

Chapter III

"Why me?"

Sekou asked himself, "Why did the God of Antioch pick me?" He stared into the verdant plains of Arabia. Tara looked on as well, but she was looking for prey.

"Persepolis is near," he yelled and ran off into the direction of the great city. Tara followed. Sekou felt indomitable. A force powered him. He could not understand it. The beast and he were one. Together they ran through the hills. They swam across large tributaries.

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Through the forests of the Arabian peninsula they trekked.

Night soon enveloped them. A blood red cloud encircled the moon. Tara howled at the ominous sign. Sekou looked into the sky. The stars could no longer be seen. A foul stench wafted through the air. A normal person would retch at such a stink.

Sekou looked at Tara. Her eyes were glowing blue. She stuck her tongue out to taste the wind. It was thick and red as it rolled out of her mouth.

Shiny blue wristbands appeared

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suddenly on his wrists. He screamed in agony as the divine energy of the cosmos flowed through him. Tara did not blink at the transformation taking place in front of her. The white wolf's fur glowed blue in the night.

Sekou turned into the wind. The hunt had started. The stench of death was in the air. Mithra, the Dark Lord, was roaming the plain. "I am coming for you!" screamed Sekou into the night. Tara howled. "This night, Mithra, you will taste the holy blade of Sekou, the Hunter!"

Tara ran ahead of Sekou. Her

subsonic hearing picked up the screams of a mother yelling for her missing child. A woodsman was searching the fields next to the house for the missing boy, Shiva.

The mother asked her neighbors, "Where is Shiva?"

Everyone looked at her in fear. They did not know where the missing boy had run off to. The father looked perplexed. They had put him to bed. They locked the doors. And yet the child was gone.

Tara looked around. Then she sniffed the air. After a few circles around the house, the white

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wolf caught onto the scent of the man-child. She yelped at Sekou. He followed her into the dark.

Ten miles away, Tara dropped onto her stomach. Sekou fell flat onto the tall grass. They crawled up into a clearing in the woods. They found the child.

A black star was drawn in coal dust on the floor. In the center lay Shiva, bound. Surrounding the boy was the coven of Mithra's minions. Thirteen men and women were bamboozled to become part of this cult. Dressed in black robes, they were chanting blasphemies in the ancient Gomorrah language that only

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the Dark Lord understood. And there in the center was a twenty foot behemoth with large seven foot horns. Each horn spiraled into a sharp point. His skin looked like the leathery skin of a crocodile. His eyes glowed red.

The coven opened their robes to reveal sharp knives. Each would take part in the rite of *Immortalis*. The Dark Lord promised them immortality for delivering them the soul of this chaste victim. Their chants grew louder as they came closer to the boy. Mithra, let out a bellicose laugh, for he would soon taste the blood of a specific genotype that

would keep him alive forever.

"Enough!" yelled Sekou. "There is no immortality. Mithra is lying to all of you. Faith in the God of Antioch is the only immortality you will ever know."

Tara leaped at the coven. She ripped one man's arm off. She spit out his arm and jumped onto another's neck. Her jaws bit right into his jugular vein, severing it.

A blue bow appeared magically in Sekou's left arm. He pulled back the bow string. In less than a blink of Tara's eyes, six arrows with a blue glow flew into their marks as if

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they were divinely directed. Five to go.

"You!", Mithra yelled. He noticed Sekou's blue wrist bands. "Do not speak blasphemies to my followers. Do not turn your back to me, Africa. I will take care of you like I did the Nazarene."

The white wolf jumped forward. She stood over the man child. Snarls and barks came toward the remaining minions. Her saliva dripped onto the floor.

"You dare come at me with your white magic!" yelled Mithra. Shiny blue shurikens suddenly appeared in

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Sekou's hands. He hurled them at the standing black cloaks. Each hit their marks. Each cloak fell to the ground and formed a pile of black coal dust.

Mithra looked on as Sekou revealed a shiny blue blade. "I will teach you about blood and fire," yelled Mithra. "I have ruled the Hindu Kush for five thousand years. I will destroy you Sekou. That I promise you!"

The demon (from a time when man could not even walk on two legs) shed his robe to reveal a hideous frame that would make a corpse turn in disgust. He raised his hands

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at Sekou and a monstrous bright orange flame shot at him.

Sekou's wristbands released a blue force field. This magical field repelled the flame away from him, Tara and the man child, Shiva. Tara, stepped away from the child, doubled back and ran right towards Sekou. She jumped over him and lunged at the Dark Lord. Her jaws opened as she neared his leathery head. The blood lust glistened in her eyes. As she closed in on her prey, Mithra disappeared in a foul cloud of brimstone. What was left were a few dozen dead vipers and coal dust. The battle was over.

Tara's eyes returned to normal. The blue wristbands on Sekou's arms disappeared. The magical blue bow and shurikens were nowhere to be found. Coal dust was everywhere. "Tara, these devils worship coal. They are now coal," laughed Sekou at the immortality Mithra's minions had achieved.

"Little man, how are you?" Sekou smiled at Shiva. He picked him up and carefully wrapped him in some swaddling. They trekked the distance back to the woodlands where they could return the baby back to their parents. Tara kept a close watch in case Mithra's hordes reappeared.

The woodsman and his wife were overjoyed when their child Shiva was returned. The father asked, "What is your name?"

"My name is Sekou," he replied.

The woodsman asked, "And whom do you pray to?"

"I pray to the God of Antioch," said Sekou. "He has no name."

The God of Antioch stood over them as dawn arose. The world learned the name of a great African warrior. That day the legend of Sekou, the Hunter and Tara was

born.

**No, this is not the end. We are at
the beginning.**

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