



THE
KINGDOM

GUY S. STANTON III

THE
KINGDOM

by

Guy S. Stanton, III

Words of Action

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Available Books

The Warrior Kind Series

Book 1: *A Warrior's Redemption*

Book 2: *A Warrior's Journey*

Book 3: *A Warrior's Legacy*

Book 4: *A Warrior's Return*

Book 5: *A Warrior's Revenge*

The Agents for Good Series

Book 1: *Agent with a History*

Book 2: *Agent for a Cause*

Book 3: *Agent out of Time*

Book 4: *Agent in the Dark*

Book 5: *Agent on the Run*

Book 6: *Agent finds a Warrior*

Water Wars Series

Book 1: *Journey into the Deep*

Book 2: *The Proverbial War*

Book 3: Title not yet announced,

Coming 2015

The Wind Drifter Series

Book 1: *Fire Wind*

Book 2: *Ice Wind, Coming 2015*

Book 3: *Hard Wind, Coming 2015*

Book 4: *Rift Wind, Coming 2015*

Book 5: *Drift Wind, Coming 2015*

Non-series Books

The Kingdom

Table of Contents

Journey Begun

Unspoken Words

Song in the Night

Faith Walk

Deceived

Lesson Learned

Dark Invasion

Freedom Lost

Man of Respect

Training Exercise

Hidden Realms

Chained

Ask and Receive

Divine Empowerment

Kings and Fools

A King's Request

Armored Faith

El Elyon's Way
Vision in the Night
The Final Order

Dedication

This book is dedicated to an unknown
author,
who approximately 1500 years ago
wrote a
declaration of his/her Christian faith on
the
back of a grain tax receipt made out of
papyrus.

The relic of antiquity I reference is
referred to as

The Last Supper Papyrus

Dr. Roberta Mazza of the John Rylands
Research Institute recently rediscovered
the relic

and dated it as 6th century Egypt

– Below is what the unknown author has
to say

*“Fear you all who rule over the earth.
Know you nations and peoples that
Christ is our God.*

*For he spoke and they came to being,
he commanded and they were created;
he put everything under our feet and
delivered us from the wish of our
enemies.*

*Our God prepared a sacred table in the
desert for the people and gave manna
of the new covenant to eat, the Lord’s
immortal body and the blood of Christ
poured for us in remission of sins.’”*



The Kingdom Map

Chapter One

Journey Begun

I cleared the last rise before I reached the home place. As a home it wasn't much, but it was all I had. There wasn't much to be proud of, but the land was suitable enough for farming and most years we didn't starve in the winters.

That was more than could be said for many within the Kingdom of Smirnaz. Like my home, the kingdom I lived in wasn't much to speak of either. In a way, it was only hanging on by a thread. Without the outside intervention from the

other six kingdoms of the Kingdomer faith, Smirnaz would have long since fallen prey to the Nicationer Nations, of which there were many.

While the faith of the seven Kingdomer Nations was unified in the belief of the one God, El Elyon, the beliefs of the Nicationer Nations were as wide-ranging as the stars in the celestial heavens. Some worshiped gods of stone and wood, while others practiced the dark arts of the fallen Malachim.

The Nicationer Nations hated those of the seven kingdoms down to the last woman, man, and child. Most of all they hated us for our belief in El Elyon. Their name for Him was the Awful Judge and their hatred spanned back to the time before, when El Elyon had destroyed the

world the first time because of unrighteousness and corruption.

I found it hard to relate to it all as I was just a simple farm boy. I wished things would get better, but wishes had never really gotten me far in life. After all, I was still here on this miserable patch of land that gave birth to more rocks than potatoes.

I crested the rise that overlooked the farmhouse and stopped abruptly. White-hot, seething anger coursed through me to the point that my vision became blurred.

There was a horse tied up outside the house. I knew the horse and I knew what its rider was up to.

The pails full of berries dropped to the ground as I took off down the slope in a pace eating run fueled by my anger. I

reached the barnyard and noticed the man, who called himself my father, wiping at a bloody lip as he stood in an aura of shame just within the boundaries of the barn.

He saw me and quickly moved away into the darker recesses of the barn. I felt my level of anger burn hotter at the visible evidence of his cowardice.

I did then what I had done many times before. I rushed headlong into the house and grabbed hold of the man who was busy raping my mother on the floor.

It never ended well for me, as I always lost, but today felt different. It had been six months since the last visitors and then there had been two of them. I hadn't stood a chance and it had been a near thing that I had even survived. As it was I had been unable to

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