

Chronicle: - SOY 20:84-05:19-3599
"Believed to be the date of
May 19th, 1984, in Buffalo, New York"

As I walk the inner city, I smell the ageless perennials, the butterfly milkweeds and the vibrant plumerias, planted by the indigenous tribes that once inhabited these lands. These wonderous plants were used for their healing properties. Traces of the ancient people can be found everywhere --- bone fragments entombed beneath the dirt, as if they were grave markers.

The mighty battles between the angels were fought in these sacred lands, well before the first bite of Noah's axe upon the primordial forests. I was here, I was witness.

I watched the striking of Abaddon's terrible warhammer, crushing the torso of his enemy, and splitting the cliff that laid beneath him, creating the enchanted falls in the process. Many angels on both sides perished here!

I witnessed the opening of the mystical porta, and the arrival of our blessed champion, wearing his golden armor and wielding his, "Sword of Light". Battling the corrupted dark angels, he drove them back into the abyss.

The boy I have been sent to record, has grown into a strong young man. Moments earlier, he was with a charming young lady of the same age, an exceptional life force encompassing her entire being, one I have never experienced before. Her soul holds a secret, and I believe she is unaware of it.

A cold whisper rides the winds, as if it were a magnificent steed carrying a rider to deliver a message. I know not who the whisper belongs to, but I am aware.

From my position on the other side of the street, my eyes are free to follow the young man strolling into a city park, occupied mostly by the elders. A contest of chess has entangled his attention.

These tender moments will be recorded.

I can hear the wonderous birds chirping in yonder trees, a much appreciated greeting from thy green mother. The magnificent rainbow, my trusted companion throughout time shines brightly inside the blue skies, filling me with glee.

As the young man Scott leaves the park, another trails him, moving like a specter within the shadows from building to building. It appears the young man doesn't see him, but, I do --- for I see all.

This man of stealth was inside the houses of the Egyptian pharaohs, and the great halls of the mighty kings, so many centuries ago.

Upon boarding a street train, the young man takes a window seat. While the train awaits to be filled, he looks out the window, swiftly spotting the stealthy man inside an alleyway.

When the young man's attention is unexpectedly detained by another, the stealthy man promptly moves to another alleyway, watching the young man as one would his child. It is now clear to me, why he is here.

The street train moves, and I as well. My next assignment takes me to the lands of the sultans in the Middle East, for recording is required there. Before I leave, I take one more look at Scott, who is now on his way to his father.

Translated by Professor Robin in the year, 1965.