

*The Day*

*God*

*Came to*

*Earth*

Story by

Javonne Cupido

Written by

Aileen Friedman

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ISBN – 13      978-0-620-68628-0

“It's a great book, a quick read, and it left you breathless and stunned at the end. Thank God I'm saved!” – Susan Pottberg

## About the author

Aileen Friedman is an accomplished author, who until recently lived in South Africa. She and her husband are currently sojourning around the world for Jesus. Aileen taps into her personal experiences, both good and bad, for inspiration. Her work has been very well-received not only in South Africa but throughout the world, for its accessibility and the believable characters she creates. Having been a dedicated Christian for many years, and an upstanding member of her community, Aileen's stories carry a message of hope for all her readers.

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Published 2015

Available on

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**Javonne Cupido**  
cupido.javonne@gmail.com

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**Aileen Friedman**

**Website**

<http://aileenfriedman.co.za>

**Facebook**

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/353447231333743/>

**Twitter**

@aileenlf

**Email**

aileen2462@gmail.com

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Book Cover Design  
Simon Hattingh  
seamonkey\_studios@outlook.com

**From  
Javonne Cupido**

*“To God, through whom all things are possible  
and to  
whom all glory is worthy,  
this book has been completed.  
In spite of worldly lack of support, I believe that  
many souls will be saved through this book*

\*\*\*

**From  
Aileen Friedman**

*Thank you, Lord Jesus,  
for your love and mercy  
and for blessing me  
with my family whom I love so much.  
I am truly blessed.*

***Phil 4:13 ‘I can do all things through Christ who strengthens  
me.’***

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*A very special  
THANK YOU*

*to*

***Susan Pottberg***

*For her support and for taking the time  
to read this book and offer her  
honest criticism.*

*For being a wonderful inspiration  
to everyone that know her and  
that are in her presence.*

*We are forever grateful to know you.*

## 1.

Great expectation hung electrified amidst the walls of the network studios, the stage and editing/recording rooms, the people scurried from one point to the next fearing the time will dissipate before they accomplished their designated task. From the high perches of the network owner to the low stance of the janitor, they all positively knew this breakout live TV entertainment talk show was going to be the greatest success of all TV talk shows.

To their credit the network – SA9 – had snapped up the most sought after and highly paid TV show host of all time, Jonathan Bale.

A self-made story of success and wealth, Jonathan started his career as a journalist for a small town magazine in the Midlands of Kwa-Zulu Natal. His stories covered the desperate times of the rural families trying to cope with the modernization of teenage ideals. As luck would have it, a copy of the magazine was laying on a coffee table in a doctor's consultation room and was read by an editor of a leading newspaper in the big city of Cape Town. How the magazine got to that coffee table, no one will ever know, and yet that was the making of Jonathan Bale. The editor contacted Jonathan through the magazine, set up an interview and within a short period Jonathan was headlining the front pages of the newspaper with riveting articles in brilliant journalism.

It was not long before he became a household name and his attractive face spread across the advertising billboards.

Jonathan was handsome, and the camera loved him even without the use of photoshop. It was no wonder that he was head hunted by a TV channel that eventually changed his course of vocation. One network after another stood up and noticed this man that was making waves and increased the ratings no matter the show.

Along with his stride into fame came the A listed lifestyle. A small one bedroom flat was no longer good enough. A second-hand Golf was too unreliable, and it had to be traded in for a more modern, more expensive car. That in turn also became mundane - speed, style and sporty replaced practicality.

He met and married a beautiful model (naturally) during this time of the high life, setting up a home in a penthouse of a luxurious five-star apartment building. His son and daughter wanted for nothing, relishing the limelight holding daddy's hands while cameras flashed up the perfect, rich modern family. On all accounts, Jonathan had kept his image squeaky clean, the perfect doting family man, righteous, kind, generous, giving, never forgetting his roots. The all-around perfect human being.

When the announcement of a new show by the TV networks, and that Jonathan was to host it, the world went into a wild frenzy as the countdown to the pilot episode began. No one except those involved naturally knew the form or fashion of the expected show. A talk show yes, but what kind of talk show no one surmised. The public were exhausted with what they believed it would be.

And so when Jonathan stood in the shadows of the studio, the lights were dimmed, the live studio audience (that had paid a fortune to sit in those seats) hushed with a good deal of difficulty, everyone backstage held their breath. This moment was it. The start of the biggest thing in TV talk shows.

The music blared out the theme song, Jonathan walked to the center of the stage – the audience saw a movement and unable to contain the excitement any longer began to cheer – a single light hit the center of the set and Jonathan.

The perfect smile of the perfect host in his navy blue Armani pinstriped suit lifted his arms wide in welcome to all those watching all over the world. Minutes ticked passed before the audience calmed down enough for him to speak.

‘How you doing?’ he called out to the world.

It wasn't only in the audience that he got a resounding cheer of ‘Okay!’ in response to his question, it was people in their seats in their homes, their places of work, restaurants and anywhere in the entire universe that this show had begun its walk of fame. ‘So thrilled you could join our exciting new show. It has sure been an exciting ride to here hasn't it.’

The audience, the world, yelled their replies.

‘Okay, so are you all curious as to what this show is all about? Do you want to know?’

He teased, baited, and tickled the audience until the microphone in his ear told him it was time. It was all about the timing. Get the audience to a point of hysteria then satisfy their curiosity because at this peak of enormous hype they'd buy anything.

‘This show is going to be greater than any talk show ever in the history of TV; our guests will be leaders from all spectrums and from all over the world. We want to debate, argue, discuss, and argue every angle of every topic imaginable. Among these worldly issues we will also look at different religions – now I'm sure that will be heated debates.

The audience for a second considered what was said and then burst out in a combined cheer of approval.

Now it is without a doubt that if any other host had announced this, it would have been received with animosity rather than enthusiasm.

Religion would become the new fad, the new fashion, the new issue of the world thanks be to the smooth talking, convincing, lovable Jonathan Bale.

Just before he ended the pilot show, he held a carrot out for all to try and catch, ‘After a few episodes we will be announcing some super exciting news that will make every person sitting in these seats ecstatically happy. So get those tickets you never know if it will be your turn. Thank you all for watching our very first episode of “The Bale Show”. Take care and goodnight.’

He bowed slowly and gentlemanly never ceasing to smile, stood up slowly bringing his arms out wide in an embrace to the universe. He was the master of the networks. He was the master of the world. Everyone would listen to his every word and believe it. He was that first-class, and he knew it. He bowed again still smiling. The cameras faded, the audience exploded in rapture.

Every show for the entire season sold out by the time he walked off the stage.

He walked into loud applause from every crew, staff, management, owners and dignitary waiting in the wings. His back ached from the congratulatory slaps he received as he

made his way to his dressing room where a bottle of the best Champagne, flowers, chocolates and caviar waited.

Cassia, Willow and Zayn Bale eagerly and proudly welcomed their husband/father in the privacy of his dressing room.

‘We are so proud of you darling. You did a most fantastic job out there. I love you. So proud of you.’ Cassia kissed and hugged Jonathan swelling with pride.

‘Daddy, the people clapped so much.’ Willow said hugging her father’s legs filled with pride.

Zayn in his father’s arms hugged him around his neck tightly, not exactly aware of the enormity of the occasion at only two years old.

Jonathan released his family and sat in a chair breathing heavily. His elbows rested on his knees while he rubbed his face in his hands smearing his stage makeup. He looked at his little family beaming with love and adoration ‘We did it. It was a success.’ He breathed out slowly.

‘You did it. You were brilliant.’ Cassia corrected him.

Jonathan glowed in the realization of his accomplishment.

## 2.

The celebrations of the pre-empted success of the show flowed over at the studio in high spirits. The celebratory champagne waited patiently on the melting ice until the rating results were released.

The wine flowed, and the beer guzzled as the party swung swiftly into momentum. Cassia and the children stayed close to Jonathan amongst his continued appraise and adoration. However every so often Jonathan was whisked away to chat with the main dignitaries and the like, and Cassia with her children sat like pretty wallflowers against a backdrop of intertwining vines.

‘Can I have your attention, please? Please, people just for a second quiet down. Your attention please.’ A man holding a few sheets of paper bellowed above the din of the party. He repeated himself several times and assisted by several people dishing out the same instructions.

A few minutes passed until finally a hum was hovering waiting for Mr. Eckenberg, the owner of Channel SA9, to speak. ‘Ladies and gentleman, Jonathan,’ he looked around for Jonathan and so did everyone else ‘where is Jonathan? Someone find him he must be here for this.’

A few men disappeared into the hallways calling out his name. Cassia stood looking slightly embarrassed when asked where he was. ‘He left with a gentleman a few minutes ago.’ She could only reply.

A few more minutes went by before Jonathan came rushing into the studio ushered by those that went looking for him. His face hot and flushed, although he was expert enough to recover quickly. ‘Sorry about that people, had to find a moment to answer a call of nature.’ He smiled, blushed and everyone laughed.

‘Jonathan stand here by me my boy,’ Mr. Eckenberg continued to make stridently his announcement ‘I have with me the ratings for tonight’s pilot episode of “The Bale Show.” He paused for dramatic effect as the people called for him to stop teasing them. ‘It’s way outta here! Beaten any record that ever existed! We have a hit! We have a hit!’ He held the papers in

the air and cheered. Everyone went wild, raising their glasses, spilling the contents and cheering, hugging each other, shouting at each other in excitement and mostly everyone was trying to get Jonathan's attention to congratulate him.

If one did not know better, it could have been said that Jonathan had just won an Oscar for best performance.

Sometime after the announcement Cassia, with their children who were extremely tired by now, managed to get to speak to her husband. 'So proud of you, congratulations to all of you.'

'Oh, babe I'm so happy. Wow, can you believe those ratings. I hoped for good ones but what we got – WOW.' Jonathan was still hardly able to contain himself.

'I know you need and want to stay for longer, but I must get the kids home, so I will see you much later I presume.'

'Are you sure?'

'Don't be silly. Of course you must stay, this is your moment. I won't wait up. Love you and well done again.'

'Thanks, babe. Love you.'

Cassia left with the children and Jonathan was free to be adorned. It was easy to disappear now and then with someone that was willing to show their admiration for him in more ways than one. The alcohol flowed in abundance that no one knew who was coming or going in whichever direction.

By later that morning when Jonathan finally straggled into his bed, no one would remember half of what happened in the latter hours of the party and those that did keep mum.

When he floundered into the living room late the next morning, the sun shone so brightly he felt his head was going to explode and covered his eyes for protection. Cassia giggled and drew the blinds closed in sympathy toward him. He sat gingerly in his leather recliner groaning in agony. 'Never again.' He moaned clutching his stomach and his head at the same time.

'You not feeling well daddy?' Willow asked holding his hand.

'No baby girl. Not at all.'

'Willow, you and Zayn please play in your rooms. We can give daddy his celebration cake later tonight.'

'Oh babe, I'm sorry you made something special, and I ruined it.' He noticed through the squint slits of his eyes that they had redecorated the lounge for a hero.

‘Its okay later is also fine. Drink this and I’ll have something for you to eat in a few minutes.’

Later that evening Jonathan was treated as if royalty by his devoted family. The Bale family had been escalated from the A-list to the A+ list if one even existed.

Show after show, the accolades rained down on the production and, in particular, Jonathan. The debates on religion, in particular, raged on as the media pounced on the discussion of each episode, creating more and more hype. Religion had never been so widely and openly prevalent across the universe as it was at this specific moment in time.

After five episodes, the big surprise was announced. The audience went berserk when they discovered they were the lucky ones to be filmed live during this announcement.

After a relatively calm first half of the show Jonathan had revved the hype monitor up a few notches ‘Who remembers the ‘big surprise we promised?’ The audience squealed.

‘Here it is,’ dramatic pause, smooth smile and a crazed audience ‘from this show onwards we will be giving every person in the audience a gift. We shall call it “Jonathan’s most wanted things”, this could be a simple voucher, or it could be as huge as a Porsche. But whatever the gift you will not go home empty handed and nor will the gift be less than R50000.00.’ He abated the audience with his charm; they were hysterical. Just then designer envelopes were dropped from the ceiling attached to a ribbon and floated in front of each person. ‘Those envelopes are for you, but wait for my go-ahead to open them, and, by the way, this gift will never be revealed the same way in any show.’

Jonathan smoothed his showmanship smile, shining his white teeth enjoying the audience’s eagerness to snatch and rip open the envelopes.

‘Okay,’ He paused dramatically ‘Get them!’ He shouted.

People scrambled to unhook the envelope from the ribbon. Some were standing, others stretching while there were a few that pulled the ribbon into them almost pulling the structure from the ceiling down. Then they settled back into their seats and waited for the go-ahead to open their envelopes.

Jonathan teased them for a second longer and then gestured with his hands 'Open.' Is all he said and the audience ripped and tore open the envelope, pulling out a card and screamed with sheer delight?

“Congratulations on your gift of a brand new Kia, sponsored by Masterson Kia, Cape Town.” The news of this episode went internationally viral.

### 3.

Jonathan's personal assistant amidst all the chaos of show resigned, claiming "personal reasons" of which she refused to discuss with anyone. Everyone at the studio was shocked as who wouldn't want to work for the most popular TV show in the world and even more so who wouldn't want to work with Jonathan Bale?

It was down to the last five interviews after undertaking hundreds of hopeful candidates. During the add break of the following show, an interview had been set up for Jonathan to attend. He did, after all, have the final say.

Linda Fulton, a beautiful woman for twenty-two years, with rich black hair and aqua blue eyes, porcelain skin and red lips – almost a mirror image of Snow White, arrived to watch the show while she waited for her interview. She sat in the guest lounge and felt the intensity filtering through from the studio audience. She phoned her mother 'Mommy it's insane, you cannot believe the atmosphere here, it's incredible. And the studio is so huge it's so hard to describe, and there are so many people working here. I'm so nervous; I don't think I will get this job, I really don't. I think I might faint when Jonathan walks in the door.' Linda finally took a breath and stopped talking when her mother interrupted her non-stop sentence.

'Now Linda, just calm down, you cannot make Jonathan or the show bigger than you. Remember your Faith. Remember you are a child of God and you must not let the world rule your decisions.'

'Oh I know mom, I know how much I need this job to get me out of my financial situation. I know it will be such an opportunity for me, but I also know I have to keep God first. We have prayed about this so often I know I will make the right decision. I think I am just letting the moment get to me. It is so high profile – you know?'

'I know dear. I will say a prayer for you now.'

"Thanks, mom, I'm going to say a prayer now too.' Linda ends the call and is about to say a prayer when the door opens.

She almost faints when Jonathan Bale, the TV show icon, enters the room and is formally introduced to him. She looked at him; he was almost larger than life itself.

For a few seconds, she loses herself in his aura then checks back into reality and recollects herself. 'Hello Mr. Bale, it's a pleasure to meet you.' She extends her hand in greeting.

He takes her hand in his firm handshake lingering before letting it go not taking his eyes off her. 'Please it's just Jonathan, and it's wonderful to meet you. Suzette, you can leave us now, I'd like to conduct the interview in private please.' Suzette nodded warily and left closing the door behind her.

'Please sit Linda.' Jonathan motioned to her to sit on the couch and not the armchair.

Linda was completely awestruck and was having a raging battle with the enormity of the moment and her faith.

'Linda I must say your CV is most satisfactory, and I think you and I will work perfectly well together.'

'You've read my CV? Is there anything you want to ask or anything you need to know?'

Jonathan sighed and moved closer to Linda, never for one moment taking his eyes off of hers. He completely drew her into him as he milked her every urge to turn away.

'No, I think you're perfect.' He almost whispered without a trace of his lie.

'I am confident I will be efficient at the job and will not disappoint you.'

'Jonathan edged closer to Linda on the couch, he held her eyes in his 'Linda, you will never disappoint me I'm sure of it. The job is yours if you will just ..' He implored her still further with his eyes creeping nearer to her face 'just... you are so incredibly pretty.'

'Mr...Jonathan, what are you doing?' Linda was so intoxicated by the closeness of Jonathan and tried with all her might to resist him to hang on to her high morals and pride.

'Don't fight this Linda; I knew this was meant to be the minute I laid eyes on you. The job is yours; we can be so good together. Please, Linda, I can't resist you.' His nose touched

hers; his fresh breath flavoured her lips. 'Please, Linda. I want you.'

'I can't Jonathan; I can't ... this is so wrong. I have never..'

'Never what Linda?' He touched her lips with his – ever so softly. She groaned a little.

'I'm a virgin. I don't want to do this, please.' She tried futilely to stop his reaching arms wrapping around her waist, tugging her toward him.

'You want to Linda. I know you do.' Then he kissed her, opening her mouth to his. She tried to resist, but he held her tightly and continued to kiss her until she responded in kind.

'I'll be your first Linda and your last. I promise you.' He whispered into her ears as he caressed her neck until she squirmed wanting more but still trying to hold onto the last bit of her resisting will.

His hands moved all over her body; he whispered little nothings to her keeping her under his spell. He swooped her down until she was lying on the couch and he was on top of her 'Linda we must do this, it is right, please Linda.'

She moaned through his kisses and could resist no more and gave herself to him completely

Virgin she was no more!

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