

Calington Castle II

Testing the Truth

By

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I dedicate this book to those who seek healing, restoration and order, for the making of the best decisions in their lives.

One

It is a warm late morn, a hot kind of day. Kelth, the leader of the tribe of Nomads has gathered with his men. One tribesman motions to their chief, “Over here!”

There is a crowd gathered around little Hinsee whom Kelth in his stature makes his way to.

His first in command, Cetchem, a large burley man steps aside to a relieved looking father. He makes his way through his fellow Nomads.

“By eagle spirit, you find him Cetchem!” Fear takes hold of Kelth as he realizes his son doth not move.

Gently he turns his little one who is face down on some rocks near the water’s edge.

The boy lay on a stream bed nearby the road where they were working.

All look on and see his now pale face as a strange little bottle is noticed clenched in Hinsee’s right hand.

The stunned look on Kelth’s face as he takes his son to his bosom. Cetchem, his good friend, is drawn into his grief. He cries out as he stands looking on, “Let us leave here!”

“It better pluck out heart!” says Kelth looking up.

Cetchem replies, “It no good be here. Snake spirit may still be about.”

“My son! Who do this, pay with life?”

Another tribesman speaks out. Nadar, a lanky man who is a tracker, “Could be tribesman Old Orth?”

“No! Not be quick judge.” Kelth pauses, “Perhaps what one want believe.”

“Best bring before council.”

“You right Cetchem, I no self. Custom now prevent war.”

Misu, another from Kelth’s tribe loses control, “Customs!” taking up a spear. “We kill Orthians now. I want blood river!”

Cetchem quickly steps in front of him and takes away his spear, “I love Hinsee, too!” Shaking his head, “Not way, our great spirit! We no under attack, people lambs now.”

Kelth looks up from holding his son, “May-be not all.”

Another Nomad named Pinto speaks out, “Hinsee get in things. We forget?”

Kelth takes the bottle from his son’s hand. “May be, we see? ‘Cetchem take bottle, go glassmaker. See where from?’” Handing it over he continues to speak. “After meet town hall. I go see mayor.”

“I find out.”

With a bottle in one hand and spear in the other. Cetchem makes his way through the streets of Old Orth.

He is brazen in his efforts, bumping into people without noticing or even pardoning himself. His grief has blinded his sight.

Some Orthians express their concerns in prayer. Others, who see him coming and sense his agitation stay out of his way.

“Hey! Where glassmaker?” An intimidated youth who carries a bundle under his arm backs away before giving answer, “He is at the edge of the village where the road is being worked on.”

Pointing to the horizon, “He makes bottles even now. See there? That is his smoke in the sky.”

Without delay, Cetchem moves on in military fashion. Then passing another from his tribe who works on another road, he pays him no mind.

The foreman speaks out and questions, “You find Hinsee?”
“No time talk!”

Realizing his emotional state, the other brave looks on and patiently nods.

Marching up the half completed road while using his spear for support, he speaks outloud. “Hmmm! Why no see place when work before?”

The glassmaker, a well groomed white haired old man with a trimmed white beard to match is just finishing off a bottle. He sets it cool as Cetchem barges in.

“See bottle before?”

“My name is William sir and to whom do I have the pleasure of addressing?”

“Me Cetchem, no time talk. Chief need right now.”

“My Chief created time and I’m sure it is by His power you are here.”

“What you say?”

“Everything is done in the timing of The Great One. For in knowing His pattern, I sense thee to be shaken from thy peace. You are apart from it. This is very dangerous for you!”