

**NO ONE LISTENED THEN...**



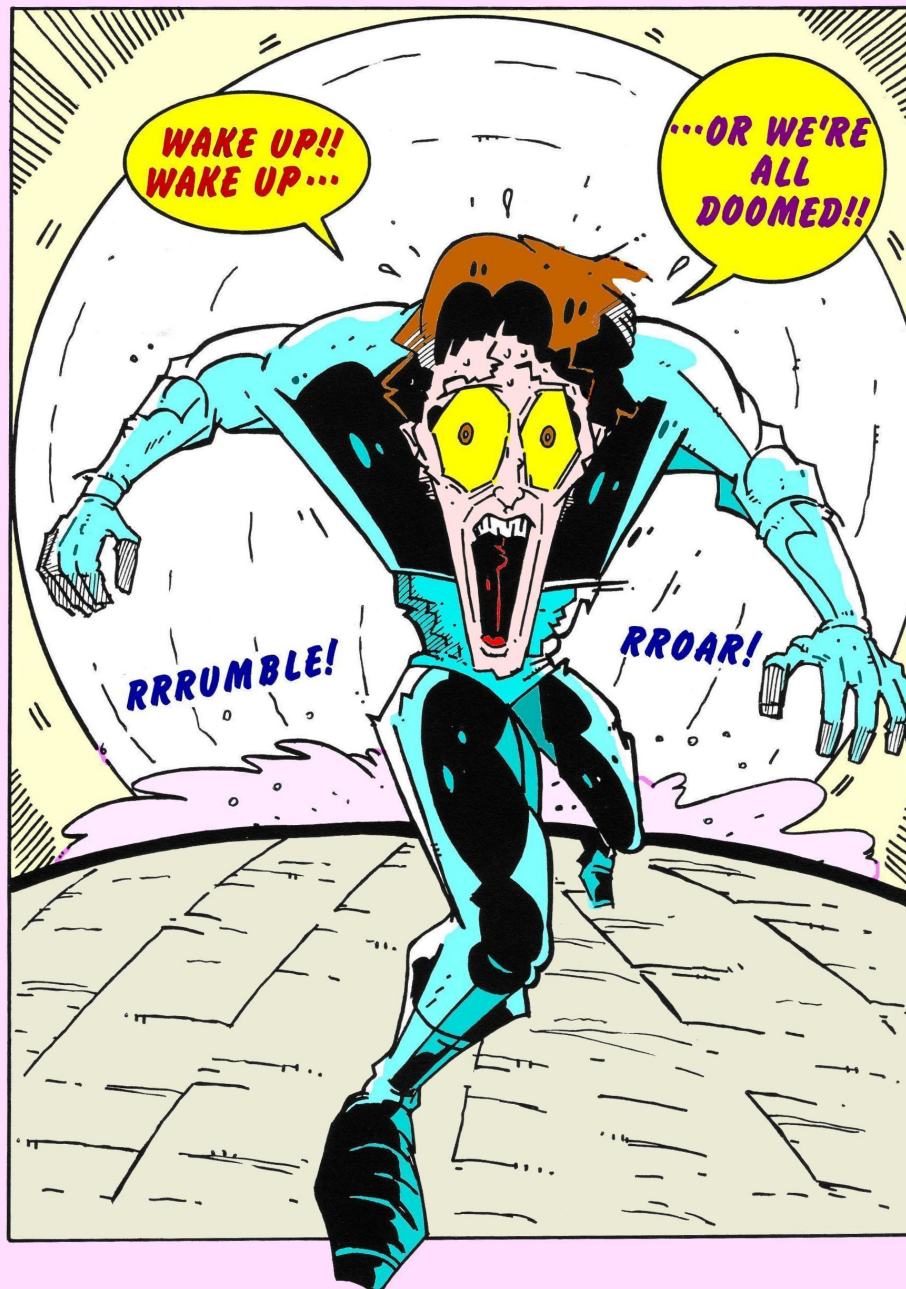
**...NO ONE'S LISTENING NOW.**

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Have you ever tried to wake someone out of a sound sleep? Your efforts, however well-intentioned, are usually met with anger and snarls. When people are sleeping comfortably, perhaps enjoying wonderful dreams, they don't like to be disturbed...even if the world is going up in flames around them.



COULD A. CASSANDRA AWAKEN THE SLEEPY INHABITANTS OF CHRISTIANVILLE IN TIME... OR WOULD THEY BE CRUSHED TO DEATH BY THE MONSTROUS SNOWBALL FROM HELL?



# SNOWBALL EFFECT

Here it came. Gargantuan...frightening. The little village of Christianville (finally awakened, but alas, too late) cowered in its' enormous shadow. In mere seconds now, Christianville would be smashed to bits beneath the icy juggernaut's tremendous weight. And, nothing could stop it. Everyone would die.

Republic Mountain was tall, very tall; and near its' distant summit: a snowball small, very small ( in the beginning)...it would've taken a far-sighted individual to have seen what was coming. Onward it rolled, formed and pushed by some nameless diabolical fiend and picking up bulk with every foot of snow it traversed. But, it was still a long way off and posed no immediate threat. So the town slept on, tranquil and unaware.

It was A. Cassandra who first noticed the snowball. He was hiking up on the mountainside and the curious object which darted past him seemed somehow unnatural and vaguely disturbing, as if it didn't quite fit in with the landscape. "An odd snowball", he mused. It seemed to move with determination, as if it were actually controlled and propelled by some unseen and malignant force. "But, that's crazy!", Cassandra rebuked himself.

His eyes followed the course of the snowball as it progressed down the mountain, its' size and velocity multiplying rapidly before his confused gaze. It was still miles from the town and not big enough to hurt anyone but Cassandra's mind leapt ahead: "What if it keeps on gaining momentum and growing?? By the time it reaches the town it could crush it!". But, Cassandra quickly swept the alarming vision aside. "Naw, that couldn't happen...not to Christianville".

Indeed, nothing bad had ever happened to Christianville; it had sat, nestled peacefully, in lovely little Liberty Vale for over two hundred years now. In fact, things were so darn serene that the inhabitants of Christianville spent most of their time lounging around or napping.

Occasionally they'd rouse themselves to attend the frequent theological debates which took place regularly at the town's quaint

country store...it was about the only activity they seemed to have any heart for.

As the snowball hurtled towards them down the steep mountainside, the dwellers in Christianville had just settled in for their afternoon "beauty rest". Not a sound could be heard in the sleepy hamlet. Suddenly, a cry broke the stillness of the silent streets. It was A. Cassandra. He had run himself nearly to death to get to the village ahead of the snowball.

He had decided that an ounce of prevention was worth a pound of cure. Better safe than sorry. Better to warn them of a possible danger than to risk utter devastation. And, as Cassandra had rushed past the speeding snowball, barely a few breaths ahead of it, he had seen how deadly a menace it had become. In a short period of time it had become colossal, dwarfing him, as big as a house and still growing! What would it be like when it reached Christianville??

Cassandra poured it on and his feet moved like lightning, driven by desperation. Still, there was little time left for Christianville when he finally reached the town's edge. "Wake up!", he shouted, "There's a terrible danger on the way! Wake up!".

Cassandra's mind raced at breath-taking speed: "If I can alert the townspeople, perhaps there's still time for us to stop the snowball and save our families and homes. If we could organize quickly we might be able to pool our resources and form a barrier to halt the thing...or even make some type of explosive to detonate it before it reaches the town!".

Cassandra's plans were good and would've worked but there was one thing he hadn't taken into consideration: The complete apathy of the residents of Christianville. "Hey! Keep it down-- we're trying to sleep!", one voice shouted from an open window. "Give it a break, you prophet of doom!", another voice snarled. "...But, there's a monstrous snowball heading straight for Christianville-- it'll destroy us all!", Cassandra pleaded. "Negativism!", "Scare-Tactics!", "Where's your faith?", came the angry responses. And, the final one: "Nothing could ever happen to us here in Christianville!".

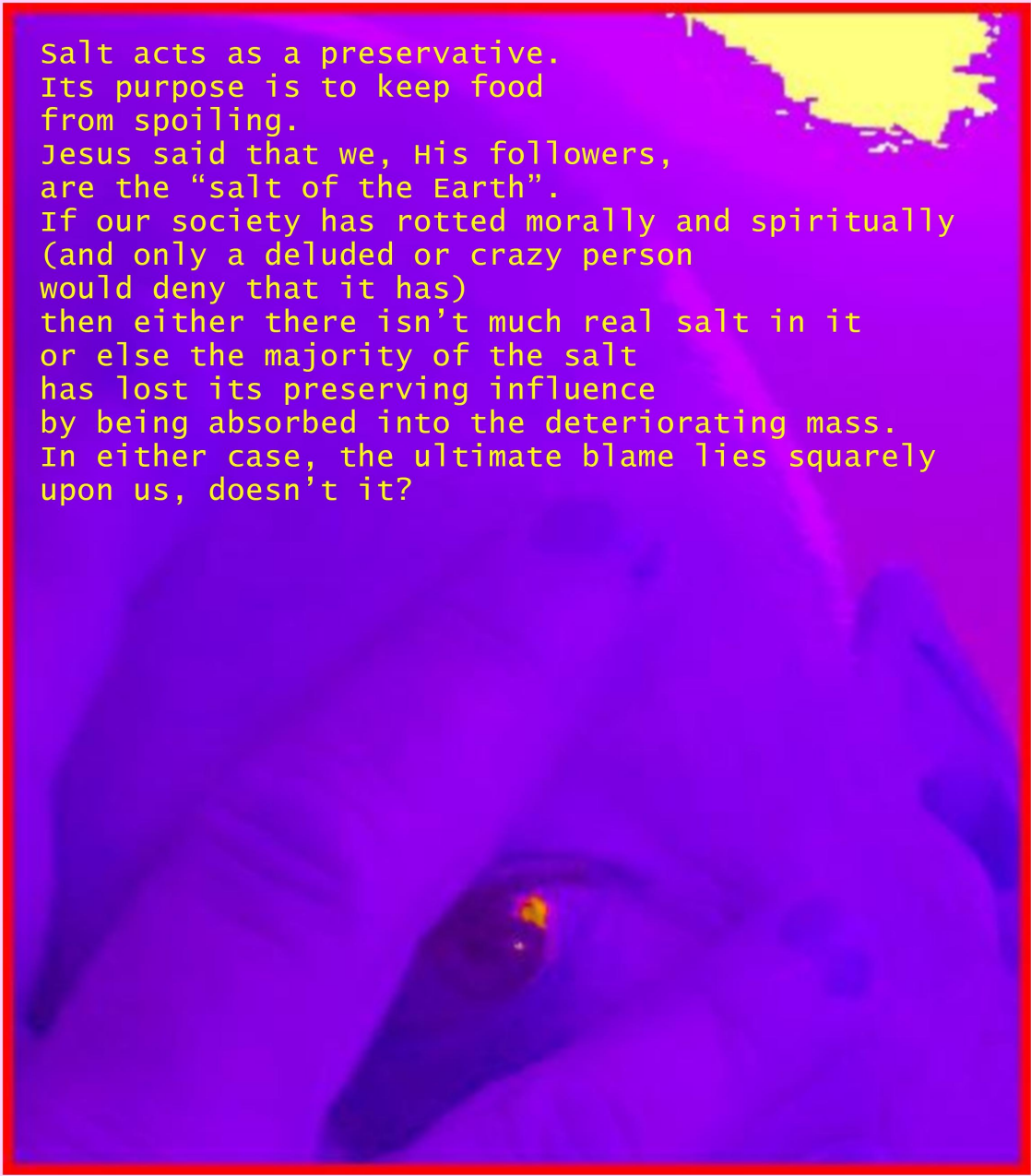
Cassandra sighed deeply and stared down at the road beneath him. From behind him there came a rushing force of wind-- air being pushed ahead by the titanic snowball. Windows shattered abruptly



in its' terrific wake. Now, people started to look outside, faces registering fear and tragic surprise. They shouted as one, "You were right! What should we do???" "It's too late now", Cassandra sobbed.

THUD!!! The massive snowball of "SECULARISM" smashed into the fragile village of Christianville, completely enveloping it in an instant...and smothering all its' inhabitants to death.

Originally published in 1992.



Salt acts as a preservative.  
Its purpose is to keep food  
from spoiling.  
Jesus said that we, His followers,  
are the "salt of the Earth".  
If our society has rotted morally and spiritually  
(and only a deluded or crazy person  
would deny that it has)  
then either there isn't much real salt in it  
or else the majority of the salt  
has lost its preserving influence  
by being absorbed into the deteriorating mass.  
In either case, the ultimate blame lies squarely  
upon us, doesn't it?

# STUDENT OF THE STATE

I AM BILLY. I AM A PRODUCT OF EVOLUTION. THERE IS NO GOD. THERE IS NO MEANING TO LIFE.



THERE IS NO RIGHT OR WRONG. THERE IS NO FAMILY. THERE IS ONLY THE STATE.

Originally published in 1984.





Originally published in 1984.

Whoever heard of an "army" that sits around in the barracks all day watching television, having pot-luck suppers and arguing about combat strategies while never actually DOING anything? There's a simple reason the "other side" is winning:  
**THEY WANT TO WIN.  
WE DON'T.**



CONCEIVED IN TEST-TUBES, NURSED BY COMPUTERS, RAISED IN DAY-CARE CENTERS,  
INDOCTRINATED BY THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS...THESE ARE:

# THE CHILDREN OF BABYLON

THIS IS WHAT TEENAGERS WILL BECOME IN  
A WORLD WITHOUT RIGHT AND WRONG-  
RAISED WITHOUT INTEREST OR AFFECTION,  
FED SEX AND VIOLENCE THROUGH THE MEDIA.

UNFEELING SAVAGES WITHOUT  
CONSCIENCE OR COMPASSION, WHO  
MURDER OUT OF BOREDOM AND WHO  
RAPE "FOR THE FUN OF IT".



Originally published in 1985.



# THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE CHILDREN

One day a philosopher came to speak to the Church Street Elementary School's Kindergarten class. He had spent a long and difficult night considering what the subject of his dissertation would be. What could he say to kindergarten children that would be meaningful to them? How could he couch his speech in such terms as they could comprehend? This greatly perplexed him.

He knew that certain concepts would be beyond them. There would be no means of delineating certain philosophical propositions...there were too many ideological presuppositions necessary. It was immensely frustrating to him. There were so many wonderful truths he would've liked to unfold to them.

He finally realized that he would have to reduce his thoughts to their level of understanding. He would have to eliminate complex patterns of logic, deduction, and reasoning.

As the philosopher began his address it became immediately clear that even in this modified form his words were incomprehensible to them. That which seemed so clear to him, eluded them.

Soon they began to fidget in their seats, to giggle and talk amongst themselves, and generally to behave as

what they were: children. The philosopher stopped midway through his lecture and decided instead to relate a humorous anecdote to the tykes. This seemed to please them rather well so he continued with other amusing stories he had heard. In a short time they were listening attentively, well satisfied with the turn his address had taken. Obviously, they had no taste for serious subjects...for ideas which required thought. They wished only to be entertained.

As he completed his discourse, which had really become nothing more than a compendium of comedic tales, the philosopher received a standing ovation from his infantile audience. They liked him. He had succeeded... or had he?

Actually, the philosopher left the classroom deeply discouraged. He realized now that he could never really unveil his true soul to such as these. They were children and they enjoyed remaining children. These children whose ages ranged from twenty to thirty to forty to fifty to...



From 1990.



# FIELD OF HONOR

I'M FREEZING...THIS RAIN'S  
COLD AS ICE...IT BITES INTO  
ME...EVERY DROP IS LIKE A  
LITTLE BULLET...



CAN'T SEE ANYTHING...IT'S TOO  
DARK...BUT I KNOW THEY'RE OUT  
THERE! EVERY NOW AND THEN THEY  
FIRE A SHOT AT ME JUST TO LET ME  
KNOW I'M NOT FORGOTTEN!





WHO'S LEFT? WHO'S STILL LEFT OF THE GUYS? I CAN'T THINK...LET'S SEE...RON? NO...RON GOT IT ABOUT A YEAR AGO...AND JOEL...I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT...HE WENT OVER TO THEIR SIDE...INFORMED ON OUR POSITIONS...THAT REALLY HURT US...



AHG!



WHERE ARE THE OTHERS? I REMEMBER... SOME OF THEM DESERTED...THE FIGHTING GOT TOO HOT. AND, OUR "LEADERS".... THEY TOLD US TO PULL BACK... GIVE THE ENEMY NEW GROUND...

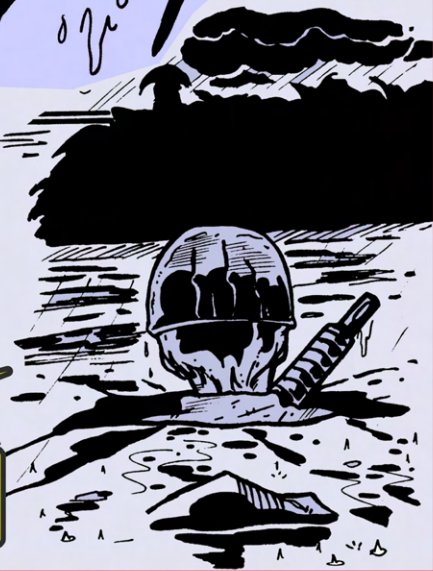


...BUT WE'VE GIVEN THEM TOO MUCH GROUND ALREADY... WHAT'S LEFT? OUR HOMES...OUR FAMILIES? WE'LL LOSE IT ALL.

THERE ARE STILL A FEW OF US LEFT BUT HOW CAN WE HOLD OFF AN ENTIRE ARMY?! NOW THE ENEMY'S PICKIN' US OFF AT THEIR LEISURE...ASSURED OF FINAL VICTORY...BUT IF WE WOULD'VE HAD THEIR DEDICATION...THEIR DETERMINATION...WE COULD OF WON THIS THING!

STILL...I WON'T GIVE UP. I WON'T SURRENDER. I'LL GO OUT FIGHTING! IT'S LONELY...WAITING...FIRIN' AT NOTHIN'...AT SHADOWS! IT'S FRUSTRATING!

C'MON!! CHARGE ME! GET IT OVER WITH! LET ME AT LEAST SEE YOU OUT IN THE OPEN...TAKE A FEW OF YOU WITH ME...! GOD, I'M SO TIRED...





THE WIND'S HOWLING...THIS IS A BAD ONE! HUNGRY...ACHIN'...WHAT AM I DOIN' THIS FOR? WHY DO I GO ON?

THEY LEFT ME HERE...GAVE UP THE FIGHT. THEY DON'T EVEN CARE ANYMORE...WHAT'S IT MATTER? I'M NO HERO. I'M JUST A NAMELESS NOBODY IN A COLD, MUDDY FOX-HOLE...



MAYBE THAT'S WHY THEY RAN. THEY SAW IT FOR WHAT IT WAS AND COULDN'T FACE IT...BUT, HOW CAN YOU TURN AWAY FROM THIS...AND FACE YOURSELF?



YOU LOOK UP INTO THE BLACK, SILENT SKY AND YOU ASK WHY YOU'RE HERE...YOU FIGHT...YOU RISK ALL...BECAUSE OF SOMETHING INSIDE YOU...SOMETHING DIFFICULT TO DEFINE. A MORAL CONVICTION? A REALIZATION OF WHAT IS RIGHT?

YOU GO THROUGH ALL THIS...BECAUSE OF LOVE. BECAUSE THIS IS WHAT LOVE DEMANDS. BECAUSE TO GIVE UP THIS FIGHT IS TO DIE TO ALL THAT IS GOOD INSIDE ME...





...AND, ACROSS THE FIELD OF BATTLE...

HAVE OUR MORTAR-BATTERY  
LOB A BARRAGE ONTO THE  
SOUTHERN-SECTOR...WE'VE GOT  
A FEW DIE-HARDS STILL  
LODGED IN THERE!

WILL DO!

MAYBE SOON IT'LL BE OVER...BUT  
DEEP INSIDE- I'M GLAD I STAYED.  
I OCCUPIED MY POST AND FOUGHT  
THE GOOD FIGHT...I REMAINED  
FAITHFUL UNTO...



...MEANWHILE, FAR FROM THE  
LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE...

HEY, PETE- WHATEVER HAPPENED TO OL'  
"SOLDIER-BOY"? THAT NUT WHO WAS ALWAYS  
TRYING TO SCARE US WITH THAT "THEY'RE  
GOING TO TAKE US OVER!" STUFF?

THAT EXTREMIST? HE WAS  
TOO NEGATIVE. I STOPPED  
ASSOCIATING WITH HIM. HE  
ACTED LIKE HE WAS THE  
ONLY ONE "FIGHTING FOR  
THE TRUTH".



YEAH! TH' HECK WITH  
THAT GLOOM N'  
DOOMER! JESUS  
WANTS US TO BE  
HAPPY!

Originally published in 1991.



# FIGHT AGAINST THE NIGHT

A mother's pregnant belly, now becomes a baby's tomb,  
Infants left to starve to death, fresh out of the womb  
The aged and infirmed, like wounded dogs are put to sleep  
meanwhile the "mighty church of God", barely makes a peep.

We're bored to read our Bibles, we hardly ever pray  
We echo lines on Sunday, like actors in a play  
But we're faithful to the Tube, with its violence, sex and doubt  
Do you honestly believe, the Truth is going to win out?

In stained-glass bomb-shelters, we hide from the gates of Hell  
Complaining of the darkness, which our Truth could dispel  
Our sword but gathers dust, the battle cry we spurn  
And feel no heartache for, the millions who will burn

We've got to fight, fight against the night  
We've got to take our stand, for what we know is right  
We've got to fight, fight against the night  
We've got to let our lives, be a shining light

(song lyric from 1983)



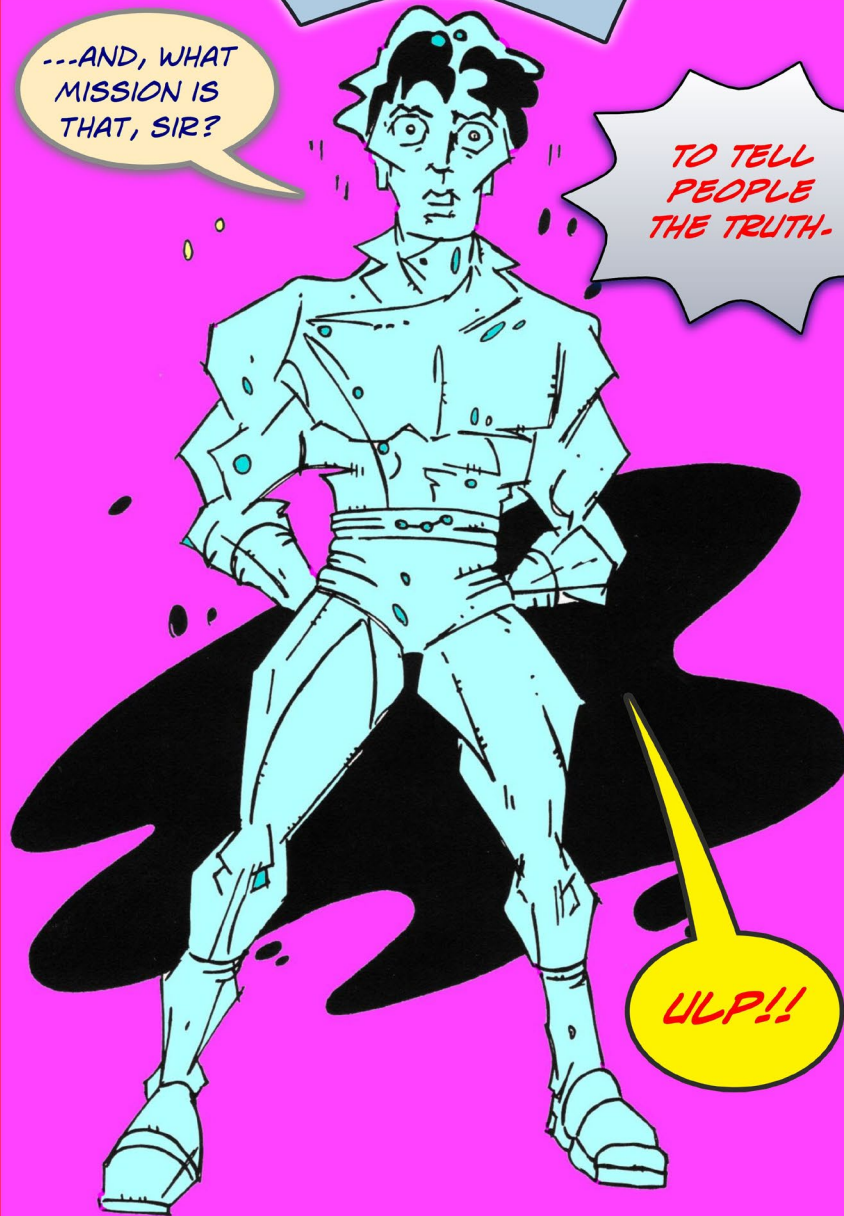


MR. CHRISTIAN, YOU HAVE  
BEEN CALLED TO A...

# SUICIDE MISSION

---AND, WHAT  
MISSION IS  
THAT, SIR?

TO TELL  
PEOPLE  
THE TRUTH.



ULP!!

Originally published in 1991.



# EPILOGUE: THE OUTCAST

I SAID I WILL NOT MAKE MENTION OF HIM, NOR SPEAK ANY MORE IN HIS NAME. BUT HIS WORD WAS IN MY HEART LIKE A BURNING FIRE, SHUT UP INSIDE ME...AND I COULDN'T REMAIN SILENT.



SURELY THESE ARE POOR; THEY ARE FOOLISH: FOR THEY DO NOT KNOW THE WAY OF THE LORD, NOR THE JUDGMENT OF THEIR GOD.

OH THAT I HAD IN THE WILDERNESS A HIDING PLACE ; THAT I MIGHT LEAVE MY PEOPLE, AND GO FROM THEM!