“YadY! YadY! Ducky!”

YadY stirred ever so gently then slowly started to rub his eyes before sitting upright in his chamber bed. He had slept on the floor last night as if he had been given an ominous warning the very night before.

“Yes, Father’?” He yawned.

“It’s your turn to go down, Sonnybum.”

They had cast lots just a few hours prior to this dreadful news. Dreadful for YadY, at least.

“O.”

There was a tersness to it.

“Wha-what do you mean?”, continued King YadY.

YadY, prophet two-double-eight-five-six knew full well the gravitas of what had just been told, yet he knew that every extra second he could glean from his feigned ignorance served him for pleasure maintained.

“I *mean*, Sonny that the Earthens need you, smiled Paul through the metallic bronze doorway at the foot of Yady’s deliscious royal chamber room.

“Awwww! Paul, man! It can’t be! No!”

He was now bolt upright In his bed and was beginning to draw back the covers.

“Come *on,* YadY. Dearest. There isn’t time to tarry! Your throne room’s under threat from the dajjals! Plus, two Brothers are in danger. Of *annihilation!*”

“WHAT?!”

He was up now, quick as a flash, looking at his slippers but questioning within hisself whether he should go striaght for the shower. He decided to pull on his red satins.

“Say no more Mr. Mason. He begin pullin on his favourite red robe also, tying it in the middle over his midrif, concealing his famed muscles of yore. Yady was wide awake be nah and headed toward the door before walking and gaining a slither of information regarding the current situation over the ongoing war with Psychiatry from his Father. They stopped at the briefing room door. Paul put a hand to Yady’s solar plexus, imparting a gentle warmth through his night tincts.

Listen, YadY. I’m sorry about this, but the phates have decided that this mission could only be completed by somebody of your nature, robustness and kindness. Your Brothers in Arms, and bothers, of course, await you.

Paul kept his hand on YadY chest while he heaved open the heavy star crossed single door. No mean feat, thought Yady. Inside it was a noisy full house. Then all voices ceased sounding and all pupils of the eyes snapped toward the location their King and qiblah.

ALL HAIL OUR KING OF KINGS!

Chairs scuffed on the stone floor as eveybody arose off of them in a respectful, all-inspired salute.

“Peace people. Respect Allah. At ease”, decreed YadY, raising is right palm with index finger and thumb connected, as such doing.

“Ah!” Was the concensus sigh in the heavily standardised room.

Everybody eased and whirled back down, slowly remembering where they had ended their urgent discussions, dreamy in their minds now. Yady took H.I.M. seat at HIM usual spot.

“King Yady. Permission to debrief you, my Liege.”

Simon Peter had presumed to be the most informed, after Yeshua, whom of which had seated Hisself at the other end of the huge platinum round table. ‘*Strange’*, Yady quickly cognitioned.

“Please, do go on Simon.”

“Sir! Our Forces have rallied around Highbury Hospital. The situation is dire. Lovelle Pacey and Koby Cashin have both been captured at their best and now are both being tortured to their last breath inside Devil’s ward. WE must save them! At all costs!

Paul had been stood silent next to the star-crossed door, hands clasped, head bowed, listening to every word uttered inside the room, all at once, as if he was drinking in the room’s noise from a goblet, not spliiling a drop. “Get a shower and get dressed, Dotter”, HE commanded. YadY drew from his seat after taking a a knowing glance at his brother’s visage because in that instance Heaven of Heavens knew what was about to follow. Holy War.