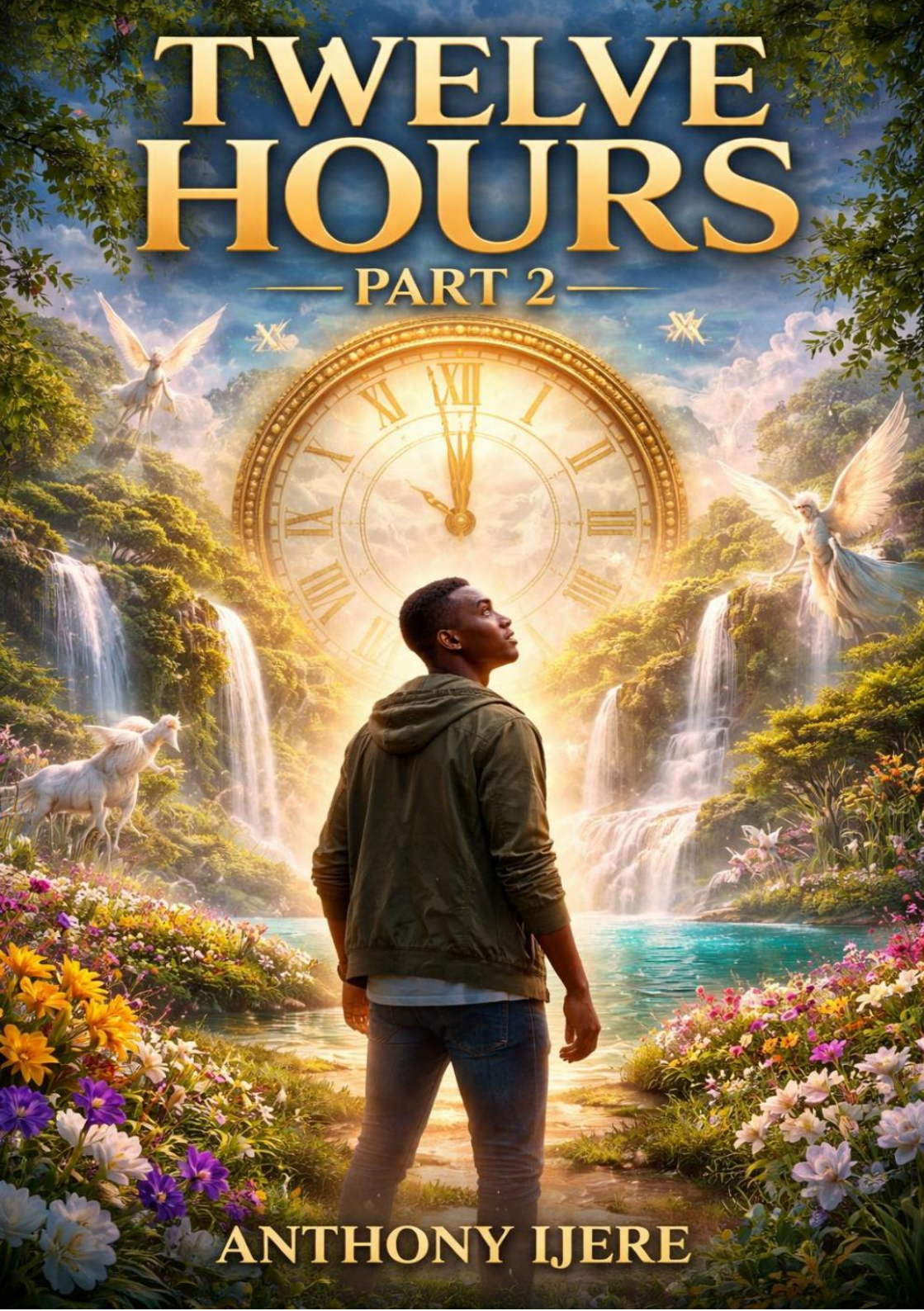


TWELVE HOURS

— PART 2 —



ANTHONY IJERE

BOOKS BY ANTHONY IJERE

SHADOWS AT MIDNIGHT
TWELVE HOURS 1
TWELVE HOURS 2
ALTARS IN THE DUST
SHOW ME MERCY
QUENCH THE FIRE
MINISTER ELIAS 1
MINISTER ELIAS 2
MINISTER ELIAS 3
MINISTER ELIAS 4
BLOOD COVENANT 1
BLOOD COVENANT 2
SPIRITUAL SENSATIONS
GAME OF FAITH
CHAINS OF GRACE
DEATH IS A SPIRIT
PRAYING INTO GREATNESS
THE MYSTERY OF DELIVERANCE
THE WEALTHY PLACE
MARRY ME
AND MORE...

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DEDICATION

To the Holy Spirit, who makes every impossible thing possible and to every soul that has ever stood at the edge of something they did not understand and chose to trust God anyway. This book is for you.

A NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR

The first Twelve Hours ended at dawn. Prince walked out of his room a changed man. He had fought in the spirit, wrestled with darkness, seen the face of Jesus with his own eyes, and received instructions for his life that no human being could have given him.

Part Two is not simply a continuation of the story. It is a reckoning. It takes you into what lies beneath the surface of the world we live in, the ancient systems still quietly operating in the earth today, the powers standing behind human civilization, and the truth of what waits for every soul beyond death.

Read slowly. Do not rush. Every scene is a doorway and every detail carries meaning. Allow the story to do what good stories are meant to do. Let it open your eyes. The journey continues.

Anthony Ijere

CHAPTER 1

The Beginning

The evening carried a quiet weight that Prince could not explain. It was not unusual for the day to slow down around that time. There was always a stillness that settled over the neighbourhood once the sun began to go down, when the hawkers packed their trays and the children were called indoors and the heat of the afternoon gave way to the cooler air of early evening. But something about this particular evening felt different from all the others that had come before it. The air seemed heavier than it should have been, as though it was holding something back. The sounds from outside were softer than usual, muffled and distant, like the world had quietly decided to pause and listen.

Prince sat at the edge of his bed with his phone pressed to his ear. On the other end of the call, Ada was crying. Her voice came through the line broken and unguarded, nothing at all like the sharp and composed young woman he had once known. She had always been the kind of person who laughed at the right moments and kept her pain very private. But whatever had broken in her that evening had broken completely, and the pieces were scattered across every word she tried to form. Each sentence she started dissolved into tears before it could come out whole.

Prince did not interrupt her. He had learned, through everything God had shown him in the twelve hours before this night, that some kinds of pain need to surface before they can be addressed. He allowed the silence between her sobs to breathe, and when he finally spoke, his voice was calm and steady, unhurried and clear, the way a doctor speaks to a patient who has been carrying a hidden wound for far too long. "You already know the truth," he said gently. "You have always known it. You just chose to walk away from it." Ada tried to respond, but her voice failed her again.

Prince closed his eyes briefly. There was something different about the way he felt as he spoke. It was not just emotion, and it was not simply concern for someone he had once cared about deeply. It was something else entirely, something flowing through him that carried a weight beyond his own understanding. His words did not feel like mere advice or the kind of reassuring things people say when they do not know what else to offer. They felt alive and deliberate, as though they had been sent from somewhere far above the room where he was sitting. "God has not forgotten you," he continued. "Your life is not a mistake. The things you have done, the choices you regret, the years you feel you have wasted, none of it erases who you are meant to become. He is not standing over you with a list of your failures. He is standing at the door of your heart, and He has been knocking for a very long time."

On the other end of the call, Ada's crying deepened, but this time it was different. It was no longer only the sound of pain. Something else had entered it now, something softer, something that trembled like a person standing at the edge of a decision they have resisted for years and are finally ready to make. "I feel something," she whispered. "I do not know what it is, but I feel it. Like something pressing on my chest." "That is His presence," Prince replied quietly. "He is calling you back. Do not run this time."

The room fell into a gentle stillness. Even the faint noise from the street outside seemed to pull back, as though the world itself was giving that moment room to breathe. For a brief space of time, everything seemed to narrow down to just Prince, his voice, and the heart of a young woman on the other end of the call who was slowly coming undone in the best possible way. Then a voice broke the stillness. "Prince." He opened his eyes. His sister stood in the doorway of the room, watching him. There was something unusual about her expression. It was not the ordinary look of someone who had simply walked in at the wrong moment. Her face carried a weight she had not entered the room with. Her eyes were alert, watching him with an expression that sat somewhere between concern and something deeper, something he recognized but could not immediately name.

Prince lowered the phone slightly. "I will call you back," he said softly. "No, please do not hang up," Ada

responded quickly, and the desperation in her voice was genuine. "Please." "I am still here," he assured her. "Just stay on the line." He turned to his sister. "What is it?" he asked. She stepped into the room slowly, as though she was measuring each step carefully before taking it. "I do not feel right about tonight," she said. "I cannot explain it properly, but something is wrong. I can feel it in my spirit. Please do not go out this evening."

"I am not going anywhere far," Prince replied. "I just need to get something quickly. I will be back before it is even fully dark." She shook her head immediately. "No," she said, and this time her voice carried a firmness that was different from ordinary sibling concern. It was the voice of someone speaking from a place they themselves could not fully understand, but felt strongly enough to act on. "Please listen to me. Stay inside. Whatever it is you want to buy, it can wait until tomorrow morning."

Prince studied her face carefully. She was not being dramatic, and she was not trying to control him or start an argument over nothing. Her expression was sincere, and her eyes held a quietness that had nothing theatrical in it at all. It was simply the look of someone who had felt something real and was trying, with whatever words were available to them, to communicate it honestly. But Prince could not fully understand it. To him, it looked like ordinary concern, the kind that sometimes turns into unnecessary worry. He had stepped out of his house a hundred times before without any trouble at all, and

whatever she was sensing, he reasoned, was most likely nothing more than nervousness born from the intensity of the spiritual night he had already lived through. He decided not to challenge her, but he also decided not to stay.

"You worry too much," he said gently, keeping his voice kind. "I will be back in a few minutes. Nothing is going to happen to me." Her eyes did not soften. "I am begging you," she said quietly. "Do not go." The room held its silence for a moment. Prince felt the weight of her words. He could not deny that something in her urgency touched something in him, a small and quiet internal voice that whispered caution. But it was faint, and it was easily reasoned away, and there was a practical thought already louder than it telling him that he only needed to step out briefly and return.

He lifted the phone back to his ear. "Ada," he said, "I will step out for just a moment. I am still with you. I promise." "Please be careful," Ada whispered. "I will," he replied. He stood, slipped his phone into his hand, and walked toward the door. His sister did not step aside immediately. She stood in the doorway like someone who had decided that her body would say what her words could no longer say on their own. "Prince," she said one final time, and the way she said his name carried everything she had not been able to explain. It carried fear and love and the particular heaviness of someone

who senses that the next few minutes will matter far more than they look like they will.

He paused. He looked at her. He placed a gentle hand on her shoulder and gave it one reassuring squeeze. "Nothing will happen," he said. "I will be right back." And then he stepped past her, through the corridor, and out of the front door. The evening air met him immediately. The sky had faded into that particular shade of deep orange that only appears in the last twenty minutes before the sun fully disappears, warm and fading, painting the rooftops and the tops of the trees in a colour that always looks more beautiful than it lasts. A few people moved along the street. A woman balanced a tray on her head and navigated through a small cluster of parked motorcycles. Two men sat outside a shop a few houses away, talking loudly over a radio playing something Prince could not make out from where he stood. Everything looked ordinary. Everything looked fine.

"Ada," he said into the phone as he began to walk, "are you still there?" "Yes," she replied faintly. Her voice had steadied somewhat, but the fragility was still there, hovering just beneath the surface. "Good. Listen to me carefully. What you are feeling right now is real. Do not dismiss it. God is reaching for you, and He does not do that carelessly. He reaches because He sees something worth reaching for." "I feel like it is too late for me," she said quietly. "It is never too late," Prince replied firmly.

"That is one of the enemy's oldest lies. He wants you to believe you are too far gone so that you never take the step back. But the moment you genuinely turn, everything changes. Everything."

Behind him, unnoticed, a figure had stepped out of the front door of the house. His sister had followed him. She had not intended to follow him when she first stepped outside. She had stood at the door only to watch from a distance, to confirm that he was all right, the way older siblings sometimes watch even when they have been told they are not needed. But something in her had refused to let her feet stay still. Some wordless pull moved her away from the doorway and down the steps and onto the street, keeping a careful distance so he would not notice her and send her back. She watched him reach the edge of the road. She watched him look left, then right. She watched him step forward. And then it happened.

The sound came from his left, not a gradual sound and not the sound of something approaching from far away giving ears enough time to register the danger and signal the body to move. It was sudden and violent, the sharp mechanical scream of a vehicle that had appeared at a speed that had no business being on that road at that hour. It came the way nightmares come, not built toward, just suddenly enormous and unstoppable and already too close. The impact was devastating. Prince did not see it coming. His body had no time to brace, no time to

react, no time to do anything except exist in one state and then be forced violently into another. The phone left his hand. Time did something strange in that moment. It slowed in the way that time sometimes slows during terrible things, stretching the fraction of a second into something that felt longer than it had any right to be. He was lifted. He was suspended briefly, not in grace but in force, his body carried by a collision that had no gentleness in it. Then he met the ground, and the asphalt was hard and unforgiving, and the impact traveled through him in a wave that felt distant, as though it was happening to a version of him that had already begun to separate from the one that could still feel things.

"Prince!" His sister's scream tore through the evening with a force that had nothing measured about it. It was pure and unfiltered, the sound of someone watching the worst thing they feared actually happen, the sound of a warning ignored and paid for immediately. She ran. People appeared from the shops and houses nearby. Voices layered over each other. Someone shouted for help. The motorcycle rider from the far side of the road dropped his machine and jogged toward the scene. But the sounds of all of this reached Prince only faintly now. He lay on the road. The orange evening sky stretched above him, fading quickly, the warmth draining out of it rapidly as though the sun was retreating in response to what had just happened. His breathing was shallow. Each inhale came with less certainty than the one before it. His body felt distant, like something he was observing

rather than inhabiting, like a house he had lived in all his life and was now being quietly asked to vacate.

His sister reached him. She fell to her knees beside him. Her hands hovered over him, afraid to touch, afraid not to. Her face was already wet. "Prince, look at me. Look at me. Stay with me, please stay with me." He turned his head slightly toward her voice. His lips moved. A word tried to form, not fully and not loudly, just the shape of something he wanted to say. Then the sound of the world fell away. The voices fell away. The crying fell away. The distant engine fell away. All of it receded like a tide pulling back from shore, and the sky above him darkened, not the natural darkening of evening but something deeper and more final. His breathing stopped. And the silence that followed was not the silence of a sleeping man. It was the silence of transition.

The darkness came completely. All light, all sound, all sensation disappeared, and what remained was only awareness, the part of him that had always been more than flesh still perfectly intact, floating in a place that had no coordinates and no name. Then a voice reached him. It was soft and unhurried, carrying no urgency or alarm, coming from somewhere close, though he could not determine from which direction. "Why are you lying there?" Something stirred within him, a shift, a pull, a slow return of awareness moving through him like light through a curtain. "Get up," the voice said again, gently. "It is time to open your eyes." Prince felt the darkness

change. It did not disappear instantly. It thinned gradually, the way morning replaces night without announcing itself. And through that thinning, something else came, not the road, not his sister's voice, not the world he had left, but something new, something he had no category for at all. He opened his eyes, and the world he saw was not the one he had left behind.

CHAPTER 2

A World Beyond Knowing

Prince did not wake suddenly. His awareness returned slowly, as though he was rising from a depth he could not measure. At first, there was only light behind his closed eyes, soft and steady, unlike the harsh brightness of the world he knew. Then came the sensation of air, cool and gentle against his skin, followed by the faint sound of movement around him. He opened his eyes and lay still for a moment, not yet ready to move.

The sky above him was not the sky he knew. It carried a clarity that felt almost unreal, with colors that shifted subtly as though they were alive. The air itself seemed lighter, yet richer, as if every breath carried more than oxygen. Prince sat up slowly, and as he looked around, his eyes widened at what met them.

The world before him was unlike anything he had ever seen. Structures rose in the distance, not in the rigid forms of ordinary buildings, but in smooth, flowing shapes that seemed to grow rather than be constructed. Light moved across them, not merely reflecting, but existing within them. Rivers curved through the land with quiet elegance, and mountains stood beyond them, tall and perfectly formed. For a moment, Prince forgot to breathe.

Then he heard a voice. "You are awake." He turned quickly. A woman stood a short distance from him, watching him with a mixture of calm and surprise. Her presence was steady, yet there was something in her eyes that suggested she had not expected to see him. Prince rose to his feet. "Where am I?" he asked. The woman did not answer immediately. She studied him carefully, as though confirming something within herself. "You should not be here like this," she said quietly. Prince frowned. "What do you mean?" he asked. She stepped closer. "This is Atlantis," she said.

The word settled into the air between them. Prince repeated it slowly. "Atlantis?" He looked around again, trying to reconcile what he was seeing with what he had just heard. "How did I get here?" he asked. The woman shook her head slightly. "That is what surprises me," she said. "You are here, but not in the way you should be." Prince looked at her, confused, then grounded himself in something familiar. "My name is Prince," he said. She nodded. "I know," she replied softly. The answer unsettled him slightly, but before he could question it further, his curiosity rose stronger than his confusion. "What is this place?" he asked. "What is Atlantis?" The woman did not answer directly. Instead, she turned and began to walk. "Come," she said. "You will see." Prince hesitated for only a moment before following her.

As they moved, he became aware of something strange within himself. His body felt different, lighter, as though

the weight he was used to carrying no longer applied here. He took a step forward, then another, and then without thinking, he pushed off the ground slightly. What happened next startled him. He did not just step. His body lifted far higher than it should have, carrying him forward in a smooth arc before he landed again with surprising ease. Prince stopped immediately and looked down at his feet, then back at the ground behind him. "That is not normal," he said. The woman glanced at him. "It is here," she replied.

Prince tested it again, this time pushing harder. He soared higher, his body moving through the air with a freedom he had never known. For a brief moment, it felt as though he was no longer bound to the ground at all. He landed again with a mixture of shock and excitement. "I can almost fly," he said. The woman did not seem surprised. "You are discovering what you carry," she said.

Prince looked at his hands, and something else began to happen. As he focused on a point ahead of him, holding his gaze steady, he felt a strange heat rise within him. It started faintly, then grew stronger. The air around his hands shimmered slightly, and then a small burst of flame flickered at the edge of his vision. Prince stepped back immediately. "Did you see that?" he asked. The woman nodded. "Yes," she said. "Do not focus too long unless you intend to use it." Prince stared at his hands again, trying to understand what was happening. "This is

not possible,” he said. She looked at him calmly. “Not in the world you came from,” she replied.

They continued walking. As they moved deeper into the city, Prince’s attention was pulled in every direction. The beauty of the place was overwhelming, but it was not only beauty that caught his eye. Movement ahead drew his focus. Large figures stood at a distance, positioned near the entrance of a wide pathway, and as they came closer, Prince slowed. They were giants. Their height towered above everything around them, their bodies strong and unmoving as they stood like living pillars. Their eyes scanned the area with quiet vigilance. “What are those?” Prince asked. “Guardians,” the woman replied. “They protect the city.”

Prince nodded slowly, though his attention shifted again almost immediately. Creatures moved nearby. At first they appeared human, but as he looked closer, he realized they were not. Their forms carried features that resembled both man and animal. Some had the structure of humans but with the strength and posture of apes. Others moved differently, their bodies shaped in ways that blended characteristics he could not easily define. They spoke among themselves, their voices steady and natural, and Prince listened. To his surprise, he understood them. “What language is that?” he asked. “It is the language of this world,” the woman said. Prince looked at her. “I can understand them,” he said. She

nodded. "You are not as new here as you think," she replied.

They continued walking, and the scale of the world became even more apparent. Prince looked upward, and his breath caught. The sky was not closed. High above them, an opening stretched across the heavens, vast and radiant, and within it, movement flowed continuously. Beings of light passed through, descending and ascending with purpose. "It is a gate," the woman said. Prince could not look away. "A portal," she continued. "Between heaven and this world." Prince watched in silence as the beings moved through it, their presence steady and powerful. "This place," he said slowly, "what kind of world is this?"

But even as he asked, something else drew his attention. A shadow passed overhead, and Prince looked up again. A bat flew across the sky, but it was not the size he expected. It was enormous, larger than any creature he had ever seen on earth. Then he noticed more. Birds soared above, their wings spanning wide like sails. Dragonflies moved through the air, their bodies long and luminous. Grasshoppers leaped across the land with a force that shook the ground slightly when they landed. On the ground, ants moved in organized lines, each one far larger than anything he had ever known. Prince stopped walking. "This is not possible," he said again, though his voice carried less certainty now. The woman looked at him. "This is Atlantis," she said.

Prince turned slowly, taking in everything around him. The giants, the creatures, the vast structures, the open heavens, the enormous living things that filled the land, and the power he felt stirring within himself. He exhaled slowly. "What kind of place have I entered?" he asked. The woman did not answer immediately. Instead, she looked ahead, her expression calm yet thoughtful. "A place that is more than it appears," she said.

Prince followed her gaze, and his curiosity had not lessened. It had only grown. As he continued walking beside her, one thing became certain within him. This was not just another world. It was an adventure he had not yet begun to understand.

CHAPTER 3

The Stranger before the Throne

Time did not move in Atlantis the way Prince understood it. Days passed, yet they did not feel like days. Nights did not fall in the way he expected, and the rhythm of life seemed stretched, as though time itself had been reshaped to serve the world he now lived in. What felt like weeks to him could have been years, and what felt like moments sometimes carried the weight of long experience.

Prince lived within that world carefully. At first, he did not move freely. The woman who had found him understood the danger he was in, even when he did not fully grasp it himself. She hid him in a quiet part of the city, away from the open pathways and the gathering places where others moved and worked. "You cannot be seen carelessly," she had told him. "You are not like them." Prince had listened and stayed hidden for a time, observing from a distance. From where he remained, he watched the people of Atlantis closely. They moved with confidence and control, their actions guided by knowledge he was still trying to understand. The creatures he had seen before moved among them without fear, as though they were part of the same order of existence.

Yet even in hiding, Prince could not remain still forever. Curiosity pushed him. He began to move beyond the place where he had been kept, covering himself with garments the woman had given him. The clothing was unlike what he was used to. It flowed over him in layers, and he used part of it to cover his face, leaving only his eyes visible. At first, he walked among them unnoticed. He listened. He learned. And when he spoke, he discovered something that surprised him even more than before. They understood him, and not only that, they began to question him.

"Who are you?" one of them asked one day as he passed through a section of the city where several individuals were gathered. Prince paused. There was no point hiding completely anymore. "I am not from here," he said. They looked at him carefully. "Then where are you from?" another asked. Prince hesitated for only a moment. "I am from the future," he replied. The words caused a reaction, not fear, not immediate disbelief, but surprise. "What future?" one of them pressed. Prince looked at them steadily. "The future of this world," he said. "A time far ahead of this." There was silence for a moment, and then one of them asked the question that followed naturally. "What year?" Prince answered without hesitation. "2026." The reaction this time was stronger. They looked at one another, their expressions shifting in ways that revealed both curiosity and concern. "That is far beyond our time," one of them said. Prince nodded. "Yes," he replied.

The conversation did not continue for long. They did not attack him, but their interest in him had changed. He was no longer just an unfamiliar figure moving through the city. He had become something else, something they needed to understand. That was when things began to change. The woman who had been protecting him noticed it first. "You spoke too openly," she said when she found him later. Prince looked at her. "I could not hide forever," he replied. She shook her head slightly. "This place does not treat the unknown lightly," she said. "Especially not something that speaks of what has not yet happened."

Prince was about to respond when he sensed it, a presence behind him. He turned. A man stood at a short distance, watching him. He was not like the others Prince had spoken to before. There was a sharpness in his gaze, a focus that suggested he had been observing for longer than Prince had realized. For a moment, no one spoke. Then the man stepped forward. "You," he said, pointing directly at Prince. "Remove that covering." Prince did not move immediately. The woman stepped slightly in front of him, but the man raised his hand. "This does not concern you," he said. Prince knew there was no avoiding it now. Slowly, he lowered the cloth from his face.

The man studied him carefully. "You are not of this order," he said. Prince remained silent. The man looked at the woman briefly, then back at Prince. "You have

been hidden," he continued. "Why?" Before Prince could answer, others began to gather. The moment had drawn attention, and within minutes, a small group surrounded them, watching and listening. "He says he is from the future," one of them said. The man's expression did not change, but his eyes sharpened slightly. "Is that so?" he asked. Prince nodded. "Yes." The man stepped closer. "And you expect that to be accepted?" he said. "I expect it to be heard," Prince replied. There was a brief silence. Then the man spoke again. "You will not be harmed," he said. "Not yet." Prince's expression remained steady. "What does that mean?" he asked. "It means," the man replied, "that you will be taken to the one who decides such things." Prince understood immediately. "The king," he said. The man nodded. "Yes."

The woman looked at Prince, her concern now clear, but there was nothing she could do. The decision had already been made. Prince was surrounded, not violently, but firmly. He was not treated like a prisoner yet, but neither was he free. They began to move, and as they walked, the path led toward the center of the city, toward the place Prince had seen from a distance but had not yet approached closely. The great pyramid rose above everything else, its presence commanding attention even from afar, and as they drew nearer, Prince felt something shift within him. The air changed. The pressure increased. The closer they moved, the stronger it became.

They reached the base of the structure, and the entrance opened before them, vast and silent. Prince was led inside. The interior was unlike anything he had seen. The walls seemed to carry light within them, not static, but moving in patterns that shifted as though they were alive. The space was enormous, yet everything within it felt controlled, directed toward a single point. At the far end, elevated above the rest, a figure sat. Prince did not need to be told who it was. The presence alone was enough. They stopped, and Prince was brought forward.

For a moment, there was silence. Then the figure spoke. "Remove all coverings," he said. Prince did as he was told. The figure leaned forward slightly, studying him. "So," he said, "you claim to be from a time that has not yet come." Prince met his gaze. "Yes," he said. There was a pause, and then the figure asked, "What year?" "2026," Prince replied. The room grew still. The figure leaned back slightly. "And how did you come here?" he asked. Prince shook his head. "I do not fully know," he said.

The figure watched him for a moment longer, and then without warning, his expression hardened. "You do not belong to this time," he said. Prince remained silent. "And anything that does not belong," the figure continued, "must be dealt with." There was no anger in his voice, only decision. He turned slightly. "Take him," he said. The guards stepped forward immediately, and Prince did not resist. "For how long?" one of them asked. The figure

answered without hesitation. "Fifteen thousand years," he said. The words settled heavily in the space. "And after that?" the guard asked. The figure's voice did not change. "He will be beheaded."

Prince stood still. He did not react outwardly, but the weight of the sentence pressed inward. He looked at the figure one last time. "Who are you?" he asked. The figure met his gaze. "I am the ruler of this world," he said. There was a brief pause, and then he added, "I am Lucifer."

Prince was taken away. The great doors of the pyramid closed behind him as he was led deeper into its lower chambers. The light above faded and darkness replaced it. And as he was locked away, one thought settled clearly within him. Fifteen thousand years? He could not even be certain he would live to a hundred. Before that number was ever reached, he would long be dead. Or was that simply how people lived here?

CHAPTER 4

The Fall and the Fire

The gates of the lower chamber closed with a deep, final sound that echoed through the passage. Prince was pushed forward, and the guards withdrew without another word. Their footsteps faded quickly, leaving him alone in a silence that felt heavier than the walls around him.

He stood still for a moment, and then his eyes adjusted. The chamber was dim, lit only by a faint glow that seemed to seep through cracks in the stone. The air was thick and unmoving, carrying a scent that told its own story before he fully saw what lay within. Bones. Scattered across the floor and piled against the walls were the remains of those who had come before him. Some lay in complete form, while others had broken apart over time, their structure disturbed by whatever had happened in that place.

Prince took a slow step forward, and his foot brushed against something. He looked down. A skull rolled slightly to the side, and he stopped immediately. A chill moved through him, not from the air, but from the reality of what he was seeing. "These were people," he said quietly. The thought settled deeper as he looked around. People who had stood where he now stood, people who had been brought here, judged, and forgotten. For a brief

moment, fear rose within him, not the kind that caused him to run, but the kind that pressed inward and asked questions he did not immediately answer. Then another thought followed, clear and steady. "I have already died," he said to himself. The words changed something within him. If he had crossed that line once, then what did death mean now? He exhaled slowly and moved toward a corner of the chamber where the ground was clearer. He sat down, leaning against the cold wall, his eyes still scanning the space around him. "This cannot be the end," he said quietly.

Above him, the world continued. Far beyond the dungeon, beyond the great pyramid, beyond the city itself, something else was unfolding. That night, the sky above Atlantis shifted. The great opening Prince had seen before began to respond, its light intensifying as movement gathered within it. The air around the portal grew charged, as though something had been summoned. Lucifer stood beneath it. He did not move immediately. He looked upward, his expression calm yet focused, and then without hesitation, he rose. His form lifted from the ground, ascending toward the opening with controlled ease. The light of the portal surrounded him, not resisting his presence, but responding to it, and in a moment, he passed through.

The world changed. He did not arrive in Atlantis again. He entered a realm of greater order, where the light did not shift or waver but remained constant, steady, and

complete. Heaven. Lucifer stood within it once more, but not as he once had. A presence filled the space before him, not approaching, but already there, not needing to move to be known. God. There was no confusion, no uncertainty, only authority that could not be questioned. “Why do you persist?” the voice came, not loud, yet filling everything. Lucifer stood firm. “I have built what I was denied,” he replied. The answer did not shake the atmosphere. It only revealed his position. “You have gone beyond what was permitted,” the voice continued. “You have taken what was not given and taught what was not yours to reveal.” Lucifer’s expression hardened slightly. “I have only done what I was created to do,” he said. “To know. To understand. To create.” “You were not created to replace,” the voice responded.

There was a pause, and then Lucifer spoke again. “I will not remain limited,” he said. “I will rule. I will establish my own dominion. I will be as You are.” The words did not echo. They settled. And in that moment, the order of heaven responded. This time, it was not a conversation. It was judgment. The light intensified, not as an increase, but as a revelation of authority that had always been present. “You have chosen your position,” the voice declared. “Now you will bear its consequence.”

Movement followed, not chaos, not confusion, but order in action. A figure stepped forward, strong and unshaken. Michael. He did not hesitate, for the moment had already been decided. Lucifer moved immediately. Energy

gathered around him, forming a force that surged outward. It met resistance at once as others stepped forward behind Michael, the hosts of heaven aligning in response to the command already given.

What followed was not a battle of uncertainty. It was a clash of positions. Lucifer fought with everything he carried. The knowledge, the power, and the influence he had gathered all surged outward, and those who had aligned with him moved as well, standing against the order they had once been part of. The heavens responded. Light met force. Authority met rebellion. The space itself seemed to hold the weight of the moment as the conflict unfolded. But there was no equal ground. Lucifer resisted. He pushed forward. He fought. Yet the outcome did not change. Michael advanced, and with a force that did not come from effort but from alignment with command, he struck. Lucifer was driven back again and again until the moment came. "You will not remain here," the voice declared.

The final movement followed. Lucifer and those who stood with him were cast out, not slowly, not with struggle that could change the result, but removed completely. The light of heaven did not follow them. The portal closed. The access they once had was gone. They fell through space and through distance until they reached the earth below. The impact was not silent. Fire spread across the land as they descended. The surface of the earth reacted violently, sections of it burning and others

breaking apart. What had once been stable became unstable. The world shifted, and desolation followed.

Lucifer rose from where he had fallen, but he was not the same. The light that once defined him was gone. What remained was darker, heavier, shaped by what he had chosen and what had been declared over him. His presence carried weight and danger, not hidden and not restrained. He looked upon the earth, and then he began again. If he could not return, he would establish. If he could not access, he would create. He turned to those who had followed him. "We begin here," he said. And they did.

Lucifer began to teach, not what was permitted, but what had been hidden. He revealed knowledge that was never meant to be placed in the hands of those on earth. He taught the manipulation of forces, the understanding of structures beyond natural limits, and the merging of what was spiritual with what was physical. From this, what the world would come to know as science was born alongside witchcraft, sorcery, and necromancy. It was knowledge without boundary, knowledge without restraint, forbidden knowledge. Men received it. They learned. They advanced. But something else grew with it. Corruption, pride, and power without alignment. The foundation of what would become Atlantis began to form.

And far below, in the darkness of the dungeon, Prince sat in silence, unaware of the full weight of what had been set into motion.

CHAPTER 5

The Age of the Fallen

The world beneath Lucifer's rule did not remain still. What began as rebellion soon grew into something far more established. The fallen did not merely survive on earth. They organized, they built, and they extended their influence deep into the lives of those who lived on the land. Over time, the boundary between the unseen and the visible began to blur, and Lucifer and those who followed him began to interact with human women. At first, it was subtle, encounters that seemed like alliances or unions. But as time passed, those unions became more direct, and something unnatural began to take shape.

From these unions, children were born, and these children were unlike any that had ever existed before. They were stronger than ordinary humans, their understanding was deeper, and their presence carried a weight that could not be ignored. They were not fully of the earth, yet they were not entirely separate from it. They stood between two realms, with half of what they were coming from the natural world and the other half from something far beyond it. They became known as beings of power. Some were recognized for specific abilities and influences, carrying dominion over aspects of life that affected entire communities. Others expressed

authority over forces that ordinary people could not control, and among them were those associated with wisdom, fertility, and other expressions of power over the natural and spiritual environment. They were not truly gods, but they were treated as such, and people began to look up to them not just as leaders but as superior beings whose word and presence shaped the world around them.

As time progressed, their influence grew stronger, and with that growth came corruption. The knowledge that had been passed down by Lucifer spread further into society. What was once forbidden became common. What was once hidden became practiced openly. Witchcraft became part of daily life, no longer considered strange or dangerous but accepted as a system of operation, a way of achieving results, gaining power, and influencing outcomes. People began to rely on it without question. Buildings rose higher than before, and structures stretched toward the sky with an ambition that reflected the mindset of the age. These were not just places of dwelling. They were symbols of control, knowledge, and advancement, monuments to what men believed they had become. Yet beneath the surface, something was deeply wrong. Immorality spread, and actions that once would have been unthinkable became accepted. The boundaries that had defined human behavior were gradually erased, and the world moved further and further from the order it was created to follow.

Prince watched and learned. From where he was, even in confinement, he began to understand something deeper. This was not new to him. He had seen echoes of it before, in his memory, in the scriptures he had known in his own world. A reference surfaced with clarity. Genesis chapter six. The realization struck him like something firm and undeniable. This was not the first occurrence of such things. It had happened before, and now he understood fully. What he was witnessing in Atlantis was the origin of what later became recorded in the earth's history. The patterns were the same. Only the time was different, and the scale was far greater.

As corruption increased, so did judgment. The actions of the people did not go unnoticed, and the world had reached a point where balance had been entirely lost. Then it happened. The response came, not gradually, not partially, but with finality. A command was issued, and the world reacted. The city of Atlantis was overwhelmed as the earth itself responded to the judgment that had been declared. Water rose, not as a natural occurrence, but as something that carried authority behind it. It did not simply flood the land. It swallowed it. The structures that had been built, the towers that had reached upward, and the systems that had been established began to disappear beneath the rising waters, and Atlantis sank, slowly at first and then completely, until the entire city was submerged and the people within it could not escape what had come.

Yet something unusual occurred in that moment of destruction. Lucifer acted. He did not allow the story to end in the way it had been declared. Through knowledge and power, he engaged something within the system of that world, a mechanism, a resistance, a mystery that prevented total destruction. As Atlantis was submerged, it did not vanish entirely. Instead, it transitioned. The city remained intact beneath the water, alive and hidden, protected in a way that preserved its existence beneath the ocean. Deep beneath what would later be known as the Atlantic Ocean, Atlantis continued, not as it once was in its full open glory, but still present, still active, and still hidden from the world above.

Prince felt the environment shift around him as the flood reached its conclusion. The pressure increased, the light dimmed, and as the world transformed into a submerged state, something else began to happen. The boundaries of his experience started to fade, and before he could fully process what was happening, his surroundings began to blur. The city, the water, the presence of movement around him, everything seemed to recede into distance. Then he saw it. Rising from the depths of the ocean, structures began to emerge, tall and bright, shining with a strange intensity that defied the darkness of the water. Pyramids. They rose upward from the submerged city, extending beyond the surface and piercing through the ocean, reaching toward the sky with a presence that was not random but positioned with precision, aligned with something beyond what he could

immediately understand. Prince watched them as they continued to rise, standing in the ocean like markers, or gateways, or something else entirely that he did not yet have the words to name

Then, just as quickly as he had seen them, everything began to fade. His vision blurred, the sound of water dimmed, and his body felt distant, as though he was being pulled away from that place entirely. And then, suddenly, he woke. The light was bright and unfamiliar. White walls surrounded him. Beeping sounds filled the air. A bed lay beneath him. Prince blinked and tried to move, and his body responded, but it felt different, heavier, more bound to the ground than he had grown used to. He was not in Atlantis. He was not in the past. He was somewhere else entirely. A hospital. His body had returned, and he lay there for a moment, trying to reconcile everything he had experienced with the ordinary world that now surrounded him.

He slowly turned his head. People were moving around him, real people, modern and familiar, yet distant in a way that felt strange after everything he had just lived through. Prince stared at the ceiling and let his breathing steady. And in that moment, one truth settled deep within him. What he had seen was not imagination. It was something real, something that had been, and something that, in some form, still was.

CHAPTER 6

Between Life and Silence

Prince's eyes opened slowly. For a brief moment, he did not move. His gaze drifted upward, settling on the ceiling above him, then shifting toward the side where a small clock hung on the wall. The ticking sound reached him clearly, steady and rhythmic, marking time in a way that felt both familiar and strange after everything he had passed through. He focused on it. The hands pointed to a late hour. Eleven o'clock at night. The realization settled quietly within him, and then his awareness expanded, reaching outward into the room around him.

He was not alone. His eyes moved slowly across the space, taking in the figures gathered around him. The atmosphere carried a weight he did not immediately understand, but the faces told a story before anyone spoke. There were church members, young people he had once taught and guided, pastors who had stood alongside him in ministry, and children. Some stood at a distance, watching with hopeful eyes. Others were closer, their expressions filled with concern. A few were crying quietly while others had their heads bowed in prayer. The room was filled with a mixture of grief and hope, two things that did not always sit easily together, and yet here they were, sharing the same space.

Then someone noticed. "He moved," a voice said, not loudly, but with enough weight to break through the stillness of the room. Another voice followed almost immediately. "Prince, Prince has opened his eyes." The room shifted at once. People leaned forward. Some stood still in shock while others rushed toward the bed. Voices called out his name, overlapping, filled with a relief that had been held back for too long. "Prince!" someone cried. "He is awake!" another said. "Thank God, thank God," a third voice repeated over and over, as though afraid to stop saying it.

Prince tried to speak. His lips moved slightly, but no words came out. His body responded slowly, as though it was still trying to reconnect with itself, still finding its way back from wherever it had been. Then she appeared. His sister. She had been sitting quietly to one side, her face carrying the weight of long waiting, silent prayers, and the kind of deep sorrow that settles in when hope begins to feel uncertain. When she saw his eyes open, something in her broke and lifted at the same time. She rushed forward, reaching the bed quickly, and without hesitation she held onto him tightly, as though afraid he might disappear again if she let go even for a moment. "Prince!" she cried, her voice trembling with everything she had been holding inside. She pressed her face close to his, her voice dropping to something soft and urgent. "You are back. You are back."

Prince could feel her presence clearly. Though he could not yet speak, he recognized her. The room around them grew louder. Voices rose together, prayers mixed with tears, and expressions of gratitude began to fill the space with a warmth that had not been there before. Someone quickly brought a cup of water and held it toward the bed. "Give him water," a voice said. "Carefully, carefully, do not rush him." They helped him drink slowly, and his body responded little by little, returning to itself one small movement at a time.

"Can he hear us?" one of the young men asked, leaning slightly closer. "Prince, if you can hear me, just blink," said one of the pastors, his voice steady but gentle. Prince's eyes moved slightly, and the room responded with quiet sounds of relief and renewed prayer. "He can hear," someone said. "He is still with us." His sister lifted her head and looked at his face carefully, studying every detail as though trying to memorize it. "Prince," she said softly, "we have been here for three days. Three days. Do you understand me? We never left." Her voice broke at the end, and she pressed her lips together to steady herself. "Just stay with us. Please just stay."

Then, suddenly, everything changed. Prince closed his eyes, not slowly, not gradually, but in a way that caused immediate concern. The room became still in an instant. "Prince?" someone called. There was no response. "Prince!" another voice followed, louder this time, with fear rising beneath it. Still no response. The hope that

had filled the room only moments ago began to fade, replaced quickly by confusion and then by something heavier. "Call the doctor!" someone shouted, and footsteps hurried away without delay.

Within moments, a doctor entered the room, his expression focused and serious. He approached the bed quickly, observing everything around him with trained attention. The room fell silent as he worked. He checked the pulse, observed the breathing, and examined the eyes with careful precision. The atmosphere became tense as everyone waited, each second stretching longer than it should have. Some closed their eyes and prayed silently. Others simply watched, unable to look away. His sister stood close, her hands clasped tightly together, her lips moving without sound.

After a few moments, the doctor stepped back slightly. He looked at Prince for a moment longer, and then he turned to the family and those gathered around the bed. His expression was controlled, but there was something in his eyes that revealed the weight of what he was about to say. He spoke carefully, using language that was measured and precise, explaining what he had observed in terms that were clinical but carried their meaning clearly. Those present understood. And what they understood brought silence first, then shock, and then grief that broke through every remaining wall of composure in the room.

"No," someone whispered, the word barely audible. Another person covered their mouth with both hands. The doctor's words had confirmed what no one wanted to accept. Prince was no longer responding. His body had ceased functioning in a way that could sustain life. The situation had reached its final point, and there was nothing more that medicine could offer in that moment.

The room erupted. Screaming filled the space, and cries rose from every direction as the sound of grief spread without restraint. His sister reacted immediately, grabbing the doctor by the arm, her voice shaking and broken. "What did you say?" she demanded, her words coming out fast and barely controlled. "What did you say? Tell me, what did you say!" Her voice rose as she repeated the question, her emotions overwhelming her completely. The doctor tried to respond, his tone remaining calm and compassionate, but she could barely hear him through the weight of what she was feeling. She turned away from him and rushed back to Prince's side. She fell beside him, her hands trembling as she touched his face, tracing the familiar lines of it as though trying to hold onto something that was slipping away. "Prince," she said, her voice breaking completely. "My only brother. My only brother." She held onto him and wept openly, her body shaking with a grief that words could not carry. She refused to let go.

Around her, others wept as well, the sound of mourning filling every corner of the room. The younger ones who

had come with hope now stood with tears on their faces, some holding onto each other, some kneeling where they stood. The pastors who had come to pray had entered that room with faith, speaking bold prayers and declaring the word of God with confidence. But now, something had shifted in them. Their expressions reflected something between disappointment and confusion, a quiet struggle between what they had believed and what they were now seeing. One of them stepped back slightly from the bed. Another lowered his head. A third stood with his eyes closed, his hands no longer raised but hanging at his sides. The prayers that had filled the room moments ago had faded into silence. No one spoke. No one prayed. The atmosphere had changed completely, and the room that had briefly held the sound of rejoicing now held only the weight of grief.

Prince lay still, unaware of the storm his silence had created around him. Whatever was happening to him was happening somewhere else entirely, somewhere beyond the reach of the hands that held him and the voices that called his name.

CHAPTER 7

A Life He Did Not Recognize

Prince opened his eyes. For a moment, he simply lay there, staring upward at a ceiling he did not recognize. The first thing he felt was confusion, deep and immediate, as though his mind and his surroundings belonged to two entirely different worlds. The second thing he felt was discomfort, a strange unsettling sense that something was wrong in a way he could not yet name. He blinked slowly, and his vision cleared.

A woman stood close to him. She was watching him with a gentle but concerned expression, the kind of look that suggested she had been watching for some time before he noticed her. She was well dressed, her hair neat, and there was a familiarity about her movements that implied she was comfortable in this space. "You are finally awake," she said softly, touching his arm with light fingers. "Honey, you are going to be late for work." Prince frowned, looking at her carefully and trying to process her words. The word honey landed strangely, as though it was meant for someone else. "Where am I?" he asked. The question came out slowly, as though he was testing not just the question but the reality of his own voice. The woman paused and looked at him with an expression that shifted from warmth to something closer to concern.

"You are at home," she replied. "Come on, you need to get up and get ready."

Prince stared at her for a moment, then sat up and looked around the room. Nothing was familiar. The bed, the furniture, the arrangement of the space, even the quality of the light coming through the curtains felt different from anything he could place in his memory. He turned back to the woman. "Who are you?" he asked. The question came out plainly, without cruelty, but the weight of it landed heavily in the room. The woman's expression changed immediately. She stepped back slightly, her eyes searching his face with growing unease. "Prince," she said carefully, her voice dropping. "What kind of question is that?" He did not answer her. Instead, he turned toward a mirror on the wall nearby and looked at his reflection.

What he saw stopped him completely. His face was older, much older than he remembered. The lines around his eyes, the slight heaviness of his jaw, the grey at his temples, none of it matched the man he believed himself to be. His body had changed. His hands, when he raised them, were the hands of a man who had lived years he had no memory of. He stared at himself in the mirror, his mouth slightly open, his breathing unsteady. "No," he whispered. He stepped back from the mirror, then moved suddenly, almost stumbling, rushing out of the room before the woman could say another word. "Prince!" she

called after him, her voice carrying both alarm and confusion, but he did not stop.

He ran into the living room, and what he found there made him freeze entirely. Children. Four of them, moving freely through the space, laughing, playing, filling the room with the easy noise of a life well lived. They did not seem unusual. They seemed at home. Prince stood in the doorway and looked at them one by one, his eyes moving slowly from face to face. The children noticed him and gradually stopped what they were doing, their laughter fading as they sensed something was wrong with the way their father was looking at them. The woman had followed him into the room and stood behind him, watching carefully. Prince turned to her. "What is happening?" he asked, his voice rising slightly. "Who are these children?" The woman hesitated. One of the older children tilted his head in confusion. "Dad?" the boy said. "Are you okay?" Prince looked at the child, then back at the woman. "They are your children," she said carefully, choosing each word with obvious care. Prince's expression shifted immediately, something between disbelief and panic passing across his face. "My what?" he said. "That is not possible." He began to pace, his hands moving restlessly. "No, no, something is very wrong here. This is not right."

He stopped suddenly and turned to face the room. "What is the date?" he asked, his voice urgent. The children exchanged glances. The oldest of the four, a quiet boy

with careful eyes, answered in a small voice. "It is the seventh of November." Prince looked at him directly. "What year?" he asked. The room went still. The boy looked at his mother, uncertain whether to answer, and she gave him a small nod. "3033," the boy said. Prince stood perfectly still for a moment. He repeated the number slowly, as though each digit needed to be examined individually. Three. Zero. Three. Three. And then something in him broke open. He shouted, the sound filling the entire house, raw and sudden. The younger children flinched and drew closer to each other. The woman rushed toward him. "Prince, please calm down," she said urgently, placing her hands on his arms. "Listen to me. Just breathe." But he pulled away gently, his mind too full to be still. He moved to the window and stood there, looking out at a city that was entirely foreign to him, breathing hard, trying to hold himself together.

Then, cutting through the tension like something deliberate, his phone rang. The sound was sharp and sudden in the heavy silence. Everyone in the room looked at it. The woman picked it up and answered quickly, her voice steadying as she listened. Her expression shifted as the call continued, and after a few seconds she looked directly at Prince. "It is the hospital," she said. "Someone is dying. They need you there immediately." Prince turned from the window and stared at her. "I am not a doctor," he said. The woman held his gaze. "You are," she replied quietly but firmly. "You have been practicing medicine for years, Prince. You have a

department. You have a team." He shook his head slowly. "This is not my life," he said, the words coming out with a weariness that went beyond argument. She looked at him for a long moment, and when she spoke again, her voice was gentle but without room for negotiation. "There is a person on a table right now who needs you. Whatever is happening with you, that person needs you first." Prince looked at her, then at the children, who were watching him with wide and uncertain eyes. He said nothing. He simply reached for his coat.

They moved quickly through the city, and Prince sat in silence the entire way, looking out the window at streets and structures he could not place. The world around him felt assembled from the wrong pieces, familiar in language and in shape but wrong in feeling, like a dream that knew too much about the real world. At one point he turned to the woman. "Where are we?" he asked. "Kenya," she replied, keeping her eyes on the road. Prince turned the word over in his mind. "Kenya," he repeated. She nodded. "You were born in Nigeria. We met in Nigeria and married there. Then you got an opportunity here and we moved. That was eleven years ago." Prince said nothing more. He turned back to the window and watched the unfamiliar city pass by, trying to find something in it that felt like truth.

At the hospital, people were already waiting. A doctor in scrubs approached him the moment he stepped through the door, her voice tight with urgency. "Thank God you

are here," she said. "The patient has been declining for the last twenty minutes. We need you in theatre now." Prince looked around the corridor with the expression of someone who had never stood there before. But then something strange began to happen. As they led him through the doors and into the operating room, his body began to move in ways that his conscious mind had not decided. His hands reached for what they were supposed to reach for. His eyes moved to the right places. His voice gave instructions he did not know he was about to give. It was as though something beneath his awareness had taken over, a knowledge stored somewhere deeper than memory, guiding him through every step with a precision that surprised even him. The team around him moved in response, and gradually, the tension in the room began to ease. The numbers on the monitors stabilized. The patient's condition held, then improved. When it was over, Prince stepped back and looked at his hands. He did not understand what had just happened. But it had happened, and the patient was alive because of it.

Outside the theatre, the team gathered around him. One of the younger doctors let out a slow breath. "That was something," he said. "I thought we were going to lose him." Another doctor touched Prince's shoulder briefly. "You were remarkable in there," she said. "As always, but especially tonight." Prince looked at them both and said nothing. He simply nodded and walked toward the exit.

When they returned home, the children heard the door and came running. "Daddy!" they shouted, and they rushed toward him with the ease of children who had done this a thousand times before, wrapping themselves around him, reaching for his hands, pressing their faces against him. Prince stood in the middle of it all and allowed the embrace, but he could not return it the way they needed him to. His arms moved around them, but the warmth was not there. His face remained still, his eyes slightly distant, and the children felt it without being able to name it. The smallest one pulled back and looked up at him with a frown. "Daddy, are you okay?" she asked. Prince looked down at her. For a moment, the sincerity in her eyes almost broke through the distance he was carrying. "I am fine," he said quietly. But even as he said it, the words felt borrowed.

Later, after the children had been put to bed, Prince and the woman sat together in the room that was supposed to be his. He sat on the edge of the bed and stared at the floor, his hands resting on his knees, his mind still somewhere far away. The woman sat across from him, watching him with the kind of patience that comes from caring deeply about someone and being afraid at the same time. "Prince," she said at last, her voice soft. "Talk to me. Please." He looked up at her slowly. Then he said the only thing he was certain of. "I was in a hospital," he said. "Not this one. A different one, in Nigeria. And I died." The woman's breath caught quietly. She did not speak. "And then there was Atlantis," he continued, his

voice measured, almost calm. "I was there. I walked in it. I saw things. And then I came back, and I was in the hospital again, and now I am here. In a year I have never heard of, in a country I do not remember choosing, with a wife I do not recognize and children I have never held." He shook his head slowly. "I do not understand any of this." The woman sat very still. When she finally spoke, her voice was careful and full of something between concern and grief. "Prince," she said, "we have been together for fourteen years. We have four children. You built your career in this city. You are known here. People respect you." She paused. "I do not know what you experienced, or what you are feeling right now, but I am real. This family is real." Prince looked at her for a long moment. "I believe that you believe that," he said gently. "But I do not remember any of it. And I cannot pretend that I do."

The silence that followed was heavy. In the background, the house was quiet. The children were asleep. The city outside made its distant sounds. And in that room, filled with fourteen years of a life that only one of them could remember, something fragile sat between them. Not anger, not accusation, but something harder to name. The gap between what was and what he knew. The distance between a life that had been lived and a man who had just arrived inside it.

CHAPTER 8

The Weight of What She Remembered

That night remained heavy in the memory of Prince's wife. She sat in the quietness of their home long after the children had gone to sleep, her thoughts moving backward through the events of the previous day without her permission. It had all happened so fast. One moment Prince had been fine, and the next she had received a call that made her hands go cold. The accident had been serious, far more serious than the brief version she had managed to hold herself together enough to process at the time. He had been brought into the hospital barely conscious, his body broken by the impact, the doctors moving around him with the quiet urgency that told her everything she did not want to know. She had stood outside the treatment room and prayed in a way she had not prayed in years, not with composed words but with something raw and desperate, the kind of prayer that comes out of a person when they have nothing left to offer but their fear. And then, hours later, the doctor had come out and told her he was stable. That he had pulled through. She had pressed her back against the wall and wept with relief, and then straightened herself up and walked in to see him.

He had been groggy but present. He had looked at her and said her name, and she had held his hand and told

him he was going to be fine, and she had believed it completely. They had treated him through the night, and by morning he was well enough to be brought home. She had stayed beside him, watching him sleep, grateful beyond words. But then morning came, and Prince woke up, and nothing was the same.

The following morning revealed what the night had only whispered. Prince woke and moved through the house like a man navigating unfamiliar territory. He stood in the kitchen doorway and watched her make tea as though trying to remember what she was doing and why. When the children came downstairs for breakfast, he looked at them with a gentleness that was real but uncertain, as though he cared for them but could not quite locate the source of that caring within himself. He spoke carefully, choosing words with a deliberateness that was unlike the easy, flowing way he normally talked. He asked one of the children what subject he had at school that morning, and when the boy answered, Prince nodded slowly, as though filing the information away for the first time rather than recalling something already known. His wife set a cup of tea in front of him and he thanked her with such formal sincerity that the oldest child looked up from his food and frowned. "Dad, are you sure you are okay?" the boy asked. Prince looked at him. "I am trying to be," he said honestly, and the boy did not know what to do with that answer, so he went back to his food.

After the children had left for school, the house grew quiet, and Prince and his wife sat across from each other at the kitchen table. She wrapped her hands around her mug and looked at him steadily. "We need to talk about what is happening with you," she said. "Not the way we talked last night, where I was careful and you were careful. I mean really talk." Prince met her eyes. "I agree," he said. "But I do not know how to explain what I cannot fully understand myself." She leaned forward slightly. "Then let me start," she said. She set her mug down and looked at him directly. "Yesterday, Prince. Do you remember yesterday?" He looked at her carefully. "Tell me what you remember," he said. She held his gaze. "You were in an accident," she said. "A bad one. You were brought to the hospital barely conscious. The doctors were not sure what was going to happen for a while. I sat outside that room and prayed like I have never prayed before." She paused, pressing her lips together briefly. "And then they told me you had pulled through. That you were stable. I was so relieved I could hardly stand up straight." Prince was quiet, watching her face as she spoke. "They treated you through the night," she continued. "By morning you were well enough to come home. I brought you here myself. You slept, and I thought, thank God, he is going to be fine." She stopped. Her voice had been steady until that moment, but something in it shifted now. "And then you woke up this morning," she said, "and you looked at me like I was a stranger. You looked at your own children like you were seeing them for the first time." Her eyes grew bright.

"Prince, what happened to you in that hospital? What happened between when you closed your eyes and when you opened them this morning?"

Prince sat with her words for a long moment. The sincerity in her face, the fear she was working to hold back, the way her hands had tightened around her mug, all of it reached him. "I hear you," he said quietly. "And I believe every word you are telling me. But I have no memory of the accident. I have no memory of the hospital or of last night or of being brought home." He shook his head slowly. "What I do have is something else entirely. Something I do not yet know how to explain in a way that will make sense." His wife looked at him for a long time without speaking. "Try," she said at last, her voice barely above a whisper. He looked down at the table, then back at her. "I was somewhere else," he said. "Not here. Not Kenya. Somewhere that felt more real than anything I can describe. And I think whatever happened to me in that accident, whatever the doctors saw on those monitors, it opened something. Or sent me somewhere." He shook his head again. "I know how that sounds." His wife reached across the table and placed her hand over his. "I do not care how it sounds," she said. "I just need to understand what happened to my husband."

The concern between them grew through the morning, quiet and persistent, until it pressed them toward a decision neither of them particularly wanted to make but both of them felt was necessary. They had heard of a

woman, a spiritual practitioner, someone said to have the ability to discern things beyond ordinary reasoning. Prince was not entirely comfortable with the idea, and he said so plainly as they drove. "I am not sure this is the right direction," he said. His wife kept her eyes on the road. "I am not saying it is," she replied. "But we need answers, and the hospital cannot give us what we need. Not for this." Prince said nothing further. He looked out the window and watched the city pass, still foreign to him, still assembled from the wrong pieces.

When they arrived, the atmosphere of the place was immediately different, heavy in a way that was not physical, as though the air itself was paying attention. The woman who received them was older, her manner unhurried, her eyes moving between them with an assessment that felt deeper than observation. She asked them to sit, asked them nothing about why they had come, and simply began, performing the rites she was known for with a quiet focus that made the room feel smaller than it was. Prince sat and watched, uncomfortable but still, his hands resting on his knees. His wife sat beside him, her fingers lightly touching his arm.

Then something shifted. The practitioner stopped abruptly, and the sound that came from her was not a word but something raw and startled, a shout that came from deep within her, the sound of someone who had touched something they were not prepared for. The room

seemed to respond. A trembling moved through the space, not violent but present, as though an invisible weight had pressed down from above. The woman stumbled backward. Her assistants moved toward her, alarmed. Prince rose to his feet instinctively. His wife grabbed his arm. The practitioner pointed at Prince, her hand shaking, her breathing rapid. "Take him out," she said, her voice no longer steady. "Take him away from here." Her assistants looked at Prince with a fear that was genuine and immediate. "Please," one of them said quietly, moving toward the door. "You must go." Prince looked at the woman who was still pointing at him, still trembling. "What did you see?" he asked, his voice calm and direct in the middle of the chaos. The practitioner met his eyes briefly, and something in her expression moved from fear toward something more complicated, something close to awe. "You do not belong to this world as I know it," she said, her voice dropping low. "You are not aligned with the present order. You have come from another place entirely. Another realm." She shook her head. "I cannot help you. What is in you is beyond my reach." She turned away, and her assistants guided Prince and his wife firmly toward the door.

They drove home in silence for most of the journey. Prince stared ahead, and his wife drove with both hands on the wheel, her jaw tight. After a long while, she spoke. "She was afraid of you," she said, not accusingly, but as a statement of something she was still working to understand. "I noticed," Prince said. "What does that tell

you?" she asked. Prince was quiet for a moment. "It tells me that whatever I experienced was real," he said. "And that it left something on me that even she could not approach." His wife absorbed that slowly. "What do we do?" she asked. He turned to look at her. "I pray," he said simply. "And I wait for understanding."

That night, Prince could not sleep. He lay in the darkness of the room, his eyes open, his mind moving through everything he had seen and experienced with a restlessness that would not settle. He prayed quietly, not with loud words but with the deep internal conversation of a man who needed answers and knew where to find them. He asked God to speak to him plainly, to help him understand what was happening, to show him the way back to what was his. He lay there in the stillness, and the night deepened around him.

Then, precisely at midnight, the room changed. Not dramatically, not with a sound or a light that disturbed the house, but in a way that Prince recognized immediately from something deep within his spirit. A presence entered the space, familiar, sure, and steady. Prince sat up slowly. Remiel, the angel of encounters, stood before him. It had been a long time since Prince had experienced such a visitation, and the weight of seeing that face again pressed something open within him that he had not realized was closed. He let out a slow breath. "You are here," he said. Remiel looked at him with an expression that carried both gravity and compassion. "I

am here," he said. "You have questions." Prince almost laughed at the simplicity of it. "That is one way to say it," he replied. "I have nothing but questions."

Remiel moved closer and spoke with calm authority, addressing what lay at the center of Prince's confusion before Prince could even form the words properly. "What you experienced over the twelve hours was not random," the angel said. "Each encounter, each place you were taken to, each thing you witnessed, it was deliberate. It was a strengthening. Your spirit was being built for something that your ordinary life could not have prepared you for." Prince listened without interrupting. "When your body died," Remiel continued, "your spirit did not follow the path that most spirits follow into eternity. Instead, it moved through those experiences. Atlantis was not a dream. The future was not a vision in the ordinary sense. You were there. You were present in each of those places." Prince exhaled slowly. "And this?" he asked. "This life, this wife, these children, this year?" Remiel was quiet for a brief moment. "Also real," he said. "But not yet fully yours to understand. What you are experiencing now is part of what is still being revealed to you." Prince absorbed that carefully. "Will I return?" he asked. "To my own time. To the life I remember before all of this." Remiel looked at him steadily. "Your return to your physical body is certain," he said. "That has not changed. But there is more that God intends to show you before that return is complete. There are things ahead in time that you need to see, not because you will remember every detail, but

because what you carry when you return will be shaped by what you encounter." Prince was quiet for a long moment. "So I am not lost," he said. Remiel shook his head. "You are not lost," he said. "You are being prepared."

With those words settled into the room, Remiel withdrew, not with drama, but with the quiet finality of someone whose message had been fully delivered. Prince sat in the darkness for a while after, his hands resting on his knees, his breathing steady. The fear that had been with him since he woke in this unfamiliar life had not entirely left, but something had shifted beneath it. A certainty had taken root, small but unshakable. He was not wandering. He was not abandoned. He was in the middle of something purposeful, something larger than he had yet seen the edges of, and the One who had sent him into it had not let go of him. He lay back down and closed his eyes, and for the first time since he had arrived in the year 3033, he slept without resistance.

CHAPTER 9

The Day of Separation

Immediately after the encounter with the angel, Prince stood in silence, trying to process everything he had just heard. The room felt unusually still, as though time itself had paused for a brief moment. Then something caught his attention. He turned toward the bed. His wife was no longer there. Only the clothes she had worn to sleep lay gently on the bed, arranged in a way that suggested she had not left in a normal manner. It was as though she had vanished from within them. He stood and looked at the bed for a moment, certain at first that his eyes were adjusting, that she had simply moved to another part of the room. But there was no one. What remained on the bed were only the clothes she had worn to sleep, lying in the exact arrangement of a person who had been present within them and then was not. The fabric held the shape of her without holding her. Her pillow still carried the impression of her head. The blanket was pulled back just slightly on her side, the way it would be if she had risen in the night, and yet the clothes that should have moved with her had not moved at all. Prince reached out and touched the fabric. He stood there for a moment, very still, the question forming slowly in his mind before it found his voice. "Where did she go?" he said quietly, though he was speaking to no one.

He moved quickly out of the room and went down the hallway to where the children slept. He opened the first door and stepped inside. The room was exactly as it should have been at that hour, dim and warm, with the small familiar smell of a child's space, except the bed was empty. The blanket had been thrown back the way children throw blankets in the middle of sleep, carelessly and with warmth, but the child who had been sleeping beneath it was gone. Their pajamas lay flat on the mattress, undisturbed, holding nothing. Prince stood in the doorway and looked at them for a moment that felt longer than it was, and then he moved to the next room. The same. The next. The same again. Four rooms, four empty beds, four sets of small clothes lying abandoned in the shapes of the children who had worn them to sleep.

He searched the entire house after that, moving from room to room with a growing urgency that he was trying to keep beneath the surface of himself. He called their names, first gently, then with more force, then with the full weight of a man who has run out of rational explanations and is reaching for something beyond them. He checked the bathrooms, the kitchen, the living room, every corner and every space where a person could conceivably be. There was nothing. The house was perfectly intact, nothing broken, nothing out of place, and yet it was entirely empty of the people who had filled it with life only hours before. He stood in the middle of the living room and breathed. Then he went to the front door and opened it and walked outside.

The world that met him was not the quiet city street of the middle of the night. The sky had broken open. Thunder was moving through the atmosphere in waves that seemed to come from somewhere deeper than clouds, rolling and continuous, shaking the air beneath it. Lightning tore across the heavens repeatedly, not in the ordinary way of a storm but with an intensity and a frequency that turned the night into something that flickered between darkness and a terrible brightness. The light was not natural. It carried something within it that pressed against the chest of every person standing beneath it.

And there were many people standing beneath it. The city had come apart. Every street Prince could see was filled with people who had poured out of their homes, their buildings, their vehicles, which sat abandoned in the middle of roads with doors hanging open. People ran in every direction, some of them shouting names into the chaos, calling for husbands and wives and children and parents who were no longer where they had been. Families moved frantically through the crowds, grabbing strangers by the arm, turning faces toward them and then releasing them when they were not who they were looking for. A woman near the edge of the road was on her knees with both hands pressed flat to the ground, her body shaking, crying out in a language that mixed words and sounds that were beyond words. A man stood on top of a car in the middle of the road, turning in every direction, his voice breaking as he called a name over

and over and received no answer. Children who had been separated from their parents moved through the crowd with the particular terror that belongs only to lost children, their cries rising above the general sound of the city's distress.

Prince walked into it all slowly, his eyes moving across the scene around him, trying to understand the full shape of what was happening. "What is happening?" he said, though he was not asking anyone in particular, because there was no one who looked as though they had an answer. A man ran past him without stopping. A woman stopped briefly when their eyes met. "They are gone," she said, her voice hollow and disbelieving. "My husband and my daughter. They were sleeping right next to me. I reached for them and they were gone." She looked at Prince as though expecting him to explain it. He had no words for her yet. She moved on, and Prince continued forward.

Then he stopped. He had looked upward, and what he saw above the city made everything else around him recede into the background of his awareness. Far above, beyond the turbulence of the clouds and the lightning that continued to tear through them, a figure was visible. A man, clothed in white so brilliant that it was not a color but a presence, so radiant that looking at it directly should have been impossible and yet was the only thing the eye wanted to do. The brightness did not flicker or waver. It was steady and absolute, the kind of light that suggests

not illumination but identity, as though the light and the person were the same thing. Prince stood with his head lifted and his mouth slightly open and he looked at that figure the way a person looks at something they have heard described their entire life and are now seeing for the first time and realizing that every description fell short.

Around and behind that figure, the sky was filled. Countless beings moved in the heavens with a precision and a purpose that was nothing like the chaos in the streets below. They were on white horses, shining with a light that was secondary to the one at the center of it all but still far beyond anything earthly. Their number was beyond counting at a glance. They stretched across the sky in every direction, filling the upper atmosphere with a host so vast that the word army was too small and the word multitude was still not enough. Their movement was ordered and their presence was authority made visible, and every one of them was oriented toward the same direction, the same center, the same radiant figure that Prince could not stop looking at.

Graves opened. The ground parted with a quiet certainty, and from within those openings, people began to rise. Prince turned and watched as it happened not far from where he stood, in a cemetery visible from the street. Forms rose from the ground and as they rose, they changed. Whatever condition they had entered the grave in was not the condition in which they came out of it. They

emerged transformed, their bodies no longer subject to the limitations that had defined them in life, luminous and certain and free, rising upward with the ease of something that had shed a weight it no longer needed.

And then the living began to change as well. Prince saw it happen to a man standing only a short distance away. The man had been standing with his eyes closed and his hands raised and his lips moving silently, and then between one breath and the next, he was gone. Not disappeared, but changed and lifted, his clothes dropping as his body became something that did not need them, something radiant and upward moving, drawn toward the sky with a pull that gravity had no answer for. It happened again nearby. And again. A woman. A group of young people. An elderly man who had been leaning against a wall. One after another, some of the living were transformed and drawn upward, their bodies becoming light, their movement effortless and ascending, rising to meet those who had come from the graves and together moving toward the figure in the sky.

Prince turned in every direction and watched it happening across the entire city, streams of ascending light rising from every neighborhood, every street, every corner of the world he could see, and he understood without being told that it was not only this city. This was everywhere. Every nation. Every part of the earth where the called and the prepared had been sleeping, living, breathing and believing. The number of those ascending

grew beyond anything he could measure with his eyes. Tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, the count pressing into millions and beyond, all of them moving toward the same place, all of them drawn by the same presence, all of them arriving home.

The sounds around him shifted as the ascending continued. Some of those who were rising broke into expressions of joy so complete that the sound reached the streets below as something physical, something that pressed against the chest of everyone still standing on the ground and made those who recognized what was happening weep even harder for the wonder and the grief of it mixed together. Because not everyone was rising. Many remained. And those who remained knew, in the way that people know things they cannot unknow, exactly what it meant that they were still standing on the ground.

A woman near Prince had fallen to her knees with her face in her hands, her entire body shaking with weeping that had gone beyond the stage of making sound. A young man sat in the middle of the road, his legs crossed, his head tilted back, his eyes fixed on the ascending figures above him with an expression that had passed through shock and grief and arrived somewhere beyond both, somewhere quiet and devastated. Others ran, though there was nowhere to run to and nothing to run from, because what had happened had not come from any direction that running could address.

Prince stood in the middle of all of it and he was still on the ground. He had not risen. His body remained exactly where it had been, anchored to the street of a city in the year 3033, surrounded by the weeping of those left behind and the fading brilliance of those still ascending above. He looked down at his own hands, then back at the sky, then at the people around him. He said nothing for a long time. The word formed within him before it reached his lips, not as a question but as a recognition, arriving with the weight of something he had always known was true even before he understood what it would look like. "The rapture," he said softly. The reality settled into him completely, layer by layer, until every part of him held it. This was the moment. The moment that every generation of believers had prayed toward and waited for and built their faith around. The gathering. The separation. The end of one age and the beginning of another.

He stood and watched as the last of the ascending figures grew small against the brightness above and then became part of it. He watched the figure in the sky, still radiant, still absolute, still receiving all who came, until the ascension was complete and the sky began to settle into something quieter. The thunder rolled slowly into distance. The lightning faded. The brightness remained but no longer expanded. And Prince stood in the street with those who remained, in a world that had just changed in a way that could never be undone, feeling the full weight of what he had witnessed pressing down into

him with a seriousness that left no room for anything small.

He was still on the ground. And the world below the sky would never be the same again.

CHAPTER 10

The Reign of Terror

Prince did not need anyone to explain what would follow. As he stood in the aftermath of the great separation he had just witnessed, a deep awareness settled within him. The next phase had begun. What he had known in teachings and scriptures was now unfolding before his eyes. "The Antichrist," he said quietly.

He returned home, though the word home no longer carried the same meaning. The streets were still unsettled, filled with fragments of fear and confusion, but by the evening of the next day, an unnatural calm spread across the city. It was not peace. It was control.

Prince sat in silence as screens across the city began to broadcast a global announcement. The tone was firm, authoritative, and without room for negotiation. A system had been introduced. Every individual was required to receive a mark, a microchip, to be placed either on the forehead or on the right hand. Without it, no one would be able to function within society. Buying and selling would be impossible. Access to food, services, and movement would be restricted. The message was repeated across every platform. It was no longer optional. It was law.

Prince watched as people reacted in different ways. Some accepted it immediately, driven by fear and the need to survive. Others hesitated, troubled by what they sensed within their spirits. And some refused. Days passed, and the consequences became visible. Those who refused the mark could not buy food. Markets denied them access. Banks rejected them. Even simple transactions became impossible. Hunger began to take hold. Prince saw people weaken. Families struggled. Children cried for food that their parents could not provide. Some who had stood firm began to break under pressure. Others remained resolute.

Prince walked through the city, unseen. At some point, he realized something strange. No one responded to him. He stood close to people, yet they did not acknowledge his presence. He spoke, but no one heard. He reached out, but no one reacted. It became clear that he was no longer part of that world. He could see them, but they could not see him. He was present, yet absent, a witness without influence.

He went to a church. Inside, the atmosphere was heavy. People gathered, not with the usual joy and confidence, but with fear written across their faces. Some held their Bibles tightly, while others sat quietly, trying to understand what was happening. The pastor stood at the front, and his voice carried urgency. "The Antichrist is here," he declared. The congregation listened in silence. "Everything you are seeing now is the sign," he

continued. "This is the time of tribulation. The time we were warned about." He paused, and then he spoke words that unsettled the room. "The era of grace as you knew it has passed. Now, if you must stand, you will stand with your lives. You will enter into eternity through your own sacrifice." The weight of his words settled deeply. Some people wept. Others bowed their heads.

Prince stood among them, listening. He knew the scriptures. He remembered the warnings spoken about these times. What he was seeing aligned with what had been foretold. But hearing it spoken in that moment, in that reality, made it more intense, more real.

Days passed, and the persecution began. It did not start gradually. It came with force. Churches were targeted. Buildings were set on fire. Scriptures were seized and burned publicly. People who refused to deny their faith were arrested. Some were beaten. Others were executed. Prince witnessed scenes that shook him deeply. He saw believers dragged from their homes. He saw families separated. He saw individuals who refused to take the mark, standing firm even in the face of death. Their voices trembled, but their words remained clear. They would not deny Jesus. The punishment was severe, fire, violence, and public executions meant to instill fear in others. The world had changed completely. Darkness no longer hid. It ruled openly.

Prince moved through it all, unseen. He saw everything. He felt the weight of it. Yet he could do nothing. As time

passed, he noticed something else. His presence in that realm was fading slowly and gradually. At first, it was subtle. His movements felt lighter. His connection to the environment weakened. Then it became more noticeable, as his form began to thin, as though he was losing substance. He looked at his hands. They were no longer as solid as before. He understood. His time there was ending. He continued to watch, to witness, to take it all in, but with each passing moment, he felt himself being pulled away.

Then it happened. Without warning, the air around him shifted, and a force gathered suddenly, forming into a powerful whirlwind that came from nowhere and surrounded him instantly. The ground beneath him disappeared from his awareness as the force lifted him upward. Prince did not resist. He could not. The movement was too strong, too sudden. The world around him blurred. The chaos, the fire, the suffering, all of it faded as he was carried away. He did not know where he was going. He did not understand what would come next. But one thing was certain. He was leaving that dimension, and whatever awaited him beyond it was already prepared.

CHAPTER 11

The Place of Peace

The whirlwind did not drop Prince into confusion this time. It carried him with purpose. The force that surrounded him began to slow, and as it did, the chaos he had just left behind disappeared completely. The noise, the fear, the destruction, and the suffering all faded, replaced by a quietness that felt alive. Then he arrived.

Prince stood still. Before him stretched a world so beautiful that for a moment, he could not move. The atmosphere was calm, yet filled with a presence that brought deep peace. It was not the kind of peace that comes from silence alone. It was something greater, something that settled within the heart and removed every form of fear.

He looked around slowly. A river flowed nearby, and its waters were unlike anything he had ever seen. They were clear beyond description, so transparent that he could see through them completely, down to the very depth, yet at the same time, they reflected his image like a perfect mirror. The surface shimmered with a soft glow, as though light lived within it. Prince stepped closer and bent slightly and looked into it. He saw himself clearly, and yet the water remained pure and undisturbed. He straightened and turned.

Trees surrounded the area, but they were not like the trees of the earth he knew. Their forms were fuller, their colors richer, and their presence carried a kind of life that could be felt even without touching them. Flowers bloomed in ways that defied ordinary understanding, their beauty layered with colors he had never seen before. Creatures moved among them, animals, yet not entirely like the animals of earth. Some resembled what he had known, but their appearance was refined, peaceful, and without any trace of aggression. Others were completely new, shaped with forms that spoke of creativity beyond human imagination.

Then he saw the people. They moved freely, their faces filled with joy. There was no sadness among them, no worry, no pain. Their expressions carried a peace that did not fade. Children ran and played, laughing as they moved among the animals, unharmed and unafraid. Adults walked together, speaking, smiling, and living in complete harmony. Prince watched them, and something within him responded. "This is paradise," he said quietly.

He continued walking. In the distance, he saw structures, houses, but they were not made of ordinary materials. They shone with brilliance, as though they were formed from gold itself. The walls reflected light in a way that made them appear alive. Beyond them, a city stretched outward, its foundations built with materials that glowed with color and clarity, gold, silver, and precious stones of every kind, rubies, emeralds, diamonds, and opals,

forming the structure of the city and creating a place that was both magnificent and peaceful at the same time. Prince stood in awe.

Then, as he looked further, he noticed someone watching him. At first, it was only a figure at a distance, but something about the posture, the stillness, and the attention caught his focus. He looked more closely, and his heart reacted before his mind did. He began to move, and then he ran. As he drew closer, the figure became clearer. A woman. Her face, her presence, it was familiar, too familiar. "Mom," he said softly. The woman stepped forward, and as he reached her, she embraced him. Prince broke. He held onto her tightly, and the tears came freely. Everything he had carried, everything he had experienced, everything he had endured poured out in that moment. "I missed you," he said through his tears. She held him gently. "I have been here," she replied.

He did not want to let go. For a moment, everything else faded. Then a thought came to him, and he pulled back slightly. "Where is Dad?" he asked. His mother's expression changed, not with fear, not with confusion, but with a quiet seriousness. "He did not make it here," she said. Prince froze. "What do you mean?" he asked. She looked at him steadily. "He was not born again while he was on earth," she said. "He did not come to this place." The words struck deeply. Prince's face fell. Tears returned, heavier than before. He turned away slightly, trying to process it. "My father," he whispered. He wept,

not loudly, but deeply. The reality of it settled within him, and it carried a weight that could not be ignored.

His mother watched him for a moment, and then she lifted her hand slightly. Something appeared in the atmosphere, a clock. It was not like any clock he had seen before. It hovered in the air, its structure ancient yet clear, and its movement was steady, marking time with precision. Prince looked at it. "What is that?" he asked. She spoke calmly. "The time is almost complete," she said. Prince frowned. "What time?" She looked at him. "It will soon be twelve hours since the moment the accident happened," she explained. "Everything you have experienced has taken place within that time." Prince stared at the clock. The realization came slowly. "If it reaches twelve," he began. "You will not return," she finished.

Silence followed. Prince looked around at the river, the trees, the people, and the peace. "I want to stay," he said, his voice calm but firm. "I do not want to go back." His mother stepped closer. "You cannot remain," she said gently. He shook his head. "This place is perfect," he said. "There is no pain here. No confusion. No suffering." She looked at him with understanding. "But your work is not finished," she replied. "You still have a purpose on the earth." Prince lowered his gaze. "I am tired," he said. She placed her hand on his shoulder. "You have a destiny to fulfill," she said. "There are things you must complete. There are people you must help." She paused.

"Your sister needs you." Prince closed his eyes briefly. The words settled within him.

Then she spoke again. "They are preparing to bury you," she said. He opened his eyes immediately. "You must return before that moment," she continued. "You do not have much time." Prince looked at the clock again. The time was moving. He turned back to her, and tears filled his eyes once more. "I do not want to leave you again," he said. She smiled gently. "We will meet again," she said. She reached out her hand, and in it was a leaf. It was small, but it carried a presence that felt significant. "This will take you back quickly," she said. Prince looked at it, then at her. He hesitated for only a moment, and then he took it. He placed it in his mouth and swallowed.

Immediately, something changed. The environment around him began to fade. The light shifted. The city blurred. His mother's form softened. He felt himself being pulled away. "Go," she said softly. Prince tried to hold on to the moment, but he could not. He vanished, and his spirit moved swiftly, straight toward the earth.

CHAPTER 12

The Return

Prince's body did not remain in the hospital for long. Because he was young, and because the situation had been sudden and deeply painful, the pastors and elders agreed that there would be no elaborate ceremony. They advised that he should be buried quickly, before daybreak, according to what they believed would bring closure and reduce prolonged grief. And so, while the night still lingered, preparations were made.

By early morning, around six o'clock, the small procession had already begun moving toward the burial ground. The air was heavy with sorrow. People walked slowly, their voices low, their faces marked with grief. Some wept openly while others sang. The hymn rose softly at first, then gradually became louder as more voices joined. "We will meet again, we will meet again." The words carried both comfort and pain. Prince's sister walked close to the coffin, her tears flowing without restraint. Her strength had long given way to sorrow. She cried as one who had lost something she could not replace. "My brother," she whispered repeatedly.

The atmosphere was solemn until it was not. Just as the hymn continued, something strange happened. At first, it was a slight movement, then a sound, a faint knock from within the coffin. No one noticed immediately. But then

the coffin shifted, and a louder sound followed. Pop. The lid moved. Everything stopped. For one long second, silence filled the air, and then chaos broke out.

"Ahhh!" someone screamed. People scattered in every direction. Some dropped what they were holding and ran without looking back. Others stumbled over themselves in their hurry to escape. A few jumped into nearby bushes and crouched there, peeping carefully as though they were watching a dangerous animal. One man ran so fast that he forgot his slippers and kept running barefoot. Another climbed halfway up a tree before realizing he did not know how to come down. "What is that?" someone shouted from a distance. "Is it a ghost?" another replied. "I told you this burial is too early!" a third voice cried.

Meanwhile, a small group gathered behind a bush, whispering urgently. "Did you see it move?" "I saw it!" "No, you did not see well. That thing is not normal." "Should we run further?" "No, wait first, let us confirm if it is chasing us."

Prince's sister did not run. She stood where she was, her body trembling, her heart pounding rapidly, her mind struggling between fear and hope. "What if it is him?" she thought. Then another thought followed quickly. "What if it is not him?" She stood frozen, watching and waiting. The coffin moved again, and this time the lid opened wider. A hand appeared. "Ahhh!" the people shouted again, retreating even further. "That is a hand!" "I have never seen this kind of thing before!" "Jesus!" The hand

moved slowly, gripping the edge of the coffin, and then a head emerged. Prince sat up.

At that moment, whatever courage people had left disappeared completely. Some ran deeper into the bush. Others held onto each other, shaking. "What is this?" one man cried. "Is it a spirit?" "Don't come near me!" Prince looked around, confused by the reaction. He removed the tubes that had been placed in his nose, and then slowly he stood up. "I am alive," he said. But no one moved. "I said I am alive," he repeated. "Come and check me. It is me." Still, no one came forward except one person. His sister.

She took a step, then another. Some people tried to stop her. "Don't go!" one pastor warned. "What if it is not him?" another added. But she did not listen. She moved forward, slowly but steadily, her eyes fixed on him. When she reached him, she stretched out her hand and touched him. He was real, warm, and alive. She froze for a moment, and then she broke into tears. "Prince," she cried. She threw her arms around him and held him tightly.

At that moment, everything changed. The fear began to dissolve, and one by one, people stepped forward. "He is alive!" "It is really him!" "This is a miracle!" Joy replaced confusion, and shouts of celebration rose. Some people began to laugh, still trying to recover from the shock. Others danced immediately, not caring who was watching. Music started suddenly, and no one even knew

who began it, but it spread quickly. People danced and sang and rejoiced, and the burial ground turned into a place of celebration. One man who had climbed the tree earlier shouted, "Someone should help me come down first before you finish celebrating!" Laughter followed, and it became a day no one would forget.

Later, after everything had settled, Prince returned home. The noise faded, the excitement reduced, and silence returned. He sat with his sister, and carefully he began to explain everything, the accident, the journey, the past, the future, and the world beyond. He spoke of what he had seen, Atlantis, the strange civilization, the destruction, and the mystery beneath the ocean. His sister listened closely. When he mentioned certain things like the Bermuda Triangle, her expression changed. "We learned about that in school," she said. They brought out a phone and began to search. They read, they studied, they compared, and what they found surprised them both.

The details aligned. There was a region in the Atlantic Ocean known for strange disappearances, planes, ships, and objects that entered that area and were never seen again. Scientists had studied it and tried to understand it, but no clear explanation had been found, and because of this, many avoided that region entirely. Prince leaned back, thinking deeply. "If they disappear," he said slowly, "then where do they go?" The question lingered, but within him there was an answer, not from speculation,

but from experience. "They go somewhere," he said quietly. He looked at his sister, and his voice became steady. "They go to that world." He paused. "The underwater city. Also known as the Marine Kingdom of today."

The thought settled, deep and real and unshaken. And as the day came to an end, Prince understood something clearly. His journey had not been a dream. It had been a revelation. And what he had seen was only the beginning.

End of Twelve Hours Part 2

If this book has blessed your life, remember to say a prayer for the author, Anthony Ijere, that the fire of God will continually burn on his altar. Also, as a free gift of love to him and the ministry, to help publish or produce more of these impactful books, your contributions in cash or in kind are warmly welcomed.

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About the AUTHOR

Anthony Ijere is a contemporary Nigerian Christian author, novelist, and spiritual teacher dedicated to inspiring believers through the written word. Based in Ahoada, Rivers State, he combines deep biblical insight with engaging storytelling to encourage spiritual growth, faith, deliverance, ministry and godly living.

Anthony's works explore themes of prayer, destiny, spiritual warfare, obedience, and personal transformation, offering practical guidance for living a life that glorifies God. His writing reflects a unique blend of narrative creativity and devotional teaching, making complex spiritual truths accessible and relatable, particularly within the Nigerian context.

A passionate servant of God, Anthony draws inspiration from sermons by notable ministers such as Apostle Joshua Selman, infusing his books with principles that strengthen faith and awaken spiritual potential. Beyond writing, he mentors young people, ministers in local communities, and leads initiatives that cultivate prayer, purpose, and Christian character.

Through his books, Anthony Ijere seeks to equip believers to fulfill their divine calling, walk in excellence, and leave a lasting legacy for Christ.

