

# PRINCESS CALIATRA

Charles and Mary Smith

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## Prologue- AS LONG AS THE SUN ENDURES

( Ps.72.5)- They shall fear you as long as the sun and moon endure.



Through the mist the sun shone furtively on the valley of Craven. It was the home of the wicked Sorcerer Natase whose evil eye swept over all that he conquered. In former times Cravan had been called Baraca, a beautiful land of blessing. The King and Queen of that land had ruled with fairness and virtue and were greatly loved by their subjects. However on a dark and cloudy day an assassin visiting the court as an emissary of Natase murdered the King and Queen while they slept. No one knew who committed the crime. Natase's emissaries began to accuse different leaders so that everyone grew suspicious. Civil war followed shortly. In the middle of the war Natase offered help to one of the factions led by Duke Ramaon. The Duke, compromising his beliefs and better judgment, made a pact with Natase in order to win the war. With each ensuing victory the deep mist crept steadily over the land. Creatures appeared that had never been seen in Baraca. A huge winged beast flew over the battlefields terrifying the enemies of Natase and Ramaon. When victory was won, Natase turned on his allies, accusing one to the other, thus by lies and deception he enslaved them. He spared only one of the royal household, a two-year-old Princess Caliatra. Natase left her as a ward of her uncle, Duke Ramaon, who, betrayed and broken, seemed resigned to a bleak future.

Natase commanded the Duke never to mention her parents or her background to Princess Caliatra on penalty of torture and death.

Caliatra, who had never known the rewards of being a princess, had inherited her mother's beauty. Her shimmering black hair now hung to her knees, and her skin was the color of golden honey flushed with the deep pink of spring. Since Natase kept Ramaon and the Princess isolated from the rest of the population, she had no memory of her childhood and was easily trained to care for the Sorcerer's livestock and crops. It was hard work, as the overseers demanded a quota of produce from them. Once, when she was young, she had seen the overseers beat her Uncle severely when the quota had not been met, and she was terribly afraid.

I. CALIATRA'S SONG - I LONG FOR HIM

(Ps.130.6) *My soul waits for the Lord more than those who watch for the morning.*



On this particular day as Caliatra stepped into the early morning air, a strong wind was blowing, clearing the mists so prevalent in Craven. In a short while she could see the golden dawn and the shimmering walls of a mountain castle, like a speck, high on the distant horizon.

Duke Ramaon, in a moment of hope, had told Caliatra of the great King Jeshur. It was said that he was the only one who had ever overcome Natase. She heard he was wonderful beyond description and that his kingdom represented realms beyond any man's reach. His wealth was beyond assessment. As she looked toward the northern mountains she yearned to meet him to tell him of her imprisonment and her desire to be free. For a moment the wind seemed to waft the scent of cedars, and she imagined herself fleet like a deer, escaping Craven and climbing to the Castle of King Jeshur.

2. NATASE- (REV.22.14&15)- Blessed are those who do his commandments that they may have the right to the tree of life and may enter through the gates into the city. But outside are dogs and sorcerers and sexually immoral and murderers and idolaters, and whoever loves and practices a lie.



It was only a brief moment of light, for the mists crept back in, slowly turning the bright vision to somber gray. In the distance, a terrible sound arose, inching towards her as if propelled by evil magic. The overseers were approaching. But Caliatra sensed more than the overseers, for this day Natase himself was traveling through his realm with his army. As he neared the hut the Princess could make out mammoth animals like grotesque elephants leading the horde.



She stepped back in dismay. Heaviness settled on her as if she were being smothered in a cloak. She could barely think. Natase, wrapped in a cloud so that she could not see him, approached the hut. Out of the mists stepped the Prince of his dark realm, Sintar, a knight strong and persuasive. Duke Ramaon was out in the fields being watched closely by the overseers. As Prince Sintar drew close to Caliatra, he bowed to her, and spoke softly and seductively. A musky scent, mingled with hypnotic music, began to overwhelm her.

“ I have something wonderful for you, Caliatra.”

“ For me?”

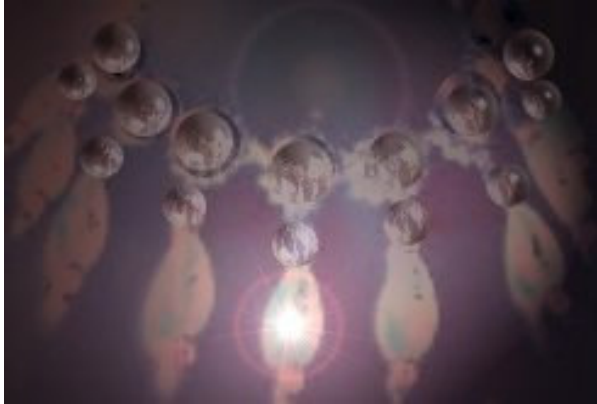
“ Yes. Come inside and I, Sintar, Prince of Craven, will reveal what the stars have prepared for you.”



He took her arm and led her into the house. Stepping up to the table he laid a silver music box with intricate filigree before her. Caliatra was overwhelmed with wonder and felt as if she had seen it before. On its cover was engraved a vine in the shape of the letter "C". She traced the vine with her finger and, there arose inside her a longing for somewhere, someplace she had been but could not remember.

If the Prince had been forthright he would have told her the box was hers, captured by Natase when he had taken the Duke prisoner. Prince Sinter opened the lid and revealed a beautiful necklace, generously endowed with rubies.

3. SETTINGS OF SILVER- (Prov.25.11) A word fitly spoken is as apples of gold in settings of silver.



As the music began to play, and light shone upon the jeweled necklace, Caliatra's heart began to pound. She had been poor as long as she could remember and now, suddenly, she saw an object more valuable and beautiful than anything she had ever seen before. Sintar's voice was silky as he whispered close to her ear.

"It is time for you to wear these. I have kept them safe for you, for I knew you would find them as beautiful as I do."

He lifted the necklace reverently from the box, placed it around her neck and snapped the clasp in back. Then he looked into her dark brown eyes and spoke softly.

"Sit down, Caliatra."

As she sat down at the table, he touched her with his hand, keeping her eyes focused on his. She was drawn deeply into his gaze. Parading before her eyes was all that her soul could imagine. She saw herself a powerful Princess ruling Cravan with Prince Sintar. She seemed to possess a wardrobe of unimaginable variety and splendor. Maidens in silk were waiting on her. She owned a magnificent black stallion that she rode before thousands of adoring citizens. She would have the power to change Craven! She would make new laws, and the people would be happy, all because of her! Yes, she thought! This is what I want! Something in her began to tremble. Somewhere in the back of her mind a voice began calling her, someone tender and gentle.

"Awaken, my beloved! Awaken!"

Prince Sintar's arms reached around her and drew her towards him. As he kissed her, she slowly fell backward. He leaned over her and whispered in her ear.

"Our marriage is written in the heavens; you are mine, my lovely one." He picked her up and began walking toward her bedroom, as the wind outside began to howl.

Suddenly, a bright light broke through the mists of Cravan, and flooded into the hut. The dark Prince covered his eyes, put down Caliatra on her bed and pulled down the metal visor on his helmet.

"I must go now, but I will return soon," he said.

Walking quickly from the room he joined the company outside. As the horde of Craven rode off, the light grew brighter in the cabin; and, Caliatra, released from the spell, felt peace overcome the effects of her encounter with Sintar. She could hear the voice again this time calling her name,

"Caliatra."

Holding the silver music box in her hand she opened the lid. As she listened again to the music, she closed her eyes and began to dream.

3. BARACA- LAND OF BLESSING-

(Deut.28.8)- He will bless you in the Land which the Lord your God is giving you.



As if sleepwalking she was passing through a beautiful city. She rounded a bend, and her eyes beheld a golden bridge. Standing there shining like gold in the sun, stood one like a King. He held out his hand, and Caliatra seemed to float towards him.

"Come my beloved."

"No, I can't, I'm not worthy." Still feeling the effects of Sintar's presence, Caliatra hung her head and stepped back.

"Don't be afraid."

He stretched forth his hand and touched her.

Transported beyond a veil, they flew through realms of gold. Time passed so that former events appeared before their eyes. She saw her father, mother, grandfather, and the beautiful land that once was Baraca but is now Cravan. They mounted a shaft of light, and soared to a city beyond description made of jewels whose light, individually, was like a rainbow, but, collectively, pure and white. Multitudes were singing the song of the King. They seemed to be preparing for a wedding. Caliatra suddenly felt one with all the voices and with the City. She turned yearningly towards the King to tell him her feelings.

"What is your name?"

"Jeshur, my beloved."

The dream began to fade. Time stood still, and a red curtain descended between them. Caliatra awoke on her bed, the Silver music box open in her lap.

5. FAREWELL TO ILLUSION

( Mt.13.45&46 ) - When she had found one pearl of great price .....sold it and bought the kingdom.



Duke Ramaon, hurrying back from the field, entered the hut.

“ What has happened here my child?”

“ Prince Sintar was just here. He took me by the arm, brought me inside and showed me this wonderful music box. I knew it was mine. I felt as if it were destined for me and that Sintar and I were to be married. Suddenly, I looked into his eyes and felt faint. Sintar picked me up and started to carry me to my room when a light broke forth from outside. He put me down, left, and I lay on my bed. Uncle, I had the strangest dream! I saw King Jeshur! I talked to him. He told me he loved me, that He would come for me. I saw a jeweled city like nothing I’ve ever seen before. I saw my mother and father and the land of Baraca before it became Cravan. It was so beautiful!

“ I don’t know what to do. I know that I will leave Cravan, Uncle, no matter what happens. I feel I must go soon and flee to the King. Come with me! Perhaps we can escape if we leave right away!”

"No child. He hasn't appeared in all these years, and he's not likely to come now. Your mother always believed he would, but look what has happened to her. No, we must resign ourselves to this life. Natase will send his Prince for you, and you must go. If you don't he will make you work in his brothels like the others. I have never told you before but the reason you have had as good a life as you have is that, from the time you were two, Natase has planned for you to marry the Prince. But since I've gone this far I may as well tell all. The necklace you wear and the music box you are holding were yours when you were a child. Natase stole them after he deceived and destroyed all that was good in Baraca. He left only you and I alive from the royal family. He has been waiting until you are old enough to marry Sintar. To disobey would mean slavery at best and torture before a long and anguished death."

Caliatra was shocked.

"Why didn't you tell me before? Why haven't you told me about my Mother and Father? They looked so beautiful in my dream."

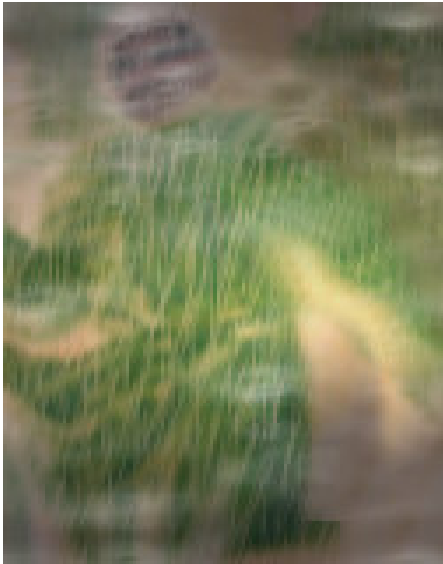
Her uncle took her hand, and looked sorrowfully into her eyes.

"Natase made me swear never to tell you, or he would do terrible things to you."

"All the more reason we must seek the King, Uncle. I feel a peace that I have never known before, when I sense him near. He seems to answer the deepest feelings and dreams I have had since I was a child."

"I'm sorry my dear. I cannot go. Take heed to your future. I am old. You are young. Consider carefully what you are doing." Turning around slowly, the sad old man walked out the door.

6. LIKE THE RAIN-JESHUR'S SONG (Ps.72.6)- He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass...(Song 5.2) Open for me. . . for my head is covered with dew.



Caliatra went in tears to her room and lay down. The mists deepened and a light rain began to fall. Conflicting thoughts within fought for control. As she lay resting she heard a knock at her door.

"No! I'm too tired!"

She took the jewels from around her neck, stared at them and thought of Sinter's offer. Again, she heard the King calling.

"Open to me! Open the door my love. "

"Not now! I must think this through!"

The Jeweled City she had seen before now looked like towers and minarets in the half-light of dusk. It felt like a foreign land with strange people and customs. She thought of her little room, the only security she had ever known. She didn't want to leave her Uncle. Again she heard him call.

"Come away, my beloved."

The sound of the rain and the conflicts within seemed to paralyze her. Suddenly, she heard footsteps retreating! She got up and quickly ran to the door. Opening the lock, she looked into the twilight. Too late! He was gone! The rain seemed to intensify.

*"Am I really a princess, or is this all a dream, a nightmare?" She wept. Shaking herself fully awake, she put on her cloak and set out to find the King. The realization that Jeshur was gone and she had not responded slowly dawned on Caliatra as she stood in the twilight. The rain had ceased, and a cold, empty blackness seemed to fill the frigid night air. She was alone. "Come back my love!" she whispered into the emptiness.*

7.HOUR OF DARKNESS-FLIGHT (Song 5,6,7) I sought him but I could not find him. I called but there was no answer, the watchman found me...they struck me....(Lk. 22,53) This is your hour and the power of darkness.



"Who's that?" the overseers shouted.

Spotting Caliatra through the deepening mist, they quickened their pace and ran after her. "Halt!" they commanded.

Caliatra ran like the wind through the mists, across the fields and toward the woods. She heard the overseers behind her and around her, shouting and cursing. She darted this way and that, hidden only by the dark shadows of the night. Her legs were strong, and her feet, light and fast.

After running a great distance, she slowed down to catch her breath. Suddenly, she heard a low, menacing growl and movement very close to her.

Jeshur, help me!" she screamed out in fright.

"I hear her! She's up ahead!" a deep voice bellowed.

Caliatra quickened her pace, looked desperately around and saw a dwelling not too far ahead. She summoned all of her strength and darted toward the door. Faster and faster she ran. Much to her relief, the door was unlocked! Quickly, she ran inside! She was in one of the brothels run by Natase. As arms reached out and grabbed her, a foul stench enveloped her, taking her breath away.

"Look what I found," roared a huge grotesque figure. "This ones mine."

"She's ours you mean," sneered several others equally slimy in their appearance. They threw Caliatra to the floor.

Suddenly, the overseers burst into the room.

"In the name of Natase get away from her," they hissed. Caliatra, seeing her opportunity ran out the door into the darkness. Fleet of foot, she retraced her steps and was finally back in her hut.

8. SINTAR (Jn 14.30)- The prince of this world is coming and he has nothing in me.



She had been there but for a moment when, as if by magic, the Black Prince returned. Sweeping into the cabin he put his arm around Caliatra, picked her up and stared hypnotically into her eyes.

"I am here for you my queen," he announced majestically. "You are mine. Together we will rule all of Craven and more. Our armies will conquer, and you shall have anything you wish. We will make Craven a land to be envied by all. You will have the opportunity to improve the kingdom for your Uncle and all the people of Craven."

He drew her to his lips and kissed her deeply. The strange music she heard the first time had changed. Now it was even more deceptive and seductive. Sintar's spell began to steal all reason from her. It would happen like her uncle said. Picking her up he hurried toward the gray carriage waiting outside. As they approached the door Duke Ramaon walked in, and realizing the situation he looked at Sintar and pleaded,

"Can't you wait a little longer?"

"Out of my way old man!" Sintar commanded. When Duke Ramaon did not move, Prince Sintar reached out and struck a severe blow to his head knocking him aside.

"You're no longer needed old fool!"

Hearing her uncle's cry caused Caliatra to immediately awake from the spell.

"What are you doing?" She spoke angrily as she stooped down to help her Uncle. "You shouldn't have done that Sintar! The King will make you pay for this!"

"King?" sneered the Prince. "What King?"

"The one I love," Caliatra turned and looked full into Sintar's eyes.

"King Jeshur!"

"Don't ever speak that name again!" he screamed. He grabbed Caliatra, threw her into the carriage and climbed in after her. "Go!" he shrieked at the driver.

9. INTO THE VALLEY (Ps 23.4) - Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death....



"If only I had gone to the window," she thought. "Now Uncle is hurt and Sintar is in a rage." She sobbed aloud, "I'll never marry you!"

"If you don't, both you and your uncle will die." Sintar growled menacingly.

Silence settled over the carriage as they bumped their way down a steep valley toward Natase's stronghold. After a half days ride they approached a castle of shimmering color. The sky was dark overhead. The clouds were lit by a strange black light causing the castle to glow iridescent green.

Caliatra was brought across a moat through a huge metal gate to the throne of Natase. The throne was covered by a black shadow, and a cold voice, which seemed to come from the bowels of the earth, reverberated thru the hall.

"Welcome to Craven castle my dear Caliatra. We have awaited your arrival for many years. You are to be Sintar's bride, queen of Craven, a destiny foreseen in the stars. You are to prepare for the wedding, my dear, for tomorrow you will be queen."

Caliatra, trembling with fear, gathered her courage and spoke firmly.

“ I can never do that Natase, now that I have learned what you are and what you did to my family! You are a murderer, a thief and a liar and Sintar lied about the music box that was already mine!”

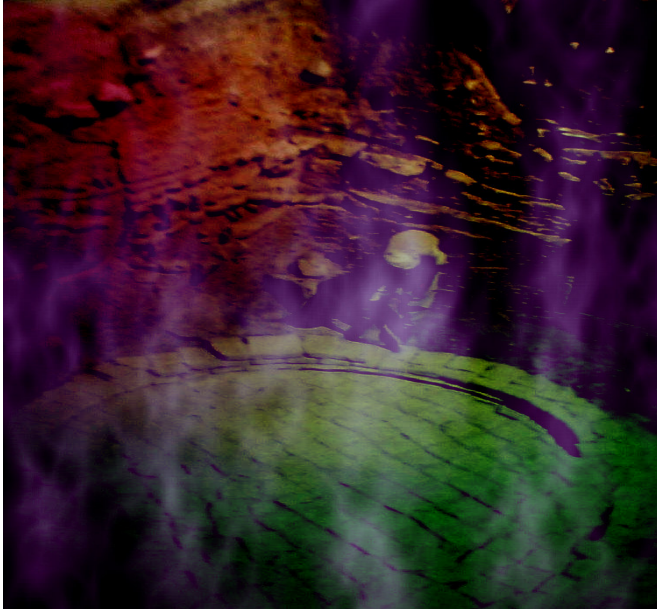
“ Who told you these lies Caliatra?” Natase asked icily.

“You are the prince of lies! I will never marry Sintar!”

“ Put her in the hole! We will change her mind.” His voice echoed in her ears as she was led roughly from the hall.

10. DELIVERANCE- OUT OF THE PIT

(Ps.72.12,14) He will deliver the needy and redeem their life from oppression and violence



Caliatra was tied up and taken down, down through a long, dank corridor. The light slowly faded, and as they descended she could hear the prisoners' pathetic pleadings for mercy or freedom. Chains rasped against the stone floors, and cell doors rattled. Eventually, the guards brought her to a large metal door which opened on ancient hinges. A rope replaced the jewels around her neck. Her wrists and ankles were bound so she couldn't move.

The metal door slammed shut leaving her in a dark, wet and cold room.

"O, my King," she sobbed, but there was nothing but the silence. Caliatra wept for hours until she was exhausted. When she moved, the rope tightened around her neck. She was cold and uncomfortable, but slowly, inexplicably, a great peace began to settle over her troubled soul. She felt the yearning of the King for her. She remembered the strength of his love. This time her heart fully responded.

"Come for me, please Jeshur, my love, come." Her tears once again flowed. This time they were tears of relief for her heart began to feel again joined to Jeshur. As her spirit revived the Castle of Craven began to shake with sounds activity as if armies were gathering for battle.

12. RAFAENA ( 2 Cor. 11.3 ) - For Satan transforms himself into an angel of light.



In the darkness of her cell a woman's form appeared.

"Who are you?" Caliatra inquired.

" Who do you want me to be?" the shape asked.

" I would want you to be my mother," Caliatra spoke to the vision. She believed she was in a dream. " What should I do? Can you help me mother?"

" Sintar is a fool, and Natase is ruled by pride. You must reject these men, as you must reject the King. I once followed a man but no longer. They will all betray you." Her voice crooned seductively to Caliatra. She felt comforted as if she were a small child.

" Do you see this crystal, dear?"

Hanging from a chain around the woman's neck was a green crystal. A green light emerged from it and expanded all around her. As Caliatra stared at the stone she could see herself and the woman as well as hundreds of other women by a moonlit pool chanting, dancing, and swaying. The strange vision beckoned and called her.

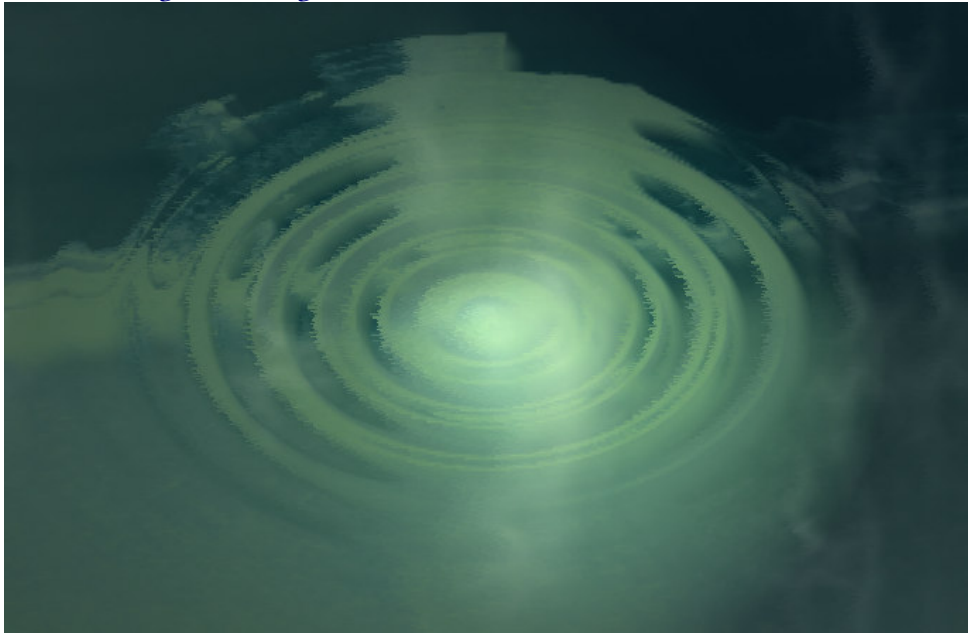
"Come, little one, let me help you."

The rope came off her neck, and Caliatra rose to her feet. Stepping into the pool seemed easy, so refreshing.

“Would you like a crystal for your very own my dear? In it you will find your way to a new life where you will find the love and comfort you seek.”

Caliatra reached into the still, green waters for the crystal. The chanting intensified. Thousands of voices rose with the swell of the water, comforting her, lulling her. She still felt unclean. Perhaps the water would wash away her confusion so she could see the truth. The crystal in her hand began to throb, and warmth began to flow into her.

13. DECEPTION (2 Tim 2.13) But . . . imposters will grow worse and worse deceiving and being deceived.



"Yield," a voice crooned. "Let go, join with us. Come into the water."

Caliatra waded into the water. She felt soothed, and the warmth that had flowed into her began to become one with her. As if by magic the water began to swirl. The crystal in her hand slowly became heavier, and now the earth began to shake again.

"Caliatra," whispered a still small voice. "Caliatra, where are you?"

"Jeshur!" she cried in alarm.

"No! Swear your allegiance to me!" The woman's voice suddenly changed.

Caliatra, shocked that she had been again deceived, tried to free herself from the pool.

"You're not my mother," she screamed out. "Get away from me. Who are you?"

"I am Rafaena," said the woman. Before Caliatra could move she stepped forward with two bracelets and a necklace. She quickly put them on Caliatra and began to chant in an ancient tongue.

"King Jeshur, forgive me! Help me," Caliatra struggled and thrashed about in the water.

Rafaena's face slowly, almost imperceptibly, began to age. The process accelerated until, suddenly, she became extremely beautiful and wicked in appearance. Rafaena's voice was, suddenly, soft and musical.

"Give your heart to me, now, my child. Do not let him confuse you. You will be free and safe forever." But Caliatra had heard Jeshur's voice and was determined not to again be deceived.

"You are the deceiver, Rafeana! You are not my mother!"

Rafaena's sorcery began to force Caliatra's head into the pool. Invisible hands plunged her deeper, deeper. . . She felt as if she were drowning, but as the waters engulfed her, she found the liquid to be breathable like air. Rafanea's form slowly faded, and in its place a sword appeared out of the water. Exploding bright light flooded all around Caliatra and washed away the memory of Rafaena and her green magic. A Mighty warrior stepped out of the light and spoke to her.

"Prepare yourself princess, for your prayers are being answered. The king is coming. Can you hear the dark forces gathering for war? Go quickly from this place, and don't look back!"

14. JESHUR'S RETURN ( Mt24.27) - For as the lightning comes from the east and flashes in the west, so also will the coming of the Son of Man be. (Rev 20.3)  
And he cast him into a bottomless pit . . .



Suddenly, the warrior and the light had faded, and Caliatra found herself standing in the jail Natase had thrown her in. The ropes were gone, and the door was standing open. She ran through the door and down the dank, stone corridor. All she thought about was the command, "Don't look back!"

As she ran she encountered no one, but she heard ear-shattering explosions. Stones fell around her as the castle shook. Suddenly, the corridor took a sharp turn leading her around in spiral upward. At the top she found a door and hurried through. She emerged from beneath the castle and found that she was outside. She turned, climbed an embankment and found herself separated from the dark castle by a raging fire that had burst forth behind her.

The great fire began to burn all around Caliatra. As she looked closer she noticed that the fire was reaching out towards her. Warmth flooded over her, and a sweet fragrance filled the air around her. Now, she could feel the warmth within her for the fire had entered her heart. And now from the fire within her came Jeshur's voice.

"I am coming soon."

Upon hearing His voice, she lifted up her hands and danced with joy. Caliatra began to glow so that she herself was radiating light. Beautiful white light began to spread over the land of Cravan. Slaves in the fields and brothels felt a fire begin to pierce their souls. The Duke Ramaon, bent over with sadness and hurt from the blow to the head, was lifted up to look in the joyful face of a mighty warrior.

“Be not afraid!” he said. “The King is coming!”

Thunder roared, and lightning danced through the dark clouds. As light increased in every oppressed heart, a great joy burst forth in the people. The light continued to roll over the land until Caliatra could see the mist over the Castle Cravan being forced back ever so slowly. On the castle parapet stood Natase, hooded, with his rod waving at the sky, and Sintar, clothed in black, eyes sweeping the horizon. Sintar pointed to an opening in the earth, and Natase stretched his rod towards it. Out of the bowels of the earth came a many-headed beast clothed in smoke and breathing fire. A flood poured out of his mouth. Filth and uncleanness came like a river at Caliatra. She started to scream but was lifted up to a high place, and the flood passed by.

As if through a hole in the fabric of Cravan, a huge flame of fire enveloped the black cloud. Breaking through the light barrier, thousands of warriors of the King appeared. As black birds like bats rose from the Castle of Craven to meet them, a great battle ensued. Black clouds bubbled like liquid out the earth into the sky. Lightning split the clouds, and a Chariot appeared carrying a majestic figure that gazed at the battlefield. Warriors streamed through to surround the chariot. King Jeshur himself, eyes blazing like fire, caused Natase and Sintar to fall back and reel like drunken men. The slaves dropped their tools and ran toward the King. Natase's overseers let go of their whips and cowered. A mighty earthquake shook all Cravan as the Castle began falling inward into the earth. Natase and Sintar cried out in rage and agony as they fell into the abyss.

15. JOYFUL PROCESSION (Jer. 31.13) Then shall the virgin rejoice in the dance the young and the old together, for I will turn their mourning to joy and will comfort them and make them rejoice rather than sorrow.



A joyous parade passed before Caliatra's eyes. She would have reached out and touched them, but she was too transfixed with Joy. She felt giddy as if she could laugh forever. First came beings with many fluttering wings, beings that looked almost like clowns or beautiful jesters of the King's court. They danced, leaped and twirled with such beauty and excellence that Caliatra was delighted and awed. Then men and women, clad in royal garments, skipped and danced before her. She saw her mother and father, the King and Queen of Baraca, and hundreds of others Natase thought he had destroyed. They were now revived and dancing before the princess. Caliatra laughed until she was sobbing with joy.

The eyes of King Jeshur fell on His Princess, Caliatra.

"Come with me, now, my beloved," he said. As He stretched out his arms toward her, Caliatra was swept from her feet, and, effortlessly, she walked through the air into his arms. In a twinkling of an eye they vanished!

16. UNTIL THE MOON IS NO MORE (Ps 72.7) In His days the righteous shall flourish and abundance of peace until the moon is no more.



The full moon shone like diamonds sparkling in the water. The golden ship rocked before her eyes. Caliatra held Jeshur's hand as they walked slowly aboard. Then the sails were unfurled, and the wind picked up as the sailors cast off. The ship began gliding down river towards the distant mountains. Time suspended and was no more. No fear haunted Caliatra, and no distant memories nagged at her consciousness. Princess Caliatra had emerged at last from the veil. Now, in the clear night wind she and her beloved welcomed the breaking dawn.

Princess Caliatra clothed in white linen and King Jeshur robed in purple vestments held each other. As they gazed deeply into one another's eyes the King began to lead his Queen in a graceful dreamlike dance. The wedding feast awaited them in the castle at the end of their voyage.

**Epilogue:** AS LONG AS THE SUN ENDURES (repeat)

Natase is overthrown, and Baraca is restored. The slaves at last are free and serve the true King and Queen. All the evil memories are erased by the light, forever forgotten. Once again the birds sing, the rivers are pure, and the air is clear and clean. Jeshur and Caliatra no longer feel a longing inside, unfulfilled. Now they are one, and a deep, enduring peace has settled upon them, never to depart.