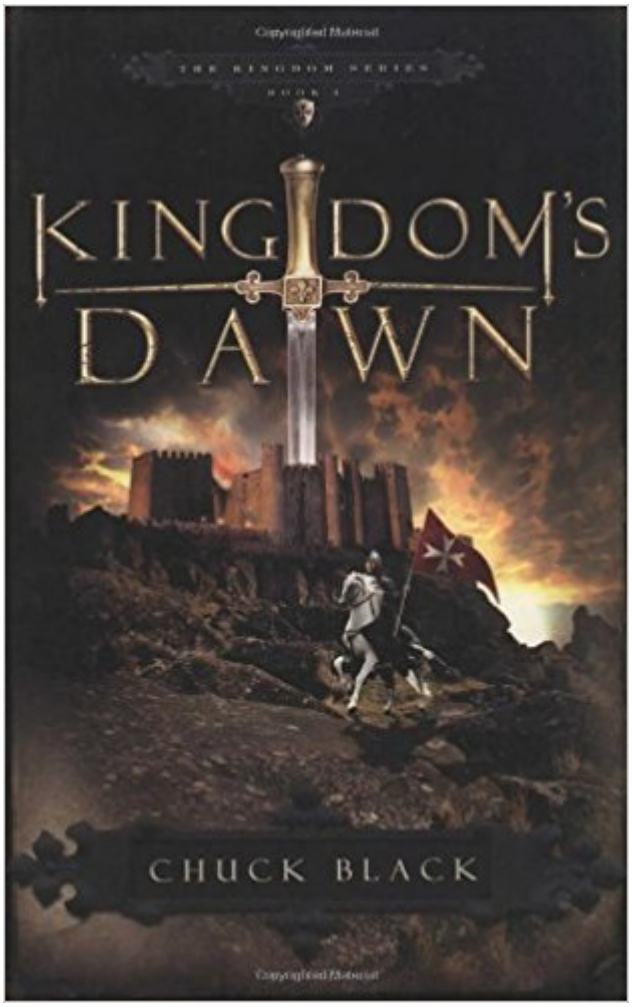
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Kingdom's Dawn (Kingdom, Book 1)



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Synopsis

A Riveting Medieval Parallel to the Bible Good and evil clash. Leinad and Cedric are determined to not only survive, but claim hope and victory! In KingdomÃ¢â ¬â„¢s Dawn, Leinad and Tess, along with all the kingÃ¢â ¬â„¢s people, must escape slavery by the powerful Lord Fairos. KingdomÃ¢â ¬â„¢s Hope finds them free and arriving in the Chessington Valley. But when they forget the king, will Kergon and the Kessons capture them for good? After many years, KingdomÃ¢â ¬â„¢s Edge finds Cedric living a hopeless life until a stranger appears with powerful words of a new kingdom and a grand army. Finally, KingdomÃ¢â ¬â„¢s Reign marches you through the danger of earthÃ¢â ¬â„¢s last days as the evil dark knight threatens to defeat the prince once and for all. Swords, knights, and battles define these captivating tales that parallel biblical events from Genesis to Revelation! HeÃ¢â ¬â„¢s just a young man, but that doesnÃ¢â ¬â„¢t change the truth. He was chosenÃ¢â ¬Â¦ Sixteen-year-old Leinad thought he was a common farmerÃ¢â ¬â„¢s son, nothing more. He wondered why his father had trained him for years to master the swordÃ¢â ¬â •not exactly a tool of the trade for farmersÃ¢â ¬â •but one tragic event initiates a world of revelation. Only then does he begin to understand his callingÃ¢â ¬â •a calling no other man in the entire kingdom of Arrethtrae can fulfillÃ¢â ¬â •a calling given him by the King himself. Teamed with a young slave girl, Leinad is thrust into adversity and dangerÃ¢â ¬â •for the Dark Knight and his vicious Shadow Warriors will stop at nothing to thwart the KingÃ¢â ¬â„¢s plan to restore the kingdom. Leinad will need more than a sharp blade and a swift hand to fulfill his mission and survive the evil plots of the KingÃ¢â ¬â„¢s sworn enemies! Journey to Arrethtrae, where the King and His Son implement a bold plan to save their kingdom; where courage, faith, and loyalty stand tall in the face of opposition; where good will not bow to evilÃ¢â ¬â •and the future of a kingdom lies in the hands of a young man. DISCUSSION QUESTIONS INCLUDED Story Behind the BookÃ¢â ¬Å“When my six kidsÃ¢â ¬â„¢ eyes glossed over during a reading from the Bible, I paused to explain the significance of redemption to a sin-sick soul. I was rewarded with patronizing elephant nods and more blank stares. Shortly thereafter, I awoke in the middle of the night with a medieval story enveloping my mind. I wrote it down and later read it to my children. Their waning attention transformed into complete anticipation. I was amazed and disappointed. Why did it take a fictional story, not a Bible passage, to get that response? Then I realizedÃ¢â ¬â •that is how Jesus taught! Parables are powerful! I penned the Kingdom series to help young people get excited about the supremely significant story of Jesus Christ and His mission to save mankind.Ã¢â ¬Â• Ã¢â ¬â • Chuck Black

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Customer Reviews

Chuck Black spent eight years in the Air Force traveling the world as a communications engineer and an F-16 fighter pilot. He has invented or coinvented eleven patented construction products now being sold internationally. He earned his BS in electrical and electronic engineering from North Dakota State University and today, with his wife, Andrea, is in his thirteenth year homeschooling their six children. The Blacks take their family music ministry on the road, singing Christian gospel, contemporary, and traditional songs. Chuck is enjoying his eighth year teaching adult Sunday school classes at First Baptist Church in Williston, North Dakota.

PrologueVoyage to the EdgeThe occasional cool mist of the sea quietly reminds me of the unyielding truth of my journey. I am too far from battle to feel the rush within my muscles and yet too close to sleep.The ship I am on is a grand ship and is only one of many. The night breeze chills my moist face as I gaze across the rhythmic mass and see the outline of hundreds of other gallant ships. Gallant ships carrying gallant knights. As I lean upon the mast, the creak of the timber and the melodic swish of each wave breaking against the bow tug upon my memories.I am CedricÃ¢â ¬Â¦Cedric of Chessington. You and I are alike in that we are on a journey. I am not referring to my trek upon this ship, although it is the final leg of my journey. No, my journey began a long time ago, when I was just a boy.At ten years old, my heart was full of dreams and adventure. An old man by the name of Leinad enticed my appetite for adventure with his stories. His impact on my life was powerful, though I did not realize it at the time. I believed him as a boy, humored him as

a young man, and honor him now, for the stories he told of his life were true. They wereof a truth that lost its believability as I grew into the reality of life and dared not believe. And yet, here I am on an adventure every bit as unbelievable as LeinadÃ¢â ¬â„¢s.As I close my eyes, the moist air reminds me of the damp smell of spring nearly twenty-five years ago. There was a small stream east of Chessington that meandered south until it emptied into the vast sea. I loved to play upon its banks with my friend William. Our swords of willow clicked in the morning sunlight as we rescued the fair lady from the clutches of the Dark Knight.William had been warned by his parents to stay away from the Ã¢â ¬Å“crazy old manÃ¢â ¬Â• who lived in a hut near the river, but I could not. He was odd for sure, but he was not dangerous at all. His tales of valor drew me to him. He was a mentor and a friend, and the memory of his voice has been a companion to me often, especially now that I know how his life fits so perfectly into the KingÃ¢â ¬â„¢s plan for the kingdom. He had the voice of a seasoned knightÃ¢â ¬Â¦Ã¢â ¬Å“Sit down, lad, and share a slice of apple,Ã¢â ¬Â• Leinad said as my mouth became wet in anticipation of the tart fruit. His worn hands worked the knife firmly and delicately to produce eight perfect slices.Ã¢â ¬Å“Sir Leinad, please tell me again about the mighty sword,Ã¢â ¬Â• I pleaded as he slid a cracked wooden bowl across the table with the green apple slices. I thanked him and took a small nibble of my first slice to allow my mouth a chance to recover from the blast of sweetness that flooded my tongue and cheeks.His silver hair seemed to betray the heart of a mighty warrior within. Though he was old, his shoulders were broad and his arms were strong. The firewood he chopped was an easy challenge for him, and the blade of the ax landed on its target every time. His gentle brown eyes were framed by tan wrinkles that ran toward his temples. They were eyes that I could gaze into and not turn away from. At times during his orations they became a living canvas that revealed love, pain, courage, and fear. The years of age only slightly masked what I knew was once a very handsome young man.Ã¢â ¬Å“Ah, Cedric, my dear boy,Ã¢â ¬Â• he said and lowered himself into an adjacent chair on my right. It faced him toward a window that looked south to the sea, which was just beyond oneÃ¢â ¬â„¢s vision. Ã¢â ¬Å“That is a story worth its telling.Ã¢â ¬Â•A veteran hand landed on my shoulder, and his smile accompanied a wink. Ã¢â ¬Å“It was a new beginning for the people, the dawn of a new kingdomÃ¢â ¬Â¦Ã¢â ¬Â•LeinadÃ¢â ¬â„¢s story is one of knights, swords, treachery, and love. There is no story like it, and though it is my beginning, it is his storyÃ¢â ¬â œa story that must not be forgotten.Chapter oneVision SearchThe razor-sharp tip of the sword screamed deathly close to LeinadÃ¢â ¬â„¢s chest as he quickly recovered from a foolish overextended thrust aimed for his opponentÃ¢â ¬â„¢s torso.IÃ¢â ¬â„¢ll never underestimate his speed again, thought Leinad as he carefully took up his position, once again facing the older man. A quick exchange of cuts and

parries ensued with no clear advantage. The older man advanced an attack with seasoned experience, carefully but aggressively. Leinad countered each attack with precision and confidence as he gave slightly, waiting for the expended energy to take its toll on the muscled frame of the older man. At sixteen years old, Leinad was just a boy to some, but his daily training by his mentor had developed strength and discipline in him before his time.There it wasÃ¢â ¬â œthe first hesitation in his opponentÃ¢â ¬â„¢s volley of cuts was a clear indication to Leinad that his attack was ending. He had studied his opponent carefully and knew that if he was to be victorious, he had to capitalize on such a moment as this. As he deflected the last cut to his left, Leinad quickly rotated his body one full circle, which doubled the force of his blade as it raced toward the older manÃ¢â ¬â„¢s stomach. He risked the momentary unprotectedexposure of his back based on the fatigue he sensed in his opponent. If he miscalculated, he would die. If he was successful, he would be the victor.As he neared completion of the circling maneuver, Leinad turned his head to locate the target for his following sword to strike, sure that it was impossible for the older man to retreat quickly enough to avoid his deadly blow. He was suddenly gripped with fear. His sword was screaming toward nothing but air; his opponent was gone.The older man had dropped to one knee and raised his sword for protection as he saw the deadly arc of LeinadÃ¢â ¬â„¢s sword coming toward him. Leinad knew in an instant that he had miscalculated once again.Ã¢â ¬Å“Observation and experience build prediction, for if you study the past, you will know the future.Ã¢â ¬Â• Leinad recalled this lesson from his mentor, and now he was about to die asa consequence of forgetting it.The speed of the sword was too great for him to change its direction, and yet once the sword passed over the head of his adversary, he would never be able to recover in timeto stop the fatal thrust from his opponent that would surely follow. As the sword approached the vacant target just above the head of the master swordsman, Leinad pulledand jumped with all his might, using the momentum of the sword to catapult him, as though he were mounting a horse, over the top of the older man.The last-chance maneuver sent Leinad tumbling on the ground behind the older man, but he was able to regain his footing before his opponent could turn and attack again.The two swordsmen faced each other once again with sweat-soaked tunics and brows that could no longer hold the salty fluid that fell from their foreheads. The lush green meadow that hosted this fight seemed to wait patiently for its interrupted peace to return. The fight had lasted much longer than either of them had experienced before, and there was still no sign of a champion.Leinad looked into the eyes of the older manÃ¢â ¬â œeyes that revealed experience, wisdom, and patience. He sensed a mutual respect for each otherÃ¢â ¬â„¢s skill as a swordsman and for each otherÃ¢â ¬â„¢s character as a man.Ã¢â ¬Å“That was a bit daring, son!Ã¢â ¬Â• LeinadÃ¢â ¬â„¢s

father said as he yielded his sword to his scabbard.Leinad smiled and knew that his father had just rebuked him for his carelessness.Ã¢â ¬Å“IÃ¢â ¬â„¢m sorry, Father. I will be more careful in the future,Ã¢â ¬Â• Leinad said as he too found a home for his sword in his own scabbard.Leinad had been trained by his father every day for the past four years in the art of the sword. Peyton was a master swordsman, and Leinad saw his fatherÃ¢â ¬â„¢s commitment topass this mastery on to him through these lessons. Leinad also learned from his father that sword training alone was more devastating than helpful to a young man were it nottempered with discipline, honor, integrity, loyalty, and honestyÃ¢â ¬â œthe very qualities his father demonstrated each day. Today Leinad revealed his proficiency, and he knew he was fast becoming a master swordsman like his father.Leinad was of average height but still growing. With dark hair that curled when wet, he bore a strong resemblance to his father, which even included the slight dimple in his chin. His smile was slightly higher on the left and accentuated the handsome features of a maturing young man. He felt himself growing stronger each day, but he knew his boyish look was still quite evident. Leinad was glad that his voice no longer cracked when he talked. He found it difficult to say the right things to folks other than his father, and attempting conversation with a voice that cracked didnÃ¢â ¬â„¢t help matters. LeinadÃ¢â ¬â„¢s eyes were different than PeytonÃ¢â ¬â„¢s though, for the deep, sharp eyes of his father gave way to the compassionate eyes of his mother.Leinad remembered his mother, although the image of her delicate face had become faint with the passing years. This upset Leinad, and he clung to the memory of her love for him all the more. Dinan had died when Leinad was eight. Even then Leinad could sense a deep ache in her heart that never seemed to leave her. The winter she fell sick and died was too grievous a time for Leinad to talk about. He assumed that was true for his father as well since he talked only of the pleasant times they once had as a family.Although it was not complete, his fatherÃ¢â ¬â„¢s gentle love was enough to carry Leinad into nanhood without his mother. His father fulfilled both roles as well as any man could. Leinad knew this and responded with respect and loyalty.As they walked toward a favorite sprawling oak tree for a time of recovery, Peyton placed his arm around LeinadÃ¢â ¬â„¢s shoulder.Ã¢â ¬Å“Excellent lesson today, son. After our rest, how about we clean up and make a trip to town for some supplies?Ã¢â ¬Â•Leinad looked up slightly to meet his fatherÃ¢â ¬â„¢s eyes, for he was nearly equal in height, and smiled. Any time there was a break in the routine labor of the farm, Leinad enjoyed it. At first that was why he loved the lessons in sword fighting. But later he came to love the training because he had reached a point where he knew he was quite competent with the sword. Although he knew he was far from his fatherÃ¢â ¬â„¢s level of mastery, Leinad loved the fact that he was a challenge to him. For a long time he ignored the question that never left his mind: What

does sword fighting have to do with farming?The young lad loved to be in the presence of his father. There he felt secure. Not that Leinad ever felt threatened, for all he had ever known since he could remember was apeaceful life in the land. Unlike many youths of sixteen, Leinad never saw his father as an overbearing fool. He could see the depth of wisdom that resided in his father, and he never questioned the truth and sincerity of his love for him.Peyton was a tall man with a well-seasoned muscular frame. His dark hair was accompanied by wisps of gray near his temples, and his eyes were deep and sharp but not harsh. His hands were large and leathery from long hours of working the land. Early on Leinad knew that his fatherÃ¢â ¬â„¢s hands were fashioned for a different purposeÃ¢â ¬â œthey had not always been the hands of a farmer. It was in the last four years that this was made obvious to him since his fatherhad begun teaching Leinad skills quite different from those required to grow food from the land.After each had taken long drinks from their water flasks, they dug into a knapsack and enjoyed the sweet taste of fresh fruit. Now that peace had returned to the meadow, so had the songs of the birds.Leinad and his father lived in the Plains of Kerr, which was along the western shore of the kingdom. The Great Sea bordered the kingdom on the west and down to the south as well. Most of the inhabitants of the Plains of Kerr were farmers. The town of Mankin served as a central community for the people as well as a place of trade for travelers from other regions of the kingdom.LeinadÃ¢â ¬â„¢s farm was a half-dayÃ¢â ¬â„¢s walk north of Mankin, and the Great Sea was just as far to the west. It was lush, beautiful country. The farm rested on the northern edge of the Plains of Kerr. Rugged wilderness and forested country filled with wildlife was north of the farm, which afforded Leinad and his father many days of excellent hunting. Just to the east of the farm was the gentle meadow in which their lessons of the sword usually took place. It was in this meadow that they now were enjoying a moment of rest.Ã¢â ¬Å“Your sword skills have greatly improved, Leinad,Ã¢â ¬Â• Peyton said. Ã¢â ¬Å“Do not become impatient with the fight. Impatience breeds recklessness, and recklessness will end in defeat against a skilled opponent. It is the patient perfecting of the fundamentals that wins battles. That is why I have worked with you to improve your strength and focus your mind, but you must decide that you will discipline yourself to use them.Ã¢â ¬Â•Ã¢â ¬Å“I understand,Ã¢â ¬Â• Leinad said. Ã¢â ¬Å“Father, may I ask you a question?Ã¢â ¬Â•Ã¢â ¬Å“Certainly.Ã¢â ¬Â•Ã¢â ¬Å“What does sword fighting have to do with farming?Ã¢â ¬Â•Peyton finished a draw on his flask and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. Ã¢â ¬Å“No matter what a manÃ¢â ¬â„¢s occupation, he must be ready to fight for the King. One never knows if he will be called upon to serve the King in battle.Ã¢â ¬Â•Peyton paused and looked at Leinad. Ã¢â ¬Å“But honestly, son, for you it will mean much, much more.Ã¢â ¬Â• He did not wait for the next inevitable question. Ã¢â ¬Å“Come. LetÃ¢â ¬â„¢s clean up and get to town so we can

return home before dark.Ã¢â ¬Â•

Since my passion for reading and fantasy stories came alive as a teen, I've always wanted to read a story like the Kingdom series. It took me years later well after these books were even published to stumble on them. I have to say it was worth the wait. The story is well crafted and not watered down as seen in most Christian books. Action was there, along with human joys an woes a hero of any story would encounter. Bad things happen to the main character with no end that could crush a spirit forever, but there is always a glimmering hope in each crisis this character faces to propel him forward. Chuck drew a fine line on the story's content limitations but I was nonetheless drawn to what would happen to the characters next. While I don't really approve of how thin this book is my hand compared to other fantasy novels on my shelf, the story was still very satisfying. Character developing was there but more content certainly would enhanced the reading experience further. Overall, I enjoyed this book and am on the way to purchasing the remaining novels to this series.

Not since I read The Lord of the Rings have I been so riveted by a novel. This book is incredible. I can't wait to devour everything else he's written. I'm inspired to read fiction again, thanks to you, Mr. Black. Keep up the awesome work. What would be the icing on the cake is if someone would make these into a movie series soon.

Clever allegorical Bible based fiction. Chuck Black gives kids a biblical worldview along with swords and the cosmic battle between good and evil. Good end of chapter questions for dialogue.

I love the fact my young teen is engroused in fictional depiction of the Great Controversy between light and darkness founded in the scriptures. He is bombarded day after day with enticements to pursue dark fantasy in video games, TV, movies, commercials, etc... Now he goes to school and shares with the other kids how "cool" Kingdoms Dawn is, a saga of hope and light, and that they should try it! It's a great mental excercise to help boys cope with their own feelings of violence, fantasy, and conquest yet cultivate that experience within a well developed paradigm of chivalry and love. I also really enjoy the well produced audio cd's for trips in the car... wish they had an MP3 version!

The Kingdom Series was recommended to us as a way to strengthen our son's confidence not only in reading but in his knowledge of the Bible. I read this book before reading it to him and found

myself so engrossed in it that I could not put it down.When reading this book, I think you will find yourself picking up the Bible to reread the stories from the old testament. And as you read Kingdoms Dawn, you will see how well Chuck Black spins a wonderful story of love, compassion, hardship, trials and tribulation.I hope you will find yourself remembering Adam and Eve, Cain ans Abel, Noah, Moses, Joseph, and others as you read. This is a book for all ages, not just kids! I can't wait to read the next book in the series. I think these books would make a great middle school Bible study topic.

My kids love this series. Like the discussion questions in the back.

I got the first three books in this series after reading a blog of recommended reading for Christian tweens. I had my daughter read the first page on and held my breath till she said, "It sounds good!" Now she is nearly done with the second book and loves them! I have gotten complete play-by-plays of the plot and characters and she's already asking for the next three in the series!

I bought this book for my 11-year-old son for Christmas. He finished it in two days and promptly announced that he was saving his money for the other 5 books. I am now reading it out loud to our whole family--4 kids, aged 4, 6, 7, & 11--and we are thoroughly enjoying it! We're almost to the end, and I may end up spliting the cost for the other 5 books with my son!I read one comment that said it was irritating that the two main characters represent several biblical characters throughout the Old Testament, but that didn't bother me at all. I'm not usually a huge fan of allegory (like Pilgrim's Progress), but this story is action-packed enough that it's really got me hooked. I'm looking forward to reading more!

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