



REPUBLIC OF ENOCH



HOUSE OF THE RISEN SON

1A



DIKAIOS TO BASE:
DOESN'T SEEM TO
BE ANYTHING
UNUSUAL OUT HERE!

BLESSING AFORETHOUGHT



(BTW: The acronym "M.I.S.T.E.R." stood for "Men In Service To Eternal Righteousness")

Anyway, closing in on the 40th (!) anniversary of the original publication (of which only about 100 copies were printed!) I felt it was high time to bring this title back from the slightly-deceased! This is the place where I will reprint older material which is now no longer available and some brand new or created-but-never-published stories as well.

MAY YAHWEH THE TRUE
AND LIVING GOD AND HIS
BELOVED SON YAHSHUA
MESSIAH BLESS ALL WHO
READ THIS BOOK! AMEN.

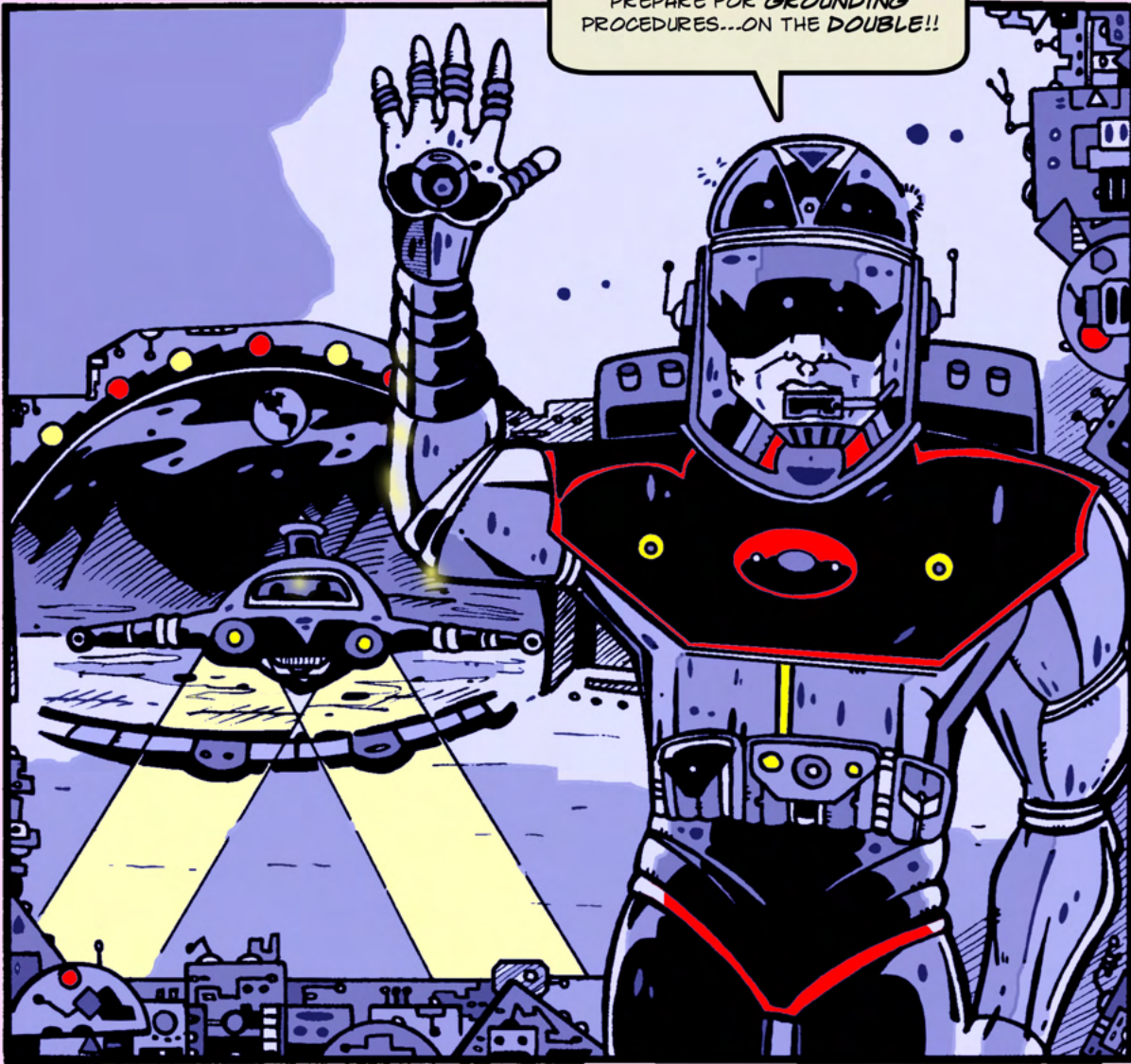
Some of you may be wondering about that number: 1A. Long-time readers of mine will muse, "...but we don't recall seeing number 1!". Well, about that...the original first-issue of this title was actually published MANY moons ago...way back in May 1983! HOUSE OF THE RISEN SON was originally intended to be an anthology comic featuring spiritually-symbolic science fiction and fantasy tales. Although a second issue was completed, featuring the story "Dungeons of the Damned", it was never published. Can't recall why. A third issue, with the story "The Fire!", was written and a cover created but that was as far as it got!



(A page from the never-before-seen "Dungeons of the Damned"!)

HOUSE OF THE RISEN SON VOL-2 NO-1
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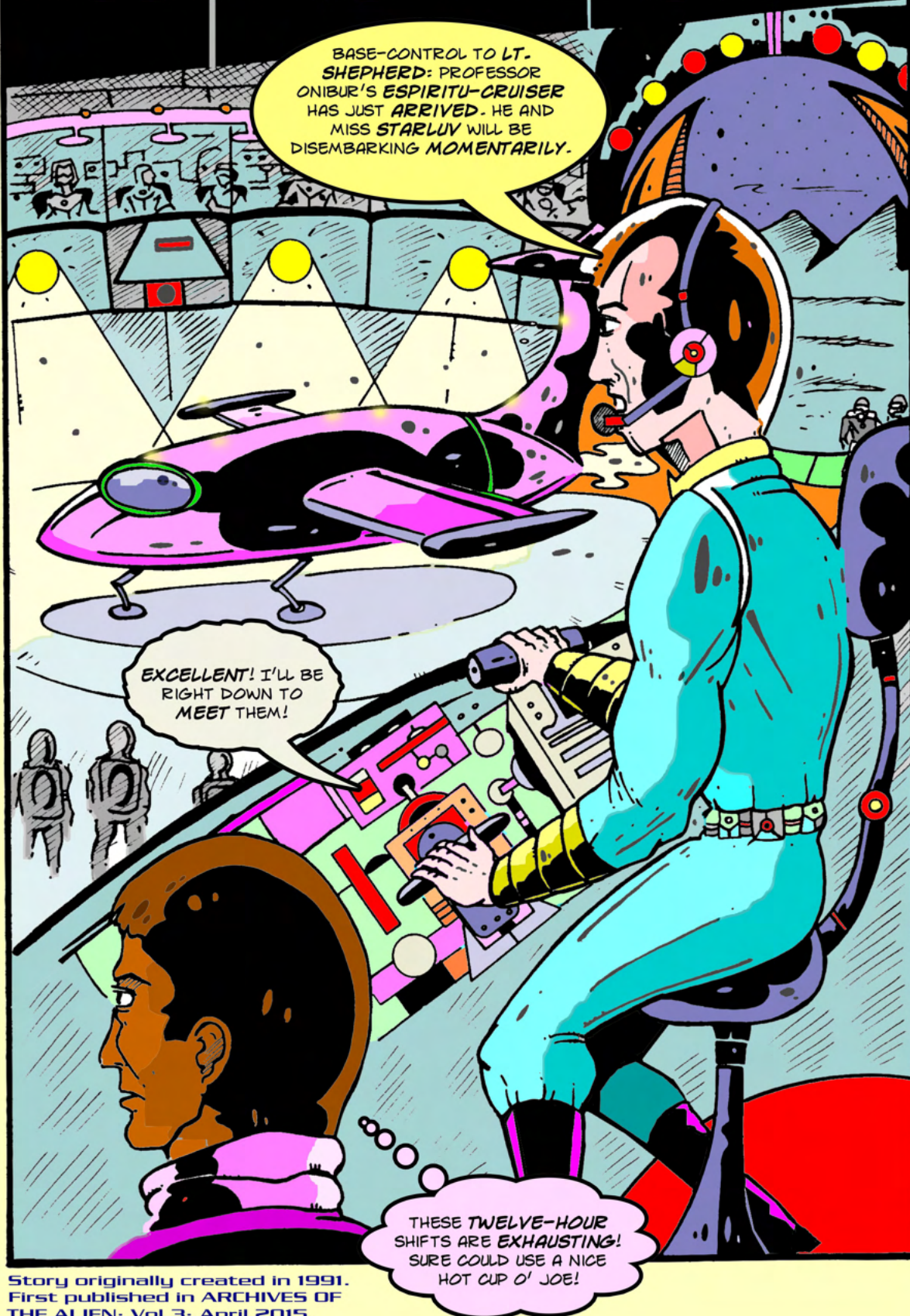
APPROACHING *ESPIRITU*-CRUISER
"J-35" CLEARED FOR ADMITTANCE!
HIGH PRIORITY! REPEAT: HIGH
PRIORITY! LANDING-TECHS
PREPARE FOR *GROUNDING*
PROCEDURES...ON THE DOUBLE!!



BEHOLD...
THE
WORLD OF
WESLEY!

THEY SURVIVED IN AN ALIEN ENVIRON!

MOON-BASE EKKLESIA™



Story originally created in 1991.
First published in ARCHIVES OF
THE ALIEN; Vol.3; April 2015.

ROBO-STABILIZERS SUCCESSFULLY
ENGAGED! PROCEED WITH
LOWERING OF INDIVIDUAL SHIP-TO-
GROUND MAGNA-PLATFORMS...

WHIRRR!

RESIDUAL
RADIATION AT
ACCEPTABLE
LEVELS. PLEASE
CONFIRM!

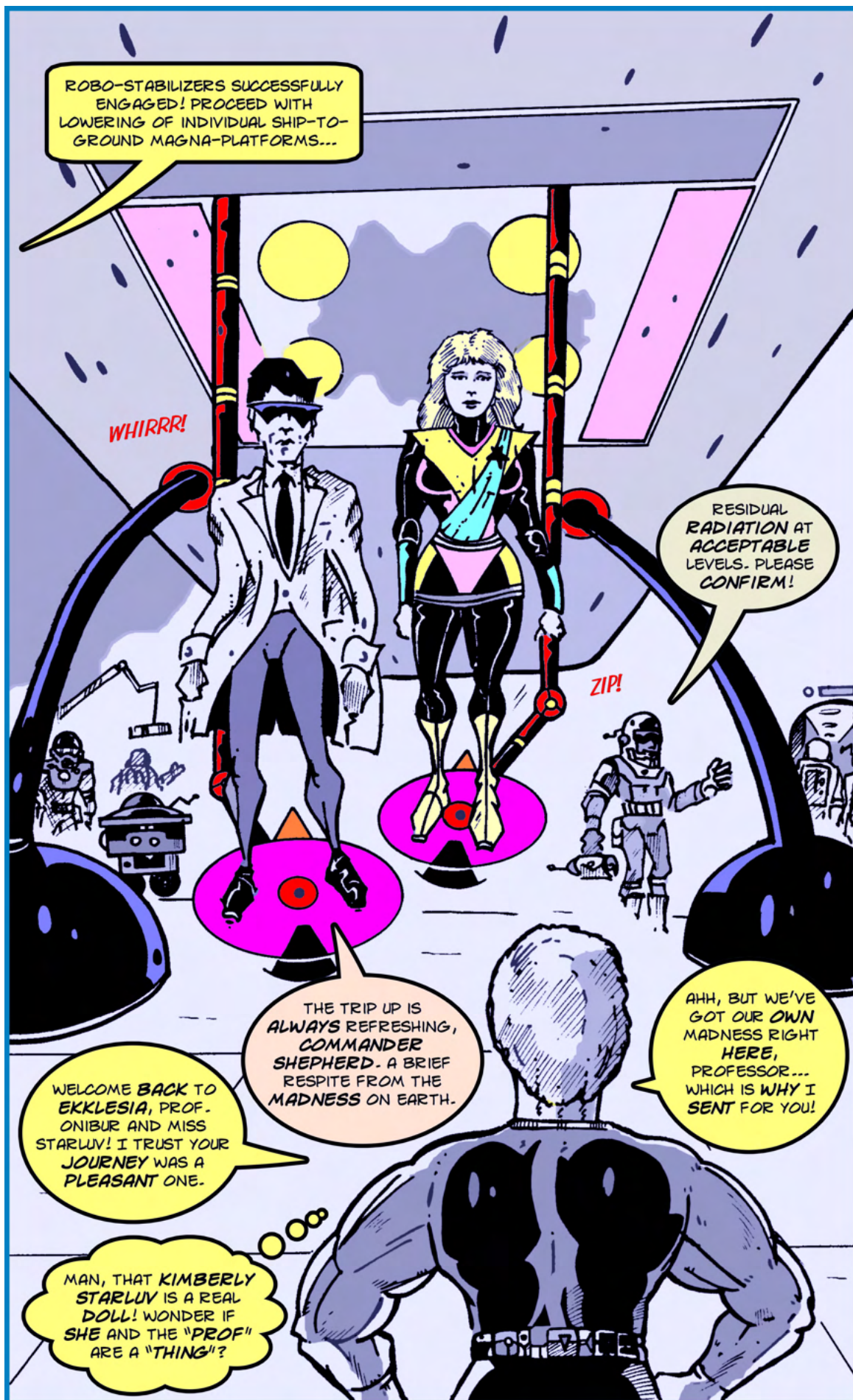
ZIP!

WELCOME BACK TO
EKKLESIA, PROF.
ONIBUR AND MISS
STARLUV! I TRUST YOUR
JOURNEY WAS A
PLEASANT ONE.

THE TRIP UP IS
ALWAYS REFRESHING,
COMMANDER
SHEPHERD. A BRIEF
RESPITE FROM THE
MADNESS ON EARTH.

AHH, BUT WE'VE
GOT OUR OWN
MADNESS RIGHT
HERE,
PROFESSOR...
WHICH IS WHY I
SENT FOR YOU!

MAN, THAT KIMBERLY
STARLUV IS A REAL
DOLL! WONDER IF
SHE AND THE "PROF"
ARE A "THING"?



YOUR REPORTS ARE **DISTURBING**, COMMANDER. THE DESCRIPTIONS OF STRANGLER **CORPSES** BEING FOUND ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE BASE SEEM TO CONFIRM MY **WORST** SUSPICIONS. HAVE YOU INVESTIGATED ANY FURTHER?

ONE OF OUR BEST TECHNICIANS, **HOSEA DIKAIOS**, IS OUT IN THE "NO MAN'S LAND" AREA JUST BEYOND THE PERIMETER OF THE BASE NOW MAKING A **RECONNAISSANCE**.

THERE SEEMS TO BE A **PATTERN** TO THE ATTACKS. THEY'VE ALL TAKEN PLACE AT POINTS JUST **OUTSIDE** THE BOUNDARIES OF THE ACTUAL BASE **COMPOUND**...

YES...IT ALL FITS IN. IT SEEMS MY **DARKEST** APPREHENSIONS MAY BE **REALIZED**.

...THEN YOU THINK YOU MAY HAVE SOME IDEA AS TO WHAT THIS **NIGHTMARE** IS, PROF.?

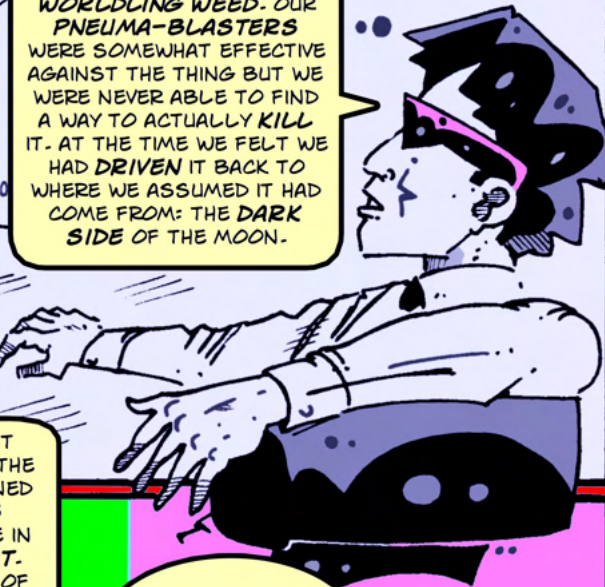
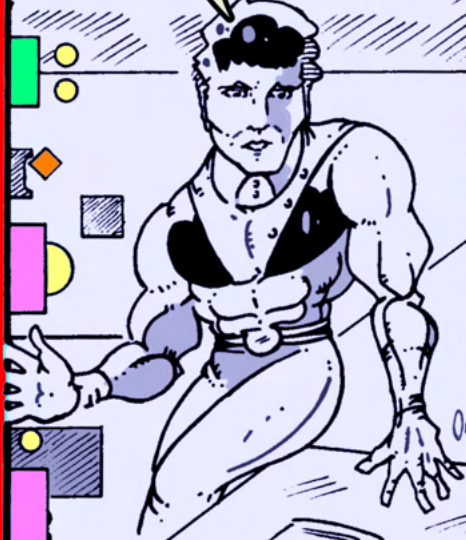
I BELIEVE SO, COMMANDER. YOU SEE, SOME YEARS AGO WHEN WE FIRST ESTABLISHED THE BASE HERE WE ENCOUNTERED A **HOSTILE** LIFE-FORM, SOMETHING LIKE AN ENORMOUS, **SENTIENT** WEED- WITH DEADLY THORN-ENCRUSTED **TENTACLES**. A HIDEOUS BEAST ACTUALLY...ONE THAT KILLED NOT FOR FOOD OR EVEN OVER ITS TERRITORIAL CONCERNS BUT SIMPLY BECAUSE OF ITS OWN **MALICIOUS** NATURE.

...WE CALLED IT **THE WORLDLING WEED**. OUR **PNEUMA-BLASTERS** WERE SOMEWHAT EFFECTIVE AGAINST THE THING BUT WE WERE NEVER ABLE TO FIND A WAY TO ACTUALLY KILL IT. AT THE TIME WE FELT WE HAD **DRIVEN** IT BACK TO WHERE WE ASSUMED IT HAD COME FROM: **THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON**.

...WE ALSO FOUND THAT THE BEAST DIDN'T LIKE THE EXTREME **LIGHT** OF THE BASE-COMPOUND AND HENCE REMAINED IN THE **SHADOWS** AND **CRATERS** BEYOND THE BASE PERIMETER, MORE IN KEEPING WITH ITS NATURAL **HABITAT**. WE ESTABLISHED A **STRICT** POLICY OF KEEPING ALL PERSONNEL WITHIN THE BASE-AREA CONFINES...

...APPARENTLY THIS POLICY HAS GROWN **LAX** OVER THE YEARS...

PROFESSOR, THE PREVIOUS BASE-COMMANDER NEVER MENTIONED A **WORD** OF THIS TO ME WHEN I BECAME **OVERSEER** OF OPERATIONS HERE.



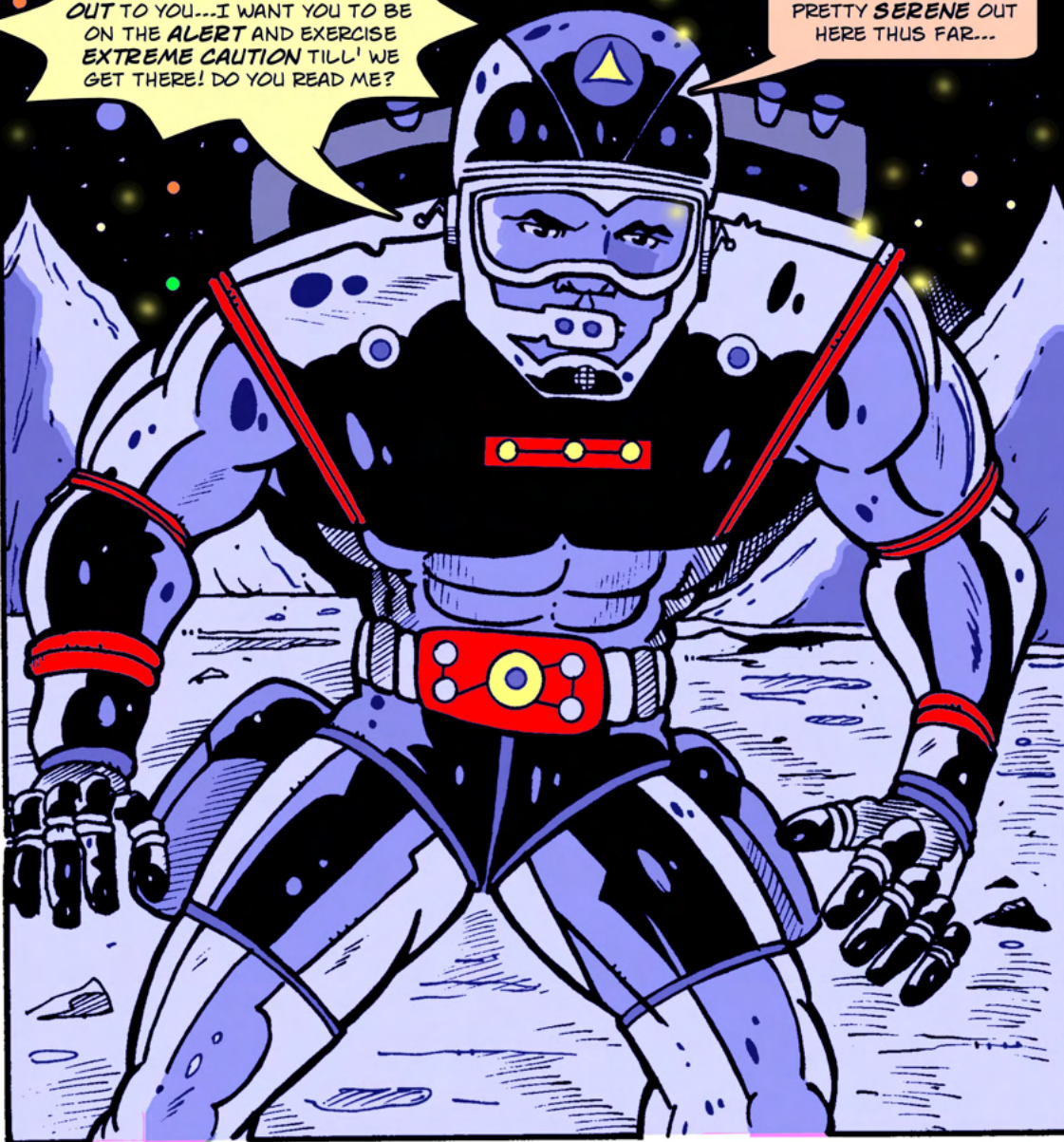
YOU'RE NOT AT
FAULT,
COMMANDER
SHEPHERD.
APPARENTLY, OUR
FORMER BASE-
COMMANDER,
DEIMOS
HIRELING, HAD
LITTLE, IF ANY
CONCERN FOR THE
WELL-BEING OF
THE PERSONNEL
COMMITTED TO
HIS CHARGE...

...WHICH IS
WHY HE WAS
REPLACED.

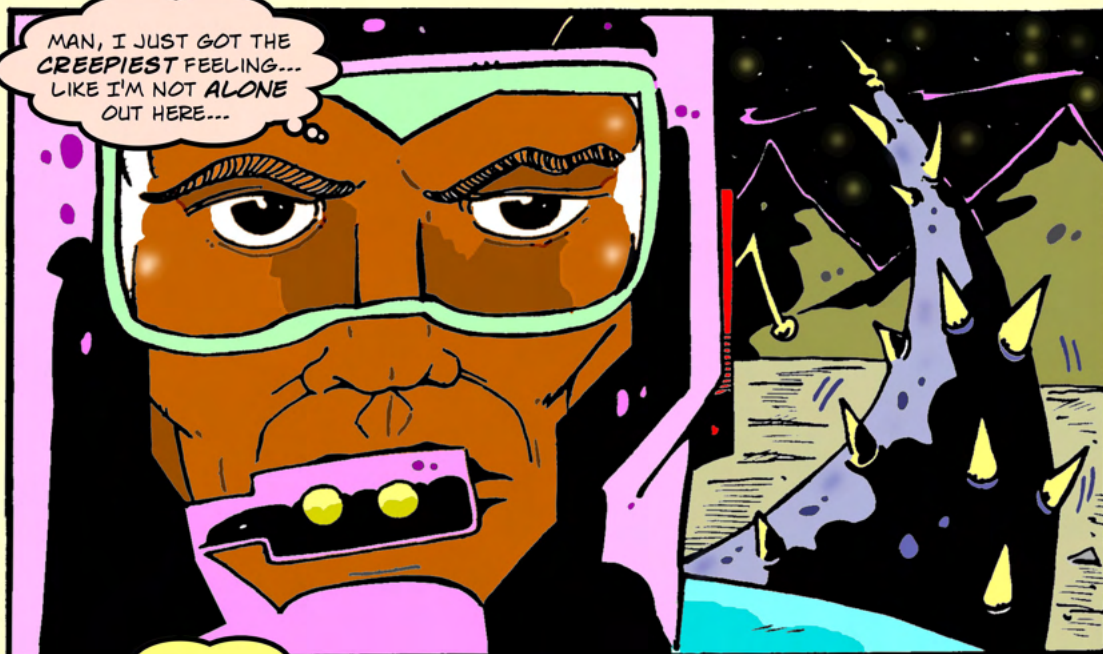
PROFESSOR ONIBUR,
I HAVE A MAN OUT IN
THAT **DANGER ZONE**
RIGHT NOW! LET'S
GET OUT THERE TO
HIM BEFORE WE HAVE
ANOTHER TRAGEDY
OCCUR!

HOSEA, THIS IS COMMANDER
SHEPHERD! WE'RE ON OUR WAY
OUT TO YOU...I WANT YOU TO BE
ON THE ALERT AND EXERCISE
EXTREME CAUTION TILL' WE
GET THERE! DO YOU READ ME?

ROGER, COMMANDER!
BUT THINGS LOOK
PRETTY **SERENE** OUT
HERE THUS FAR...

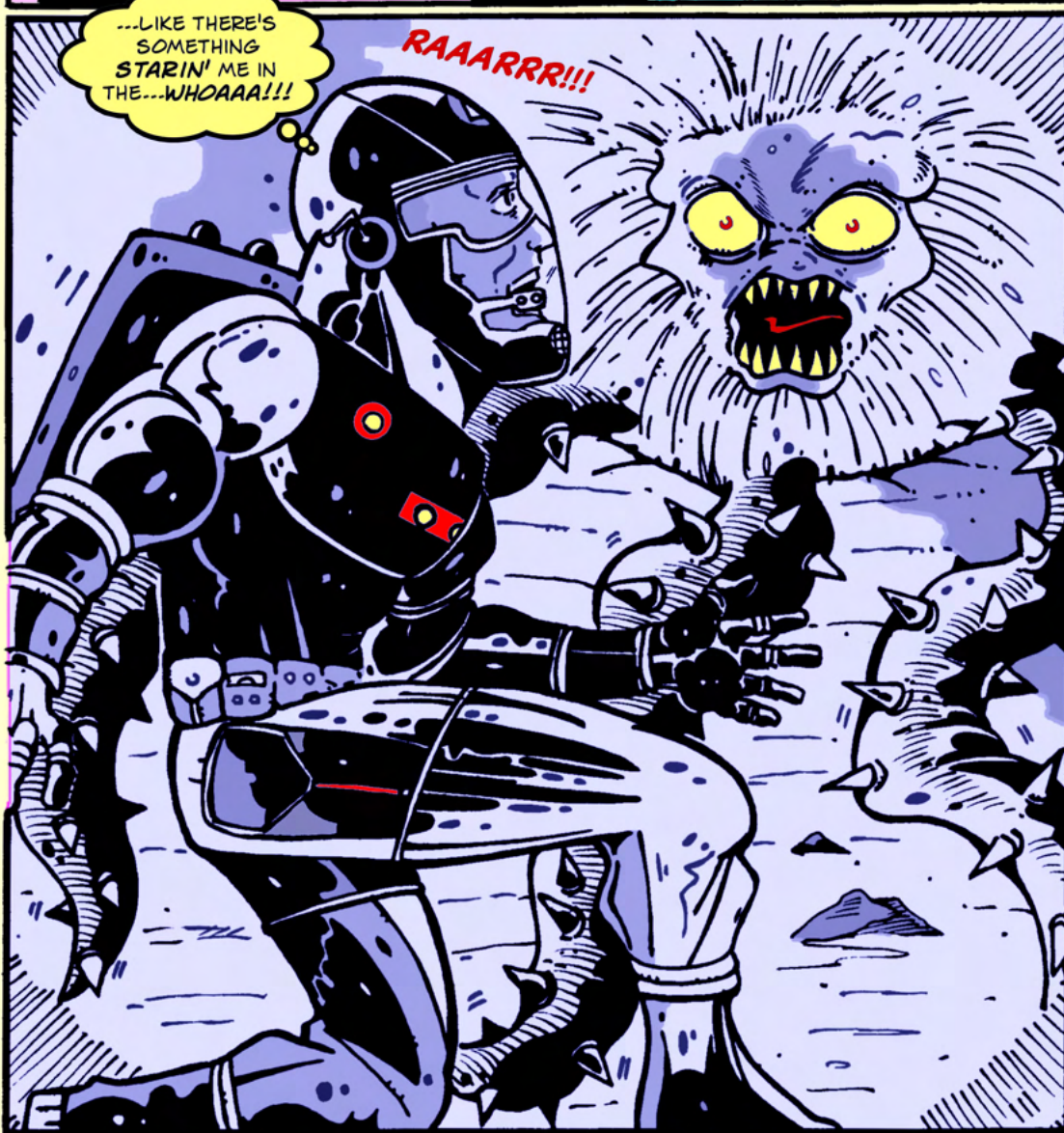


MAN, I JUST GOT THE
CREEPIEST FEELING...
LIKE I'M NOT ALONE
OUT HERE...

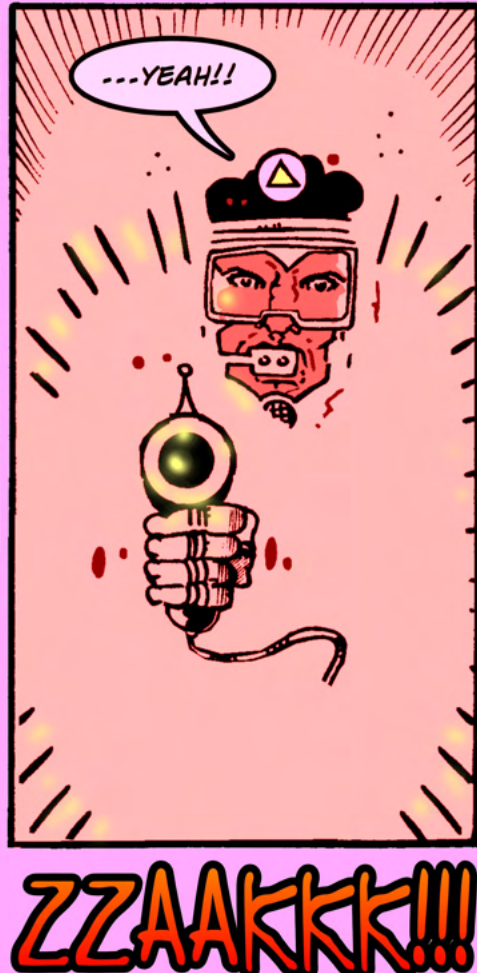
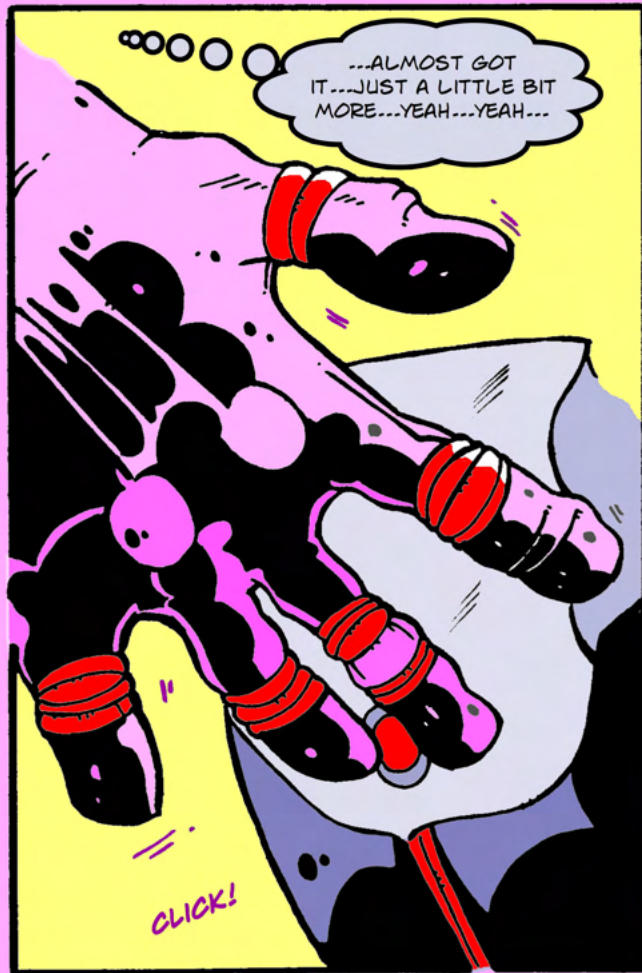
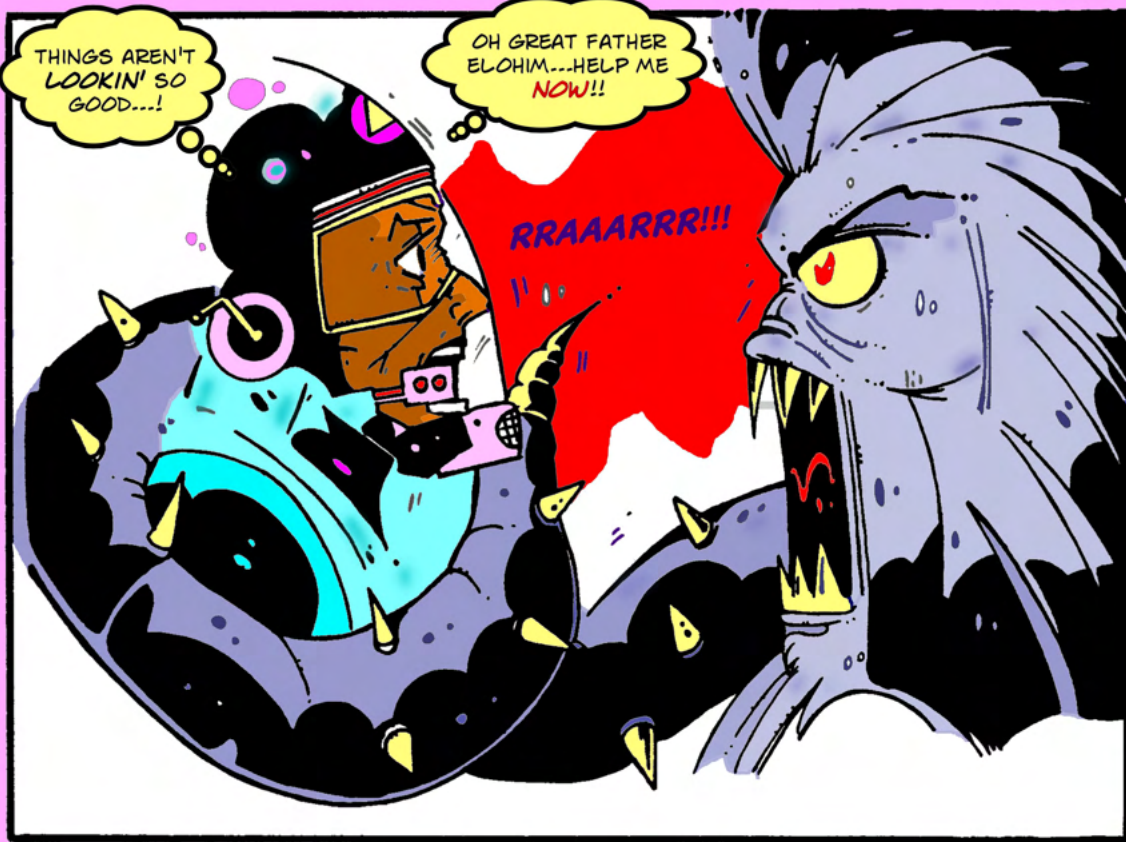


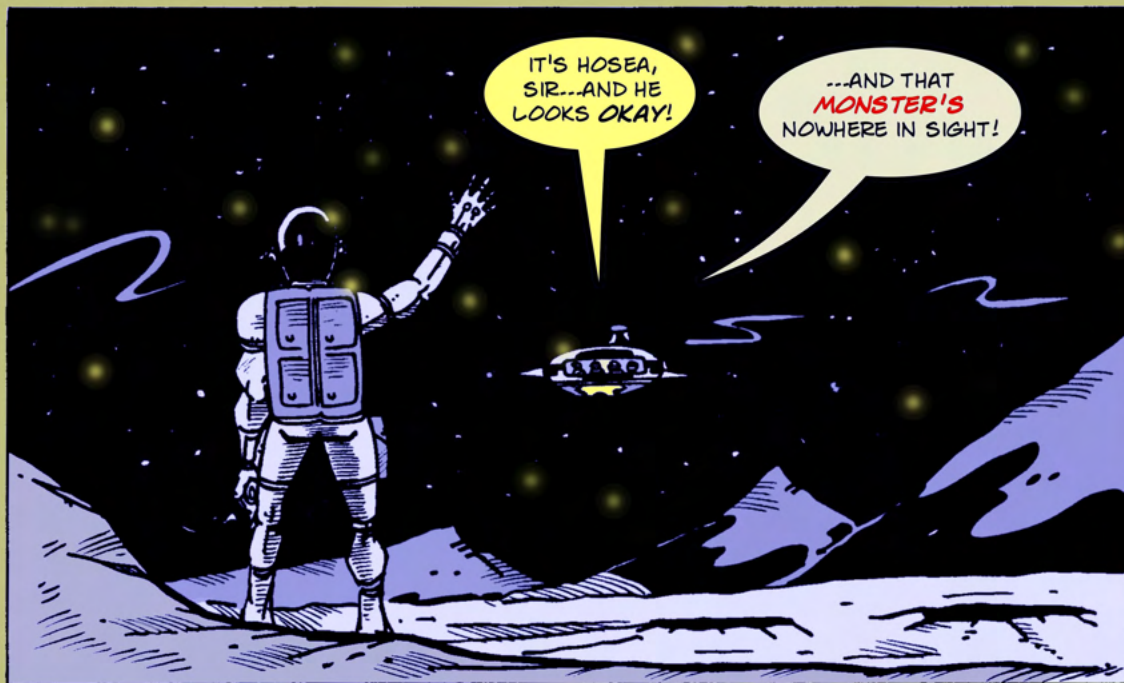
...LIKE THERE'S
SOMETHING
STARIN' ME IN
THE...WHOOAAA!!!

RAAARRR!!!



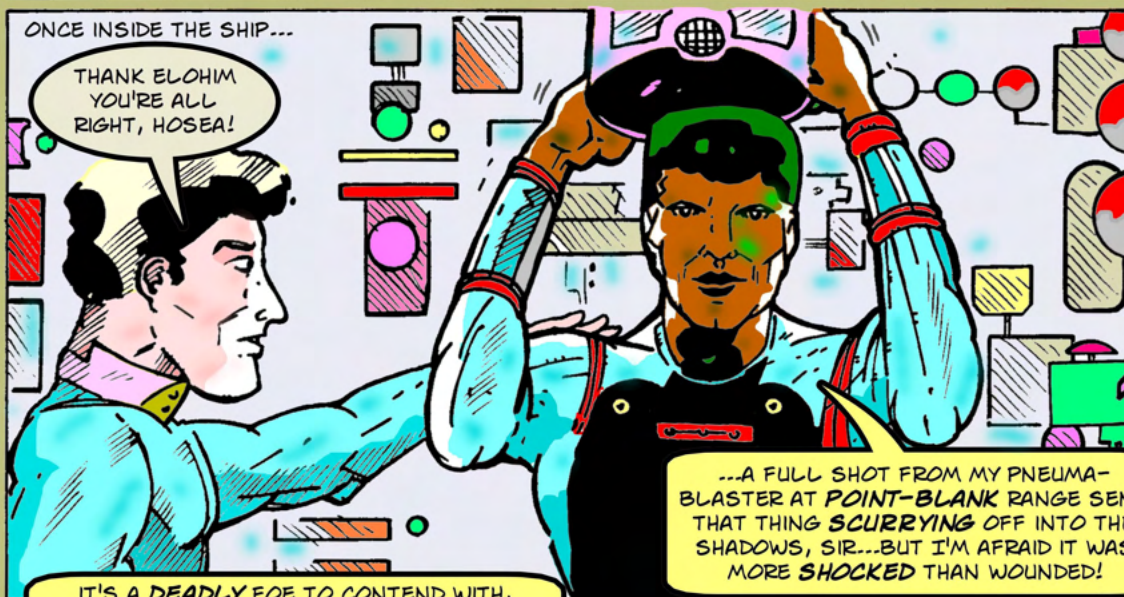






IT'S HOSEA,
SIR...AND HE
LOOKS OKAY!

...AND THAT
MONSTER'S
NOWHERE IN SIGHT!

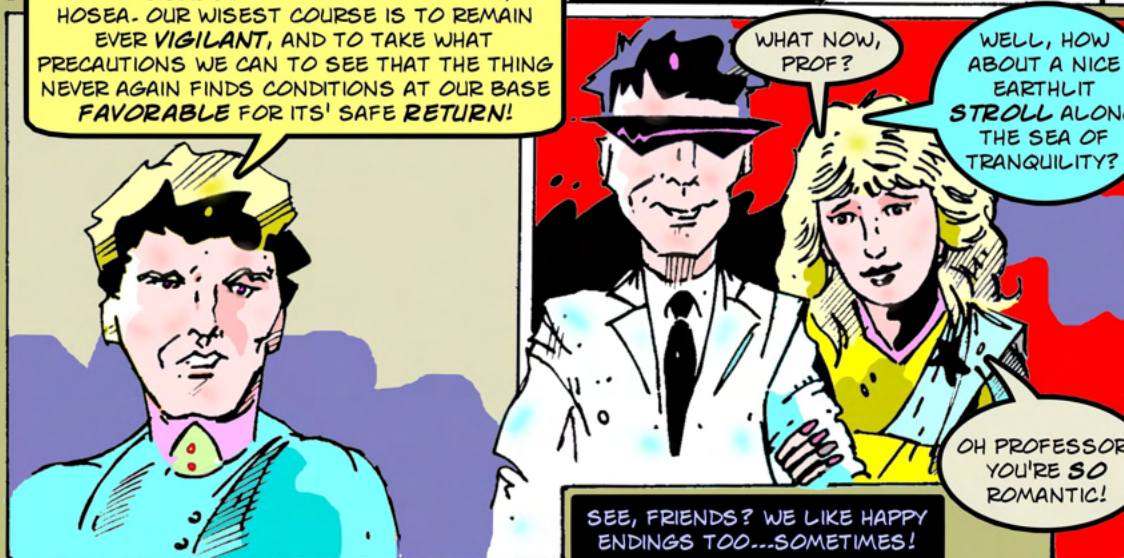


ONCE INSIDE THE SHIP...

THANK ELOHIM
YOU'RE ALL
RIGHT, HOSEA!

...A FULL SHOT FROM MY PNEUMA-
BLASTER AT **POINT-BLANK** RANGE SENT
THAT THING **SCURRYING** OFF INTO THE
SHADOWS, SIR...BUT I'M AFRAID IT WAS
MORE **SHOCKED** THAN WOUNDED!

IT'S A **DEADLY** FOE TO CONTENT WITH,
HOSEA. OUR WISEST COURSE IS TO REMAIN
EVER **VIGILANT**, AND TO TAKE WHAT
PRECAUTIONS WE CAN TO SEE THAT THE THING
NEVER AGAIN FINDS CONDITIONS AT OUR BASE
FAVORABLE FOR ITS' SAFE RETURN!



WHAT NOW,
PROF?

WELL, HOW
ABOUT A NICE
EARTHLIT
STROLL ALONG
THE SEA OF
TRANQUILITY?

OH PROFESSOR,
YOU'RE SO
ROMANTIC!

SEE, FRIENDS? WE LIKE HAPPY
ENDINGS TOO...SOMETIMES!

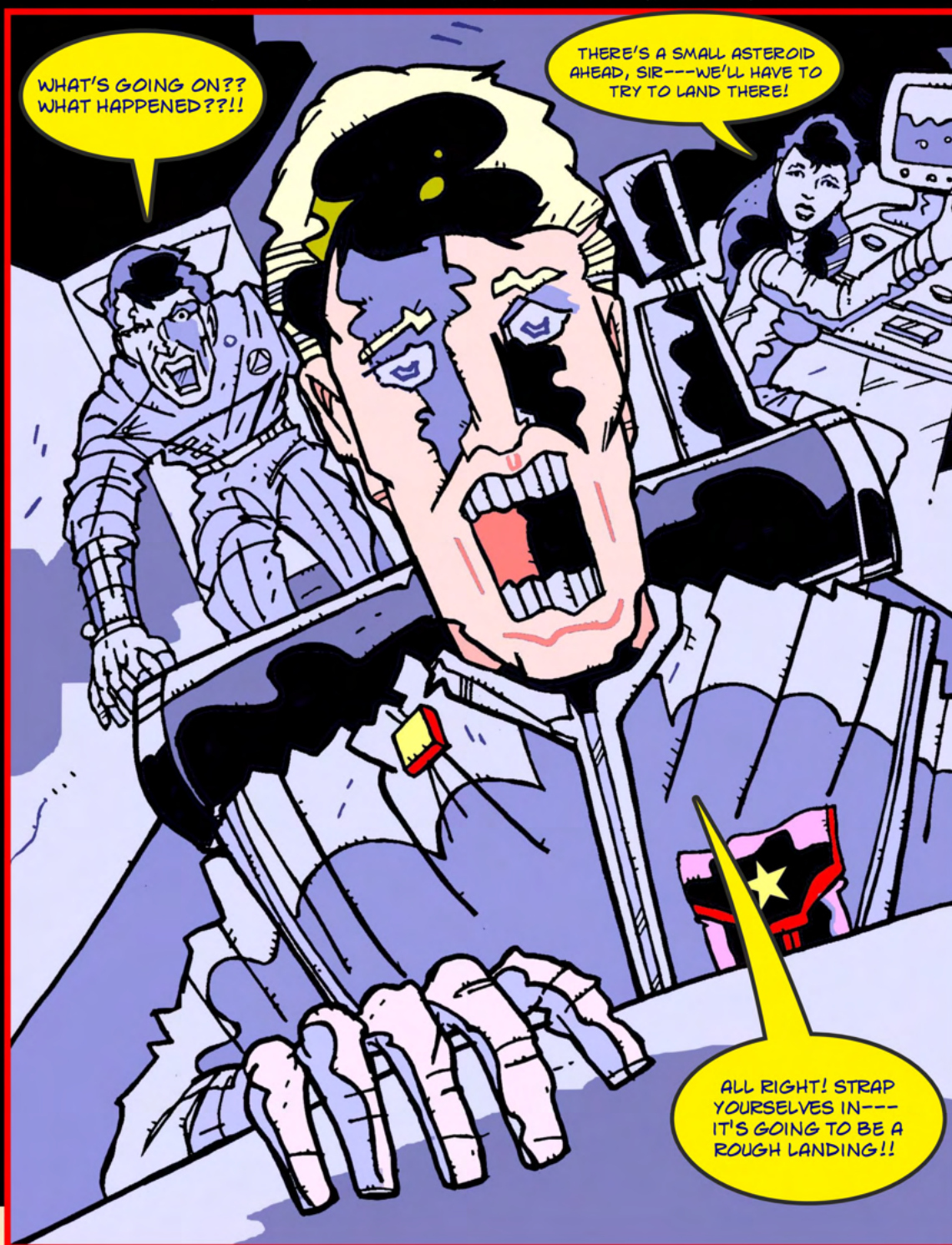
PROF. SEMAJ ONIBUR



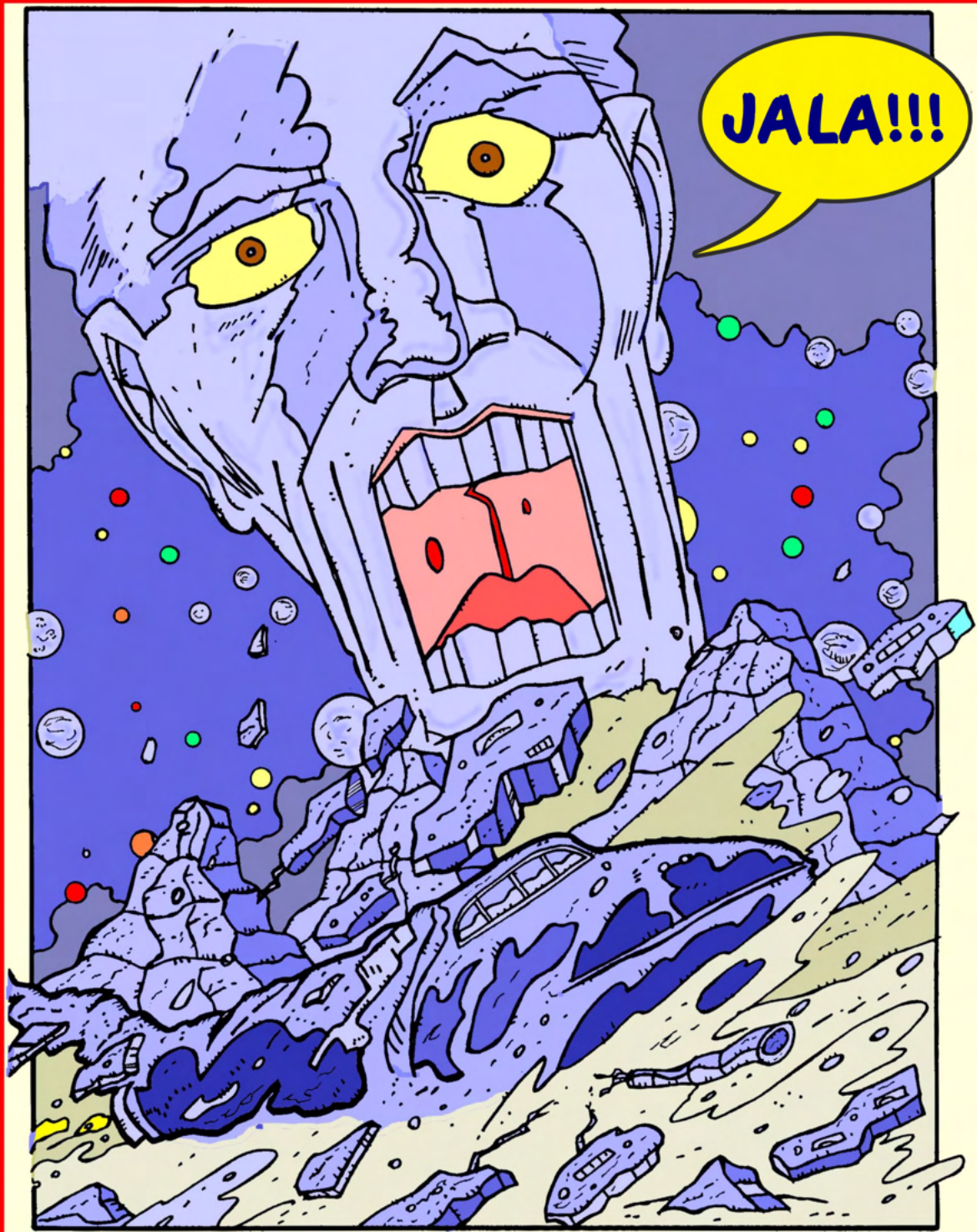
AS PORTRAYED BY THE
LATE LUISA FELIX

TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN HUMAN

ONE MOMENT OF TIME CAN IRREPARABLY ALTER THE COURSE OF A PERSON'S LIFE. THAT'S HOW IT WAS FOR CARL HANUK. THE PHANTOM METEOR HAD COME FROM SEEMINGLY OUT OF NOWHERE. BY THE TIME IT HAD SHOWN UP ON THE ASTRO-DETECTOR IT WAS TOO LATE TO AVOID IT. THAT SMALL HUNK OF ROCK, FLUNG BY THE UNSEEN HAND OF GOD, WOULD HAUNT CARL FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE.



THEY HAD BEEN TWO YEARS OUT ON A FIVE-YEAR EXPLORATORY VOYAGE INTO THE REGION OF ALPHA CENTAURI. THE COLLISION WITH THE METEOR BROUGHT THE SHIP OUT OF HYPER-DRIVE AND INTO "NORMAL SPACE". THEY FOUND THEMSELVES NOT FAR FROM A SOLITARY ASTEROID WHICH HUNG IN ORBIT AROUND A MINOR, UNCHARTED STAR-SUN. THERE WAS VIRTUALLY NO TIME TO REACT...



THE SHIP CAME IN HARD. IT BROKE UP UNDER THE TREMENDOUS FORCE OF IMPACT. AND THEN... EVERYTHING WAS STILL. WHAT REMAINED OF THE CRAFT LAY IN GHOSTLY SILENCE DRAPED WITH A SHROUD OF DUST AND DEBRIS...

WITHIN THE RUBBLE, ONLY
ONE FIGURE STIRRED...

JALA...STEEV...MAIK...
THEY'RE ALL DEAD...

OH DEAR LORD...
I'M ALL ALONE!

CARL STOOD OUTSIDE
THE TWISTED RUIN AND
VIEWED HIS NEW
"HOME"...IT WAS
BARREN AND DESOLATE
BUT AT LEAST THE
ATMOSPHERE WAS
BREATHABLE...

THE ACCIDENT HAPPENED
SO QUICKLY WE DIDN'T EVEN
HAVE TIME TO SEND OUT A
DISTRESS SIGNAL AND OUR
SHIP WON'T BE MISSED FOR
ANOTHER FOUR OR FIVE YEARS...

...WHICH MEANS MY
CHANCES OF RESCUE ARE
VIRTUALLY NIL...
THEY'D NEVER EVEN
KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN
LOOKING FOR ME...

CARL'S FIRST TASK ON THE NEW WORLD WAS AN UNHAPPY ONE...TO BURY THE REMAINS OF HIS FELLOW CREW-MEMBERS. HE CHOSE A SITE ON A HILLSIDE OVER-LOOKING THE WRECKAGE OF THE SHIP...

JALA...JALA...ALL THOSE YEARS WE WORKED TOGETHER...AND I NEVER TOLD YOU HOW I FELT FOR YOU...



...THERE HE FASHIONED THREE SMALL CROSSES AS THE FINAL REMEMBRANCE OF HIS COMPANIONS IN SPACE-TRAVEL.

...AND NOW IT'S TOO LATE...

I'LL BE HERE FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE!
OH GOD, HELP ME TO FACE THIS...

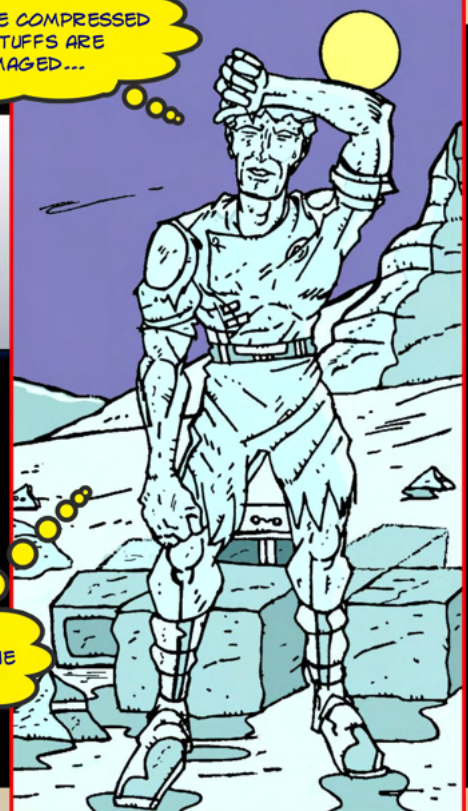


THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD...I SHALL NOT WANT...

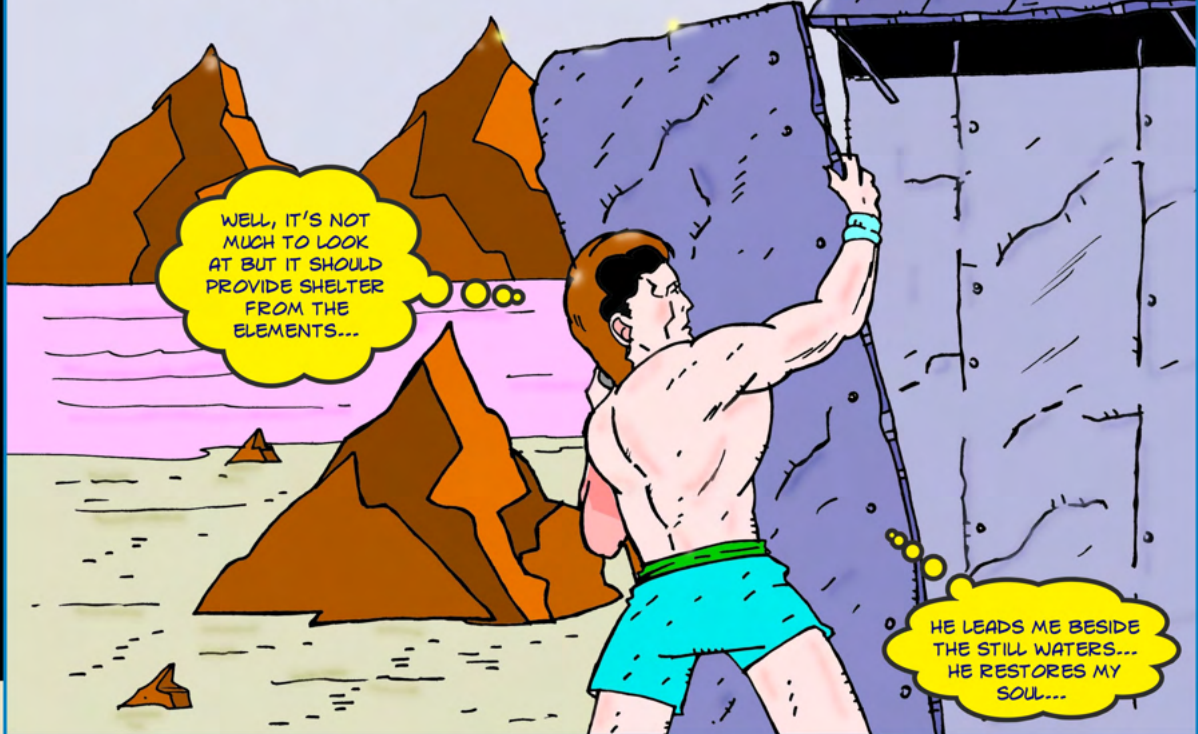
MOST OF THE COMPRESSED FOOD-STUFFS ARE UNDAMAGED...

THE NEXT DAY CARL PROCEEDED TO SALVAGE WHAT HE COULD OUT OF THE RUINS OF THE SHIP...

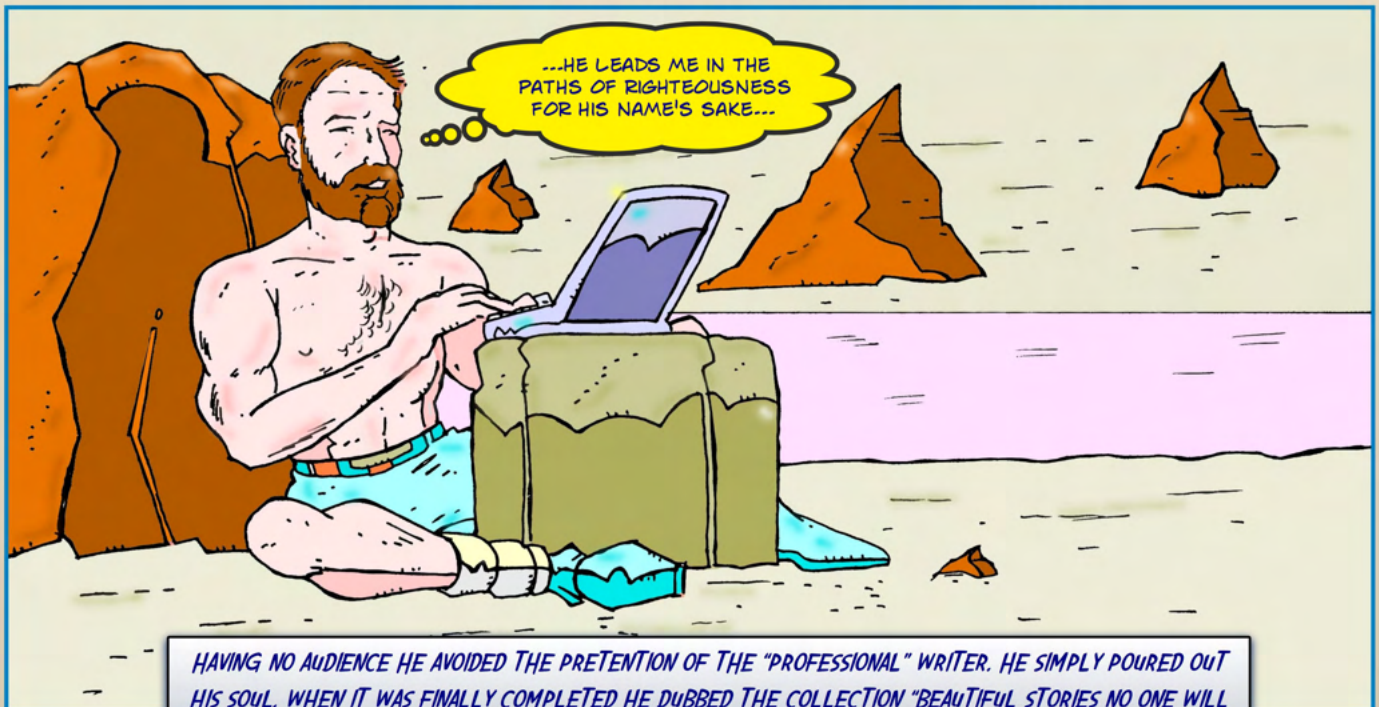
...THERE'S EASILY ENOUGH TO LAST ONE MAN A LIFETIME...



BESIDE A QUIET STREAM CARL BEGAN TO
CONSTRUCT A DWELLING PLACE OUT OF
THE REMAINS OF THE SHIP...



CARL'S CONTINUING SEARCH THROUGH THE SHIP'S RUINS UNEARTHED A PRIZE: A SMALL, BATTERY-OPERATED NOTEBOOK - COMPUTER. IT CAME INTO HIS MIND THAT HE SHOULD MAKE SOME ATTEMPT TO CONVEY AN ACCOUNT OF HIS EXPERIENCES ON THE ASTEROID. TO THIS END HE BEGAN TO COMPOSE A SERIES OF SHORT-STORIES...



HAVING NO AUDIENCE HE AVOIDED THE PRETENTION OF THE "PROFESSIONAL" WRITER. HE SIMPLY POURED OUT HIS SOUL. WHEN IT WAS FINALLY COMPLETED HE DUBBED THE COLLECTION "BEAUTIFUL STORIES NO ONE WILL EVER READ"...BECAUSE HE FELT NO ONE EVER WOULD. WHEN AT LAST HIS COMPUTER'S BATTERY EXPIRED ALL THAT REMAINED WAS THE DATA STORAGE DISK CONTAINING THE RECORD OF HIS SOLITARY EXISTENCE.

CARL USUALLY STARTED HIS DAY BY TAKING A LONG SWIM IN THE RIVER
BEHIND HIS "HOME" - IT WAS A REFRESHING WAY TO KEEP FIT...

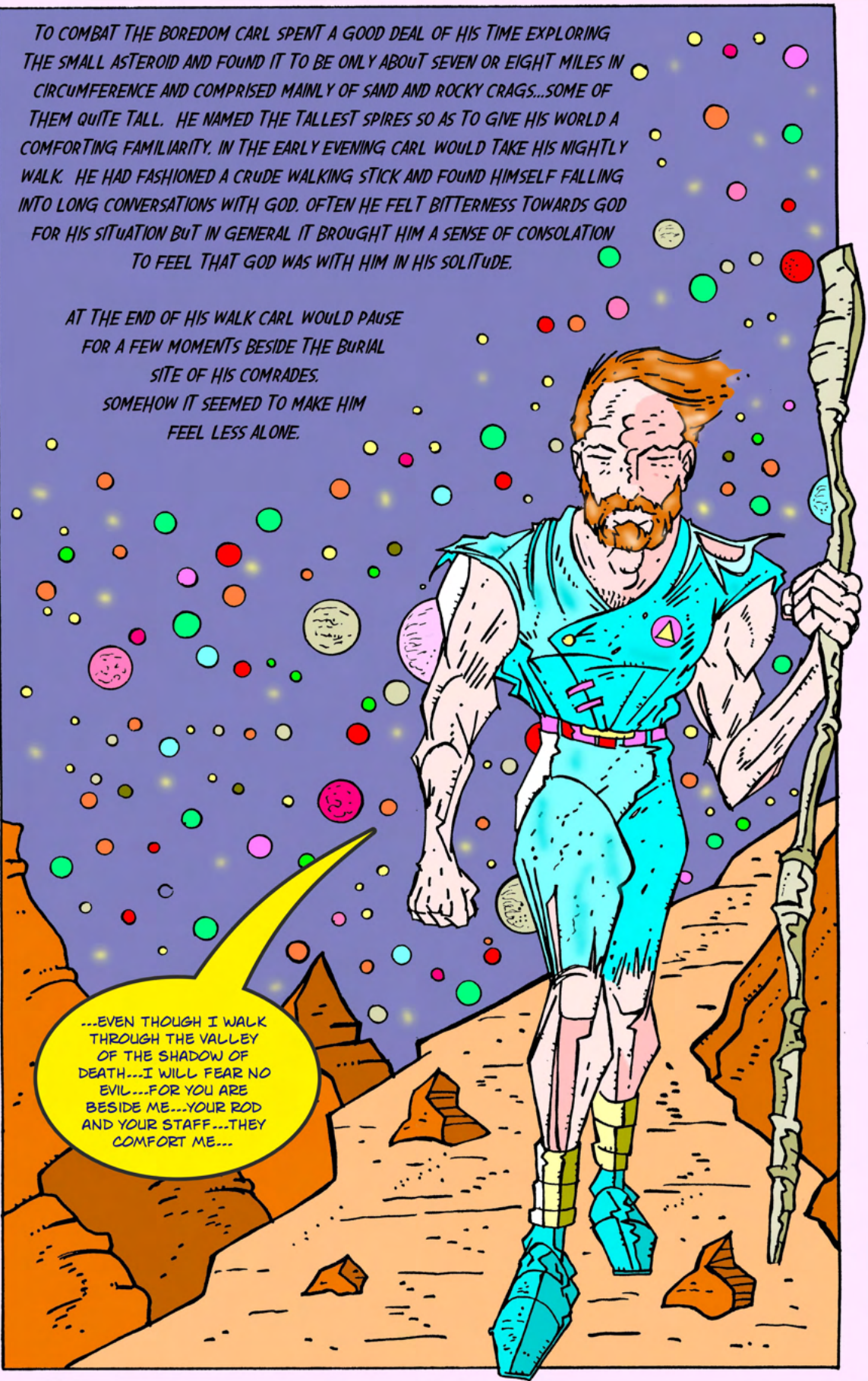


THE WEEKS TURNED INTO MONTHS AND
THE MONTHS INTO YEARS...AND EVEN
THOUGH HE KNEW IT
WAS IMPOSSIBLE, CARL CONTINUED TO
HOPE...TO PRAY THAT SOMEDAY HE
MIGHT BE RESCUED...



TO COMBAT THE BOREDOM CARL SPENT A GOOD DEAL OF HIS TIME EXPLORING THE SMALL ASTEROID AND FOUND IT TO BE ONLY ABOUT SEVEN OR EIGHT MILES IN CIRCUMFERENCE AND COMPRISED MAINLY OF SAND AND ROCKY CRAGS...SOME OF THEM QUITE TALL. HE NAMED THE TALLEST SPIRES SO AS TO GIVE HIS WORLD A COMFORTING FAMILIARITY. IN THE EARLY EVENING CARL WOULD TAKE HIS NIGHTLY WALK. HE HAD FASHIONED A CRUDE WALKING STICK AND FOUND HIMSELF FALLING INTO LONG CONVERSATIONS WITH GOD. OFTEN HE FELT BITTERNESS TOWARDS GOD FOR HIS SITUATION BUT IN GENERAL IT BROUGHT HIM A SENSE OF CONSOLATION TO FEEL THAT GOD WAS WITH HIM IN HIS SOLITUDE.

AT THE END OF HIS WALK CARL WOULD PAUSE FOR A FEW MOMENTS BESIDE THE BURIAL SITE OF HIS COMRADES. SOMEHOW IT SEEMED TO MAKE HIM FEEL LESS ALONE.

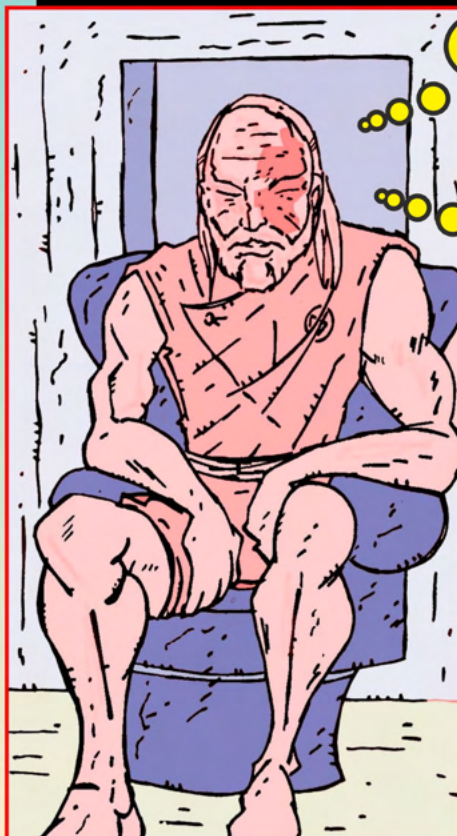


...EVEN THOUGH I WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH...I WILL FEAR NO EVIL...FOR YOU ARE BESIDE ME...YOUR ROD AND YOUR STAFF...THEY COMFORT ME...

EACH NIGHT AFTER HIS WALK, CARL WOULD SIT ON HIS SIMPLE "PORCH" AND REMEMBER OLD TIMES AND OLD FRIENDS... BUT ESPECIALLY HE WOULD THINK OF JALA. IN HIS MIND HE HAD A THOUSAND CONVERSATIONS WITH HER...



AND SO THE YEARS PASSED SLOWLY AND PAINFULLY FOR CARL HANUK....



I DON'T UNDERSTAND MY LIFE... OR WHY I HAD TO SUFFER THIS WAY...

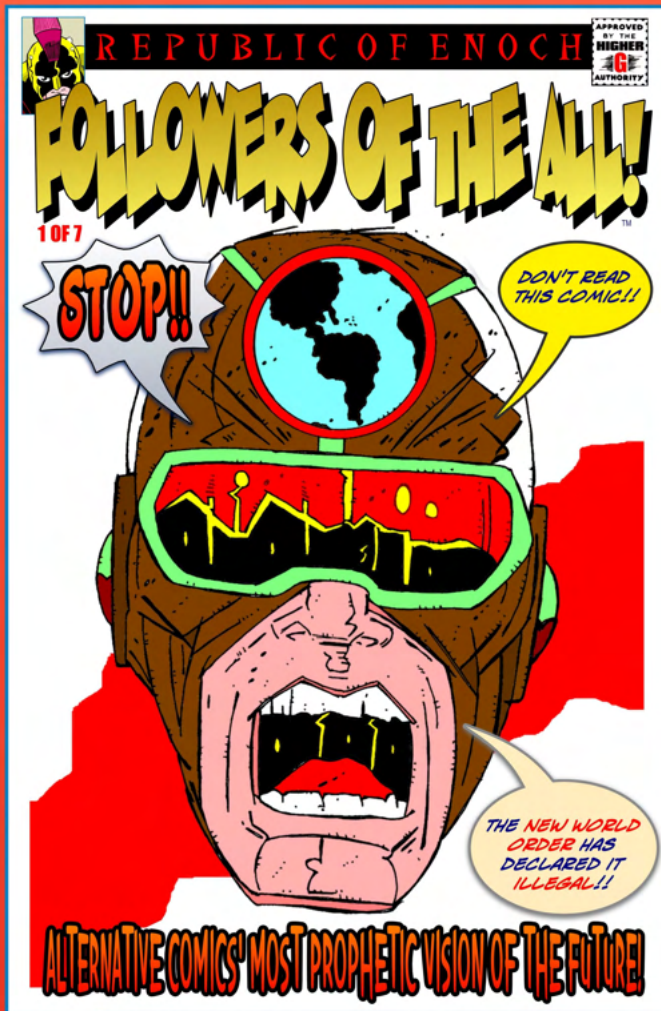
...STILL I THANK YOU FOR THE PRIVILEGE TO EXIST...WITHOUT YOU I COULD NOT HAVE BORNE THIS SORROW...

...AND I SHALL LIVE IN THE HOUSE OF THE LORD... FOREVER...

"...here lies a man known only to himself...and god"

...AND IT CAME TO PASS THAT GOD GRANTED CARL THE PEACE HE LONGED FOR... THAT FINAL JOURNEY...TO HIS NEW HOME... HIS TRUE LOVE...HIS ONLY FRIEND...





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