



Twilight Combat

A Story, as told by Ariel Bar Tzadok

And now for something completely different...

Just when you thought it was safe...

Last night, I awoke, as is my custom to perform my midnight devotions and rituals. Yet, something was strangely different. This night I could sense a very real and immanent presence coming out of somewhere. Now, feeling a presence is nothing new. There is always something or someone sensed when one performs the proper rituals in the proper way; but as I said, this time was different. This presence was most unlike anything else I had experienced previously. While other presences are ethereal or distant and required effort to tune in on, this presence was nothing of the sort. This presence required effort to ignore; and I had no intention of making such efforts.

Someone or something was clearly not only trying to get my attention, it was able to penetrate almost every spiritual and psychic barrier of protection that I normally have erected and surrounding my family and I at all times. The moment called for me to take special action of a type normally reserved for the most extreme circumstances. I had to unleash my ritual sword.

Yes, I do keep a ritual sword, used only under circumstances requiring the most direct form of intervention is dealing with intruding spiritual entities. My sword is pure black, of oriental origins, of the samurai genre. Not only am I proficient in using a sword against opponents of flesh and blood, I have also been well trained to use the sword against opponents of a different type. My sword is well marked with the appropriate holy Names as outlined in the most sacred of sources. This type of weapon is not to be used or even exposed other than under the direst of circumstances. Indeed, the last time I had to make use of the sword was many years ago. Wielding it now was not something I take lightly. Nonetheless, I knew that this moment, unlike many before it, required its use.

I unsheathed the sword of ritual from its traditional scabbard. Like the trained swordsman I am, I made the appropriate movements and swings to proclaim my proficiency. I knew that the entity was watching. My movements served as a message and a warning that I was ready for as fight. My movements were no mere swings of a sword samurai style. No, each movement spells out a ritual spelling of Hebrew letters in Mikhael angelic form. I was, in essence, engraving a holy Name in the air, one that I am sure the entity would be able to see and recognize. I was sending out the message that if I was being challenged to battle, then I would come to fight under the auspices and power of this Name from on high.

As my sword was gyrating, I felt the presence also circling me. I centered myself in the middle of the room, sword held before me with both hands, my feet firmly planted, my mind sharply focused, my body light and ready to spring, ready to pounce in a moment if this entity presented me with any kind of physical target. Indeed, I expected at any moment that it would physically materialize in the form of some type of animal and attempt to pounce me. I was ready.

As I stood there waiting, I could feel the presence before me, as if it was ready to make its move. Well, I made my move first. Without signaling my intentions or my moves, I quickly swerved the sword above me, swinging it over my left shoulder, pivoting behind my back,

dropping it low and then with my right hand in lead, I thrust it forward, directly in front of me. What happened shocked me immensely.

My sword struck something. It had penetrated something in the darkness of the room. At first, I thought I had penetrated the entity, but something told me, no, that was not it. My sword was embedded into something, yet what that something was I could not say. Now, I was not only shocked, I was stumped. I felt like I should let go of the sword to see what would happen if I did. I opened my grasp and released the sword from my hand. It did not fall to the ground. It actually stood there in mid air. I stood erect marveling at this freakish act. I did not know what to make of it.

Instinctually I thought I should walk around the sword to see, what, I do not know. Then I truly marveled. The other end of the sword was not there. I circled the sword round about. I could see it from three sides, from where I stood and from sides, right and left. But the sword had penetrated something, right in mid air, and the majority of the sword had vanished into some type of void.

Taking in a deep breath, I paused for a moment to consider what to do next. I again grasped the sword and it did indeed respond to my command. I began to pull the sword out and it did begin to move, only it was as if it had been stuck in the earth instead of it the air. The sword was definitely in something.

I had a hunch. I knew instinctually that I was not being shown this to ignore it or be afraid of it. So, instead of removing my sword from this void, I instead thrust it in even deeper. This time it penetrated almost up to the handle, my blade was almost completely gone, disappearing into the void of what I could not say. But somehow, I knew what I had to do next.

Grasping the sword tight, I swung it upwards high and then pivoted it to the left as far as I could comfortably reach. I felt like I had sliced a large tear into a piece of tapestry. I then

removed the sword. As I did, a strange and bizarre light penetrated into my darkened room from what appeared to be a tear that I had made in the fabric of space itself.

I again lunged the sword forward before me. This time I again sliced upwards, but then I pivoted and cut to the right. To my amazement, what appeared to be a large piece of fabric fell back, as if again, I was cutting my way through to another dimension. I repeated this thrust twice more, slicing downwards to both my left and then to my right. Somehow, I had used the sword of ritual to slice and opening between worlds and an eerie light penetrated into my room.

The hole before me was rather large. I could easily have walked into it. Yet, I feared to do so. I did however pop my head in and immediately this confirmed my fears not to walk in. For apparently, on the other side, over there, it was in the middle of the sky with the ground being very far below. Had I taken a step inside, that first step would have been a very long way down. So, I stood there, very well aware that I had an open vortex to another world just standing in front of me, for what purpose, I would soon find out.

Then, I could see it. It was flying towards the opening directly for me. Seeing it coming right at me, I was more than just spooked, I raised my sword into combat position waiting to fight what I was sure would be a very short battle. I thought I would get in at least one good shot before this thing devoured me. It was not everyday a beast of this nature appears and comes right for you.

It was large, I would say maybe ten to twelve feet long, maybe equally that high. It looked like it had the body of a lion, and the wings of an eagle. It definitely had rather nasty looking large claws, and it was these that I was sure would soon put me out of my life in this world. Its face; what can I say. It is unlike anything I have ever seen here on Earth. It was like a combination of an earthy lion coupled with a dragon-like nose and mouth. Yet, it was not reptilian. In a way, there also seemed to be some kind of human component to it,

but I am having a really hard time describing it. It was just so unearthly, unlike anything I had ever seen or even imaged before.

This was the entity whose presence I had experienced. I took three steps back from the void, waiting for it to enter into my space. I would then take my sword, do what I could, and surrender myself into the hands of Heaven.

The entity came to the hole, he slowed down and I had this strange reassuring feeling that he meant me no harm. He flapped his wings to a halt and penetrated into my space half way, his front paws, face and chest entering into my room and standing before me. I froze. He meant me no harm and indeed his appearance was rather majestic. I had a feeling that I was in the presence of royalty. He looked up to me with that strange lion-like dragon face of his and said to me, *"arise warrior of YKVK (yes, he said the real holy Name), stride my back, I have been sent to transport you."*

In a strange way, he turned himself about and offered me his back. I sheathed my sword and strapped it to my side. I then climbed aboard and in a moment, he (it?) flew back into the sky of this other world that I was now fully in. Away he took me through the clouds, over the earth below. It seemed as if we covered a great distance in a very little amount of time. I could see what appeared to be an almost mystical looking walled city rising up before us, with tall minaret type pillars rising into the clouds. Somehow, I knew I was approaching Eden, that this was the city of the Benei Elohim and that I had been summoned to be given a message.

The entire experience was so enrapturing that I did not even have time to be afraid. I was almost in a trance. This all seemed so unreal, yet at the same time, I knew it was very real. Back on earth, it was the middle of the night, yet here in this place there was no night. It was the middle of the day, yet, it was not day, as we understand things here on Earth. As I said, it was an eerie sort of light, one that defies my ability to describe.

This was no dream. No, my sword is quite real, I can turn right now as I type these words and view it. Taking my sword was no dream. Making use of the ancient ritual of spiritual combat is no dream. Yet, everything else, from the moment I entered that other world seemed so dreamlike, that I wondered if somehow I had gone to sleep and was now dreaming. This was so unlike anything else I had ever experienced before, in either a dream or a vision.

I must stop here and ponder how much more I should share. I already know that I have shared far too much and many of my readers have long ago dismissed any of this as having any real legitimacy. However, those of you who are my regular readers know me well enough to know I have care very little for what others think about me or of my experiences, dreams and visions.

People can say and believe whatever they wish. They can accept or reject and I will not care in the least. I reveal what I do because I want my readers to know that we live in a greater and bigger reality than what we have been taught to believe. If you walk away from this story just knowing that, then I will have accomplished my task.

As for the rest of the story, well, I guess it will have to wait, until the time when I will be led to reveal it. Until then, just accept this as another story, or more, if you are so inclined.

Sorry to leave you hanging. Maybe in your own dreams, you will be shown the rest.