long and I will tell you more.*

With his father's help Kaine prepared to leave. Miriam packed a little food and a small amount of money to keep him going for a few days.

"Jesus cannot be too far way, he's only been gone one day so you should soon catch up with him," said Nathan. They had gathered outside and as Kaine walked away Miriam clung to her husband's arm and wept.

As Kaine set out on his journey, he did not know what lay in store for him, or where the journey might lead; nor did he know that he would never see his adopted parents again.

Chapters 4

THE SEARCH

Seated upon the hilltop, Kaine reflected upon the many different events that had happened to him over the last two thousand years. Many times he'd wondered what he had done to be singled out for this mission. He had never been particularly religious like the Pharisees and Zealots, though he did pride himself on being an honest and truthful person, just as his parents had taught him to be. He fondly remembered his father telling him that for every lie he told, ten more would come back to haunt him and once people knew you told lies, then no one would ever believe you when you told the truth. Sometimes Kaine convinced himself that his honesty and truthfulness were the reason he had been chosen. He knew that if he waited, then the answers to all his questions would soon be here. He was a patient man; he'd waited two thousand years for the answer. So what did a few more centuries matter to him? He lay back on the soft green grass, placed his hands behind his head and slowly closed his eyes as once again, his thoughts drifted back to that time long ago when he left home.

* * *

Setting out from home, he never realised that the road to Jerusalem would take him far longer than the two or three days he had planned for.

Kaine met his first obstacle just ten miles down the road. Approaching a crossroads he stopped, a seed of doubt slowly working its way into his mind. What if Jesus did not go straight to Jerusalem? Perhaps he had made a detour on the way, calling at some of the outlying villages to spread his teachings. Kaine decided that he would have to check all the villages on the way so that he would not miss Jesus and his friends. In so doing, he extended the distance he travelled and it was thirty-five days later that he eventually walked into the walled city of Jerusalem.

Deciding to sleep in a garden just inside the city, Kaine rested before continuing on with his quest. The day was just beginning as he started his search for Jesus. He walked the dusty streets of the large city, looking in all the local inns and gathering places that he passed.

The town was overcrowded with people and Roman soldiers and at times his way was blocked by a wall of people. "What is happening?" he asked a man. "People are being crucified," was the answer he received. Not being able to move forward Kaine turned around and began looking elsewhere for Jesus.

It was well into the afternoon when he entered the main market square. Things had now quietened down and people were crying out, trying to sell their wares. The cacophony of noises began to assault his ears, and then across the crowd of people he thought he saw the familiar face of Simon. He was seated on a stone bench with his head leaning back against the wall of a house. His face was wet with tears and he held a blank expression within his eyes. Kaine made his way across to him, "Simon, what is the matter with you, why are you so sad?"

Simon forced his eyes to focus on the person talking and recognised Kaine, "Young Kaine my friend, he's gone, they've killed him." he wept.

"Killed him! Killed who? Who are you talking about?"

Simon attempted to compose himself and wiped at his tear-stricken face with his already wet coat sleeve. Kaine looked on in bewilderment and anxiously asked again what had happened.

“Jesus was crucified today.” The pain and heartache was clearly audible in his voice.

“What!” exclaimed Kaine in total disbelief?

“Jesus is dead. Sit down alongside me, and I will tell you what happened only a few weeks after we celebrated his birthday. Jesus seemed to have his whole life ahead of him.”

Simon then proceeded to tell Kaine about the events that had overtaken Jesus since leaving the village of El Echad. He closed his awful rendition with the events of Pontius Pilate; how he had given the choice about who should be set free, and who should be crucified. The crowd had shouted, “Free Barabas. Free Barabas.”

“So earlier today they crucified Jesus on a hill outside the city walls.”

Slowly the facts penetrated Kane’s brain and a great sorrow filled his heart. After the initial shock and disbelief that something so terrible could have befallen Jesus, Kaine asked Simon to take him to the site of the crucifixion.

Outside the city, he pointed and said, “Jesus is the one on the central cross on that hill over there.”

Kaine looked at the hill and slowly said, “I must go to him, Simon.”

“But he is dead, Kaine.”

“It cannot be, because I must find an answer to my questions.” Simon took hold of Kaine and shook him.

“Kaine, he’s dead, do...you...understand? He’s dead,” said Simon in a sorrowful voice. But Kaine just stood with glazed eyes.

“I need to ask Jesus a question,” Kaine replied.

“What question?” Simon asked.

“I shall explain later,” said Kaine, for he was too downhearted to speak.

“Kaine, I cannot go across and cast my eyes upon Jesus, for the sight of his flayed, and bloodied body breaks my heart and makes me angry. I will see you later. Come to the travellers meetinghouse when you are ready. It is three streets north past the statue of the Emperor of Rome in the town square. I shall let the others know you are here.”

“Thank you, Simon; I must go to him now. I will see you later.” Kaine then put his arms around Simon and gave him a squeeze of comfort. Simon brushed away the tears from his eyes as he waved farewell.

Chapter 5

A VISION

Kaine walked down the dusty road until he stood at the bottom of the hill that overlooked the city. He ascended to the spot where Jesus was. Never had he felt so sad. Though he'd only known Jesus for two days, he felt he'd known him for a lifetime. He looked at the blood-stained body on the cross for a long time, watching and waiting for the chest to rise with an intake of breath, but nothing happened. The body upon the cross was no longer of this world. In his sadness and feelings of terrible loss, Kaine mumbled, "If only I had come straight to Jerusalem then I might have been able to find out what's happened to me." In frustration and emotional turmoil he shouting out, "What is happening to me?" his voice echoed and carried down to the city walls.

He slumped to the ground below the roughly cut cross and listened to the few remaining people who wailed and cried for Jesus and the air was heavy with sadness for the victims of the crucifixions.

The sky was closing in and the dark blanket of evening was upon him. The dim oil lights dotted around the city started to twinkle in the soft evening breeze like stars in the night; Kane's tear-filled eyes making them shine even more brightly. The people eventually returned to their homes leaving Kaine alone on the hillside. His shadow slowly lengthened as the sun began to set.

Looking down the hill and along the road he saw a group of people walking from the city. As they reached the bottom of the hill he saw Matthew and John among the group. He was about to rise to greet them when the air became still and quiet. Not a single sound interrupted the onset of the evening. It appeared that the world had been thrown into silence and all the people appeared to stand still.

"What has happened to me, and why do I feel so strange?" whispered Kaine.

Suddenly, a brilliant pale blue light shone down from the sky. Kaine lifted his head but no source for the light could be seen. He twisted his head back to look directly above him. The light appeared to be streaming out from a figure that looked very much like Jesus. But how could this be? Jesus was dead and his body could be seen upon the cross. Kaine climbed to his feet, turning to face the cross, then stepped backwards with surprise as a hollow voice spoke as if from the bottom of a deep well.

"Kaine, I know you are seeking an answer to what has happened to you," said the voice which he remembered. With his mouth open and head turned to the sky, Kaine watched the figure slowly descend until it rested above the cross. The light surrounding the figure was multicoloured, giving Jesus a ghostly image.

"Jesus, what has happened to me?"

"You will have your answer one day but I have very little time, so you must listen to what I have to say. That day the lightning struck us near your village was no accident; you have been chosen to help the people of the world. Do not be afraid of what I am about to tell you. You are to be my thirteenth disciple, however, unlike my other disciples, you have been given the gift of immortality so nothing can harm you. Your appearance shall age by one year for every hundred that goes by. Wherever possible, you must not reveal anything about yourself or your past. You will become the guardian of mankind and will acquire great knowledge as your journey progresses through the years. You will remember everything you see and do. All this knowledge will help you in future times."

Kaine listened to every word that was spoken to him, and every word spoken became imprinted in his brain.

“Your direction will be different to the other disciples. Your influence will help mankind on its journey until such time as I shall see you once again. Three days after my burial I shall rise again. I have died, but I shall become a living being once more. This is as it must be; the prophecies will then be fulfilled. By this act, people will start to believe again, and peace will cover the world, and you will help it to spread. You have been given the wisdom of the ages and the time to gain great knowledge and healing powers. Use them carefully. You yourself will never suffer physical pain, and as time progresses you will want to do more to help people. You will see untold suffering, but believing in me and the special gifts you have been given will help you through your most troublesome times. You will find that you will affect those whom you help, so be wise with your gift and use it carefully. Try not to draw attention to yourself. I will keep my promise and will see you again. Your first task is to give Paul this message from me; “Greece is the place to start God’s work.” You Kaine, will travel with Paul, until he reaches his destination, then you will part ways and never see each other again. You will have an extraordinary life, for there will be a driving force in you that will help you understand the roads you travel throughout the years to come.”

The light began to fade and Kaine shouted, “Jesus! Jesus! I do not know anyone called Paul.”

The vision of Jesus faded away and the people at the foot of the hill began their ascent towards him.

Chapter 6

RESURRECTION

Kaine flopped to the ground in dazed confusion. While he sat there, Matthew and John, with a group of people whom he didn't know, stopped by his side. The group began to take down the cross so that they could remove the body of Jesus and prepare him for burial.

"Hello, Kaine," spoke Matthew as he squatted down, "it *is* nice to see you again. I only wish the circumstances could have been better."

Kaine was still pondering over what the voice had conveyed to him, for the question going around and around inside his head was, *Why me, why should this happen to me, a simple carpenter's son?*

"Kaine, are you feeling okay?" asked Matthew with much concern.

Kaine looked at Matthew and registered him for the first time. Claspng his hand he said, "Matthew, did you see him?"

"See who, Kaine?"

"Jesus, of course."

"Jesus is there Kaine," said Matthew, pointing to the cross which was now laid on the ground. "We are removing him from the cross so we can bury him."

"No, Matthew, I mean that other Jesus, the one in the bright light?"

"I'm sorry, Kaine, I don't know what you are talking about."

At that moment John called Matthew over to give them all a hand in removing the nails from Jesus' body.

It was only me, then, that Jesus spoke to, thought Kaine as he rose and began to walk back to the city to find the meetinghouse. He didn't wish to help the others with the body of Jesus; he needed to talk to Simon, for he hoped Simon might know who Paul was. As he neared the meetinghouse, he was approached by a tall stranger who introduced himself.

"My name is Paul. I saw you speaking to Simon earlier. Are you a friend of his?" He spoke with a low, deep, musical voice that filled the air and invited a person to listen to him.

"So you are Paul. I was on my way to find you. I was going to ask Simon where I could seek you out."

"We have not met before, so why are you looking for me?" asked Paul

"Jesus told me that you and I were to meet. I was on my way to the meetinghouse to talk to the others about the crucifixion of Jesus, and to find you."

Together they found the meetinghouse. As they approached, there was a hushed silence in the streets, only the distant barking of a dog could be heard. Standing before the wooden doors Paul knocked on the door with his large hand clenched into a fist. The door vibrated as he hit it, the sound echoing throughout the building.

After a short wait Simon opened the door. They followed him into a semi dark room where the others were already gathered.

"Please break bread with us," said Matthew. "It is a sorrowful time for all of us and we are at a loss as to what to do now."

"Yes, it is," said Kaine, and he tried to comfort the rest of the disciples for they looked forlorn and lost. Some sat solemn faced while others he had never met before, cried openly.

After a while Kaine said, "Paul I wish to speak to you alone."

“Yes, let’s take a walk.”

Before they left the gathering, Kaine said, “We shall be back shortly, for I have something to tell you all. Please wait for us to return.”

Kaine and Paul left the meetinghouse and walked out into the cool night air. While they walked, Kaine told Paul what had happened at the cross, how he saw the apparition of Jesus. However, as Jesus had asked, he did not tell Paul about his promised immortality.

“I did not want to say anything in front of the others. It is up to you, Paul, to decide what your next step should be, but Jesus said you should go to Greece to start your teaching.”

“Well, Greece sounds a good place to start.” said Paul.

Arriving back at the meetinghouse, Paul spoke to the other disciples about what had been said. He also told them what Jesus had told him to do. Next, he gave them instructions on what each needed to do now that Jesus was not there to lead them. He also informed them about the best way to start their own teachings, for each was to set out and spread the words of Jesus.

“Paul, I shall accompany you as far as Greece, but my destiny lies in other lands,” Kaine said, putting his hand on Paul’s shoulders and looking him in the eyes.

“I shall enjoy your company, Kaine, for it is a long way to Greece and I want to hear more about you and how you got to know Jesus and his disciples.”

It was early the following morning when they all gathered at the entrance of the tomb where Jesus had been laid to rest. But they could not enter as a large stone had been rolled across the opening. After Paul had said a prayer they returned to the meetinghouse where most of the disciples were staying. They talked about what they had seen and what they hoped the future held for them.

The following day was hot and humid and there appeared to be little enthusiasm within the group.

Then Matthew said in a low voice, “Jesus said he would rise on the third day.”

“That’s right,” said the disciple whom Kaine had come to know as Thomas.

“Well, Thomas, if I remember correctly, you doubted that statement when Jesus said it,” commented Luke.

“It is hard to believe that a person can return back to life once they are dead,” said Thomas.

“We will see in a few hours” time,” said Kaine. “I’m off to bed. I will see you all in the morning.”

On the morning of the third day, the disciples rose with the sun and set off to see if Jesus had fulfilled the prophesy or whether he was still entombed. Arriving at the tomb, to their shock and surprise they found the great stone that covered the tomb entrance had been rolled back. Simon slowly made his way to the entrance and carefully put his head around the corner, only to find the tomb empty. Suddenly they beheld before them a vision of Jesus encased in a bright blue light. Slowly he rose into the sky and spoke to his friends for the last time. His appearance before them renewed their faith, and brought peace to their turbulent minds, for they could now see that the Messiah has risen as he said he would. His work was done on earth and now it was up to the disciples to carry his words to the world. They all went back to the meetinghouse talking excitedly about what happened that day and the future plans they had to make.

The next day Paul and Kaine said their goodbyes. They also wished to re-affirm to the other disciples what their mission was and to see if they had any misgivings. They all said how honoured they felt to have been chosen to be a messenger of God.

Kaine and Paul waved goodbye, and started their journey as Jesus had foretold. At the end of their first day of travelling they rested at a small oasis.

“It has been a long hot day, Kaine, a drink of fresh water will be welcome,” said Paul

“Let me fill your flask, Paul, while you rest.” offered Kaine

Kaine went across to the water and filled the goat skin flask. He returned to Paul who was sitting in the shade of one of the fig trees.

“Here, Paul, drink and rest.” said Kaine as he handed the flask to Paul.

Instead of drinking from the flask Paul took out a wooden cup from his shoulder bag.

“How did you get that cup?” asked Kaine.

“It was the last thing Jesus drank from before the Romans took him away. We were having supper together when he filled the cup with wine, and pricking his finger with a knife he placed a drop of his blood on the rim and blessed the cup. He then broke some bread and passed it around. While he did so he said to us all, “This is the blood and flesh of my body, so drink of my blood and eat of my flesh, for you are now fishers of men.” He then passed the cup around for us all to drink from and we also ate the bread. The cup was returned to Jesus and he supped it dry. After the supper he asked if I would keep it safe for him as it came from a good friend. Why do you ask?”

“Nothing special, it just looked familiar,” said Kaine.

Kaine could see it meant something special to Paul and therefore he did not want to tell him he had made it, for Paul may have felt obliged to give it back to him.

Chapter 7

JOURNEY'S END

Kaine and Paul had been travelling for several years and were approaching Greece. Their journey had taken so long because of the frequent stops they made in the towns and villages on the way. They listened to people to find out about their religions and beliefs before talking about Jesus. Paul, alas, was beginning to lose faith in Jesus and his teachings. As the years rolled by, his memory of the teachings had started to wane and he began to disbelieve in the miracles he'd heard about. On a few occasions Paul asked the villagers what they knew about Jesus the Messiah, but soon after making enquiries the local priest or Roman guards would make sure they were driven out of the village. A few people listened, but most were frightened of their own priests and so kept their distance. Paul became disheartened and began to lose even more of his faith as nothing was going right for him. He was becoming very despondent and talked about going back to Jerusalem.

"Let's rest outside the next village," said Kaine. "We can make plans on how to get the story of Jesus across to the people without upsetting them. We are only a few days from Greece and remember that is where Jesus said you should start your work. Also this next village is where we will be parting company for I will travel my road, and you must travel yours."

"You are right, my friend, I am too near to Greece to give up and return to Jerusalem. But so much time has gone by, who will now remember Jesus? And how can I teach anyone about his beliefs if I have lost faith myself?"

"I'm sure that something will reinforce the teachings and miracles of Jesus," replied Kaine.

As night approached they saw a farm in the distance. By the time they reached it, it was dark. They approached the barn with caution as they didn't want to disturb the farmer, knowing that they would be continuing their journey before dawn. They crept to a small wooden barn half full of cattle. After entering the barn, Paul looked around and gathered straw to make a bed for the two of them.

What they did not know was that some weeks earlier, some renegade Grecian warriors had raided the farm and many others in the area to steal the cattle.

Kaine and Paul slept with only the movement and noise of the cattle for company. The farmer was a vigilant man and having cattle stolen several times in the past he now made periodic checks on his animals during the night. Approaching the barn he heard the sound of snoring and knew that someone was inside. Being large and muscular, he was afraid of no one.

Walking quietly, he placed each footstep carefully on the ground before transferring his weight onto it. He also kept a sharp eye out for anyone else who might be approaching the farm. Closer and closer he moved to the barn door. Once there, he listened for a moment with a great fear of the unknown in his heart, for he did not know who or what was waiting for him on the inside. Taking the pitchfork that always stood against the barn wall, he summoned up his courage and strength. He closed his eyes to enable him to see better in the dark interior, and holding the large pitchfork firmly in his hands, he opened one eye and thrust open the barn doors shouting, "Thieves, leave my cattle alone!"

Inside the barn he opened the other eye and squinted to see inside, but the darkness still restricted his vision. Opening his eyes as wide as possible, he stood his

ground and hoped to see whoever was there before they saw him. He ranted and raved to frighten whoever was in his barn, hoping that this would give him the advantage should trouble start.

Still half asleep, Paul jumped up and so did Kaine. Paul took a step towards the farmer with his arms open wide to show that he intended no harm. The farmer, being fearful of the unknown, saw an outline of someone approaching him and lunged forward with his full weight behind the pitchfork. The fork penetrated Paul's chest and the sound of cracking ribs echoed around the barn. Paul screamed and fell to the ground on his knees. There was a sucking sound as the farmer pulled out the pitchfork and turning to Kaine he shouted, "And now you!"

At that instant, Kaine put his hand up to protect himself. As he did so a burst of brilliant blue light covered the farmer in its glow and for a split second the whole barn shone as bright as day. Then slowly the light subsided.

The farmer stopped in his tracks as if he'd hit a solid wall and then he slumped to the floor.

Kaine rushed over to him, not knowing what had happened, and found the farmer fast asleep and snoring. He then rushed to Paul's side to see how badly injured he was.

"What did you do to the farmer, and what was that blue light that came from your hand?" asked Paul with gasping breaths.

"Lie still, I'm not sure what the light was but for now let me see what I can do to help you, we can talk about other things later."

"It's no use, Kaine, I'm dying. Leave me and go on your way."

Kaine proceeded to remove the headband from Paul's head and placed it over the two bleeding wounds the pitchfork had left. "Be quiet Paul, let me see what I can do." Then to Kane's amazement a soft gentle blue glow came from his hand to cover the open wounds. The two holes instantly started to heal and close before their very eyes, and Kaine could even hear the bones being knitted back into place.

"Kaine, what is happening?" cried Paul in surprise.

"I do not know, but don't worry, Paul, you will be fine. Just lie there and recover."

Kaine was trying to understand what had just happened. This was the first time he had seen anything like it, but then again, it was the first time he had tried to protect himself or even tried to help an injured friend with such vigour. He knew that this had to be connected to what Jesus had told him, but he had no real explanation.

"How do you feel, Paul?"

"I feel wonderful. It's unbelievable. I feel as if I have the strength of a twenty year old and I don't feel any pain at all."

Kaine got to his feet saying, "I'll make the farmer comfortable, then we shall have to move on."

"Are you sure he's all right? It was quite a big flash of light that hit him."

"Yes, Paul, he's okay, and only you would think about the health and well-being of someone who has just tried to kill you. Now that is real compassion for your fellow man. He is well, no harm has come to him."

Slowly Paul got to his feet and examined his chest but couldn't see any scars; it was as if nothing had happened.

"Truly this is a miracle." said Paul.

"Let's continue our journey before anything else happens and I will tell you everything I can as we travel along," as he spoke he thought, *Jesus won't mind if I confide in Paul — after all he is one of his disciples and Jesus has faith in him, for Paul is his hope for spreading the word of God throughout the land.* Kaine also

needed to talk to someone about what had happened; all this was new and strange to him.

The farmer awoke the next morning feeling fresher and more alive than he had ever done in his life. His anger had subsided and never again would he try and hurt his fellow man, for although his memories of that night had been erased from his mind forever, a feeling of friendship and kinship now lingered in his heart.

Kaine and Paul had travelled several miles down the road and Paul couldn't contain himself any longer

"Kaine, what happened back there?"

Kaine stopped and turned to Paul. Taking hold of his hands he looked him in the eye. "Paul, I have a strange story to tell, sit down and I will try to explain." He paused for a second then said, "All this started on the second day I met Jesus. A heavy storm came and something happened to us. We were both struck by lightning and according to Jesus I was given a gift to help mankind, but until now I didn't know what that gift was."

Kaine believed it was only right to tell Paul everything that had happened that day and also the full story of what happened at the cross when Jesus was crucified. However, he still kept back the secret of his immortality.

"Why should it have happened to you?" replied Paul.

"I don't know. This is one of the reasons I followed Jesus to Jerusalem, but I shall have to find my own answer and it looks as if only time will give it to me."

"This has surely re-established my faith in God. I was wondering about all the failures I've had over these last few years as we travelled and was beginning to wonder if I was cut out for spreading the word," said Paul.

"Remember what Jesus told me to tell you, that your work will start in Greece!" Paul's face lit up and a twinkle appeared in his eye. He felt happy and jubilant and his spirits were now lifted. "That's right, Kaine. I forgot about that."

"Maybe what has happened was meant to happen, to show you the miracle, to give you the faith to carry on," said Kaine.

"Once more I think you are right, my friend, but I'm getting old now. I've nearly reached my two score years and ten. I've not much longer to live, so how can I live to tell people of the miracles of Jesus?"

"You've not taken a look at yourself since the accident, have you?"

"No! Why?" asked Paul.

Kaine led him to a small pool and Paul looked at his reflection in the calm water.

"Kaine, I look twenty years younger! How can this be?" questioned Paul with astonishment in his voice.

"I think it has something to do with the healing I gave to you."

"Then should I not be spreading the word about you instead of Jesus?" remarked Paul.

"No Paul, I'm only the instrument to which the miracle was given."

"I've just realised that you have not aged since I met you. Is this also some type of miracle, Kaine?"

"Yes Paul, now its time to rest for soon we'll have to depart and go our separate ways." said Kaine.

Later that day they finally reached Greece. Paul and Kaine had supper together and talked over old times, reaffirming what their aim in life was. They talked all night; with Paul trying to find out how Kaine felt about the gift he had been given. Kaine also tried to put into perspective everything that had happened to him since that eventful day. They both talked and talked until the morning sun brightened up the sky

“Well, Paul, I know you are going to have some hard work in front of you and somehow I know your teachings will last forever. I fear our paths will not cross again.”

They gave each other a hug and Kaine said, “This is where you will truly start your teachings.”

“You are right Kaine, and I will write about my journey so I shall have something to pass on as the years go by. I will never forget you and you will always be here in my heart.” he said, patting his chest.

Kaine then set off on his own journey and never stopped wondering why this had happened to him, and what other powers he might have, and whether he was truly immortal. Was it at all possible that he could not die? Kaine thought that only time would tell. Maybe he really would not die by the sword, or even of old age; but he would find this out as the years rolled by.

He travelled from place to place, getting to know the people of different lands and learning their language. His memory absorbed every little detail that he saw or heard. He avoided conflict even though the road he travelled down was not smooth and he had to be aware of robbers and slavers at all times. He did not want to end up as a slave to any of the tyrants that lived in this world

At one village he heard a man telling a story about the Grecian raiders who plundered farms, which made him think of the farmer he'd put to sleep. The surrounding countries, being under the protection of Rome, demanded that Caesar put a stop to the raids. These complaints had come to the attention of the Roman Senate and they compelled Caesar to take action. He ordered his soldiers to find out where the renegades were hiding and also to make plans to be sure that the Roman army captured them all. It came to light that they were located on a small island. Caesar ordered the island to be surrounded with a blockade of ships full of Roman soldiers. The siege lasted a hundred days and the Grecians had no choice but to surrender or suffer starvation. On surrendering, they were taken back to Rome to fight in the arena.

Chapter 8

UNARMED COMBAT

Over the next 300 years Kaine travelled around Asia and Europe, constantly moving so that the truth of his immortality and his inability to age, as others around him did, could be kept secret. His travels had taught him many languages and he learned new skills in every land that he visited. In time he began to see the results that the teachings of Paul and the disciples had had on the people. In fact the sect that followed the preaching of these men, and believed in Jesus as the Son of God, soon had a distinct name of their own: Christians.

Nearly two hundred and eighty years after leaving Paul, Kaine was travelling through the mountains of Tibet when he helped the escort of a young boy to chase away some bandits. The boy was the son of Saldanha, a high priest, and in gratitude he offered Kaine a home for as long as he wanted to stay. Kaine enjoyed his stay among these gentle people. The priests all dressed alike in long flowing robes of burgundy and saffron. They did not worship Jesus, but instead believed in a god called Buddha.

Kaine soon mastered their language and began reading their scriptures. He discovered that Buddha was born over 500 years before Jesus. With the birth of Buddha, people began to follow the teachings of the Vedas.

Before that, there was much priest craft everywhere. These insincere priests traded on their religious standing. They duped the people in a variety of ways and amassed wealth only for themselves. In the name of religion, adherents followed these cruel priests, performing meaningless rituals and sacrificing dumb animals.

Buddha's father was Suddhodana, king of the Sakhyas and his mother was named Mahamaya. The place of his birth was a grove known as Lumbini, near the city of Kapilavastu, at the foot of Mount Palpa in the Himalayan ranges within Nepal. As the time drew nigh for Buddha to enter the world, the gods themselves prepared the way with signs. Out-of-season flowers bloomed and gentle rains fell. Heavenly music was heard, and beautiful aromas scented the air. The body of the child at birth bore thirty-two auspicious marks which indicated his future greatness and secondary marks in large numbers. On the birth of the child, named Siddhartha, the astrologers predicted to his father that the child, on attaining manhood, would become either a universal monarch, or, abandoning house and home, would assume the robe of a monk and become a Buddha, a perfectly enlightened soul, for the salvation of mankind.

The king asked, "What shall my son see to make him retire from the world?"

"Four signs." the astrologer replied.

"Which four signs?" asked the King.

"A decrepit old man, a diseased man, a dead man and a monk – these four will cause the prince to retire from the world." replied the astrologers.

As Buddha grew up, he taught his followers to believe in the road to enlightenment. They should not fight, but should at all times be kind, not only to man but all the creatures that were living in this world. His message was very clear; they must everywhere spread unity and cosmic love.

Kaine closed the scripture scroll and thought; *I would have liked to meet this man, he is very much like Jesus, who also wished everyone to turn the other cheek.*

One day, while Kaine was watching two young monks fighting, Saldanha appeared at his side. After watching the monks for a short time he called out, "No, that is not the way. I will show you."

Kaine was amazed to see that Saldanha was showing them how to fight, and when he returned he asked, "Why do you teach them to fight when your Buddha asked you not to?"

"They do not fight in aggression; they are learning the art of self defence, which is an art we have created to protect ourselves without harming our assailant."

What a marvellous idea, thought Kaine. "How does this work?" he inquired.

"Self defence is about gentleness. You give way to the strength of your opponent, adapting it and using it to your own advantage. This helps you to achieve victory over the attacker. If a stronger man pushes me with all his might, I will be beaten if I simply go against him. But if, instead of opposing his pushing, I give way to his push, or I turn aside the direction of his pushing, he naturally leans forward through his own momentum and will lose his balance. If I utilize his strength and apply a certain technique to him, it is then quite possible to make him lose his balance. Sometimes he will fall merely by my turning my body skilfully to one side. This is one simple instance of how, by giving way, you can defeat a bigger or more aggressive assailant."

"Can I be taught this art?" asked Kaine.

"It takes many years to learn but if you are willing to try I will instruct one of the monks to teach you."

"Thank you, Saldanha. Time is one thing I have on my hands at the moment."

Kaine's training started the next day. Paska the monk was a hard task master, pushing Kaine hard into learning self discipline and the movements and pressure points that would disable an opponent without too much harm.

A month later Saldanha asked Paska, "Is Kaine capable of learning self defence?"

Paska replied, "I have never had a student such as him. I only have to show him a movement once and he carries it out correctly each time and never forgets anything."

It was about this time that Kaine noticed a young girl called Heffie who came to the monastery each day with goat's milk. Kaine asked Saldanha if it would be wrong for him to see this girl and, if the answer were to be yes, what was the custom he must follow to see her. Saldanha replied, "It is the custom to build a house and then invite the parents to see it and ask for permission for their daughter to live there."

"What about the marriage ceremony?" asked Kaine.

"You will live together from one full moon to the next. If, after that time, the girl still wants to live with you, a ceremony of union will then take place."

"Thank you, Saldanha. Would it be wrong of me to stop the self defence lessons while I build a house?"

"Is your need that bad that you have to give up one, to accomplish the other?"

"You are correct. I will build the house after my lessons are over."

The lessons had been continuing now for nearly twelve months. Kaine was very pleased with the results. He had mastered in twelve months what others would take many years to learn and had progressed so quickly that he could now defend himself against a large number of attackers.

Paska went to Saldanha and informed him that there was nothing more he could teach him. He stated that Kaine would now take the final test, and when it was over he could concentrate on finishing his house, which was near completion.

Two days later Kaine stood in the quadrangle of the monastery. He was surrounded by ten monks. Each monk had to attack him at least twice and they could attack singly, or in twos or threes. The first attacked. Kaine pushed his arm to one side while sidestepping, to allow the monk to be carried forward by his own momentum. Then two attacked simultaneously. Kaine spun on his left foot and at the same time

squatted and stretched out his right leg, sweeping the legs from under one of his assailants. Still spinning, he leapt up into the air and grabbing hold of the second monk threw him over his hip.

It wasn't long before the test was over, with all ten monks having spent their two attacks on Kaine and not one of them scoring a point. They all bowed to one another in recognition that the test had been completed.

The High Llama stood in front of Kaine and slowly bowed his head. "Kaine, I have never seen such a man as you. You have mastered all the principles of the art, even as I have, which has taken me over forty years to accomplish. I shall not ask you how this has been achieved, but I know you have some extraordinary inner power that guides you."

"Thank you, master, for the opportunity you have given me and the friendship each and every one of you has imparted to me," replied Kaine as he bowed and placed his hands together in the sign of respect that said the test was finished.

Chapter 9

PAINFUL MEMORIES

Kaine built his house and invited Heffie's parents to his new abode. Though he was not of their race they had great respect for Kaine, for he was a student of the monks and they all spoke highly of him. Heffie moved into his house on the first night of the full moon, and once the lunar cycle was complete she did not pack her things to leave.

Kaine was elated and was soon making arrangements for his wedding. He was so happy that he hadn't given a single thought to his immortality, nor that his love would grow old while he remained ageless.

On the day before the wedding ceremony Heffie went to stay with her parents, as was the custom. The women of the village prepared her wedding dress and headdress that she would wear. On the morning of the great day she was dressed in a thick woollen skirt and a jacket which was made up of brightly coloured hoops. Her hair was greased with yak fat, plaited into braids and finally crowned with a wool cap in the same design as the skirt and top.

Kaine, who had never been frightened of anything, was now pacing about like a caged animal. The feeling he had in his stomach was something new to him. He stopped pacing and stared at the large gates of the monastery as he heard the procession approaching. Heffie followed behind her parents who walked up to Kaine and then moved, one to each side. Heffie moved forward to stand at Kane's right side. Saldanha, now dressed in his ceremonial trappings, moved forward and the monks began chanting their prayers and spinning their prayer wheels. The High Llama sat on his dais and watched as Saldanha spoke the ceremonial words. Moving forward, he took Kane's right hand and, while still holding it, he crossed his right hand over the top to grasp Heffie's left hand. He then placed her hand to rest on Kane's and proceeded to bind their hands together with a silk cord. Thus the wedding was finished by the tying of the knot. The ceremony being over, the rest of the day was spent in celebration.

Now that Kaine had finished his course he had lots of time on his hands. In the past he had watched the monks making up their herbal medicines, which made him think of Ruth back in his village of El Echad. Memories of his mother and father also flooded back and a strange feeling entered his body. Though he had cried at the death of Jesus, he had never felt sorrow of the kind he felt now.

He went once more to watch the monks at their work. While he watched he was approached by the monk who was giving instructions. Standing in front of Kaine he bowed his head in respect and said, "Would you like to join the group?"

"Yes, master," said Kaine, returning the bow. Thus he started his lessons on how to heal the body.

He learnt that by placing thin metal needles into certain pressure points on the body, pain could be removed; some people even claimed to be completely cured.

One of his first tasks was to remove the veins and sinews from animals that had died. These were then weighted down from a large beam in one of the rooms to be stretched and dried. The end result was a long thin unbreakable sinew used for stitching up large gaping wounds. For large festering wounds, maggots would be placed onto the wound and then covered with yak dung and a bandage. The dung kept the wound dark and moist and this was the ideal place for maggots. Maggots only eat the dead and dying flesh, thus stopping the wound from festering. The monks also knew that the body would heal more quickly if it was kept inactive, so sleeping draughts were often used in their healings.

While he was with the monks, Heffie would be at home making cheese and butter from yak's milk. She also knitted him a full length coat which kept him warm when the winter months appeared and the rain and snow fell heavy. Before he knew it, ten years had gone by. Heffie had always longed for a child, but it was not to be. Kaine often wondered if it was because of his immortality that Heffie was unable to bear him any children.

That winter there was an avalanche of snow which swept away half the village. As he and the monks ran from the monastery to the village he could see that his house was no longer standing. Some of the monks helped him dig into the mounds of rubble that had once been his home, and eventually they came upon Heffie's lifeless body. Her head had been split open and part of her brains smashed to pulp. Kaine knelt beside her, holding her in his arms, rocking to and fro, repeating her name over and over again. The monks quietly left him with his grief. Kaine placed his hands over her head and using all his concentration, he attempted to use his powers to bring her back to life again. The blue glow left his hands but almost instantly faded. Again he tried, without success. He finally gave up, realising that someone with such a bad head injury could not be revived.

The following day, seventeen bodies had been recovered and buried in stone cairns. Kaine was devastated and after the funeral he informed Saldanha that he was leaving, as the place now held too much sorrow for him. Saldanha understood and said, "Although you are going, you will always be here within our hearts and minds. We will all miss you, Kaine."

Waiting no longer, Kaine left the village, vowing never again to get involved with a woman.

Chapter 10

A GOLDEN BOX

Kane's wanderings brought him back to the coast of the Mediterranean Sea. His latest travels had left him highly accomplished in martial arts. He had never wanted to be a fighter for he believed that fighting resolved nothing, although over the years he had been in several clashes which he always won because he could not be harmed. He found this new method of self defence very good, for he could now disable a foe without hurting him. He had also formed a deep bond with another woman whom he came to love. But although they lived together, he always knew that he would have to leave before she found out the truth about his immortality. He'd not felt any physical pain since the day he and Jesus were struck by lightning, but the emotional pain he now felt at having to leave the woman he'd become so involved with, was unbearable. He swore he would never again live with another woman, not even for a short time.

Travelling the coast line, Kaine decided to stop at a small fishing village where he hoped to find work in the local blacksmith's or carpenter's shop. On entering the village he saw a woman rushing around, and crying at the top of her voice, "The ships are back. The ships are back!" Thinking that the fishing fleet had returned, and that there might be some work at the landing area, he made his way to where the fishermen were unloading their catch. A crowd had gathered and one of the fishermen appeared to be very excited about something he had found in his nets. He was shouting, "I've found treasure! I've found treasure!" Everyone surged forward to see what he'd found. He held up high a small golden box for all to see, and everyone craned their necks in an attempt to see the treasure.

The local priest pushed his way towards the front of the crowd, for it was his custom to bless the incoming catch so that the village would prosper. He asked to see the box and the fisherman passed it over to him. He examined it and remarked about its strange carvings and how the box was sealed and appeared to be still intact. However, he couldn't find a lid and so he kept turning it over and over in his hands.

"If you will bless it for me, brother priest, I will break it open to see what is inside, said the fisherman.

"Why do you want it blessed, it is not a religious object?" asked the priest.

"In case there is a curse on it, because if there is no way to open it, then it must be cursed," said the fisherman with finality. At this the villagers looked at each other and now started to move back in fear.

"I will take it back to the temple and bless it." The priest set off and the villagers followed.

Kaine followed the priest and villagers to the temple where they assembled in silence and waited as the priest set about the task of trying to solve the mystery of the box. However the more he studied it the bigger the mystery became. There was no way that he could detect of getting inside the box.

"This is indeed a strange box with no way to open it. I wonder why that is?" said the priest, speaking his thoughts out loud. He continued with his fruitless investigation for a few more minutes, then said, "I cannot see how it opens - maybe you are right and this box has some sort of magic spell on it"

Kaine stepped forward and said, "Being a stranger here, do you mind if I have a look at it? If the box is cursed then it will be I who am cursed, and not the village." The priest asked the fisherman if this was all right and he acknowledged that it was, with a slight nod.

“Tell us your name, stranger.” said the priest.

“My name is Kaine.”

The priest passed the box to him and the murmuring of the crowd quietened to a hushed silence.

Kaine examined the box for a few seconds, and as he slowly moved his hands over its golden surface, he noted that it felt smooth and warm. He had seen gold like this before but there was something about this box that made it look and feel different; certainly it carried an air of mystery about it. Turning to the priest, Kaine remarked about the strange carvings on and around the box, the like of which he had never seen before and which he could not figure out.

He was about to say he could not open the box and was holding it out to the priest, when a small glow, unseen by the gathering, emanated from the palm of his hand to penetrate the box. One of the sides suddenly sprang open. There was a gasp from the waiting crowd. Kaine looked at the object in his hands and saw what appeared to be another small thin casket fastened inside. He carefully placed two fingers inside, only to find the smaller casket stuck down tight. He gently pulled on the smaller box and to his surprise it came away. Once out in the open, Kaine saw that this smaller box was capped with a small red crystal. Kaine held a box in each hand and showed them to the priest. The crowd backed away, not one of them daring to touch either of the golden boxes, believing as they now did, that it might be devil’s work. The finder of the box and the priest had nothing to say, and then everyone in the room started talking at once.

“Well, Kaine, it looks as if you have defeated this devilish box and discovered how to open it. Now, what about that second one?” said the priest

Kaine placed the first box, which was about ten millimetres long by six millimetres wide and four deep, onto the priest’s desk top. Still holding the second golden package, he carefully examined the bejewelled casket. In doing so he could see there were some strange carvings on this box too. The small red crystal meant nothing to him. As for the carvings, he’d never seen such markings before. The strange writings, which at first he thought were hieroglyphics, were of a kind he had never seen before. They were very fine and delicately done. He had to reflect the light off the box to see the small shadows that made the words and symbols stand out. The box felt warm and appeared to give off a slight vibration. He knew that the Egyptian Pharaohs had a love for gold and jewels, but the markings still puzzled him.

Kaine scrutinized the item from top to bottom and the crowd stared in muted anticipation, watching his every move. Without giving any thought to it, but driven by an inner force, Kaine began to gently rub his finger over the small red crystal as he carried out his examination. The crystal slowly changed colour from red to purple and finally blue. Everyone who was watching gasped in amazement and someone shouted, “It’s the devil’s work. Throw it back into the sea!”

“This is not the devil’s work, but more like the work of the Pharaohs.” said Kaine, trying to calm their fears. “Yet the markings are strange and not like any I have ever seen before.” He did not want to mention the fine drawings he had also seen on it until he had learnt more. He had also seen what he thought was part of a map when he turned the box and it reflected the light in a certain way. But he didn’t want to investigate it there and then, for there were too many people about.

“What shall we do with it?” said the fisherman to the priest.

“Do you have any suggestions Kaine?” The priest asked.

“Do you remember where you found it?” Kaine said to the fisherman.

“Yes, it was on our last throw of the nets.”

“Can you take me there?” asked Kaine.

“I’m frightened; if it’s the devil’s work. I fear to go back there.” said the fisherman.

“Why be afraid? Look, am I not holding the object you so feared and nothing has happened to me?”

The crowd mumbled amongst themselves, and then the priest asked curiously, “What interest do you have in this box, stranger?”

“In my travels I have encountered such things before. This might be the key to a large sunken treasure vessel. If it is, then the whole village would prosper if we were to find it. It’s possible that this box floated in the water because the air trapped inside gave it the force to rise above the seabed,” said Kaine. The villagers now began to change their minds and Kaine could already hear the small talk about what they would do if they were rich.

“By the power of Neptune, we’ll set sail on the morning tide,” the fisherman declared.

The priest invited Kaine to stay the night in his house, for he wanted to get to know this knowledgeable stranger a little better. It would also allow him to keep a watchful eye on the little box. Later that evening, after they had finished their evening meal of fish, the two men sat together talking. Kaine told the priest about some of his travels and the places he had been. The priest sat in awe and listened with growing respect. They talked long into the night and as the priest got to know Kaine, he trusted him as an honest traveller.

The next day the whole village assembled at the water’s edge. The families of the sailors who were going with Kaine wept and begged their husbands or sons to stay, and not to go on this sailing trip. The women of the village feared they might never see their men folk again.

The sun rose above the horizon and climbed into a cloudless sky; it was the first sign that the day was going to be a hot one. The priest tried to calm the crowd with words of comfort. He then blessed the boat and prayed for a safe journey. The crowd gave a final wave to their loved ones as the boat slipped its anchor and with sails hoisted, the vessel sailed off into the vast blue sea.

Chapter 11

ALL AT SEA

After they'd lost sight of land, Kaine took the small casket out of the larger gold box and noticed that the blue light was starting to pulsate. He now considered the possibility that this might be some kind of direction finder. He therefore decided to keep it out of the box.

As they sailed closer towards their destination the pulsating came faster. Kaine spent his time trying to work out the symbols and drawings on the boxes. The fishermen were still afraid, but somehow Kane's voice seemed to calm them. The strength he showed when speaking gave them an added reassurance. The crew slowly relaxed and, as they drew closer to their destination, they put aside any fears they may have had. When there was little work to do, the fishermen sat upon the deck and talked about what they were going to do with their new found riches. Greed now overcoming their feelings of fear, they began arguing about sharing the treasure with the rest of the village; after all, they were the ones taking the risk.

As the days passed, the arguments about dividing up the spoils started to arise with greater intensity as the greed in each man's heart started to take over. Some of the men even came to blows while arguing the point about keeping the treasure. Kaine tried bringing order by reminding them all that they had not yet found any treasure, so why were they fighting among themselves. This made the sailors think about their actions, and soon they began apologising to each other and setting about the business of sailing the ship, but hidden behind false smiles and helping hands each sailor now looked at the other with distrust in their eyes.

On the third day they arrived at the spot in the sea where the box had been found. The captain, whose name was Marcelo, ordered the anchor to be dropped. Kaine looked at the box and was astonished to see that the blue light was now green and pulsating so fast that it appeared to be lit continuously.

"Kaine, what do we do now?" asked one of the crew.

"I'm not sure," came the reply.

As the boat drifted slowly on the calm blue sea the crew sat down to eat and talk to each other. Soon the conversation turned to Kaine, whom they were now growing very suspicious of as greed was again poisoning their minds. They began to convince themselves that perhaps the stranger was intending to steal their treasure for himself. Kaine stood up and hushed the crew by saying, "Quiet, I can hear something." Everyone stopped talking and listened. Kaine thought he could hear a whistling sound. He turned to the fishermen and asked, "Can you hear that?" Everyone was still. "Yes," answered one, "it sounds like the wind blowing, but in the distance."

Kaine began to move slowly about the boat with the small box extended outwards in front of him. The sound appeared to change as he moved about the boat. He stopped near the bow, as that was where the sound appeared to be the loudest. He reached out from the boat and thought he touched an invisible force. A feeling, very much like pins and needles, caressed his finger tips and moved slowly down his arm. He pulled his hand back quickly.

"What's up? What did you feel?" shouted one of the fishermen.

Kaine paused for a moment, being unsure what was happening, and then he replied in a very slow, cautious voice, "I'm not sure. I thought I felt a strange tingling sensation running through my fingers and down my arms."

At this news the captain took fright and shouted out, "Let's set sail for home! This is the devil's work."

"Throw the box back into the sea before the sea god takes us," said one of the fishermen.

Kaine put the box down on the ship's deck. He slowly moved forward again, holding his breath with anticipation, knowing that something powerful was out there. He reached out again but this time there was no sensation, no tingling feeling, and no sound either. The only sound to be heard was the seas slowly splashing against the side of the boat. This is very puzzling, Kaine thought to himself. He once again picked up the box and reached out for a third time, and this time he again felt the tingling.

"Whatever can it be?" said Kaine, with an air of anticipation. "I believe this box has to be associated with this phenomenon." When he turned around the fishermen were all in a tight group, staring at him with fearful eyes.

"Don't worry, nothing is going to happen," said Kaine, trying once more to comfort their fears, but the fishermen did not relax.

"What are these dark forces that are plaguing us?" asked an anxious captain.

"Don't be afraid, Captain. I shall solve this mystery," Kaine said. "Stay back while I take one more look." Kaine then slowly turned to face the bow of the boat and said, "I shall go for a swim. I must know what is happening."

"No, Kaine, the sea devil will get you!" shouted a fisherman. But before anyone could stop him, Kaine took a deep breath, climbed onto the side of the boat and jumped as high as he could to clear the boat. There was a blinding flash as he jumped. The fishermen covered their eyes but heard no splash from Kaine hitting the water. They scrambled to the bow of the ship to see if Kaine was there, but when they looked overboard he had completely disappeared and the surface of the water appeared undisturbed. Panicking, they fell over themselves to hoist the sails and get far away from this mysterious and evil place.

Chapter 12

TERRA FIRMA

After leaping from the boat, instead of plunging deep beneath the sea, to his surprise and astonishment Kaine landed on dry land, the unexpected impact jarring his body. Turning around and looking back at the sea, he was further shocked to find that the boat had completely disappeared. The light within the small box was still flashing, however, and he turned around in a full circle, trying to assess in which direction the light was at its brightest.

From where he stood, the land looked barren with only a few blades of grass fighting for life. Inland, a few hundred paces ahead of him, a high rock face loomed upwards. The green light on the box fluctuated between a very dim light to a rapid flashing brightness, depending on which direction Kaine was facing. The beach area was sandy and scattered with small pebbles and shells. Gazing around he noticed a slight depression in the sand dunes, the kind of depression that is caused by feet walking the same path for a very long time.

Having no other option and needing to solve the mystery, Kaine headed inland following the path. He walked about five hundred paces without seeing any vegetation or wildlife. The pathway appeared to lead to the cliff face and he noticed that it veered behind a rock. It led him to a cliff, which towered some two hundred feet high, and his attention was caught by a large round cut stone at its base. On closer inspection Kaine found the stone to be nearly twice his height. It was smooth and appeared to be made out of highly polished granite. He saw a small receptacle cut into the stone and moved closer to examine it. As he looked at it he couldn't help but notice that he could see his own faint reflection on the stone's smooth surface. The stone was sitting in a depression and there was no apparent way that he could roll the stone out of the depression to see what lay beyond.

Kaine stood back, puzzled. "How can I move this stone aside?" he asked himself aloud.

"With the key, of course."

"Who said that?" said Kaine as he took a step backwards and looked around to find the source of the voice.

"It is I, the controller of the doot that speaks."

"You can talk!" Kaine said, moving closer to the stone.

"I can only communicate with those who hold the key. If you wish to enter, please place the key in the hollow you can see on the surface of the stone. Once placed, I will activate the unlocking mechanism and the stone will roll back and allow you to enter."

"But I don't have a key."

"Yes, you have, it's a small gold box."

"So the box is a key! Did you say I should put the whole box into the hollow?"

"That is correct. When the stone begins to roll back you can remove the box."

Kaine followed the instructions and the stone slowly rolled to the right with a slight whoosh caused by the air escaping from behind the stone. He cautiously looked into the dark interior of what appeared to be a tunnel. He checked to see if anyone was about, but the island, and the tunnel, were both silent. Cautiously he walked inside. He could just about reach the ceiling if he jumped and the tunnel was as wide as it was high. It was not square but rounded like a tube, with a flat floor to walk upon.

Once he'd taken a few steps inside, Kaine noticed he couldn't see the far end for the darkness, so he turning around to walk back outside and see if he could find something with which to make a torch. However, before he could take a step, the stone rolled back into place, throwing the tunnel into total darkness. Then to Kane's surprise, parts of the walls on either side of him started to glow and give off a pale green light. He set off down the tunnel once more and found that he could now see the far end, which appeared to be blocked by another stone.

Arriving at this second stone, he looked and found a similar hollow for the box to fit the key, so he placed it inside and it too opened for him.

Kaine stepped out of the tunnel and was instantly bathed in the heat and bright light of a midday sun that hung in a brilliant blue sky. Before him, the ground was covered in tall grass and he could see fruit trees and flowers. In the far distance he could just make out the structure of some buildings.

"What a beautiful place, but why do those buildings appear to shimmer as if in a heat wave and are they inhabited?" he said out loud.

The voice answered, "The buildings are dwellings and at the moment they are all empty."

Kaine realise that if he asked a question the voice would answer him. Taking a deep breath he marvelled at the purity of the air. With purposeful steps he headed for the buildings. As he got nearer he noticed they reflected colours of a thousand hues that glowed more vibrant and more intense than any rainbow he had ever seen. The whole place was beautiful, clean and unspoiled. As he walked along he noticed that the land was covered in ferns and bushes with brilliant yellow and red flowers. The trees had fruits growing upon them the like of which he had never seen before.

He came across a small stream that ran with clear water. He knelt on the bank and cupping his hands to scoop up some water to drink. The water was unbelievable cold, refreshing and sweet, it was by far the purest water he had ever drunk. *This is wonderful. I've never tasted such water before in all my years,* he thought.

The only sounds around him were those from small animals and birds. He had not felt so calm and at peace for a long time. As he traversed the path of pebbles, his footsteps gave out a crunching sound which appeared to echo across the landscape. The path was bordered by clusters of multi-coloured flowers, all in full bloom. Kaine was quite content to take in the views as he wandered nonchalantly along. Every now and then he would stop and turn round to retrace his steps and look again in amazement at what he had just passed. Never in all creation had he seen such beauty.

Eventually, Kaine reached the edge of the village and stopped and felt at the structure of one of the dwellings, for they appeared to be made out of colored glass. He walked onwards until he came to what he thought was the village square. In the centre of the square stood an obelisk of brown granite, taller than Kaine and highly polished on all four sides. The obelisk stood upright, slightly tapering inwards to form a flat square area at the top, and it too was covered with the strange writing that was etched into the box the fisherman had found. The obelisk was standing on a round, shiny gold-coloured reflective surface that had a paved path around it on the inside of a small wall. The gold plate reflected the sunlight upwards like a wave of yellow gold, lighting up the sky. Kaine walked around the outside of the wall to inspect the obelisk from all sides. He decided to stand on the gold surface to try and read the writings on the stone.

"Greetings," said the voice as he stepped upon the gold surface. "Please be seated on the wall and we can commence talking."

Taken by surprise, Kaine jumped back. He then remembered that nothing could harm him, and he realised that it was merely surprise at hearing the voice, that had caused him to react. He looked around and said in a low voice, “Greetings to you. Where are you?”

The voice replied, “I am here, in front of you.”

“Are you invisible? I cannot see anything in front of me.”

“No, I’m not invisible. Please be seated and I will tell you about this place you have found. The small box that you brought with you is a special key; one of the keys that were left behind many millennia ago.”

Looking around him, Kaine saw no one, so he spoke out. “Why can’t I see you? Where are you? What is this place?”

“You ask many questions! I shall answer them all as we go along. The large obelisk in front of you – that is where I am. This place is called Atlantis. A race of people once lived here. They also lived in many other parts of the planet. Who are you and by what name do you go?”

“My name is Kaine. I’m the son of Nathan the carpenter from the village of El Echad in the Land of Judea. I am a lonely traveller, seeking out my destiny.”

“Well, Kaine, son of Nathan, if you have travelled such a far distance you must be weary. Why don’t you find a shelter to move into and rest awhile? There is plenty of fresh fruit and water. Pick what you need while you find a shelter. Once you are rested we can resume talking.”

Though Kaine didn’t need sleep as other men did, he still enjoyed resting during the time of darkness and would spend the time in inner meditation and reflection on his adventures. Walking away, Kaine began collecting fruit. He quickly found himself a shelter to rest in and then set about eating. He wanted to taste the fruits varied flavours, to add to his already vast experiences of taste.

He was amazed at the sleeping area in the shelter, for the bed had no legs. It floated in mid air and was made from a material he had never seen before. It felt smooth like silk yet glistened like silver metal. He lent over and applied pressure to the bed, thinking that it might sink to the ground once he lay on it, but it was solid. He then sat down and swung his legs up to lay flat on the bed. Looking around he found there were no blankets to cover him, but that a pocket of air flowed around the bed and kept it at an even temperature so that he would keep warm without blankets. Thus he lay comfortably and meditated.

Chapter 13

KNOWLEDGE OF ATLANTIS

Kaine lay wondering what other marvels he would find in this strange land and who the Atlantians were. From what he had seen so far, he knew that whoever these people were, they were a very advanced civilisation, far more advanced than the Romans or Greeks. He was brought out of his meditation by the voice from the obelisk.

“Good morning, Kaine. You have rested for many hours but I noticed that you did not sleep as the Atlantians sleep.”

“You are correct. I do not actually need sleep, but I do enjoy the relaxation,” said Kaine as he sat up and swung his legs over the edge of the bed.

“Help yourself to some fruit, and there are clean clothes for you to wear, should you require them. If you need anything else, ask and I will provide it for you. When you are ready we shall commence communications.”

Kaine stood up and wandered around the dwelling. He found a room that had water cascading from a hole in the ceiling, emptying away through a smaller hole in the floor.

“What is this room for?” he asked.

“It is to cleansing mechanism, stand under the water and wash away the dirt and dust from your body. Try it and you will feel refreshed and clean.”

Removing his clothes he stepped under the dripping water thinking, *it's not running very fast — it will takes ages to clean myself*. As he moved under the slowly dripping water it changed into a warm spray that covered his whole body. *What a marvellous way to clean one's body*, he thought. *It's much better than using a stream or throwing pails of water over one's self*.

Kaine stayed in the room for some time, enjoying the exhilarating feeling of the warm jets of water hitting his body and flowing over his skin. The water was neither too hot, nor too cold, and this was indeed a wonderful way to start the day.

As the water flowed, a stone moved aside to reveal a small pink object. Kaine picked up the object which was slippery, so he used both hands to hold it. He then began to smell flowers and realised that it was the small tablet that he held. As he moved it in his hands bubbles appeared and the smell grew stronger, so he rubbed the tablet all over his body. Not only did it smell sweet and flowery, it also cleaned his body and hair and softened his skin.

When he'd finished, he stepped out of the room and an unexpected column of warm air descended upon him from above. He noticed it was drying his body, pushing the small drops of water down his body and across the floor to slide under a small gap between the walls and floor. Though he was now dry, he could still smell the aroma of flowers.

“This is an amazing thing, I wonder why other civilisations don't use something similar.” he said.

He moved from the drying room into another that was filled with many clothes on shelves or hung up in cupboards. He sorted out some garments that were totally different from any he had worn before. They were loose leggings that covered from waist to ankle and fastened with a cord around the waist. The top garment was very much like his own cloak, but only came down to his thighs.

Selecting some of the fruit he'd picked the day before, he bit into one he'd not tasted before. It was cylindrical in shape and fitted nicely into his hand. It resembled a small cucumber but was coloured purple. The fruit was very sweet and juicy. The

taste, though pleasant, was unusual and hard to describe, but it was a flavour he would never forget. Slowly he made his way down the road to the obelisk.

“Good morning voice, how are you today?”

“Thank you for asking, Kaine, I don’t have feelings as such but all my working parts are in good order. It’s been a very long time since I’ve talked to anyone, so please make yourself comfortable and you may ask questions of me.”

“Why are there no people here?”

“The near destruction of Atlantis was of their own making. A great power the scientist had discovered got out of hand and the whole planet was fast becoming polluted. In their quest for answers they had become blind to the destruction they were causing. All forms of vegetation died and without food all the animals were wiped out. But before all life and vegetation were totally destroyed, they managed to save this last island village from falling to the same fate as the rest of the planet. This small island was ideal for their plans and so they took the opportunity of transporting it into a future time zone, while they built ships that would take them to the stars.

“Ships to the stars!”

“Yes, Kaine. They are special ships which I will tell you about later. Now, as I was saying, they’d already established this island with its natural valley and high cliff walls many years before. It was constructed and used as a place for the people to meditate and to rest, and with its well protected terrain it also helped to keep out invading armies. When things went drastically wrong, they decided to put a large energy bubble around the island – you may have heard a humming noise as you approached the island. The key you have is the only way in. Without it there is nothing to hear or see. When you approached Atlantis the key transported you through the invisible portal into the future. The island is still at the same location but in a different time zone, and that is why it’s invisible to anyone who tries to find it. There are three other keys that can lead to Atlantis, kept on different parts of the planet and normally you would need all four keys to open the door. Indeed, you must have extraordinary powers to have arrived here with just the one key.”

“You say that I’m now in the future, but is that possible?”

“I will explain. The Atlantians will be glad that mankind survived. It has been millennia since the catastrophe.”

The obelisk and Kaine talked for a long time and then the obelisk said, “The day has progressed and you need to be getting ready for another rest period. Have some food and we shall talk later.”

Kaine complied with the monolith as he wanted to digest the information that had been imparted to him. Returning to his crystal abode he made himself at home. The people of Atlantis must have suffered an almost instant demise, for their homes were left intact as if they were only going away for a day. Everything was clean and in pristine condition. There were some very strange items in the houses and Kaine wanted to learn everything he could about these people and the tools they used.

He remained on the island for many years and talked to the Voice daily. They exchanged views and information about the peoples of earth, both past and present. As his relationship with the monolith grew stronger, he was confident that he could exchange information about his own travels. He told the voice about some of his own adventures and how he came to be the holder of the key.

“I’m still not sure why it is the people can’t see Atlantis,” said Kaine.

“The island of Atlantis and the outside world live on different time lines. For example, this island could have been covered by the sea many millions of years ago, and in a few million years into the future it could be at the top of some great

mountain. The people of Atlantis devised a way to place Atlantis in future time. Time changes from one second to the next, therefore we are always in the future and the past cannot catch up.”

“Ha, yes, now I understand.” said Kaine nodding his head

“Good. Because the island is in a different time zone, the Atlantians made the special crystal keys, like the one you found. As I stated earlier, there are four keys in all. Together they each open a different doorway on any part of the planet. There are several doorways which would bring the finder of the keys to Atlantis. When all the four keys are placed together on this obelisk they will emit a signal into space to tell the Atlantians that is now safe for them to return. You, Kaine, are the first to find and use only one key. You must indeed be very good at heart, for the keys will only respond if your intentions are good. The key measures the positive electrical energy within the body and only the pure in heart can use the keys to be transported here. The signal was encoded so that negative energy, from people who are evil, would never be able to find Atlantis.”

After allowing Kaine time to digest the information, the voice continued, “Mankind must never find out again how to use the destructive power that is in their midst. The Atlantians discovered the power by accident, and before they knew how to use it correctly, they destroyed the planet with deadly radiation.”

“Can I see this power?” asked Kaine.

“No,” replied the monolith.

“Then can you explain it to me?”

“It is hard to explain, for you do not have the ability to see the small particles called atoms.”

Later that day, Kaine worked out that he had been on the island for about fifteen lunar cycles, and although in that time he had gained a vast amount of knowledge, he now felt that he needed to move on, so he told the obelisk that he would like to return to his own time zone.

“If that is your request, I will arrange it. When do you wish to depart?”

“I will leave tomorrow.”

The following day Kaine stood in front of the obelisk and asked, “Should I retain the key that brought me here?”

“Yes. When I return you to past times, you will be returned to the village where you first saw and activated the box by touching the crystal. You will have no trouble or ill effects when leaving here. If you look at the other side of this obelisk you’ll see a button. Press the button and a drawer will open. In that drawer is a flat piece of crystal. Place it in the box with the smaller casket and I will seal the golden box again.”

Kaine removed the crystal from the drawer and placed it in the box.

“Why put a piece of crystal in the box? What will that do?” asked Kaine.

“The crystal will allow only the right person to open the box and that person will be able to go forward and find the other boxes. Now please place the box on the gold platform.”

Kaine followed the instructions and stood back. A bright green beam shone out of the top of the obelisk and surrounded the golden box.

“That is it; the box is sealed. I want you to take the gold box and leave it in the village where you found it.”

“Thank you. I shall now go and change my clothes or I shall be too noticeable in the world I am returning to.”

“I shall make you a new set of clothes that will last you a long time and they will also blend in wherever you go.”

“Thank you.” replied Kaine.

As he finished speaking, a yellow light flowed over him and his clothing changed into something similar to that which he had worn when he arrived at the island. Kaine stood on the shiny plate and took one last look around. Not only would he remember everything he had learned from the obelisk, he would always remember this beautiful Island of Atlantis.

“Goodbye voice, it has been good talking to you and I thank you for all the knowledge that you have imparted to me. Will I be able to come back some day?”

“You have an open invitation to return whenever you wish. You will not require a key as I know your voice and I also have your genetic imprint, so place your hand on the door and it will open for you.”

“Genetic imprint?” inquired Kaine.

“You do not need to know what it is, only that I have it. So, goodbye, Kaine, and thank you for listening to me.”

Kaine held the box in his hand as he stood on the plate at the bottom of the obelisk. He heard a humming sound and a bright green light engulfed him. In the next second all became a haze and he found himself standing in a totally different place.

He gazed around and to his amazement he was on the outskirts of the village where he had first held the box. However, the changes that he now saw told him that that had been a very long time ago. The outward appearance of the village had not changed much, but more houses had been added, presumably as the population increased. He placed the small gold box in his carrying bag, and walked to where the temple was. He could see that it was the same building but an addition had been made and a large stone cross now crowned the main doorway. Looking around to make sure no one saw him, he slipped into the building and placed the gold box at the rear of the altar between two candleholders.

Leaving the temple he walked down to the waterline and discovered that there was now a large quay where the boats could tie up. The design of the boats had also altered. As he turned to walk away he saw a man who was dressed in a mode of dress that Kaine had never seen before.

“Excuse me, sir, but what year is this?”

“What year is this? Don’t you know?”

“No, sir, for I have been away on my travels.”

“This, sir, is the year 1387 of our Lord,” said the man as he walked away.

Kaine then realised that he’d been on the island of Atlantis for nearly a thousand years, and yet to him it appeared to have been no time at all. Knowing that he had to continue with his destiny, whatever that might be, he travelled the road northwards towards middle Europe and a new adventure. He was a little sad at leaving Atlantis and the obelisk, yet at the same time he was happy to realise that it was a different sadness from what he felt on leaving his human friends.

Chapter 14

MAN OF VISION

In the year 1462 Kaine found himself making his way through Italy, with France as his final destination. On route he stopped at the small town of Vinci. From a distance, the town looked a beautiful little place with its white houses standing out against the green rolling hills and the mountains in the far distance taking on a bluish tint.

At the outskirts of the town, the road skirted a large apple orchard. It was early September and the apples were ready for picking, their aroma filling the countryside with a sweet smell. At the end of the orchard, he came across a blacksmith's shop. He knew it to be a smithy long before reaching the building, for he could hear the repeated rhythmic clang of a hammer striking metal. At the doorway he felt the heat from within and shouted to the man inside, who had his back to him.

"Hello there, I'm a stranger here, could you direct me to a place to lodge that does not cost too much money?"

Turning to see who was talking, the blacksmith said, "You look to be strong and fit, this could be your lucky day. I have a spare room and if you're looking for work, I can soon find you some."

"You could?" Kaine said, giving his offer some thought. "Then thank you, sir, that will be fine. My name is Kaine."

The smith put down his hammer and walked forward. "My name is Paolo," he said, as he put out his large callused hand to be shaken. Then with a nod of the head he carried on talking. "You can put your bag in the room at the back of the shop. Come, I will show you."

Paolo was as any blacksmith should be; large muscular arms attached to a broad, strong back and within his worn rugged features, his blue eyes sparkled with a softness that seemed to smile. He led Kaine to the back room and made him welcome. The room had a small cot and a cupboard in the corner. Though it was basic, it appeared both dry and comfortable.

"It's nearly the end of the day and the light is fading fast, so we'll make a fresh start in the morning." said Paolo.

He then invited Kaine to eat supper with him, which Kaine accepted. While having their meal they made small talk, Paolo asking Kaine where he was from and where he was going. Kaine answered, without giving too much away, and told him he was heading for France but that he was not in any great hurry.

"When we first met, I got the impression you were glad to see me. Why was that?"

"There is a young lad called Leo who helps me after school each day," said a frowning Paolo. "He's ten years old but all the other children tease him because he is small. He tends the garden and orchard with me and between us we grow some of the finest apples and plums in this part of the country. Yesterday he ran into a bit of trouble when some of the bigger boys ganged up on him." Paolo paused for a second. "It's getting late, and this is no time to be burn the candle, I'm off to go to bed."

Kaine said goodnight and made his way to his room.

The crowing of the cock making his contribution to the dawn chorus announced the arrival of a new day. Rising above the distant horizon the sun shone brightly through the small windows onto Kane's face. He got out of bed and strolled to the window, yawning as he looked out at another beautiful day. The sky was dotted with small white clouds. He made his way out of the door and on a large crudely made table

sat a tub and standing on the floor was a barrel of water with a ladle. He spooned the water into the tub and stripping to the waist he began washing himself. The water was cold, fresh and invigorating and his memory drifted back to Atlantis and the overhead running water; how he missed it.

“Breakfast, Kaine.” Paolo stated as he appeared round the corner of the house with a couple of fresh apples.

“Thank you, Paolo, I love apples.” He took the proffered apples and began eating. While he ate, Paolo explained there was some wood he needed moving as he was making a cart for one of the families in the village.

Walking over to the woodpile Kaine finished the apple he was eating and placed the other in his pocket for later. The apples were a golden green colour, very juicy with a nutty flavour he had never tasted before.

“Tell me, Paolo, how you get such tasty apples.”

“It’s a special fertilizer that Leo and I concocted. I only use it on a few of my special trees as an experiment, and it adds something to them and gives that lovely flavour.” The blacksmith smiled.

“They are indeed wonderful, but tell me about this boy Leo.”

“Leo normally helps me out here, he’s a good boy, But,” the blacksmith sighed, “on his way here the other day, one of the boys hit him on the head with a stone. It hurt him badly. They are always teasing him and he’s such a nice boy.”

“I’m sorry to hear that Paolo, is there anything I can do as I know about herbal cures?” Kaine asked with a note of concern in his voice.

“No, I don’t think so. The local doctor is looking after him. I shall be visiting him this evening and I’ll take a few apples for him. He likes my apples.”

Paolo told Kaine about how his father had planted the apple orchard many years before with root stock taken from some of the best apple trees in the land. A few trees were set aside and when their fruit ripened they displayed a wonderful orangey yellow colour.

That evening they visited Leo’s house and his mother greeted them as she opened the door for them to enter.

“How is Leo? I have brought him some of my special apples and a new friend to meet him. said Paolo.

“He is not too good, Paolo. The doctor is not sure how to help him for there is a large bump on his head and he keeps drifting in and out of sleep. The doctor said that is normal, but I’m not sure. said Leo’s mother. It was obvious from the sad look in her eyes she was worried about her son’s injury.

After being invited into the house, Paolo introduced Kaine to Leo’s family. When they were seated Kaine said, “I’ve acquired some medical experience in my travels. I know some cures that may work. Would you like me to have a look at your son?”

“We’ve had the best doctor around and he said Leo would get well soon. said Leo’s father.

“I suppose it cannot do any harm. said the mother hopefully. She took Kaine into Leo’s bedroom. As he studied the boy, Kaine could see that he was very ill indeed and knew he would die if he did not intervene. The whiteness of his skin told him that that Leo was bleeding internally and the swelling of the boy’s head also told him that if the pressure on the brain was not removed, then Leo would be dead in a few hours. He had to act quickly.

“What are you staring at, sir?” asked Leo’s mother.

“I’m trying to think of the herbs my mother used to use that took the swelling down. replied Kaine.

“Will he be alright?” she asked.

“I will give you a list of common herbs to collect so that I can make a poultice.” said Kaine, too concerned with saving the boy to answer her questions. He gave the mother a list of herbs and oils that he would need and she got her husband to help gather the items on the list from her neighbours. He then asked Paolo for some boiling water and clean muslin cloth ready for straining the herbs through. Once the room was cleared, Kaine put his hand over Leo’s head and with his soft gentle voice said, “Don’t worry, Leo. You will soon be fine.” A soft blue glow emanated from Kane’s hand.

When they returned with the herbs and oils Kaine made up a mixture and strained it through the cloth. Then he placed the poultice around Leo’s head. The healing had already taken place, but to disguise the fact, he went through the ritual for the sake of appearances.

“We will have to wait for the herbs to do their work.” said Kaine when he had finished.

“Come Paolo and Kaine, have some supper with us. said Leo’s father, taking them away from the sleeping boy. “And thank you both for trying to help him.”

Later that evening the conversation turned to Kaine. Leo’s mother and father were intrigued and wanted to know where he had learnt his skills with the herbs. They also enquired about some of the places he had seen and Kaine cautiously told them stories about some of the places he had visited.

As the evening drew to a close, Paolo and Kaine got up to leave. They were about to step outside when a child’s voice cried out, “Mama! Mama!”

Everyone rushed into the back room where they found Leo sitting up in bed. His mother put her arms around him with loving affection as she cried with happiness.

“Thank you, Kaine, thank you,” she sobbed.

Kaine smiled and proceeded to explain to Leo’s mother that she must keep the poultice on for a couple of days before removing it.

A few days later, as Kaine was helping Paolo to build the cart for a local farmer, the area doctor called upon the blacksmith.

“Your name is Kaine is it not?” said the angry doctor after bidding good day to Paolo.

“Yes, that is right, and who are you?”

“I’m the doctor and I would like to know what you have done to my patient: Leo” he said angrily.

“I have done nothing, sir, only apply a poultice to take the swelling down.” said Kaine.

“Do you have medical skills and are you trained, as I am, in medicine, or are you simply some sort of magician?” the doctor asked as he eyed Kaine up and down.

“No, sir, I am not a magician. I’m just a humble traveller who wanted to help.”

“Well, keep your medical advice to yourself. I’m the doctor here and if I find out you have performed other feats of magic on my patients I will go to the local magistrate and have you thrown in jail for the rest of your life. said the doctor.

Kaine thought, *now that could be a long time*, and he apologised to the doctor, hoping to let the matter rest. He also promised he would not interfere again.

“If you had not been a friend of Paolo’s, who looks after my horses, I would have had you thrown in jail already, so keep out of my way,” the doctor ordered as he stormed off. Paolo came out just after the doctor had left. “You had better keep away from him, he’s a dangerous man. He is very high up in the right circles and has a lot of power and he certainly doesn’t like anyone treading on his toes.

Chapter 15

A CLOSE FRIENDSHIP

It was mid-afternoon on the day after the doctor's visit that Leo came to the blacksmith's shop for the first time. He had come to give his thanks to Kaine and found him working on the cart at the back of the shop. When he saw the young boy coming towards him, Kaine put aside his tools and stood smiling down at the boy before him.

"Thank you Kaine." said Leo.

Kaine reached out a hand and gently rested it upon the boy's shoulder saying, "I'm glad you are well and happy."

Looking up at Kaine, Leo asked, "What else have you done to me?"

"What do you mean?" asked Kaine, somewhat taken back by the boy's question.

"I know you did something to me. I was not totally asleep and I thought I saw a blue light coming from your hand as it rested on my forehead."

"You were dreaming, surely?"

"No," said Leo, "I saw it clearly, a blue light, coming out of your hand."

Even though Leo was only ten years old, Kaine knew that his intellect was far more advanced than most lads his age.

"Take a walk with me, Leo. We will pass the time of day and I will tell you a strange story."

So Leo and Kaine walked into the orchard where the smell of apples was strong and sweet as the afternoon sun beat down on the ripening fruit. They sat down on a small wooden bench beneath a large apple tree.

"Tell me, Leo, what you are thinking."

"I feel very strange, and have done so ever since that night." Leo replied.

"Can you explain what you mean?" asked Kaine.

"Well, yesterday I started drawing like I've never drawn before; it flowed from my mind into my hand like magic. The charcoal ran across the page with a life of its own and the end result was far better than I usually do."

Kaine knew he had to tell Leo something and so he began explaining a little about his healing powers. He was careful not to elaborate too much about his past and his true power, or where it had come from. He told Leo that he had had an accident with a friend some years before in which they were both struck by lightning during a storm; that it was shortly thereafter that he found he could help people who were sick.

"I hope you will keep this to yourself, Leo, because if others hear about it I will have to move on."

"Yes, Kaine, your secret is safe with me."

From that day onward, Leo worked hard at school. His teacher praised him for his drawings, but Leo was more than an artist; he was a visionary. Images of machines and other devices came pouring into his young head; machines that soared through the air, and other devices for helping men survive beneath the waves. In the years that followed, his ideas began to take shape, and he began committing them to paper in the form of drawings and sketches.

One day Kaine went to visit Leo at his home. The young man now had a small workshop in the attic. He was very protective of his studio and never invited anyone to visit there.

"You can come up into my studio Kaine, but I must ask you never to discuss with anyone what I have up there, or what I might show you."

“You have my word, Leo,” answered Kaine, as he followed the young man to his studio. Once inside he was amazed at the artwork and drawings that Leo had accomplished. There were drawings of buildings as well as statues and a few paintings scattered about.

“You have a great gift Leo, have you always been so talented?”

“No, Kaine. I will admit I liked drawing, but I was never this good. All this started after you cured me.” said Leo to Kaine, with a smile on his lips and a twinkle in his eye.

The years passed and Kaine watched Leo grow up into a bright young man, full of ideas. His skill at drawing was unbelievable and soon, word of his skills spread far and wide. Just after his seventeenth birthday Leo sat an entrance exam for the studio of Verrocchio, one of Italy’s most famous and inspiring teachers of art at that time. He made Leo an apprentice, and eventually Leo would become a member of the Painters’ guild of Florence. His family, knowing what this would mean for their son’s future, decided to go to Florence with him.

The night before they departed, Leo gave Kaine a small drawing book containing a beautiful miniature portrait of Kaine. On the back he had inscribed the words, *To my dear friend Kaine; our friendship will last forever, Leonardo da Vinci.*

Kaine could not believe the vibrancy of the colours; the hues were so alive upon the paper. He asked Leo how he had perfected such colours and Leo answered that he’d mixed the paint with linseed oil instead of egg yoke as was the custom.

Over the last few months Kaine had thought hard and long about telling Leo the truth about himself. Their friendship had blossomed over the last seven years and Kaine felt he could trust Leo who over these years had kept hinting about Kane’s power and asking where it had come from, as he didn’t believe the story about being struck by lightning. Kaine glanced around the studio. “Leo, sit down, I’ve decided to tell you about my power of healing.”

They both sat and Leo was the first to speak. “Kaine, I give you my word I will never repeat to anyone what you are about to tell me, for I truly believe that you wish it to be kept a secret.”

“Thank you, Leo, I believe you will. This story starts a long, long time ago. Yes, I was indeed struck by lightning, but what I didn’t tell you, was that the man who was with me at the time was Jesus.” Here Kaine stopped to let the statement sink in.

Leo thought for a few moments then said, “I have no reason to disbelieve you, so please carry on.”

Kaine told his story and also told Leo about how Mary Magdalene served the last supper to Jesus and the disciples. Though she was a woman, Jesus believed that she had helped the others to find their true way in life.

“Thank you, Kaine. Your secret is safe with me. I think I would like to paint a picture of that last supper.”

Kaine left the house and the following day Leo and his parents moved away.

Chapter 16

THE CUP

In his forty-third year, Leo was invited to Milan to do a painting at the Dominican Convent of St Maria Della Grazie. On his arrival at the convent, he was escorted to the office of the Mother Superior to discuss the painting she'd commissioned. She showed Leo a place she wanted a picture of Christ on the cross. She escorted Leo to the wall where he walked up and down, stroking his chin as he examined every inch of it.

"Well, Leo, what do you think? Is it suitable?"

"The wall feels right, but I have to say it deserves something more magnificent than our lord on the cross." remarked Leo.

"Nonsense, I will hear nothing of this matter. It is to be our lord on a cross and nothing else."

Leo took the opportunity to tell her about a vision he had in his head about the last supper, describing it to her in detail. He finished up by saying, "All the other convents have a picture of Christ on the cross, but your convent will stand out from the rest with this magnificent painting of the last supper."

The Mother Superior was quiet for several minutes while she thought about it.

"You describe it so well, Leo, as if you there. Do me some sketches and I shall consider your proposition." she requested.

A few days later Leo presented his sketches to the Mother Superior who examined them closely.

"You were right. It will look magnificent. When can you start?"

"Straight away, for I have my tools with me and everything else I can buy locally."

The following day Leo started preparing the wall to take the painting.

"Good morrow Leo. I see you have started early with your preparations. I have brought you some bread to eat." said Mother Superior.

"I had no choice but an early start; your singing of the Mass woke me up. Do you always get up so early?" he enquired.

"Yes. You will work on the painting all day and eat in your cell at night. If you require any water there is a well in the kitchen you can draw from."

"Thank you, Mother Superior." replied Leo.

The dust from sanding the wall smooth made Leo very thirsty and he ventured to the kitchen. On the way he passed a few nuns. He greeted them, but they didn't reply. In the kitchen he looked for a drinking vessel. The shelves had a large collection of wooden plates and cups but they all appeared to belong to someone. As he reached up to take a cup, his eye was caught by one that sat at the rear of the shelf, covered in dust.

"Ha! A cup that no one uses. I will use that one." he said to no one in particular. Because of the nuns' vow of silence he had grown into the habit of talking to himself. He reached up and grasped the cup. As he did so, a shiver ran through his body.

"Goodness me." he muttered "someone just walked over my grave."

He made his way to the well and washed the cup before filling it with water. He drained the cup dry and then refilled it to take back with him.

"That water has surely refreshed me. I feel so full of energy." Leo whispered to himself as he carried on preparing the wall.

As evening approached, the Mother Superior came to see him.

“You may retire to your cell now, and I shall have some food sent to you.” That was when she noticed the cup.

“That cup, is it yours?”

“No, I found it at the back of the shelf in the kitchen. Why do you ask?”

“I thought I recognized it. It was left here some years ago by a traveller. He told the then Mother Superior to keep it safe and that one day someone would claim it. But no one has ever used it because we can’t get that dark stain off the rim,” she said.

Leo looked down at the cup and said, “A dark stain? So it has. I never noticed that.”

“Well, it looks as if it has been claimed now, so the cup is yours.” she remarked.

Three years went by, and then there came a knock at the convent door. The door grille opened and a small nun, holding on to the grille as she reached up on tiptoe to see who was outside said, “Yes, young man, why do you knock at the door of this convent?”

“I wish to see my good friend, Leonardo, I was told he’d been working here for some years.” answered Kaine.

“No men are allowed in here. You must go away,” she replied.

“Dear sister, there is no need to be so aggressive. I mean you no harm. I have travelled a long way as I wished to say goodbye to my friend Leo. I’m leaving for far off lands and will not return.”

“He is busy, and cannot be disturbed. He is working on a very important painting. Come back in a few years time.”

“Tell me, sister, is he painting a picture of the Last Supper?”

The nun’s eyes opened wide. “How do you know that? Leonardo has not spoken to anyone since he started this great work for us.”

“Sister, I know more than you think. Please, I must say goodbye to Leo, let me have an hour with him and I shall be on my way.” As he spoke Kaine reached up and, putting his hand on the nun’s fingers and a small blue glow passed over to her.

“You may have one hour with him, please enter and welcome.”

“Thank you sister”

She escorted him to the building where Leo was working.

“Leo, there is some one to see you.”

“Go away; can’t you see I’m busy? Leave me alone, I’m not coming down this scaffolding for anyone.” snapped Leo.

Kaine put his head around the door. “Not even for me old friend?”

“What the...” But before he could finish his sentence he stepped backwards and fell off the scaffolding. Fortunately only falling about six feet and managed to land on his feet. Kaine rushed over to him, “Leo my friend are you hurt?”

“Only my pride Kaine, only my pride.”

“Is he alright?” asked the nun.

“Yes he is okay; he’s just had the wind knocked out of him. Could you get him a drink of water?”

The nun walked to a small table and returned to Kaine with the wooden cup that Leo used. Kaine stared at it for a moment.

“What’s wrong Kaine?” asked Leo.

“Oh, nothing, here, drink this and get your breath back.” said Kaine.

“I shall come back for you in one hour.” said the nun.

Kaine thanked her and turned back to Leo. They stared at each other for a few seconds then clasped each other round the shoulders.

“You look well, Kaine. You haven’t changed one bit in all these years. But then again, why would you and why have you come to see me?”

“I’m leaving for far off lands and this will be the last time I will see you. I just wanted to remind you about our secret. Have you kept your promise?”

“Yes, you know I would never reveal anything about you. I will take what you told me to the grave. But look at you, you look the same as the day I met you, whereas here am I, forty six years old and looking like an old man...”

Kaine cut him off in mid sentence saying, “Yes, I know, that is one of the reasons I cannot stay in Italy any longer and why I’m heading for France. I wrote to Paolo, our old blacksmith friend, and he wrote back that you had a commission working here, and somehow I knew you would be painting the last supper. It is looking magnificent, but you have it wrong.” exclaimed Kaine.

“Why! What do you mean?”

“The picture is not right, for you have a woman in it. They were twelve men whom Jesus had as disciples.” Kaine pointed out.

“But you told me Mary Magdalene visited Jesus during that supper, so I decided to put her in.”

“Leo, you will not get away with it, someone will notice.”

“I have thought about that so the final picture will reveal twelve men with beards. However, I’ve made a weak solution of paint and as the years go by, the one on the left next of Jesus, his beard will slowly fade away to reveal a feminine face. Can you imagine, in years to come, when someone spots it they will be baffled!” remarked Leo. “We have talked for ages and your time is nearly up. The nun will soon be coming for you and she’s a bit of a dragon. Come to think of it, how did you manage to persuade her to let you in? Don’t tell me, a little touch.” laughed Leo as he picked up the wooden cup to take a drink of water. “Why do you stare at the cup, Kaine?”

“It reminded me of a cup I had in my youth, that’s all.”

“Here, take it with you, then you will have something to drink from on your journey.”

“No thank you Leo. You keep it.”

“It’s only a wooden cup, Kaine. Its not made of gold.”

“I know, Leo, but I think it will benefit you more than me.”

Kaine and Leo hugged each other, knowing they would never meet again.

Much later, when Kaine looked back at the body of work by Leonardo da Vinci, his drawings and sketches of flying machines and the human anatomy were certainly well in advance of his time. Leo within his own lifetime did not understand everything he dreamt about, so he put his visions on paper so that future generations might make some sense of it. Kaine had to presume that his encounters with such gifted people were all part of his destiny, and that the path he travelled was mapped out for him. It saddened him when he learnt that Leo had died in 1519. When he attended the funeral there was much sadness in his heart as it didn’t seem right that he should continue to live, while the very few friends he had made died. *Leo is only the second person in my life to know some of the real me*, he thought.

Chapter 17

TO PREDICT THE FUTURE

Six years before Leo's funeral, Kaine met another young boy that needed his help, however what Kaine did not know, was that this accidental meeting would influence his future travels.

The meeting happened while he was working his way across France heading for England. He stopped outside the provencal city of St Remy. It was a bright summer's afternoon and Kaine had taken this moment in time to sit and ponder on his past journeys. The place he had chosen was a hillside beneath the cool shade of a Horse Chestnut tree. From his travelling bag he removed the small drawing book Leo had given him and sat looking at the picture. The image upon the page appeared to have worn slightly over time, yet his own features remained the same as the day Leo had captured him on paper. Again he read the words, although he knew them by heart. "What beautiful work and words." he said out aloud.

He sat looking at the sky and in the distance he could hear the laughter of children playing. *It's a perfect day* he thought. As he looked down the small embankment he saw two boys playing; they laughed and shouted as they chased each other between the trees and bushes. He smiled as he watched them at play. *Surely this is what life is all about – being happy and not having a care in the world.* Suddenly one of the boys screamed in pain. Kaine looked to see what had happened and saw one of the boys kneeling on the ground with his hands covering his face. He jumped up and ran down the hill to see if he could help. On reaching the boys he knelt by the injured lad, who was sobbing.

"My eyes! My eyes!"

Removing the boy's hands from his face Kaine at once saw that the boy had been hit in the face with one of the lower branches of a tree. The branch had bloodied his nose and swept up his face and some of the smaller branches had penetrated his eyes. They had been damaged so much that the boy would be blind for the rest of his life. Kane's body filled with remorse at this prospect and he thought *I can't let this happen to such a young lad. I must help him.* Speaking to the other boy he said, "Quickly, run to the boy's home and get help. I will wait here with him." The young boy obeyed and ran home as fast as he could. The injured boy was still sobbing so Kaine placed his hand over his forehead and said, "Sleep boy sleep."

The boy relaxed and instantly went to sleep. Kaine scanned the area to see if anyone was watching. Not seeing anyone he placed his hand over the youngster's eyes and when Kaine removed his hand he saw that the eyes were healed, with no sign of scarring. Kaine was always apprehensive about how he used this power as each time it enhanced any talents that that person had. Consequently he hoped that the power would always be used for good. Now that he was healed, the young boy started to regain consciousness. Kaine sat on the grass with the boy cradled in his arms and was wiping the blood away from his nose as the boy's father and friends came running towards him.

"What's happened to my son?" said the man, rushing towards them.

"The boys had been playing and the branch of a tree hit him in the face and he had a nose bleed. I think he was more frightened than anything else. It looked a lot worse that it actually was. The bleeding has now stopped and I think he will be fine."

“I thank you for helping him sir. Please come back to our home. I’m sure my wife would like to thank you as well.” The father picked up his son and carried him home.

“What is your name sir?” he asked as Kaine followed closely behind.

“My name is Kaine.”

“I’m pleased to meet you Kaine. Do you have a last name?”

“No, I just answer to Kaine.”

“Well, Kaine, my name is Peter, and my son is called Michel. You are welcome to my home and I will show you French hospitality at its best. It’s the least I can do in return for your kindly assistance. Maybe you’ll partake of our evening meal with us?”

“Thank you, Peter, that’s most kind of you. It’s been a while since I have had a family meal.”

Once home the other boy’s father came to call. He’d been told that one of the boys was injured and he came to see if it was his son. Michel’s friend kept insisting. “It was not his nose, papa, but his eyes. I saw the bush go into his eyes, honest I did, papa. I saw it go in his eyes.”

“Stuff and nonsense,” said Michel’s father. “If it had gone into his eyes he would surely have been blinded.”

“My son never tells lies, Peter,” the boy’s father said in defence of his son.

“I am not saying your son is lying, but perhaps in the confusion of the moment Marco happened to get it wrong. See for yourself, my son’s eyes are perfect. Look at them, the small amount of blood you see is from his nose.” said Peter.

Young Michel could not remember anything, only that there had been a very sharp pain in his eyes. He was put to bed and Kaine was invited to stay for a while. Peter asked Kaine what type of work he did.

“I have done many things during my travels; blacksmith, teaching, and I’ve also been a doctor’s assistant, among other things.” Kaine replied.

Peter told Kaine that there was possibly a job at the local school, as one of the tutors had had to give up work to look after his sick mother. “If you like, I will enquire tomorrow to see if the job is still available”

The next day Peter kept to his word and made enquiries with the head master about the vacancy. The head trusted Peter’s decision and could see no problem with Kaine coming to teach the students.

When Peter returned home he gave the good news to Kaine.

“You start your teaching job on Monday.”

“Thank you, Peter, you have been most kind to me. If there is any work you require doing around this house please ask. I have done a lot of carpentry, as my father was a carpenter in our village of El Echad.”

“El Echad! Where is that? I presumed you were born in France for your command of the language is impeccable.” confessed Peter.

“El Echad is a long way off in Judea, but I have been in France for many years.” Kaine explained.

“Tomorrow Michel will show you around our small town and he’ll introduce you to some of our friends. I would do it myself but I have to go to the next village to my mother’s house. She needs a few repairs doing to her roof, and she loves to chat so I make a day of it.”

“Thank you, Peter, I’m sure Michel and I will have fun.”

Saturday morning arrived and after breakfast Peter said goodbye and wished Kaine a good day. Michel took Kaine to his uncle Juan’s house. This particular uncle was the local baker and on this bright Saturday morning the smell of bread baking in

the ovens was a delight to the senses. Michel knocked on the door and a middle aged man covered in flour opened it.

“Well, good morning Michel, how nice to see you,” the man smiled. “and who is your friend?”

Michel introduced Kaine to his uncle, and then decided to tell him how Kaine helped when he had had his accident.

“Thank you, Kaine, you are surely most welcome, any friend of Michel is a friend of the whole family. Please sit down and have some freshly baked bread and a piece of the finest cheese this town has to offer.”

Kaine watched as the baker plied his trade while he and Michel tucked into the delicious hot bread. Juan showed Kaine how to make bread, and as Kaine was always interested in learning a new skill, he made a willing student. “You never know when a new skill will come in handy.” he said.”

As the day lengthened it was decided to return home.

Sunday was the Lord’s Day and no one in the village did any work. The only place of activity was the church. In the morning and in the evening the entire village gathered there to offer up prayers. If anyone worked on a Sunday it was viewed as blasphemous and a criminal offence. Most families stayed inside their home when not in church and everyone went to bed early so as to get an early start for work the next day.

Monday morning arrived and Kaine set off to his new teaching job. On his arrival at the school, the head master had a few words with him, introduced him to the other tutors and escorted him to the group of children he would be teaching.

“Good morning class. I am your new teacher and I shall be teaching you for a short time. You may call me Mr. Kaine.” he said by way of greeting. He noticed that Michel was one of his pupils and it pleased him to see a familiar face amongst a sea of strangers. Kane’s main subject was history, which he based around his own life’s experiences during his travels. He also included much that he had learnt from the great philosophers over the last several hundred years.

During one of the lessons the class discussed the subject of dreams, and what they might mean. Kaine talked to them about some of the dreamers of the past, such as Aristotle, Plato and also his friend Leonardo de Vinci. At the end of the lesson Kaine asked the class if they had any questions.

Michel put his hand up saying, “I had a strange dream last night about a great devastation of our planet. Do dreams really come true Mr Kaine?”

Kaine answered cautiously, “No Michel, as far as we know they are just dreams. But some of the old philosophers thought that dreams were the windows and ideas of the future.”

Kaine suspected that Michel might be starting to have predictions of future events. Somehow he knew this was all part of Michel’s destiny. He thought it a good idea to get Michel to start writing a diary about his dreams, for later reference.

After supper that evening, Kaine and Michel sat outside the house on a wooden bench passing the time with small talk. Kaine began to wonder whether he should try to guide and advise Michel in a more in-depth way. Maybe he could teach Michel all he needed to know about history, and the people whom he knew about, who also had the gift of foresight. Michel was one of the brightest students Kaine had met and he was determined to ensure that he received the right schooling. However, it had to be without any undue influence from him and this, Kaine knew, would take time.

One morning just before class began, Michel asked Kaine if he could speak to him.

“What is the problem, Michel?”

“I had a dream last night, and it was about you.”

“What do you mean?”

“It was a very strange dream, one which I did not understand. You were working on some strange kind of machinery, but you had to leave and you were saying goodbye to a group of friends for the last time.”

“I often saying goodbye to friends Michel.” Kaine said smiling.

“Yes, Kaine, but the strange thing is, I am sure this happened hundreds of years into the future, yet you didn’t look any older. In fact you were very much as you are today. I know all this sounds strange, but I could see tall houses that reached up into the sky, and machines that flew in the air, and the clothes people wore were strange. How can that be?” he asked.

“I’m sorry, Michel; your dream is as strange to me as it is to you. Maybe one day in the future we will both make some sense of it.”

As Michel trusted Kaine, nothing more was said about the strange dream.

Michel was adept at learning languages; Italian, Hebrew, Latin, and many more. All of them seemed to come easily to him and being Kane’s student also helped him his learning of languages, for Kaine spoke many languages fluently himself. Michel was also interested in the sciences, especially medicine, and he hoped one day to be a doctor. When he had been instructed in all that Kaine could teach him, his father arranged for Michel to go to the University of Montpellier.

During the next three years of studying at the University, Michel worked hard to achieve his ambition of becoming a licensed doctor. In time he married and had two children. He was a happy and contented man, studying at home and looking after the local people with his medical knowledge.

By this time Kaine had moved on again as people were once more beginning to comment on his youthful looks. Throughout his travels he frequently visited places of learning and therefore he heard about Michel and how his wife and two children were killed by the black plague that spread across Europe killing thousands in its path.

Kaine decided he would chance going back to see Michel, but first he would try to make himself look older. He learned to walk with a stoop which helped to age his appearance.

Chapter 18

REVISIT

“Kaine, welcome to my house! Where have you been for the last few years, you just disappeared overnight?”

Kaine sat down. “I’m so sorry I wasn’t here to help with saving your wife and family.

“How could you have helped?” Michel asked, a little taken aback by Kane’s statement. “Do you have a cure for the plague?”

“Not as such,” Kaine said quickly, trying to cover his tracks. “But I know I could have done something.”

“Well, it’s too late now. I miss them deeply but I’m over the initial shock and now I have to try and help the living and find a cure.”

“What are you working on, Michel?”

“I don’t really know. I have a dream of making an apparatus that will help me concentrate my thoughts so that I can help people, but there is something missing.”

“What type of apparatus?” Kaine enquired.

“Well, it’s not really an apparatus. It’s a bowl of water. I spin the water and concentrate on the vortex that it causes.” said Michel.

“Maybe I can help you. I will be back in a few days.”

They said their goodbyes and Kaine left the town, heading southwards. He knew of a gypsy site where an old lady lived who had some phosphorescent stones. Kaine had learned about phosphorescence in his alchemy days in Tibet; once the stones were crushed into powder and had to water, the fluorescent effect it produced helped the young monastery students to focus more fully on their teaching.

He asked the old lady if he could have the stones. However, she did not want to part with them. Kaine knew this was not the case and he told her he would give her something that would enable her to help other people, in exchange for the stones. To this she agreed.

“Pass me that round ball of glass.”

“What will you do with it?” she asked as she handed it to Kaine.

Placing his hands around the ball, he allowed a small amount of blue light to enter the glass. Blue smoke appeared inside the orb, swirling round and round.

“When the smoke clears you will see something favourable to the person who is asks you a question.”

“What do you mean? Will it predict the future?” she asked, astounded by what he was telling her.

“It can predict the near future, but only if you are truthful and the person asking the question is truthful, otherwise all you will see is smoke.”

The deal done, the gypsy woman was happy and Kaine made his way back to Michel. He gave him the rocks and instructed him on how to use them. Michel did as instructed. He mixed the powder in a glass bowl half full of water and found that if he swirled the water vigorously the blue-green chemical began to glow; this glowing appeared to enhance his visions.

In 1560, Kaine once more visited Michel to inform him that he was about to go on another long journey.

“Kaine, you look just as young as you did forty seven years ago when we first met.”

“Yes I know. I have now come to keep my promise to you, which is to tell you about my life.”

He told Michel about his being an immortal and that his mission started over 1500 years ago and how it was possible to see him in the future of the dream he had. He informed Michel he suspected that everything he did was because of some ordained plan that he had to follow, and this included giving to Michel the gift of foresight. They spent several weeks together before Kaine once more went off on his travels.

Six years later Kaine heard that his friend Michel de Nostradamus had died. Before his death, he bequeathed his writings, which contained over a thousand quatrains of poetry, to the local library. These short four-line verses give his predictions for future events.

Chapter 19

YEARS OF SOLITUDE

With the death of his friend, Kaine headed for the mountains of Switzerland. He stopped in a small village where he worked for his bed and food. He soon mastered the language as he had done many times before. He had no trouble finding employment as a tutor of history or languages and he also knew about the sciences and engineering, as well as being a common farm labourer. He travelled around Switzerland, moving from town to village doing small labouring work, sometimes as an assistant to a teacher or simply doing odd jobs. He found Switzerland, especially the Alps, a very beautiful place with its dark green pine trees on snow white mountains, and air that was fresh and unspoilt. It was such a peaceful and friendly place.

Kaine still did not know where his destiny might take him; all he felt was that something wonderful was ahead of him. He traced his steps back into France and decided to make England his next destination. Arriving at the docks in Calais, he asked about working his passage to England, but no one wanted to sign him on for such a short journey.

After several fruitless days of searching, he entered an inn that had been converted from an old windmill and was frequented by many sailors. Kaine found himself a seat by one of the windows. Across the table sat two old English sea dogs, laughing and drinking and talking about sailing on the next tide. One of the sailors, who had had too much to drink, was forever shouting loudly to the serving wench. "Drinks, woman, more drinks!" His friend was trying to keep him calm, but the man was too drunk to take any notice. The other sailor, who was quiet and sober, turned to Kaine and said, "I be apologising to you, sir, for my friend's behaviour. He be so merry because he won a wager with a French sailor to see who could sup the most ale. I have to get him back to the ship afore the tide turns at midnight and if he can't be doing his duties, the captain will flog him and put him in irons." He looked, and sounded, a worried man.

"Where are you sailing to?" enquired Kaine.

"We be off to England sir, aye, off to England."

Kaine replied, "Then you are lucky, sir, very lucky indeed."

"What do you mean by lucky?" asked the sailor.

"I want to get to London. I've searched all day to find a ship, but without luck. If you can get me on board I can do your friend's work."

"My name is David, sir, and this here is John," the sailor said, introducing himself and his drunken companion.

"My name is Kaine." he said as he held his hand out in greeting.

"Well then Kaine, if you help me get John back on board, I'll sneak you on as payment for your help. The captain always stays in his cabin on these short hauls and it will be the first mate that's looking after the ship, and he owes me a favour, but I can't be promising you a leisurely cruise if you are caught."

"That's fine my friend, let me assist you to get John back to the ship."

Together, Kaine and David picked up John by each putting an arm over their shoulders, and began the short walk to the ship. At the quayside David said, "Belay him on yon bail of wool. I'm off to have a word with the first mate." He went on board and after a few minutes, returned.

"Everything's fine, but you'll have to do John's work, will that suit you?"

“I don’t mind that” said Kaine. “I’m used to hard work.”

They carried John aboard and down to the rope locker to sleep off his drunken stupor.

With the next tide the ship set sail for England. It was an uneventful journey except for one small incident. On the second day Kaine was swabbing the deck when the Captain appeared and stood behind him. As Kaine brought the mop back he hit the Captain in the stomach with his elbow.

“What the hell are you doing? Are you stupid?” shouted the Captain.

“Nay sir, sorry sir, I was swabbing hard and didn’t see you sir.” said Kaine keeping his head low and his eyes cast down so the Captain couldn’t see his face, for fear of being discovered as a stowaway.

David was on the aft deck and saw what happened. His first thought was for his own safety, “I’ll be in for a flogging now.” he muttered to himself. Kaine stepped away from the captain, repeatedly apologising for his stupidity. His efforts seemed to soothe the Captain’s anger.

“Get thee below, sailor, I don’t want to be see you on deck again until we reach England.” said the Captain in less angry tones.

Kaine hastily made his way below deck and out of sight. He was soon followed by David.

“That be a close call Kaine. I nearly died when I heard the Captain shouting at you. It not be like him to be on deck for such a short journey unless the mate’s got a problem. You better keep yourself out of sight until we dock in a few hours”. I still can’t understand why he didn’t have you flogged. Very strange that, very strange indeed.”

The ship was soon half-way up the River Thames and heading towards the East India Docks as Kaine gathered his belongings and put them where he could easily collect them before he departed the ship.

As the ship approached the quayside, the evening fog began to roll in. All the crew was on deck ready to unload the ship’s cargo. The unloading of any ship had to be done before any of the crew was allowed ashore. It was nearly midnight on the fourth of December 1577 by the time the job was completed. The crew was late leaving the ship, but not too late to have a drink in one of the riverside inns that stayed open till the early hours. They filed down the gangplank and headed for the dockside taverns.

Kaine knew he had to get away from the area and find somewhere safe to stay for the night. He wasn’t looking for trouble and this area of London was noted for press gangs. He didn’t fancy being shanghaied to work at sea on a long passage that might take several years

Once away from the docks Kaine felt safe. In the distance he heard a town crier calling out, “One of the clock and all is well!” It was far too late to find lodgings so he searched for somewhere to spend the rest of the night. He stumbled upon a small grassy area with a fence around it. It could have been someone’s private garden or maybe a small park for rich people to walk in. Whatever it was, Kaine decided to make himself comfortable under a tree for the night.

Chapter 20

A LONG SEA JOURNEY

As dawn approached, Kaine got up and familiarized himself with his new surroundings. He then set off to find lodging and to seek out some form of employment. As he walked along the streets he heard a half-stifled scream and the sound of men fighting. Running forward he peered down an alleyway where he saw a man being beaten by two others. Shouting at the top of his voice, Kaine ran forward and the two assailants turned to meet him. One man threw a punch. Kaine sidestepped and grabbed hold of the man's jacket. As he pulled him forward he put out his foot and the ruffian fell to the ground. The second man drew a knife from under his coat and lunged at Kaine who once more sidestepped and, catching the man by the wrist, pulled him towards him. The man lost his balance and Kaine twisted his wrist so that he dropped the knife. By now the first ruffian had risen from the ground. Both men looked at Kaine and decided their best course of action was to run and they duly disappeared down the alleyway.

Kaine moved across to assist the man whom he saw was bleeding from a cut above the eyebrow. Bending down he placed his arm around the man and helped him to stand.

"Are you okay?" enquired a concerned Kaine.

"Thank ye for your help stranger. I'm not hurt badly and it probably looks worse than it is."

Kaine removed a white kerchief from his sleeve and proceeded to mop away at the blood on the man's face. He enquired as to where the injured man lived, but before he could answer, his knees buckled and he slumped down to the ground, semi-conscious. Kaine searched the man's pockets but they were empty. Kaine could only assume that he had been robbed. With his hands still inside the man's pockets Kaine heard footsteps approaching from behind.

"Hey, you, what are you doing?"

On hearing the shout, Kaine look over his shoulder to see four men rushing towards him. Instantly he was aware that he would have to defend himself. His assailants started to attack him. Kaine quickly stood up but before he could say anything the first fellow to reach him throw a blow at his face. Kaine blocked the blow and grabbing hold of his attacker's clothing, flipped him over his right hip. The second attacker was now upon him so Kaine dropped to the floor in a squat and spinning round he swept his attacker's legs from under him. Springing upright, Kaine was ready for the other two attackers when the injured man, who appeared to be their friend, and had now regained consciousness said, "Stop, he is the man who came to my rescue."

The men stopped, looked at each other and began to apologise profusely for their behaviour. They tried to explain why they had attacked him, using as their defence the sight of him with his hands in their friend's pockets.

"We jumped to the wrong conclusion. Can you forgive us for the misunderstanding?" one of the men asked Kaine.

Kaine assured them that they were indeed forgiven.

Another asked, "What be your name, stranger?"

"My name is Kaine, I arrived in London a few hours ago and I'm looking for work."

"Ye talks funny, don't ye?" said one of the Devonshire sailors.

As do you, thought Kaine, but said out loud, “That’s because I’m not English. I’ve travelled many lands and learnt many languages, including your very own mother tongue.”

“Be you a sailor?” asked another.

“I’ve done my share on board ships.”

“I be second mate on the Pelican, and Francis Drake is our Captain. We are undertaking a great voyage soon. The Captain is preparing four other ships for this great adventure. The voyage will take many months “cause we are heading for Africa. The other two main ships on this voyage are the Elizabeth and the Marigold, and the supply ships are the Swan and the Benedict. They be carrying all the supplies for a crew of two hundred and sixty men. We be looking for more crewmen – would you be interested? I could make enquiries for you.”

“Thank you, I would like that. I don’t mind the voyage or the time it takes, but I got away from the docks because I didn’t want to be shanghaied. It would be nice to visit new lands and a sea journey would be better than walking,” said Kaine.

The men laughed. “Better than walking.” repeated one of them.

On December 13th 1577 A.D., the flotilla left Portsmouth. With it went the great hope of trading with the peoples on the African coast. However, after six days at sea they were informed by the Captain that there was to be a change of course. This news caused much consternation amongst the crew for apparently they were now heading for the New Land of America. Their main aim was to try and find a route from the Atlantic into the Pacific Ocean.

From the onset of the journey, Kaine saw Captain Drake nearly every day. He would watch him as he walked the full length of the ship, taking measurements with an instrument he called a sextant which measured distance by using the sun and the horizon.

After twelve weeks at sea the crew was becoming agitated and were always on the lookout for land. Below decks, tempers sometimes got the better and a fight would ensue. This would then lead to the men being flogged, as a ship’s captain had to maintain strict discipline on board.

The ships had been at sea for four months when an unknown illness struck most of the crew. The illness was not deadly and at first it was thought to be a case of food poisoning. As Kaine did not show any symptoms of the illness, the ship’s doctor asked him to assist in the treatment of the other sailors. He helped by fetching, carrying and mopping the brows of the sick with cold sea water.

In time the doctor grew to know Kaine very well and they would chat with each other as they attended the sick. It didn’t take the doctor long to realise that Kaine had superior knowledge, far beyond the average sailor, and in one of their conversations he found out that Kaine had acquired some medical knowledge. He noticed that Kaine was always strong and healthy, and with his knowledge of medicine he was the obvious choice when medical assistance was needed. The doctor was sure it was Kane’s help and vigilance that meant that only two men died of the disease.

The crew slowly recovered and life returned to the normal monotony of ship routine.

News of Kane’s help reached the Captain’s ears, and Drake summoned him to his cabin.

“I’m told that it was your skill and dedication that helped save most of my crew. I would like to thank you for your help. The doctor tells me he could not have managed without you. It is therefore my pleasure to promote you to doctor’s assistant. As a

reward for your endeavours you can move into the boson's cabin, next to the doctor's."

"Thank you, sir. I shall do my best to live up to the trust you have bestowed upon me."

A few days later Kaine was taking food to the Captain's cabin. Even before he knocked he heard a moaning sound coming from inside.

"Who is it?"

"Kaine sir, I have brought your meal."

"Come in Kaine, and put the meal down, for I cannot eat anything at the moment." As Kaine placed the tray down he could see that the Captain appeared to be in some discomfort.

"I have a great deal of pain from a bad tooth. It's the worst toothache I've ever had."

"May I look, sir? I might be able to help"

Kaine examined Drake's mouth and saw what he believed to be a large abscess beneath one of his molars. Unless something was done about it, he was likely to get blood poisoning and could possibly die.

"Captain sir, I could make a mixture that might ease the pain a little" Kaine said after his inspection of Drake's mouth.

"Thank you, Kaine, anything that would help would be a godsend."

"I will go and mix the potion, it should only take a few minutes sir."

A short time later, Kaine arrived back at Drake's cabin with a potion of herbs that he had mixed from some of the ship's medicines.

"What is it?" Drake asked, peering at the foul-looking mixture.

"Just a few herbs, nothing special sir," said Kaine, for in reality he did not have a real cure for the abscess.

"Leave the door open, Kaine. I feel so hot that I need the sea breeze to cool me down."

"This has to be done just right, sir please lean right back in your chair."

Drake leaned back and Kaine positioned his head so he could see to the back of his mouth. Gently stroking Drake's brow, Kaine said, "Relax, Captain, relaaax." drawing out the last syllables each time he spoke it. The gentle chant flowed through Drake until he was almost asleep.

Kaine had managed to place the Captain in a light hypnotic trance so that he would not see anything that was about to happen. Placing a small piece of cloth in the potion, Kaine removed it and applied it to the painful tooth. This was done to make it look authentic should someone enter the cabin while he was working on the Captain.

"This will feel a little warm sir, but do not worry, it will also make you feel slightly drowsy, so it might be a good idea to lie down afterwards." As Kaine spoke, a soft blue glow covered the tooth and the swelling and poison started to dissipate. The Captain fell asleep so Kaine lifted him out of his chair and placed him on his bunk, leaving the cabin quietly so as not to disturb the slumbering Drake.

The next day Drake was on deck, watching the crew perform their duties, when he saw Kaine.

"Good morrow Kaine, what a great day this is. I've never felt better," said the Captain as he took in a deep lungful of sea air. "Thank you for the cure. You will have to let me have that compound mixture before we get to the end of our journey as it might come in handy again one day."

Kaine knew that something was happening to Captain Drake, but he hoped that the small amount of blue light he had used would not affect him too greatly.

Chapter 21

THE BATTLE

Several days went by; suddenly the whole crew heard a call from the crows nest.

“Land ahoy on the starboard beam.”

Drake looked up to see where the sailor was pointing and taking out his telescope he spied a far distant land. “Turn the ship 10 degrees starboard.” he ordered.

Four hours later they dropped anchor. Calling his first officer over, Drake said, “Hoist the message for all captains to come to the Pelican.”

With the four Captains seated in his cabin, Drake said, “I don’t want to start a fight with the natives, so I’ll land on the beach tomorrow by myself. I want the rest of you and your best musketeers to cover me from your rowing boats which will be just off shore.”

The Captains thought this a good idea.

His men stopped in the boat with their muskets at the ready. Drake jumped over the side of the boat and was up to his waste in water. Wading out of the water he walked up the sandy beach and stood looking inland. Cautiously, several natives walked out from the trees to meet him. Drake stood still, letting the natives touch him, for they had never seen clothes like his and they were fascinated. Drake put his hand into a bag tied to his belt and produced several lengths of brightly coloured beads which he handed out. The natives looked at them in wonder and then started to laugh and dance about.

Drake beckoned his men forward and they came ashore carrying blankets and other trinkets, which they started to hand out. Drake made gestures about food and water by putting his hand to his mouth and made motions of eating and drinking. The natives soon understood and walked away, indicating for the strangers to follow.

Over the following months the ship’s crew made friends with the local natives living on the eastern coastline of South America, for that is where they had landed. They replenished their ships supplies and exchanged cheap trinkets in return for gold and silver.

Drake called his captains together, “I’ve decided to be rid of the Swan and the Benedict, they are too old and the timbers are now seeping water quicker than the men can pump them dry, so we will salvage what we can and then burn the ships and I’m going to rename the Pelican, to the Golden Hind.

Five days later the three remaining ships headed southwards and sailed through the deadly Strait of Magellan with speed and ease, only to emerge into a raging storm in the Pacific. For seven weeks the ships lay at the mercy of one storm after another. During this time Kaine and the doctor dealt with the many injured men who were knocked about by the raging winds and rain. The ships were scattered, and the men on the Golden Hind watched helplessly as the Marigold went down with all hands. Then the Elizabeth was lost to them and the crew never saw her again.

The storms abated and the Golden Hind was finally able to sail north along the South American Pacific’s coastline.

“Helmsman, make for that small island over there so we can make repairs and collect food and fresh water.”

“Aye aye Captain.”

The men’s spirits had now risen and they set about preparing the ship to land with renewed vigour. Suddenly a volley of shots came from the undergrowth along the

shoreline. One of the crew was killed outright and the doctor received a slight flesh wound to his upper left arm.

“Man the guns.” shouted Drake

After two rounds had been fired the islanders surrendered by showing a white flag. Drake went ashore.

“We are sorry we shot at you captain, but we are Dutch settlers and we thought your ship was a Spanish one.

Drake accepted their apology and got the islanders to help his crew to make the Golden Hind seaworthy once more.

After this drastic beginning in the Pacific the tide turned, and for the next five and a half months Drake raided Spanish settlements at will. The Spaniards gave him the name of El Draque and the name of the Dragon spread fear into the heart of all the Spaniards up and down the coast. Drake was standing on deck one day when the shout “Sail ahoy to the fore” was heard. Taking out his telescope he spied the Spanish treasure ship Cacafuego in the distance. With England and Spain at war, Drake had no choice but to attack the ship and gain its treasure if possible. “Man the guns.” was the cry and the lower decks became a hive of activity.

Kaine was not looking forward to the battle; injury meant nothing to him, but why man had to go out and cause such injuries to each other, was a mystery to him.

The Cacafuego out-gunned the Golden Hind and the men aboard her knew that a hard battle was on its way, yet they went about their duties in a matter of fact fashion.

Levi Finch had joined the crew as a cabin boy on his ninth birthday; it was now his job to act as powder monkey. He ran around the ship with a bucket in each hand, handing out the small bags of powder to each gun crew.

By now the Spanish ship was upon them when suddenly it steered hard to port and fired a broadside from its starboard side. The Golden Hind was lucky; the cannonballs either missed or went through the sails without damaging the ship’s structure. Drake turned his ship and fired a broadside with no great result as very little damage was done to the Spanish galleon. The Spanish Captain by now had turned his ship and fired a second volley from the port side. Six of the cannon balls hit the Golden Hind and rocked it in the water. One of the balls sliced out a crescent piece of timber from the mizzen mast, before exiting the ship on the opposite side. There were injured men all over the decks, most of their injuries coming from the flying slivers of wood caused by cannon balls smashing the timbers to pieces. Most men ignored their injuries and carried on fighting.

Kaine and the surgeon were treating the more serious casualties when another ball stuck the ship. A piece of timber flew through the air and hit the surgeon on the head, knocking him unconscious. The same piece of timber sliced through Kane’s upper right arm. Kaine gazed at his injury as it closed up and healed itself. He looked quickly round to see if anyone had seen the incident but all the men were too engrossed in their duties to have noticed. Kaine returned his attention to the man who was lying on the table. As he looked down, he knew that the man had seen what had happened. Old Jonathan coughed up a mouthful of frothy blood and said, “God is with you Kaine, God is with you.” He then died.

Kaine called to the two deck hands who were bringing the injured to him to remove Jonathan from the table. While they were collecting the next patient, Kaine threw a bucket full of water over the table to wash away the blood. He took a quick look at the surgeon, who was now recovering, and, as the surgeon insisted that he was okay, helped him to his feet. Kaine moved back to the table and as he looked up he saw young Levi running among the guns with his two buckets. A cannonball entered

the ship and removed the boy's head in the blink of an eye. The young lad's headless body carried on running for a few steps before collapsing to the deck and splashing Kane's white canvas trousers with his blood.

Kaine found himself quite unable to come to terms with the carnage; it was all so useless and senseless. He very much wanted to intervene and use his powers on all the injured, but, knowing he was not destined to do that, he tried his best to ignore his inner feelings and continued to help the injured as best he could. One of the items used as a painkiller was rum. Kaine placed his finger into the keg of rum and allowed a small amount of the blue light to trickle into it. This gave it an analgesic property and allowed the surgeon to perform amputations without too much pain for the patient.

On deck, Drake knew that he was losing the battle and had to think of something. All at once his mind became clear. "Master Gunner," he called. The master gunner ran up. "Aye, aye, Captain."

Drake explained what he wanted the gunners to do, "Lower the elevation of the guns and shoot the balls across the water."

The cannons were lowered and the cannon balls skimmed and bounced over the water to enter the Spanish ship at sea level, or just above. One shot entered near the powder magazine and the inrush of water wet the powder so that the Spanish Captain had no choice but to surrender his ship. On boarding the ship, which was slowly sinking, Drake found a vast treasure of gold, silver and jewels that had been taken from the local natives, this was now transferred over to the Golden Hind.

The battle now over, Kaine carried on treating the injured alongside the surgeon who was assisted by the Spanish surgeon. Both surgeons couldn't help but be amazed at the number of men recovering from their treatment as most amputees were expected to die on the table, owing to the pain. Unknown to the two surgeons it was Kaine who had saved those badly injured men from certain death. Inwardly Kaine wished he could have used his powers to help the dead, especially young Levi, but he knew he could not make amends for anyone who had brain injuries.

The following day Drake said to Kaine, "You know, Kaine, it was strange, but in the midst of battle I suddenly thought about when I was a lad and how I would skim a flat stone across the water. It was at that point I got the idea to do the same with the cannon balls and it worked."

Captain Drake anchored at the first inlet they came to, mainly to let the prisoners go. Feeding them was a drain on his resources. The crew were also glad of the rest, which gave them a chance to get fresh water and food and make repairs to their ship. The place where Drake had landed took his fancy, so he immediately claimed it for Queen Elizabeth and England and called it New Albion. Little did Kaine know that in his future travels he would arrive back at this same location, but by then the name would have been changed to San Francisco.

Drake rested for several weeks during which time he planned his homeward voyage. Taking care to avoid meeting any Spanish ships, he sailed westward and came upon the islands in the Indonesian archipelago. The Golden Hind sailed across the Indian Ocean and into the Atlantic, arriving back in Plymouth on September 26th 1580. Returning after three long years at sea and with his ship loaded with treasure, Drake was knighted by a very grateful Queen.

"Kaine, I'm setting sail again for the Americas, and I would like you to come with me." suggested Sir Frances Drake.

"I'm sorry, sir, but three years at sea is enough for me. I feel I need to travel the land once more."

“Then I bid you goodbye Kaine. I shall miss your company and I hope we shall meet again.”

“Good bye, Sir Frances.”

They shook hands and Kaine walked away.

Chapter 22

GEORGE

In 1874, Kaine was travelling through Bromley in the county of Kent, England. He momentarily stopped to rest in a small park on the edge of the town. Wondering what might be in store for him he lay back in the grass to meditate. His moment of contemplation was suddenly interrupted by the sound of a group of four young boys at play with a football. The four had been playing for a while when one of them kicked the ball into a tree.

“You kicked it George, so you’ll have to get it!” called out one of them.

Kaine turned to look at the boy they called George. He was about four foot tall with light fair hair and a pleasant face, despite the frown it now wore. Kaine watched as George climbed the tree, while the others stood below and shouted out words of encouragement.

“Come on George. Hurry up and get the ball. We want to play.”

“Okay, okay, I’m nearly there.” grunted George as he hung precariously onto a swaying branch.

“Well, hurry up then!” shouted another.

George reached out to retrieve the ball. “I can’t reach it. It’s too far away!” he shouted.

“Of course you can.” echoed the boys in unison.

George stretched his arm further and further until he could just touch the ball with his finger tips, but that only served to turning the ball on the branch on which it was lodged.

Kaine heard the branch creak and was about to call out to George, when the branch split in two and came tumbling to the ground, bringing George down with it. Kaine rushed over to see if he was alright. He found the boy crying in pain, his three companions standing open-mouthed, unsure what to do to help their friend. Kaine rushed over to the boy.

“Where does it hurt, boy?” Kaine asked as he knelt beside George.

Between sobs the boy said, “My hand hurts and also my leg.”

Kaine looked at his injuries and saw that the hand and leg were both badly broken, but there was nothing he could do with several witnesses watching his every move. He quickly elicited the information that George lived down the road, so he gently picked him up and carried him home. One of the boys ran ahead and knocked urgently on George’s door. A young lady answered. “Oh dear! Oh dear! What has happened to my poor George?” she cried as she looked over the head of the boy on the doorstep and saw a man carrying her son. One of the other boys quickly explained how George had fallen out of a tree while trying to rescue their ball.

“Thank you kindly, sir,” she said to Kaine, leading the way into the house, “Could you please bring him in and carry him upstairs?” Kaine made his way into the house and followed the lady up the stairs to George’s bedroom.

“I shall run and get a doctor.”

“I’ve practised medicine in Europe, so please let me look at him first,” Kaine said by way of reassuring her.

“Oh yes, please. My poor dear boy. Is there anything you need, sir?”

Kaine asked her to fetch some bandages and warm water to bathe the boy’s wounds. When she went for the bandages, all the other boys were still waiting at the front door so she asked one of them to fetch the doctor who lived locally.

She quickly returned to the bedroom and found George still crying.

“I hope you don’t mind, but I’ve sent for the doctor.”

“Not at all,” replied Kaine. “Have you any lavender oil in the house?” It was a ploy to get the mother away so he could take care of her son’s injuries.

“Yes, I have. I will go and get it for you.”

Once she’d left the room, Kaine gently wiped the dirt from George’s hand and said softly, “Don’t be afraid, George. Go to sleep and you’ll not feel any more pain.”

He laid his hand on the boy’s forehead and George closed his eyes. Kaine then placed his hand gently over George’s; and the broken bones began to knit together again.

He was about to treat George’s leg in the same way when he heard footsteps rushing up the stairs.

The bedroom door opened and the doctor entered, followed shortly after by George’s mother.

“My dear young George, what have you been doing?” he said before realising that George was asleep.

“I think the pain was too much for him, doctor.”

“Yes, some patients do find that, at times.”

The doctor inspected George’s hand. “The hand appears to be fine,” he said. He was a little puzzled, as the boy who had fetched him had told him that George had hurt both his hand and leg.

“Now to see to the leg.”

After examining the leg he remarked, “This leg is broken. I will need to immobilize it so it will mend.”

Kaine realised he couldn’t cure the leg now that the doctor had seen it or he would become suspicious. George’s mother then asked Kaine if he still wanted the lavender oil.

“What were you going to do with the oil sir?” enquired the doctor.

“I was going to sprinkle a few drops on George’s pillow as the scent will help him relax and should help him sleep.”

“That’s a good idea, who told you about that.” said the doctor.

“It’s just one of the many things I picked up in Europe.”

Kaine then took the oil and sprinkled a little over the pillow.

“Keep that leg bandaged for about eight weeks. I will call in and see him from time to time to change the wrappings.” said the doctor to George’s mother.

“Thank you doctor and thank you too sir.” she said with tears in her eyes.

“That’s alright. I’m pleased I was able to help in this time of great distress.”

“I don’t know your name, sir. I was so worried about George that I forgot to ask.”

“My name is Kaine.” he replied.

“Is that your Christian name or your surname?” she enquired

“I don’t use a surname, I just like to be called Kaine.”

“You mentioned Europe – are you a traveller?” asked the doctor.

“I’ve travelled for most of my life.” answered Kaine.

“You look very young to be a traveller.” said the doctor.

“Fresh air, good daily exercise and a happy disposition helps me look young.”

The doctor started towards the door. “Good day, Kaine it was nice to meet you.”

“Thank you, doctor. It was nice to meet you too.”

Kaine watched the doctor close the door behind him, then turned to face George’s mother.

“I’m sorry if I offended you. I did not mean to pry about who you are.” she said.

“No offence taken, madam.”

“I think formal introductions are long overdue. My name is Sarah.” She smiled, extending her hand. Kaine took it gently in his own and shook it.

“Please do me the honour of stopping for supper. It’s the least I can do to repay you for helping my son. My husband Joseph will be home soon and I know he would like to thank you too.”

“Thank you. That is very kind of you. I will be more than pleased to accept your hospitality.”

“Come,” she said, leading him from the bedroom. “We shall sit in the parlour and I’ll make us a cup of tea.”

As the daylight faded and the night set in, George’s father entered the house. “Sorry I’m late, dear, what a hectic day I’ve had.” he said whilst hanging up his coat. He turned and was somewhat surprised to see a stranger standing behind his wife in the doorway to the parlour. “And who might this gentleman be?”

Sarah introduced Kaine and informed her husband of the day’s events and of how she had invited Kaine to stay and partake of supper with them. Thanking Kaine for giving his son succour when he needed it, Joseph then hurried upstairs to see his boy. He returned a few minutes later saying, “He’s still sleeping, so I left him.”

“It will do him good to sleep throughout the night.” Kaine said.

With the evening meal over they sat in the parlour talking. Light from the oil lamp cast an orangey glow into the shadows around them as the coals crackled in the grate. Sarah poured three glasses of sherry while the two men talked. Joseph told Kaine that he was a professional cricketer and one of the few men to bowl out four men in one over. The trouble was that it didn’t pay well and so he was forced to work as a shopkeeper in the town.

As the Westminster Chimes of the clock on the mantelpiece struck the hour of nine, another clock somewhere else in the house also struck the hour, then another, and still another.

“You have a lot of clocks.” said Kaine.

“We have a total of eight in the house,” smiled Joseph proudly. “When my father died we received six from his estate and so with our own two, it gave us eight. George loves them and that is why we keep them; he is fascinated with time. Unfortunately, he never met his grandfather. He once said that if he could turn the clocks back he would do so just to visit with him.”

Kaine arose from his comfortable chair and said, “The hour is late. That was a lovely meal, but I shall have to move on to find lodgings for the night.”

“Lodgings! Have you nowhere to stay?” Joseph asked.

“Not yet. I only arrived in Bromley today. I saw the accident and stayed to assist, so if you’ll both excuse me I shall depart.”

“Nonsense. You don’t need lodgings. You must stop the night with us. We have two spare rooms so it’s no trouble and it’s the least we can do for all your help, isn’t that right, dear?” he said, turning to his wife.

She nodded her head in agreement saying, “If you would like to stay for a few days longer, perhaps you would assist with nursing George until his health is recovered?”

“You are very kind, and if you are both sure, I would be honoured to accept your gracious offer, on condition that I pay you for your trouble.” replied Kaine.

“There is no need for payment.”

“But I insist,” said Kaine. “I would have to pay if I was at a hotel.”

“That’s settled, then,” said Joseph enthusiastically. “I’ll show you to the spare room.”

On the way upstairs Joseph asked, “What do you do for a living?”

“Many things, I’ve been travelling for a few years now so I can turn my hand to just about anything.”

“If you are looking for work I might be able to find you a job. I’ll make some enquiries tomorrow.”

“Thank you, Joseph. That is very kind of you. A job would help to wile away the days.” Kaine replied as he was led into the spare bedroom.

“Goodnight, Kaine.,” said Joseph as he closed the bedroom door.

“Goodnight, Joseph.”

The next day Joseph asked one of his regular customers if he had filled the gardening vacancy they had been talking about a few days earlier. To his delight the customer replied, “No, the vacancy is still open. No one appears to want it because it’s only for a few weeks. I only need help with the general weeding and taking down that large old greenhouse and erecting another in its place – about six or seven weeks at the most. But you just can’t get the staff these days.” he said, shaking his head despondently.

Joseph informed the gentleman about Kaine and how he had helped young George after his accident.

“Seems a trustworthy and caring sort of chap,” said the gentleman. “Send him round to my place tomorrow at 11 0”clock and I’ll show him what I need doing.”

Kaine enjoyed the gardening work, although it was often back-breaking, for he loved the outdoor life. In addition, he had George’s family atmosphere to come home to each evening. Because Joseph had insisted he rent the spare bedroom for a pittance, Kaine found lots of odd jobs around the house that needed doing.

Strange, though, he thought, I always seem to be helping children.

Chapter 23
CONVALESCENCE

George liked being the centre of attention, and within a few days the whole street knew about his accident. Even his teacher came around to ask how he was doing. He also brought him some homework to do while he was recovering. George sat up in bed with a smile upon his lips making the most of being a celebrity. However, after lying in bed listening to the noise of children playing outside, waiting for his leg to heal was all a little too much for a boy so full of energy.

Kaine would visit him every evening after finishing work. He would encourage George to read to him and he showed the willing boy how to improve his writing and his command of the English language. Young George began to write more and began putting his thoughts down on paper, very much like a diary. But as well as his daily thoughts, he also put down new ideas for writing stories so he had a reference to fall back on later if he decided to write a book.

Eight weeks had passed since George broke his leg. The doctor was due and the family hoped it would be his final visit. They were anticipating that the doctor would be removing the bandages and splints. The morning of the doctor's visit was a Saturday and Kaine was waiting along with Joseph and his wife for him to arrive. He saw the doctor approaching and made his way to the front door to greet him.

"Good morning Doctor, today's the day I believe." said Kaine, leading him into the house.

"Good morning to you Kaine. Yes it is. I suppose the patient will be a happy soul when he is able to run wild and free once more, shall we go upstairs?"

George's mother was already in the bedroom talking to her son.

"Good morning, George. How is your leg today?" enquired the Doctor as he set down his black leather bag.

"It feels very good sir; I can't wait for the bandages to be taken off."

The doctor removed the bandages and looked at George's leg, carefully he moving it one way and then the other and finally bent it at the knee; it was not as he had expected. The movement would not allow for the full rotation to the right as it should have done. "It should have healed much better than this. Have you kept your weight off the leg as I asked you to?" enquired the Doctor.

George was not accustomed to lying and so he told the doctor that he sometimes got out of bed to fetch a book, and to watch the other children playing outside his window.

"Walk around the room for a while and let me look." requested the Doctor.

"Oh, George, why didn't you stop in bed when told to by the doctor?" cried his mother when she saw him limping.

"I'm sorry, Mother, but I didn't wish to disturb you when I wanted my books," he replied. He continued to hobble around the room but found it more and more difficult to place his full weight on the leg.

"Well, the bones have knitted together, but not as I would have liked. It could well be that you'll have a slight limp when walking from now on. You could use a walking stick for a while. It might help." said the Doctor.

It was a late September day with the sun shining and the leaves on the trees beginning to turn their autumn colours. Kaine and George strolled around the town and people nodded their greetings as they passed.

“Kaine, I can’t thank you enough for teaching me to write better. I was always behind at school but now I seem to write for hours on end and some of the thoughts I have been having are unbelievable.” said the boy excitedly.

“I was only too glad to help, George,” Kaine replied.

When they arrived back at the house Kaine said to Joseph and Sarah, “I’ll be packing my things tonight and moving on tomorrow. I know this is sudden, but I want to thank you for looking after me these last few weeks. It’s been a great experience.”

“You are most welcome Kaine,” Joseph said. “are you sure you don’t want to stay longer?”

“Thank you but no. You have been most generous, but alas, I must now return to my travels.”

The next morning Kaine got up and paid a quick visit to the rear garden where Sarah often attended her rose beds. Most of the flowers had withered and died, yet one or two blooms still clung to the bushes. Kaine touched her favourite rose bush with his little finger and a small pulse of blue light engulfed it for a second or two. After one final look round he made his way back indoors and collected his belongings.

As Kaine departed, the whole family gathered at the front door to wave him goodbye.

“Goodbye Kaine,” said George. He put his arms around Kane’s shoulders and whispered, “I shall always remember you Kaine and thank you for repairing my hand.”

As Kaine said his goodbyes the postman came up to the door.

“Are you leaving us Kaine?” he asked.

“Yes, I must continue my travels.”

The postman turned to George and said, “I have a large parcel addressed to Mr. Wells.”

Joseph instinctively held out his hand for the parcel.

“Oh no sir, this parcel is not for you. It’s addressed to a Mr Herbert George Wells.”

“For me! A parcel for me? I’ve never had a parcel before.” said George with great excitement in his voice.

“Is it your birthday young Mr. Wells?” enquired the postman.

“In two days time sir,” said George. He held out his hands for the parcel and rushed into the house, forgetting all about his leg or that Kaine was leaving.

The September sun shone on Kaine as he walked off thinking, *the world will be hearing the name H. G. Wells soon enough.*

Sarah was even more surprised when she went into her rose garden, for there she found her rose bush in full bloom, displaying the most gorgeous yellow roses she’d ever seen. “Now how has that managed to blossom, and overnight too, at this time of year when they should be dying?”

Chapter 24

UNKNOWN TRIP

Kaine spent some time reflecting upon his time with young Wells and the books he later wrote. He knew H. G. Wells was always fascinated with time travel and he remembered how much young George had wanted to travel back in time to meet the grandfather who had left his clocks to the family. When Kaine thought about the people he had helped throughout the centuries, he knew they had all gone on to greater things. He would often sit down and reflect on his past, knowing that no matter what happened to mankind, the outcome had to be good. With his guiding hand upon certain people in history, he somehow knew that what he was doing had been ordained on him by some great force for good. After all, he was but a messenger, the deliverer of good deeds. Somewhere deep within him he knew that he was getting closer to what his final destination held for him.

As he left Bromley, Kaine thought, *in the last nineteen hundred years, I've helped only a few people. Others I've guided onto the right path, sometimes not knowing where the path would lead them. It was as if I had this compelling mission to make sure history or the future is going in the right direction.* His wanderings finally brought him to the East End of London where he tried to secure work on a ship that was sailing to America. Kaine had a strong feeling that something was drawing him to that country; possibly something very important was about to happen there.

Once again Kaine needed to find a place to stay while he searched for passage aboard a ship. He approached the landlord of a tavern just off of the Whitechapel Road and here he was fortunate enough to acquire a room for himself.

"Is it always this foggy around here?" Kaine asked as he settled into a chair beside a roaring log fire near the bar. "I've been in London for a few days now and every evening the fog seems to blanket the streets."

"Why yes sir, the fog comes off the river and lingers." said the inn keeper.

"If you need any work doing I'd be very grateful. I'm very good with my hands," said Kaine.

"If I hear of any I shall bear you in mind, sir. I'll send some food to you." and with that he was gone, leaving Kaine alone to enjoy the warmth of the fire. He spent the next couple of hours watching the tavern getting busy and sitting listening to people chat. Some were getting the worse for wear and becoming intoxicated with drink.

Kaine decided to take a walk down to the docks, for he still needed to find passage. There was a light fog all around that carried with it the smell of dampness and decay. The buildings he passed were dark and foreboding and the area seemed to him a sure breeding ground for disease. Filth and squalor surrounded him as thickly as the fog. The gas lamps cast an eerie golden ball of light that hung in the air and never seemed to penetrate to the streets below. He had been walking for a few minutes, during which time he had not passed another living soul. The only sound, apart from the clatter of his heels upon the cobbled stones under foot, was that of laughter coming from the ale houses which appeared every twenty paces or so. Turning off the main road into a side street the laughter and noise slowly faded away. Suddenly Kaine heard a piercing scream, followed by another. He instantly stopped to listen, trying to ascertain where the screams had come from. He was using all his concentration when a third scream echoed through the night. Kaine ran forward and followed the noise to

a passageway about fifty yards ahead of him. Rushing into the passageway he found a woman bleeding to death upon the ground. A scuffling of feet made Kaine look towards the far end of the passage where he saw a dark figure turning the corner before disappearing into the night.

Kaine knelt down by the woman, she appeared to be strangely dressed and not in the usual clothes that a Londoner would wear. Her skirt, though long and black, was made of a material that was smooth and silky, but yet was not silk, and her outer coat was fastened with a type of fastener he'd never seen before. It had a small tag-like clip that could slide up and down to open or close the coat. The sleeves of the garment were long, yet did not cover the delicate lace ruffles at her wrist. Her clothing was refined and expensive looking but cut to a strange design. Kaine looked at her injuries; they were the worst knife wounds he had ever seen. "Lay still, my dear. I will try to help you." he said, trying his best to comfort her. Reaching out his hand he placed it upon the woman's stomach. A soft blue glow covered her abdomen and encased her gaping wounds. *This is puzzling*, thought Kaine. *She doesn't seem to be responding to my gift*. He moved back the ruffles on her sleeve so he could hold her wrist and feel for a pulse.

"What's this?" he said aloud as he looked at a strange timepiece on her wrist; it had a face and numbers that glowed in the dark. The whole thing was puzzling. He was still holding her wrist when the timepiece began to glow orange.

"My powers are slow to heal. I hope I can save her before she bleeds to death." he muttered.

With both his hands on her abdomen, he put his full concentration onto what he was doing. This time the blue light glowed more strongly; Kaine had never seen the light so powerful and bright before. It expanded to form a blue bubble that surrounded them both and the bright orange light from the watch mingled with his blue light. Suddenly there was a purple flash and everything seemed to be moving in slow motion. He looked around and saw that the passage way was disappearing as if into a mist. Forcing himself to concentrate on what he was doing, he ignored all that was going on around him and the next time he looked up he noted that the passage way was completely gone. Then as the young lady opened her eyes the blood on her clothes began to disappear. Kaine removed his hands from her body and allowed his powers to return to normal.

"There there my dear, you should be fine now."

"Pardon Monsieur, but where are we and what were you doing to me?" she asked with an educated French accent.

"You were in trouble mademoiselle, I found you in a passage way injured, so I rendered assistance." Kaine explained in French.

"What passage way?" she asked.

Kaine looked around them and realized that they were no longer in the poorly lit passageway but now in a strange room that resembled a laboratory. Somehow they had both been transported to a different time and place.

The young lady was looking much better and all signs of her injuries were gone.

"May I help you up, miss?" asked Kaine, as he held out his hand to her.

"Thank you." She now spoke in English, and allowed Kaine to help her to her feet. "My name is Karla and your name is...?"

"Kaine, my name is Kaine."

"What were you doing to me back there?" she asked.

"Are you English or French?" asked Kaine with a puzzled look on his face.

"I'm English of course, why do you ask?"

“When you first spoke to me you used the French language to do so.”

“Just a slip of the tongue, but answer my question. What were you doing to me back there?”

“Back where?” asked a puzzled Kaine.

“Back in 1875, of course. As she spoke she took a good look at Kaine and her face changed to one of surprise. “Wait a minute...your clothes... what the devil is going on?”

“I’m sorry Karla, I...wait a minute, Karla? Now that’s a strange name for this century.”

“You are from the past? But how, how can you travel through the porthole? This is impossible!”

“Would you like to explain to me where we are? And who you are?” asked Kaine. She looked deeply at Kaine and then said, “We are in the twenty-seventh century. I now have a question for you. What do you mean when you say you saved me, and just who are you really?” she asked again.

“I am but a simple traveller who has had some experience with science and medicines.” Kaine said.

“The blue glow I saw – where did that come from? Wait a minute; it’s all coming back to me now. It was the blue light that restored me to my normal self. I know I was dying...but that’s impossible!” She said with puzzlement in her voice. Kaine was even more puzzled than she; he had not expected to travel to the twenty-seventh century.

“I will be truthful with you, Kaine. I work with a small group of people who use time travel. We have travelled back a few years, for experimental purposes only, as we do not want to influence any time period.”

Kaine listened intently to what the woman was saying. “Even in the twenty-seventh century the mystery of Jack the Ripper is still fiercely debated. I therefore chose to go back to the late nineteenth century to put an end to the mystery. During my visit I discovered that I had travelled back to 1875 instead of 1888, so something must have gone wrong. The passageway was the first place that Jack’s killing was reported. I stood there for about an hour, but no killing took place. I checked the time. The first victim was Mary Ann Nichols on August 31st 1888 at 6.50 pm.” She paused before continuing. “I waited until 8.30 pm but still no murder took place and then I realised my error; the time difference. I was about to leave the passage and reset my transportation device when someone grabbed me from behind. He was strong and I could not move. Before I knew what was happening he had cut through my clothes and body from my lower abdomen to just below my neck. All I remember was slumping forwards in agonising pain. The next thing I remember was you and your softly spoken words, and before I knew it we were back here again in my own time zone. Now...tell me about you.” she asked.

Before Kaine could say anything two more people entered the room.

“Who is this man Karla? What’s going on?” asked a man dressed in a white coat.

“Kaine, this is Eric, my husband, and my daughter Monique. We work on the time travel project together.”

“Karla you told a stranger about our project? How dare you, you know we have to keep it secret. Time travel is banned except for state approved trips.” shouted Eric in anger.

“You don’t understand Eric...”

But before Karla could continue she was cut short.

“You know we discussed this, and we said that at no time would we bring in anyone else. You knew it will put the whole project in danger.”

“Eric if you would only listen to me.” cried Karla.

Eric went quiet, while Monique just looked at them both and was about to say something when Karla gave her a stern look. So she pulled a chair out from under a table and sat down waiting to hear what was going to be said.

“Look at his clothes Eric, they are not of our time, Kaine saved my life, for some unknown reason I was transported back to the year 1875.”

“1875!

“Yes Eric, something went wrong with the computer and the porthole sent me back thirteen years to early. I waited for the murder to be committed but nothing happened, I was about to set the control back to my own time when someone attacked me. I was nearly dead when Kaine found me. I would not be here if it was not for him.”

Eric and Monique looked puzzled by this declaration. Eric sat down beside his daughter.

Kaine quickly explained about Karla’s injuries. He also explained the healing power he possessed and somehow his powers had intermingled with the time portal and linked them together and brought him here with Karla.

“How can a man from the 19th century have such powers of healing?” asked Monique

“The real question we have to answer is this, what do we do with Kaine now?” inquired Karla.

“I would like to stay in your world for a time if I may?” asked Kaine.

“I’m sorry Kaine, that is not possible, you might alter our future if you were to know too much of this time period when you return to your own.” explained Eric.

“What do we do now then? How are we going to resolve this problem?” asked Kaine.

“We have to try and get you back to your own time; we have to know more about you, so we’ll check the computer for your history.” said Eric.

“Computer! What is a computer?”

“In simple terms it’s a machine that stores lots of facts and information, and processes it for us when needed.” said Monique.

Ha! Like the monolith thought Kaine.

Chapter 25

GOING BACK

“Where were you going next, Karla?”

“I’m sorry, Kaine; we cannot reveal that to you.”

“Is this your abode?” he asked.

“Yes, it is. Please make yourself at home. You have the run of the place; our house is your house.”

Kaine explored the large house. He even managed a peek outside the windows but all he saw was woodland and grassy hills. There was no sign of any other buildings or people anywhere. On one of the tables he found what he thought was a small book, but when he picked it up a small mirror-like screen lit up with the words “Family History and Other Events.” He studied the strange device but couldn’t understand how on earth it worked. At the bottom of the screen flashed the words, “Please activate”. He tried all sorts of way to switch it on, but without success. He decided to take it to Karla and ask her about the strange contraption.

Returning to the laboratory he found Karla and Eric using the instrument they called a computer. They were attempting to find more detailed information so that they could transport Kaine back to his own time.

“What is this small contraption for, Karla?”

“It’s what we keep the family history on.” she replied.

“How does it work?”

“Just hold on to it for now and I will show you how it works when we’ve finished this project. I’m sorry to be a little abrupt but we are at a crucial moment in our research,” she said.

Kaine placed the computer in his pocket. I’m sorry if I interrupted you. Do you mind if I sit and watch?”

“Please do,” replied Eric without looking up from the screen in front of him; it was covered with symbols and words.

“I’m sorry, Kaine. I didn’t mean to be rude. Did you have a good look around?” asked Karla as she continued with her work.

“Yes, thank you. There is one thing however that I did notice.”

“What was that?” asked Eric.

“There are no bedrooms, so where do you sleep?”

“We don’t need them, no one sleeps these days. Life is too precious to be wasted, and no one has slept in the last three hundred years. From the late twentieth century more and more people have found other things to do at night, especially after the television services went to twenty-four hour a day and shops began to open all night. One thing led to another and as each generation came along they found they did not require as much sleep.” remarked Eric.

“Truly amazing.” said an astonished Kaine.

“Eric pay attention. We must finish this work or the computer will lock us out,” commented Karla, sternly.

Karla, Eric and Monique worked hard trying to re-programme the computers they had in front of them. Kaine was amazed at the number of new thing he was learning and how the new inventions he saw all related back to what he thought were the old Greek and Latin names.

“Would you like to see what we have found out about you Kaine?” Karla asked.

“Yes I would,” said Kaine.

Eric pointed to a wall and said “Look over there” and the wall suddenly turned into a large screen bearing moving words and pictures. Suddenly the screen went blank. Karla and Eric turned to Kaine and Karla said, “Nothing, absolutely nothing, so what’s going on? There’s no record of your ever existing. Our computer is so good it will tell us about any person over the age of 21 years and some even younger than that. It can go back to the year when churches started to record hatch, match and dispatch and we can’t find anything about you, would you like to explain?”

“Hatch, match and dispatch?” said a pulled Kaine.

“Sorry about that Kaine. I was frustrated at not finding anything about you. I should have said births, marriages and deaths.”

“Very well, I will tell you what you want to know, but it will do neither you nor your computer any good.”

Kaine sat down with the three of them and explained about his gift of immortality and how he had moved through time until the evening he met Karla back in 1875.

“That is some story Kaine, do you expect us to believe that you influenced people like Leonardo Da Vinci and Nostradamus?” asked Eric.

“No more than I would have believed in your time travel.” said Kaine.

“Touché.” replied Eric.

“Maybe I can help you sort out some of the problems.” suggested Kaine.

“We don’t have any problems.” retorted Eric.

“Eric, we do have some problems.” said Karla.

“What problems?” replied Eric.

“Well, for one, I would not be here if it wasn’t for Kaine, and secondly, it was going too far back in time that caused the problem of my near death.”

“Okay, if you want it that way, then so be it. But first I would like to thank Kaine for your safe return and, if you can help, we would be grateful.” said Eric.

“What are you working on now?” enquired Kaine.

“Well, the next mission we had planned was the giant explosion in Russia in 1908,” remarked Monique.

“What happens in 1908?” asked Kaine.

“Sorry Kaine. For you that is in the future so you will not know of it. In 1908 at a place called Tunguska in Russia, a large explosion similar to an atomic blast, devastates hundreds of square miles of forest.” Karla answered.

“What is an atomic blast?” asked Kaine.

“How quick are you at learning?” enquired Monique.

“I learn very fast and remember everything I see and hear.”

“Well, that’s the solution then. Take a look at this screen and I’ll give you a quick history lesson,” said Monique as she picked up a small black box and pointed it at the screen on the wall. The screen began to show pictures of events after the explosion, some of them twenty to thirty years after the destruction of the forest. This continued for several minutes, and then the screen turned itself off.

“I see. That is some powerful devastation. Does no-one know what happened?” asked Kaine.

“Yes it is, but on my last trip I finished up few years ahead of time and we must now find out what went wrong and why I didn’t land at the correct date.

“May I take a look? It would only take me a few minutes to understand the equipment.” said Kaine.

The three of them left Kaine to it.

“I will make us some food while you study the tapes on how to construct the time-computer,” said Monique.

By the time Monique had returned with the food, Kaine understood everything about the time porthole.

“Well, Kaine, what have you found out why it went wrong?” asked Karla.

“Well according to all the information I have read and seen, nothing went wrong.”

“Sure it did, or how come Karla ended up thirteen years before Jack the Ripper killed his first victim?” asked Eric.

“Well, I believe that Karla was his first intended victim. If I had not come along she would have been claimed as such. However, because I interfered, Jack started to kill in other cities before he came back to the Whitechapel area of London in 1888. If you had died there, Jack would have continued to kill many more women in that area, but as it was, the murder never happened and there were no headlines in the paper. Jack got as much enjoyment from the publication of the murders as he did committing them.

“Wow so I was supposed to die there and then. But that doesn’t sound right because if the time line has been changed so why has our time not changed.” asked Karla.

“Maybe it has and you haven’t noticed.” replied Kaine.

All three looked at each other to see if anything had changed. They scanned the news lines and the different world television services, but no-one could detect anything.

“Everything looks fine to us, Kaine.” said Eric.

“Well it would be, wouldn’t it? If the time line has changed then you will have changed with it.”

They all stopped to think about that.

“You said you were going to travel back to see why the Tunguska explosion happened. Could I come with you?” asked Kaine.

“The porthole we have made will only take one person and for some reason it will only take a female, so it is impossible.” remarked Karla.

“Impossible? You say impossible, but if that is so then what am I doing here?”

Karla looked at Eric and Eric looked at Monique and then all three looked at Kaine.

“Are we ready to go back to the start of what caused the explosion in the Tunguska,” asked Eric as he looked at Karla.

“Well, I’m ready, are you Kaine?”

“I’m ready.”

“Here is your winter coat. It will be cold where you are going. You will be pleased to know your new transport watch has tested okay.” said Eric.

Eric hugged Karla and Monique kissed her mother on the cheek. Karla stepped into the glass porthole and Kaine squeezed in beside her. Karla put her thumbs up to tell Eric to start the procedure. He acknowledged her signal and pressed the main switch to activate the computer that controlled the whole process. A small high pitched buzzing surrounded them and the orange light from the generator started to flow over them. Karla stared into Kaine’s eyes and gave a reassuring smile. Kaine put out both hands palm upwards and a soft blue light started to mix with the orange. The two lights intermingled, growing stronger in intensity, and the lab began to get fainter; within a few seconds they were gone.

“Wow Kaine, that was some trip. We should be somewhere near Tunguska, but somehow I don’t think so because the weather is too hot and the ground looks like sand, so where have we landed?” asked Karla.

“I don’t know,” said Kaine, “but it is not Siberia or the Tunguska, because as you have pointed out, it’s far too warm and the landscape is deserts.”

“Have we landed in the Sahara, then?” Karla enquired as she removed her coat. “Is it possible that it is something to do with you and the blue light you used which has brought us here?”

“Let’s look around. If we have come to this spot there has to be a reason for it,” remarked Kaine. “The sky is clear, and judging by the stars and their location, I would say we are certainly in the Sahara desert.”

“You certainly know a lot of things Kaine.”

They had walked only a short distance when Kaine said, “Shush, don’t move.”

“What’s wrong?” whispered Karla.

“I can hear some sort of machines or engines working below our feet.”

“I can’t hear anything.”

“This way, quick!” Kaine grabbed Karla’s hand and they ran back to the place where they had landed. Karla then felt a movement beneath her feet.

“What is it, Kaine? An earthquake?”

“No, at this moment I’ve no idea what it is. Just wait and see, and please keep quiet.”

The sand particles began to jump and move about and from beneath the sand emerged a black object, it was blacker than anything either of them had ever seen before.

Slowly the rest of the object came into view and settled on the surface of the sand.

“I wonder what it is Karla.”

“It looks like a space ship to me, but what is a space ship doing in 1908.” said Karla puzzled.

“What do you mean by space ship?” asked Kaine.

“A space ship is a vehicle that can fly through the air and enter space and can fly from one planet to another. The first spaceship to land on earth from another planet was in the year 2099. They had detected that planet earth had made a new power out of crystals that gave off a strange but safe radiation, and having discovered this radiation they came to introduce themselves. I should not be telling you this, should I?”

Space ships, that’s what the monolith said the Atlantians used. thought Kaine

They approached the ship with caution.

“Over here, Karla. It looks as if it could be a doorway, but it feels strange, more like leather than metal”

Kaine puts his ear to the ship and listened.

“I can’t hear anything.” He moved his hands over the doorway and the blue flash that emanated from his fingers opened the door like a key.

Karla put her mouth to Kane’s ear and whispered, “Whatever are we doing?”

“We have to find out what a space ship is doing here in 1908.” whispered Kaine.

They entered the ship and walked stealthily around, trying to find out what was going on. Karla followed Kaine closely. They searched several passageways until Kaine stopped and whispered to Karla, “I can hear voices, but not of this earth. I know every language on earth and this is not one of them.”

After listening to the language for a few seconds, Kaine was translating it to Karla.

“We’re in trouble.”

“Why, what’s up?”

“It sounds as if they are planning an invasion of earth. They have several ships on the dark side of the moon waiting for a signal from this ship, then they are about to take off and join them.”

“What can we do?”

“I cannot interfere, not in something like this. What about world history. What did that say about an invasion?”

“There are no historical records of an invasion, so it must have been stopped. What are we going to do now?” whispered Karla.

“I don’t know, but the ship has taken off.” said Kaine.

“Something’s wrong. There is no mention of a space ship in this time period, Kaine. This is not supposed to happen.”

The ship skimmed over the earth at a tremendous speed.

“I have to do something Kaine, I cannot let this happen.”

Karla removed a small object from her side pocket.

“What is that?” whispered Kaine.

“It is a small blaster; it will destroy them.” she said, pointing it at the alien being. Kaine put his hand over it. “I cannot allow you to take a life.” he whispered.

Karla looked deep into his eyes and knew he meant every word so she replaced the blaster, then looked at Kaine she shrugged her shoulders.

“Oh well, here goes.” and before she had uttered her last syllable, Karla rushed into the control room and dived onto the panel that was lit up with many lights, pressing everything she could see.

Kaine followed quickly behind.

The aliens, who were very tall and dark skinned and looked as if they were made of green leather, were taken by surprised. One of them was just about to draw some kind of weapon when Kaine grabbed Karla and as he did so the whole ship exploded. A blue bubble of light surrounded Kaine and Karla as the ship disintegrated in front of them. They gently floated down to earth encased in the blue light. When they touched down, the blue bubble disappeared. Kaine looked at the flattened trees that radiated outwards. “We are at the epicentre of the explosion so this must be the Tunguska, for all the pictures I have studied tells me so.”

“So that’s what happened, but if we caused the explosion, why didn’t history record it?” asked Karla.

“Because the historians of the world will never know what really happened here. It will become just another mystery.” explained Kaine.

“But I now know what happened.” said Karla.

“Yes, but you are from the 27th century and mysteries were made to be solved.” answered Kaine.

“Now let’s return to our own time.”

“But what about me Karla? My time is 1875 not the 27th century.”

“I’ll make adjustments to my porthole transmitter and if you can use your powers at the same time I should be able to stop for a second to drop you off.”

Karla adjusted the wrist computer for a brief stop in Whitechapel, England in the year 1875. Within the next second an orange and blue light surrounded them and Kaine fell about six feet to the floor as he was dropped off by Karla. He looked around but she had gone back to her own time: another mystery solved.

Kaine picked himself up and thought *what an adventure*. He made his way back to his lodgings off the Whitechapel road. “Good day, landlord, can I have the key to my room?” he asked.

“Room? What room? You haven’t got a room here, sir.”

“Sorry, landlord, my mind was else where. What I meant to say was do you have a room?”

“There is an attic room, four floors up, if you want it. It’ll cost you a shilling a week and you pay one week in advance.”

Kaine put his hand into his pocket for the money and pulled out the small computer. “Oh no, Karla never did give me any information about this thing,” he muttered under his breath.

“What’s that strange thing you have there, sir?” asked the inquisitive landlord.”

“Nothing of importance. Here is your money and could you tell me what year this is? I’ve been travelling for some time,” he remarked.

“Why, its 1888, sir.”

On the way up to his room Kaine thought, *Karla and her yearly slips. I wonder what she’s up to now.*

Karla arrived back in her own time period and told Eric and Monique about her adventure, remarking how glad she was to get back to the centre of a busy city after all that desert and wasteland and how nice it was to see proper buildings again.

Chapter 26

EDDY THE PRETENDER

It was the last day of November 1888 and Kaine was glad to be staying at the King's Head in the East End of London. The place was more refined than some of the other hostelrys in the area, and did not offer rooms to the riff raff from the docks area. This was the reason Kaine had chosen the inn in the first place. His attic room on the fourth floor gave a commanding view over the city, the spires of the churches dominating the skyline along with the dome of St Paul's. Not only was it peaceful and quiet, but looking south it also allowed Kaine to see the ships on the Thames.

He'd been in lodgings for six weeks and much to his delight he had, that morning, managed to procure a post working as kitchen hand on a ship that was sailing to America. He was to report to the ship at 6am on the morrow so this was to be his last evening at the Kings Head.

He sat in the lounge bar watching the people around him enjoying themselves as they danced and sung in the flickering white gaslight of the room. The door opened and a well-dressed gentleman walked in. He was wearing a long black cape with a scarlet silken lining. His head was crowned with a black top hat and his shirt was of the finest white silk with fancy flowing lace ruffs at the cuff. His impeccable mode of dress was topped with an ebony black walking stick. He lingered by the door for a few seconds as he scanned the room, and, seeing Kaine, a smile played upon his lips. As Kaine looked up the stranger caught his eye and steadily walked across the room to stand at Kane's table.

"Greetings dear Sir, my name is Eddy. I'm a stranger in this part of London and as you are sitting alone, would you mind if I joined you?"

Kaine stood up, gave a slight bow and introduced himself. "Good evening, Eddy, my name is Kaine, please be seated. I should like some company before I take my leave of London on the morrow."

Eddy sat down, placed his walking stick in the corner and rested his top hat on the chair by his side so he could slip off his grey kid gloves.

Kaine noticed that the stick had a solid gold head on it and he also noticed a gold chain hanging from the man's waistcoat pocket, this was almost certain to have a gold watch attached to the other end. The gloves now off he casually tossed them into his hat. He proceeded to raise his right hand slowly in the air above his head and Kaine watched, wondering what he was going to do. Then he snapped his fingers with a loud crack, and the barmaid came across to attend to their table.

"Yes, sir, what would you like?"

Eddy replied, trying hard not to stare at her heaving bosom, "I'd like some of your best ale wench, for me and my new friend here and be quick about it." He stared directly into the young girl's eyes and she noticed the hatred in them. She felt a shudder pass through her body and goose bumps appeared on her skin. She quickly departed and returned with a pitcher of ale and two mugs.

"Leave them girl, I shall pour the drinks!" snapped Eddy.

Kaine noticed the arrogance and did not like it.

Returning to the safety of the bar the barmaid said to the landlord in a whisper, "I don't like that posh gent, his eyes are cold and cruel and there's an evil presence about him."

As they drank, Eddy told Kaine about the life he had lived as an entrepreneur and how he liked to speculate in importing goods from the Far East. Opium was a

favourite. Kaine listened and Eddy kept buying more and more drinks, refusing to let Kaine pay. When Kaine insisted on paying he became irate. Several times he invited Kaine to his home, but he gently declined the offers, repeatedly informing Eddy that he had a ship to catch at dawn.

Later that evening, as the barmaid was passing their table, she tripped and her tray of drinks crashed to the floor, splashing Eddy's clothing.

"I'm terribly sorry, sir, 'twas an accident," she kept repeating as she tried to clean up the mess.

"Don't worry about it" said Kaine.

Eddy was silent for several seconds then exploded into a torrent of abuse at the girl. In a fit of rage he stood up and grabbing hold of his walking stick raised it above his head as if to strike the young woman with it. However, when he saw the look of utter disgust on Kane's face he slowly set the cane down and apologised.

"She has ruined my suit of clothes, and I don't know what came over me. I don't usually lose my temper." said Eddy as he tried to explain his actions. Then he noticed the place had fallen silent and all eyes were on him. Kaine handed Eddy his handkerchief so that he could dry his wet hands and in doing so he accidentally touched Eddy's fingers. Instantly an image flashed into his mind, an image of the man's mind, a vision of his tormented life in graphic detail. Kaine was taken aback for a second, for with that single touch this man's whole life had flowed into his mind and made him shudder. He could see the faces of his victims. He'd killed several women in the last few months alone, but Kaine saw that he'd also killed in other cities around the country. He'd been killing women and young boys for over ten years and his victims numbered over fifty. Kaine has seen Eddy's deepest thoughts in those few seconds; he'd seen a lifetime of hatred, and it was obvious that he was deeply tormented by something in his past. In all the years that Kaine had travelled, this man alone had more hate and violence in him than any one person he had ever met.

This was the first time Kaine had ever felt fear, not for himself but for the man's victims. This killer who called himself Eddy was about to kill again and would carry on killing.

As Kaine stared at him Eddy said, "Are you all right, Kaine? You appear a little shaken."

Kaine replied, "I'm fine, I was just thinking about how late it is and how much I still have to do to prepare for my departure in the morning." As he spoke a man dressed in the livery of what he assumed to be a coachman came in. On closer inspection, however, the clothes worn by the smartly dressed individual were obviously made to measure, and by a well known tailor. He walked over to Eddy and stood there quietly until Eddy had finished speaking to Kaine. Eddy looked at the man and the man leaned over to whisper into his ear. Eddy then said to Kaine, "I have been reminded about an errand I promised to do. You are welcome to join me if you wish" Eddy waited for a reply but received none. "I shall have to go now, please won't you join me for supper?"

"I'm sorry, Eddy, I shall be leaving soon on an errand of my own."

"Are you sure you will not join me at my place?"

"Thank you but no. I must travel to my ship, so I will have to say goodbye now."

Eddy finally departed and Kaine sat there reflecting on what had just happened. Should he cancel his departure and notify the police about this man Eddy? Then he noticed Eddy's walking stick. He picked it up with the intention of returning it to its owner so he could talk to him once more, when the gold top of the cane dislodged itself on the seat of the chair. Kaine thought he had broken it, but then realised the top

was meant to come off. Attached to the gold head was an eight inch knife. Taking a quick look at it he thought how in many ways it resembled a surgeon's scalpel. Returning the knife to the inner sanctuary of the stick, Kaine was about to take the stick with him and go to his room upstairs, when Eddy came bursting back into the room to retrieve it.

"So you found my stick! Thank you, you don't realise how much this stick means to me. Without it I would be lost. Walk me to my carriage Kaine," said Eddy. It was more a command than a request.

Kaine walked outside with him. In the cold night air he quickly decided what he must do. He grabbed Eddy's hand as if to shake it and a quick current of blue light passed from his hand and into Eddy's.

"What was that?" cried Eddy in alarm.

"I think it was some sort of electricity. I believe it was caused by your silk clothes creating friction by rubbing together replied Kaine.

Eddy slowly got into his hansom cab. The carriage was drawn by four magnificent jet black horses, the type that only royalty would use. Still staring at Kaine, Eddy spoke slowly as if he had forgotten what to say, and then once again invited Kaine for an evening meal. His anxious voice had now mellowed but once more Kaine declined the offer.

The coachman closed the door and Kaine noticed it bore a painted crest. Though it resembled the Royal Family's coat of arms Kaine realised that it wasn't. He knew that this man was pretending to be Prince Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence and that he was not the real Prince. Kane's vision revealed this man to be an ex police officer who had been thrown out of London's Police Headquarters at Scotland Yard because of his liking for boys, and his hatred of women. That's why he was never caught; he knew what the police was thinking before they did. Being a high ranking police official he used to study the autopsies closely and thus gained his expertise with a surgeon's knife. His experience in the Police taught him all the nasty tricks he needed to know on how to cover up his murders. Even the servants he hired would be killed if they stumbled across any part of his secret, or tried to steal from him. As Eddy drove away, Kaine knew that his life would now change and the killings would stop.

Chapters 27

A NEW NAME

After Eddy had driven away, Kaine went back into the King's Head and climbed the stairs to his room. Collecting his belongings, he signed out in the inn's registration book and took a slow walk to the docks. He reached the quay and by four a.m. he'd stowed away his belongings under his bunk. At six a.m. the ship slipped its moorings and sailed for America on the high tide. Kaine realised that times and customs had changed since his youth in the small village when he had been just Kaine, son of Nathan the carpenter. Now, as was the fashion, he realised that he would have to adopt a second name if he wanted to travel about the world. *If I am to have a second name, what should it be?* He wondered. After much consideration he finally decided to take Paul as his first name, a mark of respect to his first great friend who had become the bedrock of Christianity.

"Yes," he said out loud to himself, "I will become Paul Kaine."

Kaine had signed on with the shipping company under his newly acquired name and had collected his seaman's papers. The journey to New York would take about fourteen days. The ship he sailed on was a passenger ship full of Irish people emigrating, hoping to make a new start in America and to escape the blight that the potato famine had caused 40 years earlier. The ship stopped at the port of Bristol on the way to collect more cargo and passengers and although Kaine didn't know it at the time, he would never see England again.

The journey went well and the sea was not too rough, although the ship had to stop due to a breakdown when the main steering mechanism came adrift. The ship's engineer had it fixed in a couple of hours and they were soon under way again. On the fifth day out of port, the chef was removing a hot roast from the oven when the ship dropped into a larger than normal trough. As the ship tilted, the chef dropped the tray of meal onto the stove top and the hot fat splashed over his lower arm and hand. Kaine was cooking on the next stove. He saw the accident and quickly plunged the chef's arm into a nearby ice bucket. While under the icy water a small blue glow passed from Kane's hand and into the chef's. The chef had screamed at the top of his voice as the hot fat had run across his lower arm, and then all at once there was no pain. Kaine kept the arm under the ice for quite a long time, telling the Chef that the longer it cooled the better the arm would be. Eventually removing the arm from the bucket the chef couldn't believe his eyes; there was not a single blister on his hand or arm.

"Thank you, Kaine; your quick thinking has saved my arm. Look at it, not one blister or burn mark. I've never see that done before. Does it work every time?" asked the uninjured and elated chef.

"I'm sorry to say that it does not always work, chef, but you were very lucky that the ice bucket was near and I was at hand and knew what to do."

Although Kaine tried to make light of his part in the accident, the chef was having none of it. As far as he was concerned Kaine had saved his arm and hand from disfigurement. From that day on if Kaine wanted something, he got it. Each morning when he reported for work his breakfast and a large mug of coffee was waiting for him.

"Sit down Paul," said the chef who now thought of Kaine as a friend and therefore used his first name. "eat your breakfast. Take your time, there's no rush, no rush at all for you, my friend."

The ship birthed in New York on December 15th 1888. It took a few hours before they all disembarked. As usual Kaine set out to find accommodation and a job. He lingered in New York for three months but found it too crowded and fast moving. Not only that, the crime and murder rate was the worst he had ever seen and so he decided to continue on his travels to discover other parts of America.

America was a large country and Kaine wanted to take his time in travelling across the continent. Consequently it was thirty-seven years later when he reached the western coast of America and settled in a small town called Hollywood.

Kaine lodged in what was known as a flop house and was soon labouring on a small film studio's back lot. It was hard work and long hours but Kaine liked it. Sometimes he'd be working eighteen hours a day, just fetching and carrying and all in double quick time. Others workers didn't last long because of the hours and amount of labour they were expected to do, but working there was very interesting for Kaine. He saw people acting, not to a live audience as in theatres or outdoor arenas, but to a camera. During filming, as it was called, the air was always filled with the screams of directors who were not happy at the way the actors did their part.

"No! No! No! When the cowboy shoots the Indian I want the Indian to fall off his damn horse. What's that? He might get hurt? I don't care if he kills himself as long as he does what I want him to do."

Sometimes an actor did get injured and when that happened they were simply removed from the set. All actors, large and small alike, were expected to do their own stunts. Most of the films had only three or four actors in them and they would play several parts each, changing their appearance simply by wearing wigs and other clothing. On a few occasions, Kaine found himself performing in shorties, as they were known, running about or getting shot. He was even a Redskin in one film.

After nine months, Kaine went for an interview for a director's assistant's job. The meeting took place in one of the offices on the lot.

"What's your name?" came a booming voice from across the room and behind some stage sets.

"Kaine sir, Paul Kaine."

"Well, how do you like the movie business Paul?"

"I like it just fine sir."

"Okay, so what do you know about making films?"

Kaine answered, "Well, sir, I've worked on this set now for nine months. I know how the movies are filmed, what action is needed and what happens to the can once the take is over. I know all the buildings on the set and what they are used for. Money is the most important thing so takes have to be done right the first time round so that money is not wasted.

"That's what I like to hear. You've got the job."

As Kaine left the room he looked around the standing sets and saw that it was Raoul Walsh in the background that had put the questions to him. Raoul was now a top director and if his name was on a movie, you could expect a good return from the box office.

Over the next eighteen months Kaine worked his way up to the position of assistant to the film director, and now had people working under him. This pleased him, not because he wanted to be the boss over someone else, but because the company had recognised his talents and rewarded him for them. Kaine found himself helping Mr. Walsh more and more; he had the ability to have actors in the right place at the right time and in the right dress for the shot to take place. Mr. Walsh would turn

to Kaine and say, "Good work, Kaine, at least you get things done right the first time."

One day Kaine was called into Mr. Walsh's office

"I believe you prefer to be called Kaine and not Paul, is that right?" said Walsh.

"Yes sir. Mr. Walsh".

"Well Kaine, I've had my eye on you for some time now and I like the way you anticipate what is needed on the set, and see that it's in the right place, at the right time. Therefore I'm making you my personal assistant. You know what that means don't you?"

"Yes Sir, it means that when you are not on the set I will be in charge and it will be my job to see that everything is running smoothly."

"Correct first time, I'll be out this afternoon so you'll be chucked in at the deep end. But I'm sure you'll cope. I'm off now. I will see you here in my office first thing in the morning."

"Yes Sir, said Kaine and left the office.

Three o'clock that afternoon John Ford, another great director, visited the set and wanted to see Mr. Walsh. Kaine informed him that Mr. Walsh was away and asked if he could help.

"I'm starting a new film next week and I would like a tour of the set."

Kaine escorted Mr. Ford around the set, showing him all the different lots and where the main buildings were.

"Thank you, Kaine, I see you have a great knowledge about the industry and I can understand why Raoul selected you to be his personal assistant."

"Thank you Mr. Ford, I'll inform Mr. Walsh of your visit."

The following week Mr. Walsh was working with Kaine at his side when Mr. Ford walked onto the set and crossed over to them.

"Morning, Raoul," said Ford and nodded his head in acknowledgement to Kaine.

"Good morning, John." said Raoul.

While they talked Kaine went off and returned with two cups of coffee and some fresh doughnuts. When Mr. Walsh was making a film and had just shot a scene, he would sometimes turn to Kaine and say, "What do you think of that take, Kaine?" Kaine never disagreed; he found it best never to argue with the director.

Chapter 28

NEW STAR

One of the extras Kaine often talked to between scenes was a young actor called Michael. He had acted in several small parts for Mr. Walsh. Michael was a bit player, so between acting jobs he had to find other work. As he was a hard-working fellow, tall and very strong, which was a requirement for a stagehand working at the film studio because of all the heavy lifting that needed to be done, Kaine managed to find him work. One day he asked Michael, "Have you ever thought of trying for a lead role in a movie?"

"I sure have, Kaine. I even went for acting lessons, but the tutor told me I would never be a leading man in a million years."

"I've seen you act and you look fine to me. Just be natural when you're in front of the camera, and don't be as wooden as the rest. Fall into the part, feel the words, and portray them on the screen with actions. This is 1927 after all and these new talking-movies are taking over the business. You should keep trying.

"I'm quite happy just working here, but if a part comes up I'll try out for it," said Michael.

Several days went by and Mr. Ford started his new film that needed a great many actors. This one was different as the filming would take several weeks and not merely the usual few days. Ford was talking to Walsh about camera angles, and was also discussing the business of trying to find a new star for his cowboy movie.

"Raoul, I'm looking for a tall, fresh-looking man to be my new Tom Mix. I'm thinking of holding a contest. You got any ideas?" asked Mr. Ford.

Mr. Walsh turned to Kaine and said, "While I talk to John, fetch me someone to lift that pole higher so we get a better shot for that camera."

Kaine went over to the yard area and saw Michael having his lunch.

"Have you got a minute, Michael? Mr. Walsh wants something moving"

"Kaine, how many times must I ask you to call me Duke? All my close friends do."

"Duke it is then, but how did you get the nickname?"

"I got the name from some fire fighters near Glendale where I lived. I used to hang around the fire station as a kid because I wanted to be a fireman, so they named me after my dog. My dog was Big Duke and I was Little Duke."

"No time for that now. You know what Mr. Walsh is like, wanting everything doing yesterday. We'd better rush back on set."

"Mr. Walsh, this is Duke." said Kaine when they arrived on set.

Mr. Walsh turned round and said, "Michael Morrison isn't it?"

"Yes, sir, but folks call me Duke."

Mr. Ford looked Duke up and down. "Well, you look strong enough. Can you put that pole higher up so we can get this damn camera in for a close-up shot?"

Raoul looked at John Ford and said, "Steady on, John, this is my picture."

"Sorry, Raoul. I forgot myself."

Duke went over to the pole, flexed his muscles and in one easy movement lifted the pole to the required position. John Ford looked thoughtfully at the Duke's physique then turned to Raoul saying, "You never know what or who is under your nose do you?" He then turned to Kaine and said, "That guy has muscles, but can he act and talk?"

“He’s acted bit-parts in a few movies and had some elocution lessons.” Kaine answered,”

“With your permission, Raoul, I think I’ve found my new Tom Mix.”

“Go ahead John. Be my guest. Kaine can give him the message.”

“Yes sir.” Kaine said with a big smile on his lips. He quickly went across to Duke who was waiting for further instructions. “Duke, Mr. Ford and Mr. Walsh would like a word with you.”

“What the hell have I done now?” said Duke, shaking his head as he followed Kaine.

“Be nice Duke. I think you might be in for a promotion.” Kaine whispered.

“Why? What do you mean?” whispered Duke.

“I think they’re going to offer you a large part in a new talking picture.

“Not me, I ain’t any talker.”

“You’d better be. I told them you were and I’m telling you Duke, this is your big chance to get into acting. Plus you have nothing to lose. You don’t have to do a screen-test or interviews. So get out there and give it your best.

“Are you going to be all day over there?” John Ford shouted across to them.

Kaine hurried Duke over to where the two men sat. “Mr. Ford, you wanted to see Duke.”

“Duke!” he bellowed, “What kind of a name is Duke? Are you royalty or something?”

“No, Mr. Ford, it’s just a nickname.”

“What’s your full name?” asked Ford.

“Marion Michael Morrison, sir.”

“How did you get a name like Marion? No, don’t tell me, I don’t want to know. I can see now why they call you Duke, but we’ll have to find another name for you if you are going to be in talking pictures.”

“Me! In talking pictures?”

“Your voice sounds good. It has that drawl to it that I want, but we’ll have to get rid of the name Duke.” said Ford.

Mr. Ford and Mr. Walsh began tossing a few names about. The Duke and I also pitched in with a few but all to no avail. After numerous combinations Mr. Ford said, “We need something rugged for my new star.”

Kaine suggested, “How about John, after yourself, Mr. Ford?”

“Splendid idea, Kaine, John it is.”

They sat around thinking for a few minutes and then Mr. Walsh’s accountant who had arrived to get some documents signed, said out loud. “Wayne, John Wayne.”

“Who said that?” enquired Mr. Walsh as he looked around to see who had spoken.

“I did sir.” said the accountant.

“That’s it, then – John Wayne. How do you like your new name?” said Mr. Ford looking Duke in the eye. “From now on you are John Wayne. That’s the name everyone will know you by till the end of time.”

“Well, it sounds just fine. Thanks Mr. Ford.” said Duke.

“Kaine, take him to the contracts room and get him signed up as John Wayne.” Said Mr. Walsh

“Yes sir.” said a smiling Kaine.

Mr. Ford turned to Duke and said in his loud blustery voice, “Come on John, let’s start making films, you can sign up later!”

Chapter 29

THE ATOMIC AGE

Getting fed up of continually having to use makeup to appear older, Kaine decided it was time to move on. 1952 found him in Boston, working in a local radio station doing research. One of his first tasks was digging into the backgrounds of local politicians. Everyone was concerned about the McCarthy witch-hunt for Reds in the beds, and the FBI was bugging everyone. According to the media there were spies everywhere, and the onset of a cold war with Russia was stirred up by the papers, radio and TV. Kane's aim was to find out how the politicians felt about the situation of a possible war with the Communist countries, or if they were willing to turn the other cheek and move instead towards world peace. This was Kane's own suggestion to the station manager who thought it a brilliant idea. "I'll get some people in for you to interview," he said.

Kaine enjoyed the work as it gave him an insight into the lives of the rich and famous. Though the Second World War had been over for seven years, American servicemen were still losing their lives fighting the Communists in Korea.

Spending long days around men of power, and seeing how they played the system for their own gain, Kaine wrote several articles which he then read out on the radio, as he had become very disillusioned about their motives. One day he was called to the director's office. As he entered the secretary's office he could hear loud voices coming from behind the large oak door. The secretary pressed the intercom.

"Mr Kaine is here," then looking at Kaine she said, "Go in."

Kaine stopped at the door and knocked lightly.

"Come in, Kaine." He opened the door and entered the inner sanctum.

"You called for me, sir?"

"Yes, I'd like you to meet a friend of mine. This here is Jack." The station director, with a wave of his hand, indicated a young man seated on a chair. Jack acknowledged Kane's look with a slight nod of the head. "Jack's into politics, a young man just starting out. I would like you to interview him for the station. He's going to be an important man soon and I'd like to feel that the station might have played a small part in his career."

The young man called Jack, of whom Kaine had never heard of, followed Kaine and the recording man into the sound-proof room. Over an hour went by and Kaine gained the following information: Jack was of Irish descent and was born in Brooklyn, Massachusetts, on May 29, 1917. He'd graduated from Harvard in 1940 and entered the Navy. In 1943 his PT boat was rammed and sunk by a Japanese destroyer; and that despite grave injuries, he led the survivors through perilous waters to safety. It seemed that when the war ended, he became a Democratic Congressman for the Boston area and the following year, 1953, he was going to run for the Senate. He was very concerned with civil and equal rights, was against Communism and believed in a free and peaceful world.

With the interview over, Jack and Kaine stood in the doorway and shook hands.

"Well, Kaine," he said in his crisp Boston accent as he handed over a business card, "I must say I like you. You are a straight shooter and I like the honest questions you asked. If you decide to change your job, look me up. I could do with a guy like you. Goodbye Mr. Kaine."

"Thank you, Jack, I will keep your offer in mind," Kaine said, placing the card into his top pocket and patting it down.

The next day the broadcast went out and it was a huge success for the radio station and for Jack. They received hundreds of calls offering to help the new young man to get elected to the Senate. The offer of donations for Jack's campaign fund took off.

Jack listened to the interview at the home of his father on Martha's Vineyard and was impressed by the way it was conducted. He called Kaine to reaffirm the offer of a job heading his publicity campaign. Kaine accepted the offer but informed Jack that he would not be able to start until the end of the month, as he wanted to give the radio station manager time to find a replacement. Jack respected him for that, for it showed loyalty and commitment to an employer.

After leaving the radio station, with an assurance that he would always be welcomed back if things didn't turn out, Kaine started his new career with Jack, who was then the local Congressman for the Boston area.

Soon after Kaine joined Jack's team of young guns, Jack successfully campaigned against Henry Cabot Lodge in Massachusetts and this advanced him to the senate. With his vast knowledge of film-making and other media experience, Kaine was quickly given the responsibility of helping to promote different areas of the young politician's life. Jack figured this would be a good move to promote his image to the people of the United States, and with Kane's help he could promote politics on film, to be shown in cinemas, and also on the rapidly growing phenomenon that was television, as well as conventional radio coverage.

Jack was a very conscientious man who loved his freedom and also wanted the world to be free, but before that could happen, he had to become well-known in the political world. That way at least he had a foothold on his ambitions for peace. His father Joseph was a great help in forming Jack's political career. At one time he held the position of America's ambassador to the Court of St James in England and he also knew a great number of politicians on both sides of the Atlantic. Jack had been groomed to run for the office of President from an early age, as were his other brothers.

At this time, Kane's responsibilities mostly involved organising speeches and venues and making sure the film shoots were well organised so that Jack's profile was pleasing to the general public. The young, tanned, smartly-groomed and handsome Jack Kennedy became very popular in his campaigns. His enthusiasm, charisma and patriotism were second to none and inspired all around him.

They travelled around America to political rallies and made many opening speeches. From the crowds' reactions, his campaigning team knew they had a winner in the young senator. In his travels around the country Jack, who had seen action in the Pacific, still suffered pain from a back complaint caused by the incident with the Japanese cruiser, the exploits of which had made him an American hero at the time.

One day, while giving a speech, he told the people what war was really like, and how it should be avoided wherever possible. There was nothing nice, he explained, about war, where thousands of mothers, wives and lovers on both sides finished up sad and lonely at the loss of their loved one. While saying this he would use hand and arm gestures to emphasize his points.

He also told them that he could have had a nice desk job in Washington instead of going to the front line. "But that is not my style," he said. "If you want to run for a seat to help govern this country, then you must be willing to fight for your country. Sitting behind a desk is not the way to learn about the miseries of war. Before you can bring peace to the world, you have to experience war, and that I have done."

The political rallies sometimes hit a few difficulties in some towns because Jack Kennedy was a Roman Catholic and in other places that was considered the same as

being black. Others just did not like change, and the team would be heckled and have things thrown at them. However, Jack was a strong-minded man and he rose above all that. He fought a hard campaign, and on January 20th 1961. Jack, or to give him his proper name, John Fitzgerald Kennedy, became the 35th President of the United States of America.

Joseph Kennedy had realised his dream of one of his sons becoming President of the United State.

When the newly elected President entered the Oval Office, he kept Kaine on his staff because of his diligent work, loyalty, and trustworthiness. John was wise enough to realize that Kane's input on the film and radio aspects of his campaign had greatly helped in getting him elected.

This was one of the times where Kaine had to establish a past history for himself. Fortunately, owing to his facial features, it needed to be only a short history, for he still looked like a man of forty years of age.

JFK became one of the most popular presidents in American history. He established talks with Russia, between himself and President Khrushchev. Both countries mistrusted each other, and although deep down neither wanted to start a war, it could easily happen. There was a very delicate balance of power. The communists started to build a wall in Berlin to divide the city, and so the Cold War began to heat up. Both the Americans and Russians stockpiled nuclear weapons, with Great Britain sitting in the middle between the two great powers. Great Britain too had its nuclear weapons and was America's main ally. American nuclear bases were built deep in the heartland of England.

This, then, was the power Kaine had to prevent from becoming overheated, or the world would cease to exist. But how was he to achieve it? There was no way Kaine could be in two countries at the same time, but if there was an answer to this puzzle then he would just have to find it.

The fear of war burned strong and lots of Generals wanted to start a war with a first strike on Russia to wipe out their nuclear power, while the news media turned every minor incident into a major one. The Cold War came to a head in 1962.

"Mr President, sir, here are photographs showing the Russian's stockpiling nuclear missiles in Cuba." said one of his Generals.

The President examined the photos. "Were they taken recently?"

"Yes, sir, less then four hours ago."

"Call a meeting of the General Staff for one hour's time."

"Yes Mr President." and the aide departed.

Kennedy held a meeting with his military advisers. Kane's job was to collect information from government agencies and make sure it was given to the right people or filed in the correct place. During that meeting, the President's advisers put forward a strong plan for the invasion of Cuba.

"We must hit now and hit hard, Mr President." stated one of the Generals.

"I can understand you wanting to take on a small island like Cuba, but this could well lead to Russia joining the fight and we don't know if the other communist leaders would also intervene." said the President. "And that could well mean the beginning of World War III." The meeting went on for several days before Kennedy and his advisers decided to make the first tactical strike.

The plan was to hit Russia and Cuba with nuclear bombs and invade East Berlin with troops at the same time. They decided not to tell the heads of states in Europe, particularly Germany, as this would give a warning to Khrushchev in Moscow. The plan was to drop nuclear weapons on Moscow and several other Russian cities and

also Cuba, but first Kennedy had to get troops as near to the Berlin border as possible. This had to be done without arousing any suspicions that there were more troops in Berlin than there should be, otherwise the Russians would do the same. Kennedy couldn't be one hundred percent sure that there were no nuclear weapons in Berlin and this was his biggest gamble. The dilemma for the President was that this could, and probably would, start World War III and that America would truly be alone in the world, as a lot of innocent people would be killed, and countries like England would not want to ally themselves with the USA.

Kaine remembered what the voice from the obelisk in Atlantis had told him. *The world could be destroyed again.* Kaine knew this must not be, but where would his intervention come in? President Kennedy did not want to confront Khrushchev about what they knew about the missiles in Cuba, knowing that Khrushchev would deny that they had such weapons of mass destruction so close to America. The other fear was that they might just strike America without warning once Khrushchev knew President Kennedy suspected they had weapons in Cuba.

It looks as if war is inevitable, Kaine thought; he must have overlooked something vital, but what?

At 0700 hours the President went rushing down the stairs to attend the final meeting of the war cabinet. Trying to do ten jobs at once and therefore not being as alert as he should have been. As he neared the bottom of the stairs he tripped and went sprawling across the stone floor, knocking himself out.

"Mr. President, are you all right, sir?" shouted one of the aides rushing towards him. Kaine quickly rose from his seat and swiftly went to assist. Gently he helped the aides move the President to a nearby sofa. He had a large bump on his head and was unconscious. One of the aides rushed off to get a doctor and another went to fetch some blankets. That left Kaine and one other aide. Kaine knew he had to do something quickly, and then the aide said, "Look after him while I telephone the War committee to let them know what has happened. The White House doctor will only be a few seconds."

Kaine looked around to check no one was nearby and then placed his hand on the President's head. A soft blue glow covered his brow and the President made a murmuring sound as if he were having a dream.

The doctor arrived asking, "How long has he been like this?"

"About two minutes." Kaine replied.

The other aide came back saying to the doctor, "We cannot have this accident leaked to the press as the media will have a field day. It wouldn't be long before the whole world will know and that could well be detrimental to the security of the United States."

"I understand," said the doctor.

After a few seconds President Kennedy regained consciousness and sat up.

"We will take you down to the White House hospital, sir, for a full check-up," said the doctor.

"I feel fine." said the President.

"We have to be careful sir, it was a nasty fall." said the doctor.

Two aides and Kaine escorted the President down to the White House hospital in the fallout shelter, six floors beneath the grounds of the White House. Kaine had never been down there before. The President was put in the care of the nursing staff and Kaine and the two aides were ordered back upstairs. The aides went off to carry out their duties and inform the Chiefs of the Armed Forces that the President wanted them there at 10.00 hours the next morning. The next day before the meeting,

President Kennedy asked Kaine to come to the Oval room. Kaine made his way as instructed and the guard on the door said, "Please wait, sir, the President is expecting you, but I have to ring through first." Pressing the intercom button the guard said, "Mr. Paul Kaine to see you, sir."

"Send him in please."

The door opened and the people from the meeting filed out as Kaine went in.

"You wanted to see me, Mr President?"

"Please sit down, Kaine."

As Kaine sat down, the President ordered the rest of his staff out of the room. "I wish to speak to Kaine alone."

The staff left, looking puzzled, as it was the usual practice to take note of all that was said in the Oval room.

The President turned to Kaine and waited for a seconds before speaking. "While I was out cold yesterday, I had a strange dream and you, Kaine, were in my dream."

"It was only a dream sir." said Kaine.

"Don't interrupt Kaine. Let me run with this."

"Yes, sir."

"I don't know what it was, but something happened to me. I was about to start a war that no one could win. Now I have a solution that might prevent it and it was you in my dream that gave me the idea."

"Me sir?" said Kaine, trying to look puzzled.

"Yes, you Kaine. I stood above an island in the Mediterranean Sea and you were there by my side. I saw a lot of old galley ships in what appeared to be near Ancient Greece. The Roman Army in large warships surrounded this island which was full of Greek renegade warriors, who stole cattle, women and weapons, by raiding nearby countries. The Romans put a stop to it by blockading the island with their ships, thus preventing fresh supplies reaching the island, and also preventing the renegades from escaping. The dream was very real, and although you didn't speak to me, you kept pointing things out and I knew exactly what you meant. It was as if I was an observer there.

So that is what I'm going to do with Cuba. I shall set up a blockade, nothing going in. Nothing coming out. I shall talk to President Khrushchev and inform him of what I'm going to do. I will also let him we know about his planned invasion of the USA and that we shall keep this blockade up until Russia removes its missiles from Cuba. I will also inform him that all our nuclear weapons are sighted on every major city in the USSR. If there is any sign of weapons being launched, the retaliation from us would not be stoppable. I shall talk to Khrushchev in a quiet, calm manner as this has to be a give and take dialogue. He needs to know that should he attack us, then neither country will win, and millions of people will die for nothing. This whole affair must be based on trust. I will trust him to remove any nearby weapons aimed at our shores and I will then lift the blockade and allow his ships and submarines to pass peacefully through our waters."

"That sounds a fine idea, sir."

President Kennedy continued, "I'm telling you this, Kaine, because somehow I know that you helped me see this whole episode in a much clearer light. I don't know how you did it, but I've known you for several years now and you are a trusted friend, and have always been there for me."

"Yes sir. I'm glad you are feeling better and now have a solution to the problem. Let's hope this is the beginning of world peace. And now the Chiefs of Staff are waiting for you sir."

This was to be a significant turning point in history. Kaine knew he'd assisted President Kennedy in seeing the error of going to war, thus enabling the President to prevent the tension from escalating into World War III.

Chapter 30

ASSASSINATION

Thirteen months later on November 21st 1963, Kaine was with President Kennedy in Dallas, Texas.

“Are we all set for the motor cavalcade?” asked the President.

“Yes Mr. President,” answered James Hallum who was the Secret Service’s head of Security. “Our men are deployed all along the route.

“Are you ready Kaine?” asked the President. Without waiting for an answer he carried on, “I’m expecting some important papers coming in from Washington. A trusted courier from Special Security is bringing them to me. When he arrives, bring him straight to me. No one but me is to see these documents. Do you understand that?”

“Yes Mr President. This is an unusual task for me, sir. May I inquire what is happening?”

The President looked around to make sure no one was within earshot and then whispered to Kaine, “After my brother Bobby, you are the only one I trust with this information. Security has uncovered plans for an assassination attempt on me some time in the near future. All I know is that it is imperative I see these papers. They will be at the airport in about one hour. I should have had them four hours ago but with the airline being diverted because of an airport accident, they are only just arriving. Could you personally collect the courier and make sure it’s only me that sees him? Now listen, Kaine, no one, and I mean... no one, must see these papers but me, no matter what.” Kennedy looked straight into Kane’s eyes and said, “You do understand that, don’t you?”

“Yes, Mr. President, I understand fully,” said Kaine “Only to you, no matter what.”

Kaine felt very uncomfortable about this as something was telling him to stay, but when the President asks you to do something, you did it. The strange thing was that the President had never before given such precise instructions. The President must have had some suspicion of his assassination, and it must have been very important because of the instructions that he had given to Kaine. He began to wonder if it was the Mafia or some foreign power. The Mafia had caused the President some problems in the past when he was associating with some of the top movie stars.

The drive to the airport was a struggle, security being tight and most roads blocked because of the President being in Dallas. It took Kaine over an hour to get to Love Field Airport. The plane he was to meet had just landed and a very agitated courier was looking for him. They met and each checked the other’s identity papers to make sure they knew who they were. As they walked through the airport lobby with the vital papers locked in a special attaché case, the courier said to Kaine, “We must get to the President now. We can’t afford to linger.”

Kaine eyes swept up to a black and white television set. Suddenly the whole airport fell silent and Kaine heard the words of the news announcer:

“The President has been shot. Oh my God, the President has been shot. There are security guards all over the place and the car is speeding off...”

Kaine didn’t hear any more. He stood in utter shock and disbelief.

“Oh no! We’re too late.” cried the courier.

“What do you mean?” said Kaine, becoming instantly alert.

“This is the information I am carrying. It was about the President and an assassination plot. We had the answers all the time only we did not know it.”

“Who ordered the assassination?” said Kaine.

The courier looked Kaine in the eye and said, “I don’t know. Only the President knew. It was he who tasked me to find out by collecting certain documents from the White House archives. The answer must be among them somewhere. What do I do with them now?”

“Sign them over to me.” Kaine replied. “I will keep them safe. If the person or persons who organised this know you have the papers, your life too will be in danger. I will talk to the head of the Secret Service and explain everything.” Kaine also thought *Why was I too far away to help? Why was I in the wrong place at the wrong time? I wonder if this was supposed to happen and that is why I was not there to help him.* His mind was in turmoil.

Kaine signed for the papers and once alone he opened the briefcase to view the contents. As he read the report inside he then began to understand why only the President wanted to see them. Instantly he also knew that if the information fell into the hands of the wrong people, the American political system might become divided and this could lead to internal warfare and instability. Later that day he hid the papers in a safe place, knowing the right person would find them one day and the mystery of who murdered the 35th President of the United States of America would be solved.

Chapter 31

A NEW POWER

Kaine lay on the hill overlooking the village of his youth. He allowed his mind to drift away from the late twentieth century when mankind had stood on the brink of a nuclear holocaust. After facing down the Russian Bear the world was thrown into a period called “The Cold War.” For thirty years the two superpowers faced each other across the Iron Curtain. Then with lightning speed that shook the world, the reign of Communism in Europe, came to an end. The Russian political system of government and the politicians themselves became a more friendly entity, giving and accepting help from other countries in the world. They even joined the Americans in a war in Afghanistan, their aim being to overthrow a warring faction that was dictatorial and causing problems for neighbouring countries.

There was also another battle to be fought, only this time it was not about weapons, but entailed finding a cure for a new disease, a virus called AIDS. Over the next few years most of the countries in the world pooled their resources to try to combat AIDS. Over two billion people died from the disease. The worst affected area was Africa. It was not until 2018 that a young scientist called Beverly Messiah at Cambridge University in England found a cure, by which time the scientific community of the world had spent billions of dollars. Her discovery started by accident when she cross-pollinated two everyday types of plant that grew in abundance under the sea.

With Aids now cured, the world focussed its attention on the population explosion. The planet consisted of five billion people and not the predicted number of three billion. Most of the world’s governments knew they had to curb the population expansion or face the prospect of more people perishing through ill-health and starvation. The agreement to scale down nuclear weapons was the most important change the world had seen. Peace meeting after peace meeting was held on the island of Ascension, lying in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. It became the most visited place on the planet for world leaders.

The cost of living was rising dramatically. What used to cost a \$1.00 now costing ten times more. This was mostly due to the cost of fuel. Petrol and diesel now cost \$20.00 a litre. All private cars had been restricted in fuel usage unless a special exemption pass was issued, and these were only issued for work purposes. Anyone found using their vehicle for recreational purposes automatically lost their pass, and some were even sentenced to a detention centre for such crimes. Privately-owned vehicles were allowed on the roads only one day per month, and fuel was limited to one gallon only. Anyone caught procuring fuel on the black market would have their vehicle confiscated and crushed – it did not matter how old the vehicle was. The government provided trucking and bus companies with fuel but they had to keep manufacturing and distribution of goods within limits.

By 2062, Kaine had been working at CAL-Tech “California Institute of Technology” for ten years. He was working with a great scientist named Dr. Damon Straus. Dr Straus was a taller-than-average man, standing just over two metres tall. He was very fast on his feet and could easily have become an athlete because of his speed. His preferred dress style was jeans and a T-shirt, unless he was forced to attend some formal function or fundraising event. To some he was a daydreamer, despite his vast knowledge and intellect. He had a vision of a world that lived in peace where famine was a thing of the past. He was constantly telling Kaine about his visions and

hopes for the future. He explained his dreams as if they were happening in the future and he was there to watch the events take place. Kaine knew Damon had the gift of second sight, but he decided early on that it would be wrong to reveal himself to the doctor, or to help him understand the images that he saw during his hours of sleep.

Damon was an only child. As a baby his parents started to educate him at the age of two, and by the time he started school at aged five, he had the intellectual brain of a nine-year old. He knew that his ancestors came from Europe some years ago and in each generation there was always one boy called Damon, and for some reason each in their own right had been a gifted person. The Straus family was one of the oldest names in Europe to settle in America.

There were four other scientists whom Damon associated with. Often they would all go out on field trips and expeditions together. The latest of these Kaine had been invited to join. They were heading for an Island in the Pacific Ocean to research a new species of fish that lived in the depth of the sea. This fish was found to give off large amounts of light and also produce an electric current to defend itself against attackers. It lived in a deep part of the ocean and the fish's power of illumination was obtained without sunlight. Somehow, Damon hoped he and his team could develop this energy and that it would become a new, cleaner and cheaper source of power.

This was the sort of development that Damon liked. Dr Straus knew mankind had been searching for a form of cold fusion power for the last 100 years and had very little success with their endeavours, but he hoped that was about to change. In the past, scientists had used chemicals to make cold fusion power and spent hundreds of billions of dollars on projects that ultimately failed. Some even tried to harness the rays of the sun to power planes, cars and trains, but none of their endeavours ever worked for long periods. The morning of the sailing they all met at the quayside. The ship they were to sail on was called "The Pelican." Kaine said quietly to himself, "Well, that name certainly rings a bell."

"What was that Kaine?" said Damon.

"Oh, nothing Damon, just a name from the past."

Damon introduced the other four members of the party to Kaine. They were; Robert, Derek, Jason, and Mike. Mike, as it turned out, was the ship's captain and a wizard with electronics. Each member had their own way of addressing a problem and all were inquisitive about the art of science and research. Robert's forte was electrical mechanics and he was always tinkering with something or other. Derek was the underwater diver and a master at manipulating the underwater submersible camera. Jason was a marine biologist who was completely engrossed in his work. If a question was put to any of the quartet, then an answer had to be found, no matter that it might take a lifetime. This was the reason for the sea trip; they wanted to find the fish that could produce the high electrical energy from nothing. If it could be analyzed and reproduced, the world would be a better place. The good thing about them all was that they were compatible with each other; always a good thing when living in the confined space of a small ship.

The next two hours entailed sorting out their sleeping accommodation and working out a roster for the different aspects of the investigations and experiments they would undertake. Finally the stores and equipment were stowed away and it was time to weigh anchor and set sail for the Pacific Islands.

They enjoyed several days at sea with a steady wind blowing in their favour, accompanied by bright skies and a smooth sea. They were 700 miles from the Hawaiian Islands when a fast moving storm suddenly, and without warning, hit them. It was a white squall, one of the most dangerous types of storms to sail through; many

ships had been lost in a white squall. The ship tossed and turned violently for many hours and the strong winds soon blew the Pelican away from the normal shipping lanes. The crew tied themselves down as it was pointless trying to steer the ship. It was out of control and would have to go wherever the storm took it. Whatever happened would be in the hands of fate. Suddenly, throughout the ship, the crew felt a powerful shuddering, followed by a crashing sound that echoed throughout the lower decks. It took a mad, frantic hive of activity before they discovered they had hit an island reef.

Struggling to secure the ship, they managed to drop anchor and get ashore. It was now early evening and the wind was still blowing strong, the sky was as dark as a raven's wing. Nothing could be seen beyond twenty feet. Only one flashlight could be found, which was mainly due to being attached to the emergency exit doorway. Damon grabbed the light and lit the way for the others to follow. All six of them scrambled ashore. No one had any major injury except Mike, who had a broken arm. Kaine bandaged it tightly and then put it in a sling. While doing so, with a deft sleight of hand he repaired the injury. He told Mike, "I can't feel any break. I think it's just a bad bruise around the bone that was causing the swelling and pain. This wooden splint and tight bandage will rest it for a couple of days, then it should be okay to use, but no heavy lifting for you Mike."

There was nothing they could do until morning. After a brief rest they moved farther up the beach to the tree-line and curled up near the palm trees for protection. All night long the wind and rain howled until the storm blew itself out in the early hours of the morning.

The sky cleared, and the pink light of early dawn appeared on the distant horizon. It was about half an hour before dawn when some began to stir. As the sun rose above the waves the group began to feel its warmth and each greeted a beautiful morning. Kaine walked down to the ocean edge. He shouted back to the group, "The ship is still here. I'll swim out to it and find out what sort of condition it's in and collect some supplies."

He ran into the ocean and dived beneath the waves; the water was clear as glass. Rising to the surface he swam on his back and called out, "While I go for supplies, all of you scour the beach to see what flotsam has been washed up. And collect coconuts and anything else that's eatable."

Reaching the ship he climbed aboard to stand on the deck. He looked back towards the island and saw the rest of the group standing in a bunch watching him. Kaine shouted, "The boat looks okay. Not too much damage. Now see what you can find on the beach."

Most of the items were scattered all over the place and Kaine started to put things back into their correct place. Placing items he thought they would need to one side. The first things collected were emergency rations, drinking water, medical kit, dry clothes, food, some bits of wood and paper to start a fire with, a bottle of brandy, plus other sundries that he thought would be useful. He stored the lot in a waterproof bag and taking the bag, he placed it in the inflatable dingy. He also checked the electronics, radio and radar, but everything appeared to be either smashed, or not working.

The group changed into dry clothing when Kaine returned. They made a fire and cooked some of the tinned food that he had also brought back. They drank from the coconuts and saved what little fresh water they had managed to procure, as too much coconut juice could give them diarrhoea, which would dehydrate them. It looked as if Kaine was taking over command as the other members as even Damon kept asking

him what they should do next. Kaine told Derek and Robert to take the dingy and see what repairs they could do to the boat. "You know where the tools are. When you've done what you can, bring back some more supplies and anything you think might be of use to us here."

Jason and Mike were given the task of building some sort of shelter, just in case they had to spend some time on the island. Mike was told to watch his injured arm and not to overdo it. He finished off by telling Damon, "You and I will explore the island to look for fresh water and try and find out where we are."

Kaine collected a long rope and a pair of binoculars and passed a machete to Damon. Travelling inland, they cutting their way through the jungle for about half an hour before they came to the base of an obstruction which stood about forty feet high. Damon felt the obstruction, "This isn't stone! It's made of some sort of glass. It gives the impression of rough stone but is smooth to the touch, like some sort of monolith. How did this get here? It's not natural so someone must have built it. I think it needs more investigation."

"I have to agree with you, Damon, you go to the right, and I will go left. We'll pace it out to get some idea of its size."

Kaine started to count his steps. "One, two, three... one hundred and eleven, one hundred and twelve." and then he saw Damon and stopped. Damon carried on pacing. "One hundred and twenty five, one hundred and twenty six." He stopped in front of Kaine at one hundred and twenty seven paces.

"A total diameter of about 225 paces, so that would be about 200 metres." said Kaine.

"I don't know if you noticed, Kaine, but it appears to start curving in at the bottom just before it connected with the earth."

"Yes, I had noticed. It's the same at the top. It gives the impression that it's egg-shaped." Kaine decided to climb up the structure to get a better view of it and the island. It appeared to have several small pieces that stuck out just enough to use as foot and hand holds. He looking at them more closely, thinking they could well have been designed as footholds. The whole thing had a multi-coloured brownish look about it and it was like a highly polished piece of granite. His mind drifted back to the monolith on the island of Atlantis.

It took only a few minutes to reach the top. Looking around he had a superb view of the whole island. He took out his binoculars and could just see the boat. He started to walk around the edge clockwise when he heard Damon shouting.

"Are you okay up there Kaine?"

He moved to the rim of the structure and looked down at Damon. "Yes, Damon, everything's okay. There's nothing to see so I'm coming down."

"Hang on, I'm coming up to have a look my curiosity has got the better of me."

"The climb is not easy. I will pass the rope down so you can climb up it."

Reaching the top, Damon stood next to Kaine who was looking outwards and said, "What a fantastic view."

"I agree."

"Let's try and find out where we are." said Damon.

They walked across the top of the monolith and as they neared its centre, Damon exclaimed, "What the heck!"

Chapter 32

NOT OF THIS EARTH

They stopped in their tracks and looked down at a smooth round circle slightly different in colour to the rest. Looking at it closely, they saw it was semi-transparent and, gazing through it, they saw what appeared to be a tunnel on the other side. To all appearances, it looked like a door without a handle.

“What do you make of it Kaine?”

“I don’t know.”

They both knelt down to examine the round doorway.

“It looks like glass, feels like glass, but it’s not, so what can it be?” enquired Damon.

Kaine replied, “It could be made of some sort of crystal. I do believe there’s only one thing it can be and it’s not from this planet.”

Kaine did not want to say that he had seen something like this material before.

“You don’t mean a flying saucer do you?”

“I wouldn’t go as far to say flying saucer but certainly some sort of extra-terrestrial ship. I also noticed that, from the way it is positioned on this island, it has been here for a very long time. Did you notice that there are no exhaust ports, unless they are under the bottom of the ship, or whatever it is.”

“If this ship flew here and has no exhaust ports, then it did not use any type of conventional engine.” said Kaine.

Lying down and extending the top half his body over the area, Kaine peered into the darkened interior of what they thought was a door.

“Can you see anything, Kaine? Do you need the torch?”

“Give me a chance to concentrate. It’s dark in there but it is certainly some sort of doorway,” Placing his hand around his eyes and over the door to try and see inside, he concentrated on the door and to his amazement the glow from his hand activated the door mechanism so that the door quietly slid open and a slight rush of air entered the ship. Kaine supposed that it must have been air-tight to keep the environment out as he quickly squirmed to one side so he wouldn’t fall into the opening.

“I saw a flash of blue light, any idea what it was?” asked Damon.

“I suppose it was the door being activated from below.” answered Kaine as a soft blue light began to glow and light up a spiral stairwell that descended into the interior. Damon said, “Well, we are scientists aren’t we? So let’s explore.”

They travelled down the stairwell, very slowly examining the walls, which were covered in a strange writing. At the bottom of the stairs they entered a passageway which led to what looked like the main control area and as they stepped into the room another blue light illuminated the whole space. It was certainly a control room, but nothing like either of them had seen before. There were no levers or switches to be seen, nor were there any dials. Everything appeared to be made of crystal.

“Wow!” exclaimed Damon,

“What are you wowing at?”

“I don’t know!”

“Then try not to get too excited and let’s do this scientifically.” said Kaine.

They both carefully looked around for several minutes without touching any parts as they did not want to disturb anything.

“Damon, I think we should return to the others, then come back and start an investigation of this ship.”

“I agree.” said Damon, sounding like a small boy with a new toy, he’d been looking for a challenge like this for years. This ship would put his intellect to a greater use.

They made their way back to their friends, Damon talking so quickly you could feel the excitement in him for it had been many years since this type of adventure had come his way. When they reached the beach, they explained to the rest of the team what they had found. At first the group thought that they were having their legs pulled, but after a few seconds they started to believe.

“We shall all get a good night sleep and start fresh in the morning.” said Damon.

The whole team had forgotten that their original mission was to find that rare deep sea fish.

“There’s something else,” said Kaine. “We haven’t found any fresh water on the island so I suggest we build a small desalination plant to collect drinking water as we could be here for a long time.”

They all agreed, but wanted to look at this alien spaceship first.

The next day everyone was up early and raring to go.

“Come on, chaps, let’s get going.” said Robert in eager anticipation. They followed the footpath that had been hacked out the day before and by early morning they had found the ship again and climbed to the top. On seeing the open door and spiral stairway, the rest of group couldn’t believe it. They formed a semi-circle around the opening and for the first time in their lives you could have heard a pin drop on cotton wool. A whole minute went by before Jason, the English member of the group said, “Bloody Nora, what the hell is it?”

Damon said, “We told you, it’s some sort of flying craft.” There was a slight pause from Damon, before he continued, “Well, guys, let’s find out what this thing is.”

Jason said, “Let’s make sure we don’t overlook anything and let’s do things by the numbers. This is far too important to get it wrong.”

Derek spoke up. “What are we going to do with all this information that we’ll soon be gathering? Should we tell the authorities? What do you think, Kaine?”

“In one word, no.” said Damon, jumping in quickly before Kaine could speak. His voice was sharp and abrupt. “Not until we have investigated everything first. You know what the government is like. They’d take it away and we would never see it again.”

Kaine knew Damon was right and so he nodded his head in agreement.

There was no sign of any living being and it was presumed they left the ship a very long time ago. They came to the conclusion it had been there for hundreds of thousands of years, or even a few million. They thought this because of the way it was now fixed in the rock below. It had become an integral part of the island. The island looked as if it had been below the sea and had only just recently risen to the surface. Damon concluded this because there were no fallen rotted trees and all the vegetation appeared to be only a few years old although the space vessel looked like new. “After studying the plant life, I believe that the island probably came to the surface about fifteen to twenty years ago.” said Derek.

After everyone had had a good look round the ship Damon delegated Jason and Derek to make the desalination plant. This caused friction as they wanted to continue exploring the ship. The arguments stopped when Kaine said, “We will build the plant together. That way it will be finished more quickly and will be producing water while we are examining the spaceship.”

They made their way back to the beach and removed from the boat a large pan to hold the seawater and whatever pipes and containers they could get their hands on.

The equipment was put together and soon the water was boiling and sending steam along the pipes which condensed into water to drip out at the end. It was a bland flavour but drinkable water it was.

After three days of intense examination they found what looked like the power source. The unit was made of crystal and was light blue in colour with red glowing pieces inside.

“If this is some sort type of high-energy cold fusion power, then being in such a small package it could really benefit mankind. That’s if we can get it to work.” said Damon.

That evening, while taking a break on top of the ship, they all decided to keep their activities under raps until they could sort out the best way to use their discovery. It was decided that the next day Kaine would attempt to fire up the power unit. Kaine somehow knew this blue stone had more power in it than a hundred nuclear power stations, yet it didn’t give off any radiation, just emitted a bluish glow.

Kaine thought *Could it be the same type of power as I have?* But he rejected the idea. Little did he realise how near the truth he was.

“Nobody has found anything that resembles any weapons. Do you think this was a ship of exploration, Kaine?” said Damon.

“Who knows? We shall have to make more investigations before we can draw any conclusions. You should know that Damon.” remarked Kaine.

There were many differently-sized crystals in the ship and they all needed studying. There was a large flat screen about ten foot wide and six foot high that looked as if it could be some sort of viewing screen. Kaine decided to try moving a few of the crystals that were on the control panel to see if he could activate it.

“Kaine, what are you doing? Shouldn’t we investigate more before we attempt anything like using the controls?” asked a concerned Damon.

“We are all logically-minded scientists and I’m sure we can work out how to use some of the controls.” said Kaine.

“Okay then, but I think we should get Robert to write down what you do so that we’ll have a record of what crystal does what.” said Damon.

“Okay with me.” said Robert who was already taking out the small pocket book and pencil he carried in his back pocket.

Kaine began using different combinations of crystals until suddenly the screen burst into life. What appeared on the screen was a film showing space. Damon, Kaine and Robert were studying the picture when Derek entered the room. He walked over to stand beside them and stared at the screen.

Damon was saying to Kaine, “I still can’t figure out what star clusters they are.” Derek piped up, “What you’re looking at is our solar system but from far out in space and from a different angle, I would guess that those pictures were taken from the edge of our solar system, let’s say somewhere near Pluto. However, it looks as if there is another planet just beyond Pluto, and there is also a planet between Mars and Jupiter. I suspect this is what our system looked like a hundred million years ago. A famous astronomer called Patrick Moore thought they might be a tenth planet but could never find it.”

“From what you just said, Derek, this ship took those pictures about one hundred and fifty million years ago. If that is correct, then we must assume that the ship has been here for the same amount of time.” said Damon.

“I would say that’s about right.” answered Derek.

“Wow, that’s a long, long time.” muttered Damon.

Kaine found how to advance the pictures on the screen like a video recorder. It was partially a history of space in that sector. After a few attempts they worked out how to speed it up so it looked like a film being played back at high speed.

“It looks like what we now call the asteroid belt and it was once part of that planet,” said Derek pointing at the screen.

Damon decided that the study of the ship could take a lifetime and they should organise more research at a later date. They all agreed and decided to pack most of the crystals in their clothes to stop them being broken. They then carried them back to the boat which had now been repaired and was just about sea worthy. The boat was safe to sail but most of the electronics had been removed because they were useless. When evening came, Mike used the star chart and compass to figure out where they had landed. “It looks like an uncharted island.”

“Well, that’s one thing in its favour.” said Kaine.

Now they had to plan what they were going to do. They couldn’t tell anyone about their discoveries so Jason suggested they start their own organisation to develop what they had found and use it accordingly.

“We all have money to set it up and we can all be equal partners, how does that sound?”

Robert said, “What a fantastic idea. I for one agree.”

It was then approved by all that a new company would be set up to enhance the world with this new found alien knowledge. Kaine talked to them about how he would like to see a world without war and wanted all peoples everywhere to have a decent standard of living. All the other felt the same way and wanted to know what they could do to help. They chatted among themselves for a while and as none of them were really interested in money; because they each had their own small fortune made from some of the inventions they had discovered over the years, only the survival of mankind mattered to them.

Chapter 33

BACK TO THE MAINLAND

As they prepared the ship for sailing, Kaine sat on deck working away at a few pieces of metal.

“What are you doing?” asked Mike.

“I’m making a sextant to help us with our navigation.”

“A sextant! You know how to use one? I’ve never know anyone to use a sextant since satellite navigation started.”

“As we have no electronic navigation I thought I’d wile away the time with something useful to do.” said Kaine.

“Once it’s complete could you show me how to use it?” asked Mike.

“Yes, they’re easy to use once you’ve been shown how.”

Damon checked what stores were on the boat. The water tanks had been refilled with distilled water and there was enough food and water for fourteen days if rationed. The voyage home took ten days and during it they planned who would do what once the company was set up. Mark was amazed that an old instrument like a sextant could have navigated them so close to their destination.

“It’s unbelievable, Kaine, that we were less than a mile out in our calculations, even though the sextant was handmade and therefore not a hundred percent true.”

Over the next year they made numerous journeys to the island by helicopter, four out of the six of them being accomplished pilots. They flew in pairs or threesomes to gather more and more information. The only thing they never found out was from where the ship originated.

Damon said, “There was no indication of what the space travellers looked like; I presume they were humanoid in form.”

“Somehow I don’t think so.” answered Kaine.

“How do you come to that conclusion?” asked Damon.

“Didn’t you noticed? No sleeping quarters and no dining area. It makes you think, doesn’t it?”

In that first year they all resigned from their jobs without too many questions being asked. Kaine informed the group that he knew where to find information about some ex-government establishments that were for sale and he knew which department to contact. He informed the government sales rep that he was buying the property for some people who wanted to develop a new type of eco-friendly engine for research as he didn’t want industrial spies gaining access to the information. He said he was looking for something that was hard to reach and well off the main roads. Finally he managed to purchase an old site at the far end of the Grand Canyon. At one time it had been a secret military research base with an underground tunnel that was two miles long. All in all it was ideal for their purposes. It took four months to get it fitted-out with what they needed and the dull military living quarters were improved to make it more homely. It was a good distance from the usual tourist routes and the main route into the establishment was by helicopter, although there was a dust road if you had the right vehicle for it and the nearest highway was 40 miles away.

A couple of years passed before they had any results they could make use of. They could now produce a power plant, which would cost virtually nothing to run, by using the crystals they’d recovered from the spaceship, especially the one that they found to be like a video recording machine. They discovered that if they used a very low power

gas laser on it, they could project pictures. The pictures showed lots of information on how to make and repair things.

“It reminds me of the old automobile repair manuals that people used in the mid-twentieth century.” said Damon to Kaine.

Damon slowly rotated the crystal and they found they could now download information straight from the ship and into their computer. After an intense study of the data they’d collected about the solar system they moved on to other things. Kaine, however, thought that a lot of the technology was beyond the comprehension and capability of the group at that time.

During their research into the power plant that was virtually free to run, Kane’s memory returned to his time in Atlantis and he remembered what the voice had told him about a crystal that could destroy the world. Kaine realised that the crystals in their possession might well have this capability. He also worked out that by using another type of crystal laser beam the two could turn the power plant into a vast destructive bomb that could destroy the world. With the help of Damon, Kaine researched this other crystal to try and find out the composition of its other element. After a year of research they knew that the crystal in question was not common and at that moment in time they suspected it did not exist on the planet earth. A meeting with the rest of the group was called and Damon told them what Kaine and he had been working on. The group were a little perturbed about being kept in the dark. Jason in particular was not pleased.

“What’s up? Don’t you trust us to keep a secret? I thought we all had the same goals to help the world. If this is the trust you have in us, I’m leaving.”

“Calm down Jason. We didn’t tell anyone about this as it was a promise Kaine made to someone a long time ago,” explained Damon. “When he found out, he did not tell even me straight away. Then he needed some special techniques to do some testing with and asked me to help build some electronic equipment to try and find the constituent elements of a certain crystal. We were unsuccessful, so the world will be safe, at least the time being.”

They build a car by using ceramic combined with polytetrafluoroethylene, commonly know as PTFE. PTFE was one of the most slippery items on the planet and mixed with the ceramic glass it became the dream of dreamers because with the new electric engine the car was maintenance-free. The engine was the size of a shoebox and everything, including the automatic gearbox, was made of ceramic glass and PTFE. With the new small portable power plant all ready for distribution, they decided the only way they could advertise their success was to hold a large press conference in New York.

Damon addressed the meeting and told the world about a new, safe, power source and how every country in the world could use it. The Power source did not need any maintenance and the battery would run for 200 years before it needed to be changed. The world could enjoy cheap power, including the new engines for transportation. This meant no more use of fossil fuels, petroleum or lubricating oils and the end result was less air pollution.

“We know that not all governments will welcome this new form of energy. However, our company has decided that the whole world should benefit from our findings. Therefore, this information had already been placed on the Internet.”

The next two years brought disruption to the world economy. Some companies went out of business, while others flourished. Men who were put out of work soon retrained and moved into some other types of employment. Once things settled down, a new prosperity developed for mankind.

In the year 2059, all the governments of the world abolished money, and a world currency was born and a system that transacted through computers to users' accounts. Everyone was on a credit card system and with the abolishment of money the world truly became united. Now that the genetic code had been cracked for over seventy years, scientists were learning more and more about mankind. Most illnesses became a thing of the past and even the common cold was eliminated. Cattle were no longer reared for food as machines could supply food in any shape or form and any flavour that was required. The world had become health-conscious and new laws about birth control were implemented, two children per family being the limit. In the year 2067, to help stop crime and the theft of people's identities, it became law that all new babies born in the last ten years must have their DNA barcode imprinted on a small electronic circuit no bigger than a pin head and that this would be implanted just behind the ear. It also measured the body's biorhythms so that if a person became ill or had an accident, it automatically sent a distress signal to a main computer in their local area so that assistance could be sent to the site of origin.

Thus began the elimination of crime. Anyone committing a crime would have their location read by a simple scan from a satellite in space and the reading gave the computer all the details and location via the microchip.

There was also an implanted microchip available that worked as a telephonic communications system and was installed in the cheek at a local communications supply shop. This minute apparatus transmitted sound to the inner ear and picked up speech as it left the voice box.

The North Atlantic Treaty Organisation and the United Nations were disbanded and the United World Council was installed. Only one army was left and that was made up of two people, a male and female elected from each of the old countries. The new army did not have any weapons and were used solely for ceremonial purposes. Even the people of Africa who has survived the AIDS epidemic were pleased when the whole world joined in to irrigate the desert and make it fertile again. As power was cheap, no one wanted for anything and even the governments who had secrets began destroying all knowledge of weapons of mass destruction. Man was, at last, living in peace with his fellow man.

In the year 2079 Kaine was in his room lying on his bed when he heard a voice. "Kaine, you have done well. You have nearly fulfilled your destiny on earth, but there is one more small task for you to perform. You are to travel back to the village of El Echad from whence you came. There you will find the answer to the question you asked so long ago."

Sitting bolt upright Kaine said, "Who spoke to me? Who are you?"

There was no reply.

Once again Kaine knew he had a mission to accomplish. He called his friends together and told them he was going away and he could not be sure of coming back. They all wanted to know why.

"It's my destiny I cannot tell you any more than that. You have all started great things, but before I go there is one more project we need to do."

They all looked a little puzzled and then Kaine continued, "You have to build spaceships to travel to the stars. Space exploration was stopped because it was too expensive and the ships couldn't reach the momentum necessary to reach the stars. Space travel is the next step on the ladder to find out what is truly out there."

As the six of them sat around the long table for a last meal, Kaine thought about Jesus and the last meal he had taken with the disciples all those years ago. However,

Kaine was not going to be crucified; he was going to receive an answer to his two-thousand year old question.

They sat and talked about some of the adventures they all been a part of, and before they knew it, the purple light of dawn was shining through the windows.

Damon said to Kaine, "I have a question for you."

"What's that?"

"Please tell me, Kaine, why your facial features have not appeared to age since we first met you."

Kaine decided to speak to the group whom he'd learned to trust over the last few years. "My friends, you and your children are all going to see some great wonders in the next few years, and to answer your question, for I have wondered how long it would be before you asked it. I was sent here to complete a mission! Yes, a mission of peace, one that started out over two thousand years ago, for you see, I am immortal."

Kaine paused for a long while as he looked at the group, but not a single word was spoken. They sat and looked as if in some sort of shock. Kaine continued, "I have lived for over 2000 years. I had a destiny to be fulfilled and it is nearing its completion. You have all been great friends to me in the last few years, especially you Damon, and with the help of each one of you, what we have achieved will ensure that mankind will survive."

They all started to talk at the same time, asking questions one after another, but Kaine waited until the chattering died down. He told them he could not give them an explanation, as he did not know what his final destiny was. This he would only find out at the end of his journey.

Turning to Damon, Kaine said, "Damon, do you realise your name is an anagram?"

"An anagram? What do you mean?"

"If you juggle the letters of your name *DAMON STRAUS* it spells..." Kaine stopped there and then continued, "Well, you work it out. It might be a coincidence having the anagrammed name of a famous historical person, but that same person told me about this departure a very long time ago, so maybe your dreams were actually visions linked somehow through time. However, I think you were too close to the subject to realise that. All of you have a background and bloodline that is connected in some way or other with that of a scientific family and this will have encouraged your studies in scientific research."

Damon worked out the anagram of his name. "Well, who would have believed it, how come I never noticed that before?" Everyone in the room grabbed pen and paper and began scribbling.

Kaine said, "I'm sorry, my friends, I now have another path to travel and a long walk ahead of me. Goodbye to you all. I shall never forget you or all the work you have done to bring peace to this planet. I shall collect my things and make my way home."

Later that day they said their goodbyes and Kaine started the journey back to the village where he had first started out so long ago. He remembered it as if it were only yesterday. When he first started his travels there was no need for a passport and now that there was a United World he still did not need one.

Kane's travels retraced some of the paths he had started out on and now he saw how the world was finally at peace. No one was starving and there were no illnesses. Slums and ghettos had vanished and everyone worked towards a peaceful future. With the world's population stable at three billion, good housing and good jobs were available to all. Mankind had at last come of age. Greed was none-existent. There

were only a few hospitals and they were mainly empty, unless someone had an accident. What a change Kaine had seen over the last 2000 years. Yes, he now lived in a truly united world. There were still a few mysteries for mankind to solve but Kaine knew they could now do that without his help. He decided to phone Damon and on speaking his connection number, he was instantly put through to him. “Hello, Damon, did you know that your name is at the top of the list for Head of the World Council? With your knowledge and expertise they figure who else could give them a better world?”

“Should I take the job if it is offered to me?”

“Damon, you know I cannot answer that. Your destination is now up to you and you alone can make that decision.”

“I will thing hard about it, Kaine.”

“I know you will.”

“Can I ask if you have far to travel?”

“I’m travelling to a country that was once known as Judea. Since leaving there I have made millions of acquaintances but very few friends. I am proud to say that you Damon, are one of my friends. I will miss you. Good bye, my friend, good bye.”

Before Damon could reply, Kaine terminated the call and with his powers he dissolved the communicator device that he had allowed in his body. Soon he would find out what his destiny had been all about.

Chapter (34)

Journey's End

Though the inner calling to go back to the village was strong, Kaine resisted the urge to fly; he wanted to walk back and take in the new world he had helped to create. So, six years later he lay on the hilltop that overlooked the site of his village. He came out of his reveries knowing that he was very near his last adventure. He was not sure exactly what was going to happen but he knew that something wonderful was about to occur. Climbing to his feet, he dusted down his clothes and began the descent to the ruins below.

Walking down what had once been the main street, he stopped at the spot where he'd spent the first nineteen years of his life. Looking around he could see a few stones left standing. In his mind's eye he saw his mother baking at the stove. His eyes then travelled over the ruins to where his father's workshop had been. The sight reminded him that he had never said a proper goodbye to his mother and father. Turning from the house he made his way to the stream.

Reaching the brow of the hill that he had hidden behind so many years ago, he was amazed to see the stream was just as he remembered it. Everything looked the same, just as it was when he played and swam in it as a boy and young man. Walking towards the river he stopped at the bush where he and Jesus had sat; it was still growing there, the very same one that was struck by lightning all those 2066 years ago, as green and as fresh as ever. *That is impossible*, thought Kaine and then burst into laughter thinking, *Here I am, saying that it's impossible, and yet I too stand here and if I can be over 2000 years old, why not the bush*. Kane's excitement was mainly because he knew he had come to the end of his journey, yet was still not sure what was in store for him.

He made his way to the stream, dipped his hands into the cool water and sat down in the shade of the bush, away from the hot, burning sun. He had been resting peacefully for some hours when something on the periphery of his vision made him look over towards the hill and into the sky. A spinning blue light was moving smoothly and silently towards him, its shape very much akin to a large egg. It hovered in the air about twenty metres from him, then, slowing its rotation, it slowly descended until it was just touching the ground, where it remained still.

Kaine stood up, knowing that his questions would soon be answered. Taking a steady walk, he moved over to the object. The blue glow began to fade and take on a reddish-brown granite colour. Kaine recognised the material it was made of – it was the same as the space ship they had discovered on the island many years previously. It looked like stone but was made of crystal but smaller in size. Kaine and the team had wondered what the spaceship travellers looked like; now he was about to find out. For the first time in his life he was holding his breath in anticipation. What he hadn't realised was that he had been holding his breath for at least several minutes.

A small doorway in the side of the craft slid open. A blue light encased the door and as Kaine watched, a shadow emerged from within the illuminated interior. It was the shadow of a man.

Kaine exhaled with a large gasp. "Phew!"

For the man who stepped out of the spaceship and into the fading sunlight was the man he knew as Jesus.

“Hello Kaine, I told you we would meet again. It’s been a long time and you have done well to accomplish all that has been set before you. You have corrected some important lines in the Earth’s evolution.”

“What do you mean, Jesus?” asked Kaine, looking puzzled.

“Come, I will tell you all.”

Jesus led Kaine over to the bush and they sat under its canopy just as they did all those years ago.

“Kaine, we are a race of travellers searching out new worlds. We are also the guardians of the universe. This saga started about 200 million years ago, when one of our ships crashed here. On the ship we had life forms from several planets. We’d rescued these life forms before a Super Nova destroyed them.

As the ship approached this planet’s solar system, it had a problem with one of the life forms. It escaped its enclosure and wandered into the control room. This room was composed of crystals and the errant life form knocked one over, upsetting the stability of the ship, which was forced to make an emergency landing on this planet. At that time, the surface of the planet was totally different. There were two major landmasses and the ship crashed near the edge of one of them.

The crew managed to evacuate all the animals and send out a distress call, but within a short period of time the ship slid off the surface of the land and into deep water. As the ship slid under the water it was covered by the landslide that caused it to sink in the first place. The crew attempted to raise it again by remote control, but due to the amount of earth on top of it, the attempt wasn’t successful. By the time the rescue ship arrived, the life forms had to be released so they could feed. They moved off and soon began to multiply and colonised the land. Earth was very beautiful at that time, full of green vegetation with lakes of fresh drinking water and there was no salt in the oceans. This was an ideal planet that we’d stumbled upon. The air was pure and clean and this led us to using the planet like a giant zoo. We placed all the endangered life forms there. Thousands of them we rescued from different galaxies.

As time went by, mankind evolved on the planet and over the next few million years evolved into an intelligent technological race. The trouble was; their technology was greater than they could handle and after many small conflicts they turned into a war-like race and erased themselves totally from the planet. The planet replenished itself and once again became a beautiful place. Again mankind evolved, but his technology once more grew faster than he could handle it. Each time they reached the atomic stage they wiped themselves out.

Then 60 million years ago mankind discovered an immense power that was far greater than the atomic bomb, being able to destroy all life forms and plant life. We attempted to stop it, but did not realise just how devastating this power was until it was too late.

Then another period of mankind started when the planet Mars was destroyed by a comet passing so close it burnt off the entire atmosphere. We managed to rescue several hundred of the inhabitants and bring them safely to Earth where a few survived the experience and adapted to the then primitive planet. The people of Mars were well educated, but the only thing they could bring to this planet was themselves; they had to leave all their technology behind. As we are not allowed to enhance the advancement of any race, we had to leave them to re-develop themselves.

Kaine interrupted, “What about Atlantis? It survived?”

“You mean the space ship that went to other planets?”

“No, I mean the island of Atlantis, the one I found.”

Jesus looked surprised and said. “Please explain!”

Kaine told Jesus about his adventure on the island of Atlantis and how their last remaining village which was situated in a hidden valley, was transported into the future by their scientist. The whole island is still there, waiting for the Atlantians to return to their home.”

Jesus replied, “We never knew they possessed such power.”

Kaine replied, “It was by accident they found this time shift. They made four keys that when placed together on the monolith will emitted a signal. When they heard this signal the people would know it was all right for them to return to the planet and the island itself would also return to normal space and time.”

“If we had thought about them having that power we could have rescued them. So that is why there was no trace of them when we came back to rescue the remaining people. We thought the island had been destroyed by a great tidal wave. You will have to tell me more about this one day.”

Kaine asked, “Is there a God?”

“You had better believe it! God did create Heaven and Earth, but on a scale so vast that even I do not know the limit of it and we are all his children. So to answer your next question, yes, I am the son of God, just as you are. As I said, we are all God’s children. There are a billion life forms and trillions of universes. Some are very aggressive, while others are meek. Some are as tall as mountains and others are as small as microbes. There is a galaxy out there, with a billion stars in it, that would fit on the palm of your hand. In fact there is more out there than your mind could imagine. When planets explode and destroy themselves we have try to help out and rescue the lives that exist there. This is one of the reasons why Earth was such a good place. After a hundred million years, many life forms have come and gone and even now there are life forms on this planet that have still not been discovered. Some of our people put them here for safety and sometimes we have to remove endangered species from this planet and take them to one of the planets that have no predators, in order that they can survive.

Kaine interrupted again, “Then Earth is a giant zoo?”

“Yes, that is correct. There are millions of different life forms yet to be discovered on this planet, some you cannot even see.”

“You mean invisible?”

“Yes, there are two races of people living alongside each other, without the one knowing about the other. Nor are they affected by each other’s living standards. A few of them become translucent at times of illness. People see them and call them ghosts.”

“This I never knew.” said Kaine.

The trouble with the evolution of mankind is that over a few million years they started to get out of hand, and once they discovered weapons of war, then their self-destruction became inevitable. But this time God had a plan to save mankind from his own destruction. My crucifixion on that day over 2000 years ago led the world in another direction. My resurrection had to be witnessed so that knowledge of my immortality could survive on this planet and give the people something to believe in. The day you and my disciples saw me ascend into the sky surrounded by a bright light was me changing form to go back to my ship. The seed was planted and you, Kaine, were their new seed of hope. We hoped to avoid the nuclear wars that had wiped out mankind twice before.

Once again Kaine interrupted. “But why me? That is the question I’ve carried for all this time.”

“The truth is Kaine, you are one of us. Over two thousand years ago one of our people pretended to be unable to look after you and selected your earthly parents by reason of the excellent principle they lived by. He stopped at the home of Nathan and Miriam and after a brief discussion they adopted you.”

“I always knew I was adopted but never knew who my real parents were. What happened to Miriam and Nathan?” asked Kaine.

“They lived a happy life. They missed you very much but you had a mission to fulfil. My crucifixion gave mankind something to believe in and history took its course. We knew that if we could place you at the right place at the right time it might be possible to stop the nuclear war that would destroy this beautiful planet for the third time. All the people you interacted with on your journey had a part to play and it was your job to guide them onto the right path. John F. Kennedy was the key to the salvation of mankind, and all the people you touched with your power helped in their own way with mankind’s survival. They each influenced the passing generations with their writings and the descending bloodline. If you had not touched Nostradamus then Damon Straus would not have known you and the new power source would not have been available to help mankind. Do you see what I’m getting at?”

“Yes, each life interacts with each and every other’s.” said Kaine.

Jesus continued with his talk. “JFK’s stumble, plus the effect your healing power had on him, allowed him to find a solution to avoid a nuclear war. The so-called Cold War came to an end, people began to talk instead of fight and this led to all nations forming a United World. Damon Straus and you achieved that. When you found the power source from our ship, you put all that information and knowledge to good use. If some unscrupulous person had come across it, they may have discovered the other crystal that would turn the power source into a devastating weapon of mass destruction, just like a race of people did so many millions of years ago.”

Kaine asked, “How many spaceships do you have?”

“We have thousands of ships, with the same power source that you re-established from our old ship. With the resources this planet, the development of space travel at speeds you cannot imagine is now within their reach. In a few hundred years” we shall be able to help mankind evolve into guardians of a sector of the universe. They will help other races in trouble. The universe is violent and is expanding faster and faster so that one day it will find a limit to its expansion. We believe that will cause another explosion at the centre again as it would have stretched the fabric of time. Humans will start to explore the universe and start new colonies on many planets.

“Why doesn’t God just wave his hand and make it happen?” asked Kaine.

“God does not believe in controlling sentient beings, unless its total destruction is inevitable. This is why he interrupted with this time-line. He did it to give mankind one more chance. Basically he likes the people of this planet because they are a little like us in that when a question is asked, they set out to find the answer.

“Jesus, if John Kennedy was the turning point for stopping nuclear war, why was I not there to stop him being assassinated?”

“If he had lived he would have turned America into a perfect place to live.”

“Whatever is wrong with that?” asked a curious Kaine.

“The rest of the world would have become jealous and sooner or later the world would have been destroyed. It had to be done gradually, I appeared as Jesus to John Kennedy in his sleep the night before he was assassinated. I told him not to be afraid for he had done his part and the world was now on course for peace.”

Kaine replied, “So what’s in store for me now?” Then, raising his eyebrows he asked, “Is your name really Jesus?”

“No, we don’t normally have names, but we do adopt them from time to time. It helps us to blend in when required. Our recognition is by the thought waves we give out.”

“That’s amazing. I see I have a lot to learn.”

“We have to depart now, we have a new mission to fulfil in another galaxy.

“How long do we live for?”

“Live?” said Jesus. “Our race is immortal, Kaine. We are made of pure energy – you have a great deal to learn about yourself. I am many thousands of earth years old. I can also change into any form or shape that is required to fit in with any life form on any planet as a disguise. Now look into the water; you have the look of youth again.”

Kaine moved to the river bank to look at his reflection. What looked back at him was the face of the nineteen-year-old who first saw Jesus.

“Everyone can look young and fresh if they wish. It’s a pleasant and useful manifestation and we like to use it because most sentient beings have very similar appearances throughout the universe and it is the most adaptive form. Our normal appearance is of pure energy, and, as you might have guessed, when we are in our natural state we look like a blue light.”

Kaine replied, “We are we not of the flesh then?”

“No Kaine, we are not of the flesh.” Jesus then slowly transformed into a soft blue light.

“Is that what I am?”

“Yes, but do not worry, it is a most pleasant feeling. We can change to blend in with the inhabitants of any planet. We did start our race as a creature very much like the humans, but as we grew older and wiser we became immortal and our being evolved into this blue form of energy. As I keep saying, you have a lot to learn. This planet was your first mission; we will now teach you everything you need to know before your next assignment. Tell me Kaine, how you feel in yourself?”

“It feels as if it was only yesterday this all started.”

“Good, that is how you should feel, and in a million years you will still feel the same.”

“How is it that I was not told of this at the beginning?”

Jesus replied, “We had to find out if you were capable of fulfilling this mission, and to find out if you had the capability to overcome any type of temptation; so we restricted some of your powers.”

“What do you mean by temptation?”

“There are a few of our race who thought they were Gods and they tried to rule aspects of the universe. So we now test our entire race to find the truly compassionate ones. Come now, I have a surprise for you in the ship.”

“What’s that?” asked Kaine.

“It’s someone whom you thought you would not see again. They wanted to greet you when your task was finished.”

“Who is it, please tell me.”

“It would not be a surprise if I told you, so you will have to wait and find out.”

The evening sky was cool with a bright moon shining over the water, Jesus and Kaine walked towards the ship.

Kaine asked, “Will I see this planet again?”

“Yes, I am quite sure you will. Many, many times!”

Kaine looked up and could not believe his eyes. “It’s you two! It gladdens me so much to see you both alive and well.” He smiled as he clasped them both within his arms.

The Story continues on with

Book two THE FOUR KEYS TO ATLANTIS is also completed.

To Be Continued