

**HATE**

in the

**DARK.**



HEAVENLYGIFT HEARTHSTONES



# Hate in the dark

Heavenlygift Hearthstones

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HATE IN THE DARK

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**Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night;  
nor for the arrow that flieth by day;  
nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness;  
nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon day.**

**A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand;  
But it shall not come nigh thee.**

**Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.  
Because thou hast made the LORD, my refuge even the most High, thy  
habitation;**

**There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy  
dwelling**

**Psalms 91:5-10**



## Preface

It was around midnight when I started seeing flashes of light outside my window followed by an explosion. That was when I knew what I feared most had arrived in our town. I got up and went straight to my parents' room to wake my mom up so we can get my twin sister along with our 4 younger siblings up and so we can all hide in the basement we had built just a few months before. I woke up mom saying "mom, they have started dropping the bombs everywhere". She immediately woke up and we rushed to the other bedrooms making sure that everyone was safe and we went to the small basement which my younger brother, James called the 'war headquarters'. After having everyone in there we all held hands and started praying for protection over ourselves and also over our dad who was in the front lines making sure that the whole of England was safe. I could see a small look of fear in my mom's eyes which wasn't something I had ever seen before, that was when I knew how serious this was. After 3 years of hearing about a war in our country now it's right here and now we're not even sure we'll make it to the next morning as a family or we'll also be victims of the Russians. "Dear God". I started praying under my breath. "Please give mom strength to be strong for all of us and also for our dad, Lord please don't forget the promises of Psalm 91. Keep us all under your hands and give the English army wisdom and strength found in You to defeat the Russian army so we can have peace again in this country. I trust in only You to make our lives normal again. In Jesus name, Amen".

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By: Heavenlygift Hearthstones

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### 1

## The Last service

“Harold”, I heard my mom calling. “wake up its time to get ready for church”. As much as I enjoyed church I was afraid to go on this day because on the news I could hear the war was closing in on the town. I got ready and went down and found my twin sister, Heroin already there as usual eating breakfast. “Morning sis” I started while sitting down to dish up. “Make sure you don’t roam around as you usually do on Sundays”. She told me cheekily. “Ok mom” I replied sarcastically. “James, John, Paul, Timothy, please stop making noise”. I pleaded with our younger quadruple brothers. Born 12 years after me and Heroin they were the ones who always made noise where as we were quiet, our dad always said that we are his children and the quads were mom’s children, claiming that she was always noisy when they were younger. Heroin and I always admired their undying love for each other even at their old age they still always loved each other. I heard my dad walking down the steps to join us for breakfast, my heart broke a little thinking that in just 2 days’ time he’ll be leaving us and going to fight with the other soldiers in the war, when the war began 2 years prior to this I hoped that it would quickly end before dad had to go and join in the fight because when Heroin and I were younger and he went to war I’d always feel like something is missing and now the quads were going to feel the same pain I felt. “Junior”. My dad called to me noticing the worry in my face. “Don’t stress about a thing we’ll fight and conquer the Russians because we’ll be fighting along with the armies of God, but while I’m gone make sure that your mom and siblings are always safe and always protect them. I gave you my name for that very reason because you’ll be the man of the house when I’m gone”. Dad’s word really encouraged me but I did find it a little funny how he named me after himself because sometimes mom would be calling me and he’d answer and vice versa which always made us laugh.

Then we went to church and mom looked at me and said. “Don’t worry, Pastor King said that today will be our last service as a congregation until further notice because everyone is worried about the safety”. I was really happy when I heard those words from mom. Church went well and Pastor King preached on Psalm 91 saying that we should be confident in Christ that no matter what happens in this war we’re facing, we’ll be protected from Him.

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Every Sunday when I heard the Word of God I'd always mark one verse out which really stuck out to me and this Sunday it was Psalm 91:7 because to me, I knew that when King David wrote that Psalm, he was in the middle of a war in his personal life but here we were as country in the middle of a really tough war against the Russians and I was determined to take that scripture and always pray over it hoping that not only my family but all of England remains protected from what's happening. Later in the service my dad and all the other soldier dads in the congregation were called up to be prayed for as they'll all be leaving in 2 days' time. That was when I had a warm feeling of confidence in my heart that all 7 of them which were standing there will come back to their families and the church when the war is really over.

After the service finished we all went straight home because we heard rumors that Russian spies had arrived in town and were trying to get as much information as possible as to how many men are coming from this town to fight in the war. I was really happy that I could easily decipher between people who are really British and those who are pretending so I was a little confident in that front.

Later in the same night, before I went to bed, I got on my knees and started praying. "Heavenly Father, I thank you for the protection You've gifted my family this far and I really appreciate it. Father I pray for my dad as he goes into war, father I pray that you keep Him protected under your wings and I pray that he comes back the way he's going to leave us, Father I also pray for your wisdom in this time where dad is entrusting me with the job of being the man here at home. Father please lead me using your Holy Spirit at all times and Lord let there always be peace here at home within the family. I believe in the promise of Psalm 91:7 where you say 'A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee'. I pray in the name of Your Son Jesus Christ Amen". Then I went to bed.

2

Farewell

I woke up early on the day of dad's departure so I can make the whole family breakfast which was eggs, sausage and bacon with some coffee so dad can leave after having his favorite breakfast. From a really young age, I always knew that whenever dad was going to travel somewhere and leave home for a few days, mom always made for him and he always requested it on his birthday. As I was approaching the kitchen, I could hear that there was someone already in the kitchen. My mind immediately thought that it may be a Russian spy who broke in to our house and I went to our living room and took one of dad's guns from behind the couch he always sat on. I had learnt to use guns and rifles from dad at the age of 14 whenever he took me hunting in the woods so I was certain that this time I had to use it on a human but I knew that it's better for the family because I was determined to protect them from the Russians. I slowly sneaked around the kitchen door with the gun pointed and ready to shoot anyone who might be a Russian. Only to find that it's Heroin who had the same idea as me. "You really need to stop reading my mind" I told her while putting the gun away. "Well you shouldn't have been my twin brother if you didn't want that". She replied while laughing. "So dad is really going in a few hours' time" I told her. "and we'll have to show that we're responsible especially to the quads".

"Yeah, it's a big responsibility now because mom can't do it alone"

"I hope God protects dad there because we still need him here"

"Yeah, I still want him to walk me down the aisle one day, when I get married"

"I don't want to tell my children about the man who raised me. I want them to meet him"

Our conversation was disturbed by the sound of movement upstairs and we teamed up to finish making breakfast before anyone came downstairs.

Everyone woke up, mom and dad came and they both were really surprised by what we did. They both also looked really proud to see that their children teamed up to make dad's farewell meal a good one.

"I'm so proud of you guys" dad began with a really wide smile on his face. "After this breakfast surprise, I'm sure I'll be leaving mom with 2 mature children to help her with the quads". We sat down and Heroin served everyone the food and

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made sure that it wasn't too hot for the younger children. "You guys are becoming adults right in front of us". Mom told me and Heroin. "But we are already, we are 18 now remember". I replied knowing that mom still sees us as really young children. As we were having breakfast, I couldn't help myself but remember all the other times when dad went to war when I was younger but the one day I'll never forget is the day when we were 12 when we had the exact same breakfast and I knew that whenever we had this breakfast he was going to war. Little did I know that was the day when they told us that they're pregnant with the quads even though it was funny how they told us that they were pregnant with twins only to find out a few months later that it's actually quadruplets, I was overjoyed when I heard this news knowing that I'll have four younger brothers. I was also really determined to be a good older brother to them.

We finished with breakfast just an hour before dad was supposed to leave, Heroin offered to clean up the table and wash the dishes. I went to help dad pack up and get ready to leave while mom was just watching the quads. While in the room helping dad, I told him about the new found confidence I got on Sunday when I read Psalm 91. With a smile on his face dad said, "Junior, you know God never gives His child a test which is too hard for them. The same way I know I can't entrust the wellbeing of this whole home to James, John, Paul or Timothy because they're too young, God wouldn't have let all this happen if He knew that it might break you and end you so always be confident even with your decision making that God is leading you. Also, be careful because sometimes you might make mistakes but always pray before making any decision. God listens even to the shortest prayers. So at all times stay in conversation with God and everything will be fine and always be ready to hear God speaking too. I believe you will do well and so does God". The amount of wisdom that dad held never ceased to surprise me. Looking into dad's deep blue eyes, all I could see was confidence in me and a lot of pride.

Soon we saw an army vehicle stopping outside the house, I knew it was time to say goodbye. We went downstairs and found Colonel Robert speaking with mom. Colonel Robert was like our uncle because he always came to fetch dad and he also always came to visit us and it took me many years to realize that they weren't even related. We all gave dad a hug and said our goodbyes. I saw a few



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tears in mom's eyes which led to me tearing up. "Be brave son". He told me. "God is always with you". Before we knew it the car had gone beyond the horizon and we all went back inside. I knew it was time to be a man.

A few days passed after dad left, the house was really quiet except for the laughter from the quads. We had stayed indoors all day long but we started hearing more rumors that apparently the Russians are planning on dropping missiles in the middle of the night in suburban areas and villages so I knew that we were included in that too. I started praying for God to give me wisdom to know what to do if it really started to happen.

On a really cold afternoon while sitting with Heroin in the living room, we heard a knock on the door which was a different kind of knock from the one most of the people in our neighborhood used to do so at that moment the Holy Spirit spoke to me and told me that it's a Russian soldier. So I decided to be smart and try to fake a Russian accent when I went to answer at the door.

"Hello"

"Hello there sir, is this your home?"

"Yes, I just moved in here with my family"

"Ok, we just want to know who's with us in this fight over England"

"You can count on my support"

While talking to this soldier Timothy came and greeted him with his thick British accent. I was so scared thinking that we were caught but luckily his partner had been calling him back to the car so he didn't notice. I quickly said good-bye and closed the door and locked it hoping they'll go away. I looked through the window until they left and I was relieved after they were gone. Both Heroin and I simultaneously said "Praise the Lord". Relieved to have survived that, I knew that I had to come up with a plan for the younger ones to know how serious it is to always stay quiet when someone's at the door.

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## The Dream

A few weeks had passed since dad's departure, at home everyone was slowly getting used to the new and cautious way we're doing things. We also started to all spend some time together having a small church service where either me, mom, or Heroin would share the Word of God, there has never been a time where we had been so close as a family as we were during that time. We also were all getting closer to God and during that time was when the quadruplets accepted Jesus into their hearts and we were all really joyful. We even started having Bible study and God would always reveal new things to us in that time. Sometimes it felt as if there was no war going on because in our minds all we thought about was the next service. The rumors about the Russians' plan to drop missiles in the middle of the night kept on coming back and one day during a service, I encouraged everyone to pray that God would give us protection and also dad but I also said that we should pray that God gives us a plan to protect ourselves if this had to really happen.

A few weeks later, while I was sleeping, I had a dream where there were really dark clouds everywhere. I was standing outside with mom, we suddenly saw some wild animals running towards us, they weren't animals I had seen before anywhere, also in the sky we saw vultures flying around and then we ran inside and ran down to our home basement and there the animals couldn't get to us. We could hear them in the house but they somehow had no access to the basement. I woke up from that dream and I heard a voice saying, "Hear my Word, obey me and you'll find yourself refuge". I knew that, that was the voice of God, the Holy Spirit. I knew exactly what to do and the very next morning, in our morning prayer service, I told the family about the dream and what we needed to do. We had to clean up the basement because we had been using it as a store room and make enough space for everyone to fit in while not being cramped up in it. We also needed to store some food down there, Heroin suggested that we keep our fruits and vegetables there but mom suggested that we take our gas stove down there too just in case we have to stay there for many days. While discussing plans for the basement, James lifted his hand and said, "Can we call it the war head-

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quarters?” we all burst out laughing but we agreed to call it that. “There’s really nothing as amazing as a 6 year old’s imagination”. Mom said. We finished our meeting and we went straight to the basement.

As soon as we unlocked and opened the rusted lock and opened the door, we were welcomed by the smell of dead rats and old stuff so we immediately opened the window. First I took dad’s shovel and took all the 5 dead rats outside. Then we started taking out the things we had left in there. One of the things we found there was Heroin’s notebook from when she was 14 where she wrote beautiful poems and songs. “Do you still write even now?” I asked her while reading the notebook. “Of course I still do”. She answered. “If I had to stop writing then I’d be good as dead because in my brain, there are always words”. We took everything out and Heroin mopped it while I was helping mom get all the food we need ready to take down there. We finished and then we all went in there and realized that we don’t have anything to sleep on. Luckily we always had extra mattresses. So we took them down and a few blankets along with some clothes we might need. After everything was ready we started doing drills everyday where Heroin and I always took two each of the quadruplets and ran down stairs, I calculated how long it takes for someone to walk up our driveway to only two minutes so we had to make sure we could go from the second floor to the basement in 90 seconds so we can also be silent by the time someone’s at the door. We always failed to get the desired 90 seconds but then mom had the idea of making the quads sleep in one bedroom so we can just go to one room to get them and go downstairs to the basement. Which was better but we always got 100 seconds in this updated drill. We were a little satisfied but we knew that we had to find a way to get everyone quiet in less than 5 seconds. Heroin had the idea of using the mattresses we won’t be sleeping on as sound proof by pinning them to all the walls which lessened the sound significantly but a trained soldier would hear the smallest sound but it gave us a really small advantage. After all that, I knew that we still needed to find a way to hide the entrance to the basement, which was a really tricky thing to do because there was a hallway leading to the basement and the door was clear to see for everyone who looked in that direction. So I decided to try creating an illusion of a wall there so we took off the handle on the outside

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of the door and we placed a big mirror and then on the inside we had to put our baby grand piano so they would try pushing and would think it's just a mirror on a solid wall which meant that our drills had to be even quicker now since we'll be pushing the piano behind the door so then we just thought of keeping the piano just next to the door so we'll slide it towards the door whenever we got in. Another thing we did was to always watch for anyone passing by using a car and even someone walking so they won't catch us unexpectedly and in the night the older people would take turns watching out to wake everyone up if something had to happen. I would always take the first shift then Heroin and then mom after her before everyone wakes up and mom would always sleep a little after we woke up.

We soon started thinking that if there had to be a guest that was at home what we'd do but then we started having drills with a few seconds added with the hope that the people would knock before coming in and we never told anyone about the secret basement except for close family and friends whom we trusted. I still found it hard to trust anyone with a British accent because even I could fake a Russian accent so we were extra careful on what to say to whom. Now our emergency plan was in full motion and we also kept on praying for God's protection over us, our dad and all the people we know and all His children in England.

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### 4

## Two Letters

A few months had passed since dad's departure. We hadn't heard anything from him or the army so we were hopeful that they were doing well. We were still doing our drills and we were getting quicker and quicker each time we did one. All we did was pray that all these drills wouldn't come into work until this war is over. As much as we were getting closer as a family, we still felt the space of dad, hoping that he'll be back soon. Soon we started reading the letters dad used to write to mom while he was in the army to feel as if he was still with us. One of my favorite letters was the one he wrote to mom on the day Heroin and I turned seven years old.

My dearest Ruth, I wrote this letter 2 months ago and I hope you'll get it on the twins' birthday. I hope all is well with you and them even now. I know that God has protected you guys and He is still protecting you guys even now. Here in Afghanistan things are going well we are getting closer to finding peace between the nations. I just wanted to say happy birthday to Harold and Heroin as I know that on the 14<sup>th</sup> of November they will be turning seven years old. I am certain that God has kept them this far and I know that God has set them apart for His work here in England and also overseas everywhere. They will grow up to be an unstoppable team who work tirelessly for God always and they will always be a blessing to us. I remember while you were pregnant the amount of complications that we faced but we knew that God has a big plan for their future. The middle names we gave them, Harold Elijah Harrison and Heroin Deborah Harrison are names of my biggest heroes in the Bible. I know that they will grow up to be warriors for God. I hope everything remains fine there at home and I hope God keeps His hand over each and every one of you. Don't forget that I love you all and my love for you is constantly growing.

Yours dearly: Harold.

Every time I read that letter I could just hear his baritone voice saying all those words. I could also see where he got the confidence he always had in me about anything which would seem like a challenge. He was always sure that I could do anything I wanted to do. It was because he knew that God was always on my side and I also understood why they named Heroin that name, it was a way of saying that she'll be a mighty woman of God in the future.

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One day during a church service we saw the mailman delivering some mail to us and we all kept quiet so the mailman would think that the house is empty. We didn't trust anyone so we always had to be silent when a seemingly innocent guest came by. He put the mail through the hole in the door. We waited for him to completely leave before going to see the letters we had. After he was gone I went up to the door and I saw that it was two letters one was an unidentifiable kind of seal, the other had the seal that dad always used whenever he sent mail in the past. I gave both letters to mom so she can open them she also noticed dad's seal and I saw some excitement in her eyes. However, when she saw the other letter I saw a little bit of fear in her eyes. "What's wrong mom?" I asked her concerned. "I don't know this other seal". She answered. "So I'm scared that it might be a letter from the Russians". I understood her and there was complete silence in the room once again. We all didn't know what to do with that letter so then I suggested we open the unknown letter before the other letter. She opened it ever slowly all of us were in fear that it might be a bomb. Before mom could open it, I suggested that we first pray. So we all stood up and we held each other's hands. "Heavenly Father," I began. "I pray over this letter we have here, Father we know that it might be a bomb but Father I believe in your promise that no weapon formed against us will prosper. God please help us in this situation we're facing. We trust in You and only You Father. We will be fine in the name of Jesus Christ amen". We all sat down and mom opened the letter. The tension was literally tangible. Mom opened it and we asked her to read it out loud.

To the Harrison family

We know that Mr. Harrison is not home, he is fighting us in the war. We just wanted you guys thought you fooled us when you faked a Russian accent trying to escape our wrath. We know that there are seven of you in that house and four of you are too young to put up a fight against us. We have been observing you guys. We know that you guys never go anywhere, we know that you guys stay indoors all day long and we also know that you guys have the information about how the British will attack us so we want to offer up a deal. You guys tell us everything or we come and kill each and every one of you in cold blood and leave nothing but an empty house so you guys better give us the information or we're going to see that nobody survives.

Regards; Your worst nightmare

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We were all really shaken by that letter that once again there was silence in the room. We knew that we were in trouble and we immediately started discussing what to do. “First thing we need to do is burn that letter”. Heroin said. Mom tore it up immediately and threw it in our fireplace. “So now what’s the plan?” I asked everyone. I knew that now we’re a target and a big target so we had to get an emergency plan just in case something happens and we needed a plan which was going to work in every way possible and we don’t need a plan with any loopholes. “Why don’t we first open dad’s letter?” John pleaded. So mom opened the letter and started:

To my darling wife, and my children

I trust everyone is fine and still protected under the hand of the Almighty God. You guys are still in my mind all day every day, there are some days where I worry about you and the kids, wondering if everything is still fine or if we’ve had invaders who’ve attacked you guys and killed you guys but then God brings peace into my heart that everything is fine. I know that God will never leave His precious lambs. I know that He has given Harold wisdom beyond his age to be able to know what to do in any sort of situation. Well on this side things are still really intense, we’re trying to negotiate peace with the Russians but it seems as if they’re not budging and we’re still under strict protection and now the main commander wants us to ambush them and kill their main commander so they can surrender. I have heard that they’re planning on dropping missiles everywhere. They’re calling it the Dark Hate so please be careful always especially in the night and also just make sure that you use the basement as a form of hiding place especially when it’s happening. I have left a few handguns for you, Harold, and Heroin for you guys to defend yourselves from and intruders. They’re in my old black suitcase in our wardrobe. You guys can take them and keep them close to your person until I come back. Also make sure that the quads are always in the sight of one of you guys and make sure that they understand what’s going on and why we’re so cautious about everything.

I trust that God will keep protecting you and the family until this war is over. You guys are always in my prayers. Don’t forget that I love you guys.

Yours dearly  
Harold, senior

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That letter from our dad comforted us after the letter from the Russians and as much as we could be happy about hearing from dad, we had to find ways to keep ourselves safe from any attack.

We got up and mom got out the guns dad had for us. “Make sure you only use them when you really have to” mom told us as she gave them to us. We could understand the importance of the situation now and we were ready for anything but I knew that we still needed to always remain in prayer for everything to be resolved before the war came to our area. The last thing I wanted was for the quadruplets to see a dead body at their young age and tender age.



### 5

## The Beginning of the Hate

It was around midnight when I started seeing flashes of light outside my window followed by an explosion. That was when I knew what I feared most had arrived in our town. I got up and went straight to my parents' room to wake my mom up so we can get my twin sister along with our 4 younger siblings up and so we can all hide in the basement we had built just a few months before. I woke up mom saying "mom, they have started dropping the bombs everywhere". She immediately woke up and we rushed to the other bedrooms making sure that everyone was safe and we went to the small basement which my younger brother, James called the 'war headquarters'. After having everyone in there we all held hands and started praying for protection over ourselves and also over our dad who was in the front lines making sure that the whole of England was safe. I could see a small look of fear in my mom's eyes which wasn't something I had ever seen before, that was when I knew how serious this was. After 3 years of hearing about a war in our country now it's right here and now we're not even sure we'll make it to the next morning as a family or we'll also be victims of the Russians. "Dear God". I started praying under my breath. "Please give mom strength to be strong for all of us and also for our dad, Lord please don't forget the promises of Psalm 91. Keep us all under your hands and give the English army wisdom and strength found in You to defeat the Russian army so we can have peace again in this country. I trust in only You to make our lives normal again. In Jesus name, Amen".

The sound of explosions in a rhythm of a four beat was what we could hear and then sometimes followed by the worst sound anyone can ever hear which a sound of women and children was screaming. That sound brought a tear to my eyes because all I could think about was how vulnerable they were in these circumstances and all I was hoping for was for the British army to get there and hold off the attacks for those families which can't run to safety. It was really hard for anyone to fall asleep because those sounds brought shivers down the spine of any living creature.

We then heard an explosion just a stone's throw away from the basement and our ears started buzzing so hard that we couldn't even hear each other speaking so then mom switched on the gas stove so she can warm up some water which

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we can put on cloths to rub on our ears to make it feel better and so we can start hearing each other again. Heroine and I were trying to comfort the quads since they were crying from the amount of pain they could feel in their ears.

Mom suggested that we have another prayer and that we also cover ourselves and everyone else in England in the blood of Christ. So we stood up and held hands and we started praying and the sound of explosions started to decrease slowly but I knew that they stopped because the sun was coming up.

We decided to go back to the main house and let the quads sleep in the living room since none of us got any sleep the night before. Mom, Heroine and I each slept in shifts making sure that at least two adults are awake at all times just in case something happened. We'd each sleep for three hours and we decided that mom should sleep first before Heroine and then me.

While Heroine and I were on guard nothing happened we spoke until we heard the alarm for the change of shifts. Mom woke up and Heroine went to sleep. After about 30 minutes we heard a knock on the door and I went to the window to see who it was while mom opened the door. She opened the door and I saw a big smile from her face as she got out to hug the person outside. As they went inside I saw that it was uncle Frederick. It had been about eight years since we had seen him.

“Wow, I never thought I'd ever see you again”. Mom said as we sat down.

“Yeah sis but however I'm not here on a visit, I came here because I'm looking for safety. The Russians destroyed my house in North London”. He answered

“Of course you can stay with us until this war is over”. Mom told him reassuring him.

I took his bag down to the basement and we caught him up with all our drills and everything he needed to know about. It was all pretty easy on him to get it all since he was a soldier too and we had an advantage since he knew Russian from his time fighting in Russia.

There was one thing which bothered me about his arrival, I was puzzled as to why he's not fighting in the war like dad and all the other soldiers especially because they called everyone who has experience in the British army. He was younger than dad, he wasn't disabled, he was fine and I kept on asking myself

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why isn't he there. I had a bad feeling about him but I didn't tell anyone because I thought that I was wrong and I hoped that I really was wrong because I also started having the feeling that he might be here as a Russian and not as a Brit. I decided that I wouldn't sleep when it was my turn because I was uneasy about uncle Frederick. After everyone woke up we had a big dinner and we introduced Uncle Fred to the quads because they didn't know each other since they were born while he was away.

### 6

## Unexplainable Events

We decided that from then on we'll always sleep in the basement and make the house seem empty, we would also make sure we went to the basement fairly early just in case their attacks come earlier than the usual 21:10. With uncle Fred being there, the quads felt a little safer with him since he was around dad's age. I still had my own questions and suspicions concerning him.

We went to sleep around 18:00 the first night and everything felt normal. We decided to include uncle Fred in our shift sleeps. He was more than willing to stay up for longer than us in his shift. We were all relieved by that. He would be taking the shift after me and before Heroine. The first night when I was the only one awake I made a prayer to God asking Him to show me a sign that would put my heart to rest about the situation with uncle Fred. I trusted him because he was family but in my heart of hearts I felt like something doesn't add up with him. Before I knew it, he woke up and told me that he can take over and he let me go to sleep. I slipped into bed and felt immediate warmth and usually with that feeling I'd sleep immediately but on that night I found it hard to sleep. So I made a prayer to God asking for some sleep so I can be rested. I ended up falling asleep after about an hour.

The next morning, we woke up and went up to the house and found muddy shoe traces all over our living room which meant we had some intruders. I checked all the windows and found that they're all fine and we all said we didn't hear anyone coming in. I checked the door to see if anyone picked the lock and it seemed fine too. It looks like the person who was here came in through the

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door but through an unlocked door which didn't make sense because after the first night we kept our door locked even after uncle Fred came I remember nicely locking the door. It all didn't make sense especially because dad was the only person who had another key for the front door. We cleaned up the mud and got our day started.

Day after day it kept on happening and it never made any sort of sense to anyone. We ended up using a chair to close the door every night but the same result every morning and we'd even find that the chair was moved.

One night on my shift, I heard God telling me to stay awake after my shift and see what's going on. I knew that finally God was doing something. Uncle Fred woke up and told me that he can take over from here. I went to bed but I made sure that I didn't sleep that night. After about an hour and fifteen minutes I heard uncle Fred moving so I looked at him while making sure that he didn't see that I was awake. He got up and went to the main house and there I heard the chair being moved and heard a knock on the door which was like a coded knock then I heard the keys turning and the door opening. After that I heard uncle greeting someone in Russian followed by a Russian reply and I heard them talking in Russian and walking around. I couldn't understand them but I knew that we're in trouble and now I knew that tomorrow I need to tell Heroine and mom about this.

The next morning I woke up knowing exactly what to do, after we finished eating breakfast I knew that mom always went to clean the bedrooms. I offered to help but I also persuaded Heroine, after some resistance she finally agreed. We got upstairs and as we were cleaning the quads' room. I saw my opportunity.

"Guys I got to tell you something but please make sure it stays just between us". I began.

"Sure you know you can tell us anything". Heroine answered while mom nodded her head.

"I think I know what's going on at night, last night after my shift, I stayed up a little longer and I saw uncle Fred going to the main house and I overheard a conversation between him and a Russian person and they were talking in Russian, I don't know what they were talking about but I found it really suspicious".

Mom and Heroine looked at me in silence for a few seconds.

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“I think we should talk to him first and see what’s going on and why he’s doing that”. Mom said.

“No! He’ll know we’re on to him if we do that”. Heroine interrupted.

“To be honest I did find it quite weird how he wasn’t deployed with the other soldiers especially since they asked dad to go even though he’s retired”. I told them.

Only to find out that they also felt the same about his visit but we all never spoke up about it because we thought we were being paranoid.

“So what do we do now?” Heroine asked now fearing for our safety.

“Whatever we do we just need to make sure that the quads are not traumatized in the end”. Mom replied.

We all came back to the living room with a plan and now also being very cautious as to what we tell uncle Fred. That night we went to bed but I could see that we’re all restless. After my shift finished, I laid my hands on my whole family but didn’t say a word but it was a way of prayer for safety over them all. A few minutes after getting in bed I fell asleep.

The next morning we all got up and cleaned everything up and then something that we weren’t expecting happened. Uncle Fred told us that he’d be leaving in noon saying that he was called by the British army to help them. I was definitely happy about this news but at the same time I feared that maybe it might be a trap and that they were going to attack us in the night.

Uncle Fred packed everything up and he left. After he left, mom told the quads about him in a way they’ll understand. We then had a prayer for protection for the rest of that day and also for the night ahead of us since we didn’t know what was going to happen later on.

The day ended and since we didn’t have any other plan to protect ourselves, we just held hands and prayed together. We also just used a chair to keep our basement door locked. On my shift, I kept on hearing the bombs and I was asking myself, “When will it end?” It seemed as if this was going to be our new normal. The worst part was that they came every night and blew up the homes of these

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innocent people. I really wished for peace in our nation and things to go back to where they were. My shift ended and I woke Heroine up for her shift. I then went to bed and immediately fell asleep.

I was awoken by Heroine saying she's hearing multiple footsteps upstairs. We then woke up mom and we woke the quads up so they can know that we need to be quiet. It sounded like there were six or seven men there. We thought they were going to leave soon but then one hour became two hours and more and before we knew it, I heard the birds singing which meant the sun was up now but we could still hear these guys. We knew that now we might have to stay in the basement for longer than usual.

Before we knew it, it was nighttime again. We spoke in sign language all day long.

One day became one week and before I knew it, I had lost count of how long we were there and we had also noticed that more and more people come and go and now our food was running out. It had been so long that now we had gotten used to the darkness and we had found ourselves prisoners in our own home. We'd always hold hands and make a soft prayer hoping that they would get bored and move on to another house.

One day I was the only one awake and i started praying. "Heavenly Father, I know that your word says that your ways are higher than ours, Father, I pray for freedom Lord. We have been made prisoners in our own home Lord. And now our food is running out and things are getting worse by the day. Father I pray for a miracle. Father I pray for dad to return with his partners to help us and give us liberty here. I pray in the name of Jesus, Amen.

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### D – Day

Days became weeks, and still it felt as if they weren't planning leaving anytime soon. After what felt like three months in our basement, Timothy developed a cold which was really worrying. We always had to find a way to cover his cough. We used a pillow to make some sort of mask for him.

After two weeks of living in this situation of fear that they might hear us, we then heard gunshots up there which gave us hope that we might be getting saved. These gunshots carried on for about 45 minutes, then it went completely quiet for a few minutes then we heard boots walking around the house and we were still scared to check who it was until we heard a hard knock on the basement door. We all kept quiet hoping whoever it was would walk away and then we heard a big bang of someone kicking down the door. I looked and I saw my dad's face looking so radiant and happy to see us. We all went to give him a huge hug because we knew that we were definitely saved. We then went upstairs and found dad's partners. We were all so happy to see them.

Dad then told us that the main war was over and now they were just trying to find the Russians hiding amongst the civilians who lived around our city, we then all held hands and prayed to thank God for delivering us from the war we were in.

It turns out that uncle Fred was a converted spy but they said that he was killed in war. It was sad hearing that but then we also knew that he brought it on himself.

Dad then took us in a helicopter and from there we saw that the houses of all the Christians were safe from it all and weren't destroyed but the missiles dropped in the night and we knew that God had really protected His own but even more he delivered the whole nation because of His grace.

After two months, my dad and all the other soldiers who fought in the war were celebrated by the Queen and rewarded with medals of honor for their work in the war.

From the author...

## HEAVENLYGIFT HEARTHSTONES

The time I wrote this book, was during one of the hardest years in the world, where we were plagued by the coronavirus but in that time I saw God working mightily in my family. He had us all protected from this disease. Yet we were so busy but we all remained safe and healthy.

I learned that staying in prayer and always reading God's Word can help in a multitude of ways but most of all, these two things keep us protected from anything that can attack us or our nation and even the world because in Psalm 91 we learn about how we will always remain protected and how God won't let us be plagued by anything which can destroy us. God really does care for the world because if we think about it, the coronavirus could have been worse than it was. I truly believe that God is still going to deliver us from even more things that can be the death of us. We should just always remain in prayer and always read His Word because His promises are found in it and His promises are impossible to be broken.



## **HATE IN THE DARK**

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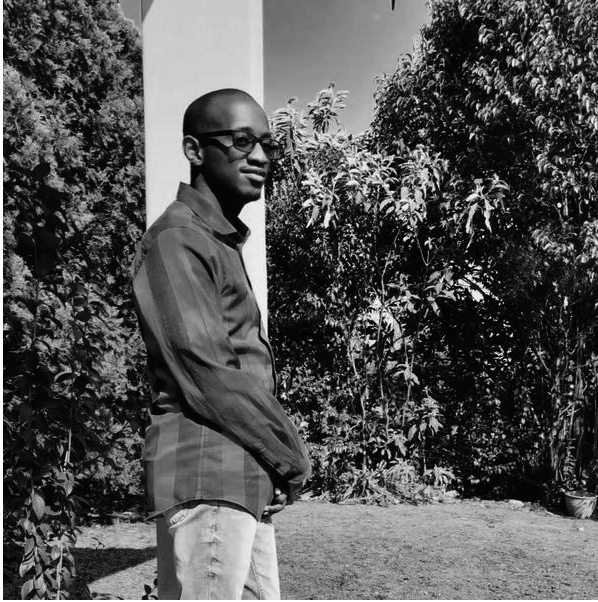
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## **About the Author**

Heavenlygift Hearthstones is an author who released his first book at 23 years old, he is from South Africa, writes Christian fiction stories and devotionals



