

The Book Of Cimmerian

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-THE BOOK of CIMMERIAN-

*As written by Einon the
scribe of John the Apostle.*

1
I saw him as
he paced from
room to room with
a look of fear upon
his face. ²I
continued my
studies as my
teacher
transcribed his
visions of both
prophetic
apocalyptic. ³His
words of the
Father echoed in
his writings giving
comfort and woe
to his spirit.
⁴Man, he says
shall hear the
accounts of these
visions and will
find comfort in it.
⁵The teacher
writes of seals and
beasts speaking of
what will come
upon this Earth
showing no sign of
fear. ⁶Peace and
all under-standing

followed John for
as far as I can see.

⁷Therefore, did it
continue that my
teacher John
would write the
words given to him
by the *Lord Jesus
Christ* every day
from sunrise to
sunset. ⁸The peace
of his writings
soon started to
cease once he'd
lay his head down.
⁹A change of his
temperament was
clear when he
would talk about
his encounters
with *Jesus*. ¹⁰As
night fell his
expression
changed both on
his face and in his
actions. ¹¹It came
to be second
nature to see him
smile in the day
and cry out in
terror and
uncertainty at
night. ¹²Unclear

were the words
mumbled by the
teacher until one
night. ¹³When I sat
by his door and
remained only to
hear a

conversation
between two men,
John the man and
John the Apostle.

¹⁴For the first few
nights upon my
watch, I couldn't
differentiate
between the two.

¹⁵For the man
John and the
Apostle John were
to my ears one in
the same. ¹⁶It was
on the third night
that the
separation became
clear and I could
tell one from the
other. ¹⁷He laid his
head down upon a
pillow of straw for
what sounded like
a peaceful rest
until the midnight
hour had arisen.

¹⁸It was then for
the first time I
clearly heard the
mumblings of a
man I had not
known. ¹⁹*You
promised to return
but not like this* he
said and at that
time I was unsure
of who he spoke.

²⁰It became clearer
as the night went
on that his
mumblings were
indeed

conversations with
the *Lord Jesus
Christ*. ²¹He

begged him not to
return for man
was not ready and
his pleas seemed
to increase as
their

conversations
continued. ²²He
said *that four
would be
concealed and
behind three of
those seals would
be his soldiers*

awaiting his return. ²³I knew not what he meant but I saw the cold air circle around him when he spoke of them and I knew that all was not well in the spirits of John the Apostle.

2 So here I sit chronicling my time with the Teacher. ²For some time he hath spoken of the Seals but did not go into its meaning until a few nights ago. I saw him walking on the shore talking to himself and again much like the other nights he seemed to be battling with himself and losing.

Upon coming in he went straight to sleep and shortly thereafter begin to cry out *the seals the four seals!*

3 For seven-days teacher walked the shores of Patmos talking to himself. ²I witnessed him speaking out as if speaking to someone walking beside of him. ³For he spoke in a tone of questions and went silent as if waiting for a sign from he who he spoke to. ⁴Upon his first conversation on that shore he came home troubled and shaken. ⁵He did not eat or drink but quickly locked

himself away
saying *the hand of
death on a pale
horse is locked
behind the first.*

⁶His sleep that
night was restless
for he would cry
out one more time
this night of *the
pale rider*. ⁷I heard
him say *I looked,
and behold, an
ashen horse; and
on it he who sat
with scythe in
hand and
hollowed eyes*. ⁸*It
had the name
Death; and Hell
followed behind
him*. ⁹*He would be
released with his
sister and brothers
to ruin man and to
exact a revenge
from their father.*

¹⁰*Time he said
would go on for
eons and eons and
upon the time of
the chosen herald
they will reclaim it*

all for him. ¹¹*The
flood, the lake of
fire will all reveal
themselves when
he chooses his one
to unlock them all.*

¹²Teacher slept
briefly until he
awoke to write. ¹³I
know not what
was written but he
was torn by the
words that he
wrote upon his
parchment. ¹⁴He
wrote for hours
battling the night
that took over the
day that he
concealed himself
from. ¹⁵Two days
had passed and
who continued to
sit at his table and
write. ¹⁶*The truth*
he cried in his
sleep that night
was all I could
decipher. ¹⁷ I know
not what truth but
he concealed it
within and took its
toll on his heart

and his mind for
the teacher was
not well.