

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

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Foreword .....	<i>i</i>
The Sword Will Guide Him .....	1
The Hymn of Joseph.....	21
The Malicious Adviser.....	41
Managed Chaos .....	59
Propaganda .....	77
The Seven Principles .....	93
Ticket to the Unknown.....	119
Jealousy Incarnate .....	135
Nice Ordeal .....	153
King Undercover.....	167
Charade .....	181
About the Author.....	191
Joetagonist About Us .....	193

# THE SWORD WILL GUIDE HIM

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**M**r. Galvestone sat in his study, where the bookshelves reached the roof, in the Scottish castle he'd inherited from his father. The castle had so many rooms and was so huge it was possible for someone to get lost there. He'd lived in the castle for decades and it held many memories for him. Mr. Galvestone was tall with white hair and piercing black eyes over which he wore eyeglasses because his sight was diminishing with age. He was drinking a cup of herbal tea and reading a book about the Renaissance while waiting for his grandchildren to arrive.

There was a knock at the door.

The housekeeper, Miss Wingate, had worked with Mr. Galvestone's father for decades after he'd found her in a shelter at the end of World War Two. She dropped what she was doing went to open the door where she greeted the grandchildren warmly. Miss Wingate had already prepared a plate of fruits from the garden located in the back of the castle for them.

## JOSEPH AND THE SEVEN SWORDS

“Mr. Galvestone, your grandchildren have arrived,” called Miss Wingate.

Mr. Galvestone replied, “I’ve missed them. Take them to the sitting room. I’ll be there in a moment.”

“As you wish, Mr. Galvestone.”

He finished reading the page he was on, put the book down, and made his way to the sitting room. Mr. Galvestone liked to sit there with his grandchildren in his castle where he lived a pleasant and peaceful life surrounded by nature. He had five grandchildren: Claire the oldest was eleven and liked history much as her grandfather did, Sophia was nine and artistic. The twins Lewis and Patrick were seven and studious. Charlotte – Mr. Galvestone’s favorite – was five.

They loved their grandfather because he played games with them and told them stories. After his wife Margaret had died of cancer many years earlier, Mr. Galvestone had lost interest in life. He’d felt lonely without a sense of purpose – spending time with his grandchildren revived him. Mr. Galvestone had been an archeologist. He’d studied archeology for many years. It was his passion, and he’d loved reading about history while traveling around the world and conducting research.

His grandchildren liked to explore every room in the castle while the housekeeper ran after them, making sure they didn’t break any of their grandfather’s valuables such as paintings, old documents, and Louis XV furniture. When the sky darkened, his grandchildren surrounded Mr. Galvestone as he sat on his weathered leather chair beside the fire.

“Grandfather, why do you have white hair?” asked Charlotte.

“That’s is what happens when you get old. You’ll have white hair one day.”

Lewis looked around curiously and pointed at the spot on the wall where a well-used, ancient sword hung. He said, “Grandfather, you promised us you’d tell us the sword’s story. Can you tell us it now?”

Mr. Galvestone tried to remember everything he knew about the sword. “It’s an ancient story called *Joseph and the Seven Swords*.”

The grandchildren grinned and said, “We want to hear it!”

Mr. Galvestone called to Miss Wingate, “Could you bring milk and biscuits for the kids? I’m going to tell them an ancient and meaningful story.”

“As you wish, Mr. Galvestone.”

Mr. Galvestone began.

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In the faraway Kingdom of Zelaar, King Edmund was about to attend a reception and greet guests from another kingdom. It was an important meeting because the King wanted to improve relations with the other kingdom as they had been fighting for a decade. This meeting was intended to end the conflict between the two nations. King Edmund was waiting in the main hall because he expected the delegation to arrive at any second.

## JOSEPH AND THE SEVEN SWORDS

At the same time, the King's wife, Queen Amelia, had gone into labor, The pains were so intense that she knew she would soon give birth. A servant went to see the Professor, the King's adviser, to tell him.

"Thank you for informing me," said the Professor. "I'll deliver the message to the King."

When the Professor told the King, Edmund said, "What? Now? Amelia is giving birth? I can't go right now. You go instead of me. Once I've finished I'll be there."

The Professor was the most trusted person in the castle because he'd long worked for the King and his father before him. He was responsible for ensuring royal protocol was always observed. As he was walking to another building to check on the Queen, he saw that the moon was aglow, burning red in the night sky. *We see a royal castle glowing red from the light of the blood moon. We hear a woman screaming with pain,* he said to himself. This was a sign that a new king was coming to life – and not just any king. A righteous king who would claim his ancestors' power.

The Professor attempted to hide his emotions because when he conveyed the prophecy of the red moon omen to the Queen, she would feel sorrow because of having to sacrifice one of her children. He decided to return to the main hall to ask the chief guard to accompany him. Together they went to the Queen and watched her for a moment before she realized they'd arrived. Queen Amelia was gazing out of the window at the glowing moon. Her midwife and a maid stood alongside her. The Professor sensed that although the Queen was in pain, she was also happy to be soon

giving birth, and she was filled with sorrow because of the sacrifice she needed to make.

“Your Highness,” said the Professor.

In a sad voice she said, “Do I need to do it?”

“Your Highness, you know you must. We don’t know what is in your womb, but you need to sacrifice it because the prophecy says that at a red moon the Queen should sacrifice her boy or the older son if she has a twin.”

The Queen didn’t answer so the Professor repeated, “You must.”

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The Queen gave birth to twins – a boy and a girl. She feared for their lives because she hadn’t believed this prophecy would apply to her child. Amelia had thought the glowing red moon was a myth – the last time it happened had been more than a century before. She thought it was a story that old people used to tell their children, even though the Professor who observed all the norms was the first to witness it in disbelief. Amelia could see how powerless he felt and that he didn’t want to accept the prophecy.

It had been a hard and difficult labor. The Queen feared she might die – if that happened, the king would marry another woman to bear him a son to be the next king. *But I can’t sacrifice my son*, she thought.. *Who would the future queen be? What sort of stepmother would she be for my children?*

But the Professor insisted that the Queen gave the boy child away and asked her maid to send him with one of the loyal knights. So Amelia sacrificed her son's future and sent him away for his own protection. As she lay there, the Queen was losing more and more blood and becoming weaker while the maids, the Chief of Guards, and the Professor witnessed helplessly.

"I thought I would die and I never thought the prophecy was real," said the Queen.

"Your Highness, you need to have faith in the prophecy," said the Professor, "and believe that the sword will find, prepare and guide the future king to receive his rightful inheritance. The Chief of Guards will take charge of sending your boy away"

"But –"

"Your Highness," the Professor interrupted, "the old Zelaarian prophecy said: *When the red moon rises and twins are born, the first-born shall be sacrificed or the future shall be forlorn*"

The Queen said through her pain, "Open the closet and you will find money for the task at hand."

"Your wish is my command, Your Majesty."

The Queen ordered the Professor to give one of the loyal knights money and a sword and ordered him to go to a faraway place. Shortly after, the King – after finishing the reception – went to his wife and saw one child and that she was a girl. He called her Isabella.

Amelia's maid whispered to her, "Why did you give the sword to the knight?"

## THE SWORD WILL GUIDE HIM

The Queen responded, “The sword will guide him.”

A few hours later she was dead.

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In a village in a valley, there lived a boy called Joseph who was eleven years old. Joseph cared for everyone around him. He helped his father while cultivating plants and went to the market every day, saying hello to everyone from the butcher to the grocery man. Joseph was so well-respected that all the villagers wanted to spend time with him – he was a good listener. Joseph never felt bored when listening to others because he could put himself in their stories and feel what they felt. He could see the good in everyone he met and could show them how to embrace their good traits by shifting their focus onto who they truly were.

Joseph and his friend Albert argued all the time about anything and everything. They had a close bond and met regularly, although not every day. Once a while, they liked going to peaceful places to retreat from reality, to relax and read their books, to hunt and fish if they so desired. Their favorite spot was near a peaceful and quiet lake where they went once a week at sunset. There, they could sit and talk about their lives and dreams.

Joseph had lots of dreams and his altruistic spirit guided him to make a positive impact on any place he entered. Albert was the only one who listened to him carefully without interruption. Joseph gained his strength from people who believed in him.

## JOSEPH AND THE SEVEN SWORDS

One day Joseph asked Albert, “What do you think the meaning of life is?”

“That’s too big a thing to be covered in one sentence. What do you think it is, Joseph?”

“To be honest, I don’t know, but I’m willing to seek answers even if it takes the rest of my life.”

“When you find them, please share them with me.” Albert laughed.

“See our surroundings. This is life, Albert. Life is static and doesn’t change. Just like that bird –” Joseph pointed “– every day he does the same things, so life is a pattern. Life repeats itself every day.”

Albert laughed again. “Well, now, I am sure you are my friend Joseph. Who but you would talk about things that I don’t understand?”

It was late and almost dark and so time to go home. Once he’d arrived home, Joseph went to the second person in the world who always listened to him talk about his dreams – his mother. Every night he talked to his mother about his day, life, and his dreams until she fell asleep. Usually, mothers go to their child’s bed and tell them stories, but with Joseph, it was the opposite.

One rainy night, he went to the storeroom, searching for wood to take inside the cottage. When he entered he saw something gleaming in the corner, so he went closer. It was covered with a piece of cloth, and when he lifted the cloth he saw something

sharp, metal, and dusty. He wasn't sure what it was at first but it seemed someone had hidden it. It was an ancient sword.

Full of curiosity, he felt an urge to touch it. He took the piece of cloth that was covering the sword and wrapped it around himself. In his mind, he was a knight and he started playing and jumping around some trees, forgetting that his family needed the wood to get warm. Suddenly the sword sparked and vibrated and this panicked him. Then he heard whispers calling his name, "Joseph, Joseph, Joseph."

Suddenly, seven warriors appeared, surrounding him in a circle. They told him "Don't be afraid."

He threw the sword aside and it lost its spark. Then Joseph ran back to his cottage and told his mother what had happened. He was scared because of what he'd seen and thought it was an illusion.

His mother had known this day would come but she remained silent, stroking his hair, assuring him that nothing bad would happen.

Day by day, Joseph became more mature, stronger, sharper, and more handsome. One day, while he was walking in the forest, he came across the sword and played with it again. The sword sparked and the seven warriors appeared. He panicked again but this time was brave and stood his ground, asking them, "Who are you?"

One warrior said, "We are here to help you get back your throne because you are the king."

## JOSEPH AND THE SEVEN SWORDS

Again, Joseph thought he was delusional. He threw the sword away.

While lying in bed that night, he laughed about what the warrior had said. *Am I a king?* His sister Miriam came to him and asked why he was laughing. He told her about the sword and the seven warriors.

Miriam laughed and said, “How can you be the king and also my twin?”

“Yes, it makes no sense.”

“Either you’re the king or you’re my brother.”

He couldn’t get what had happened to him out of his mind and he started to hear the whispering again and again. The thought that this event had occurred twice in his life made Joseph jump from his bed as soon as Miriam had gone and make his way stealthily to the forest. He went to the sword and grabbed it. Suddenly, the sword began to spark and the seven warriors surrounded him.

“Who are you? And what do you want from me?” he asked.

“We are here to help you,” said one of the warriors.

“Why do you want to help me? You aren’t real and I’m not the king.”

“Yes, you are, but you are not aware of it.”

“How can I be the king? I’m only a farmer,” Joseph said.

“You are Queen Amelia’s son and King Edmund is your father.”

“But if my mother was the Queen, why did she send me away?”

“Your mother sacrificed you because she was obeying the prophecy,” the warrior said.

“What prophecy?”

“The old Zelaarian prophecy said: *When the red moon rises, and if two twins are born, the first-born shall be sacrificed or the future shall be forlorn*”

“But how come I’m here?” asked Joseph. “And why are you appearing to me now?”

“The night your mother sent you away, a loyal knight was given the task of taking you to a farmer – your current family. A sword and a lot of money were used to convince them to take you. The farmer accepted the deal while his wife was giving birth to her own little girl.”

“Why my mother, the Queen, gave the knight the sword?”

“She knew that the King’s sword would guide you on your journey to get back your throne.”

Joseph asked in shock, “Do you mean that I will be king after my father dies?”

“Joseph,” the warrior said gently, “your purpose in life is to be King of Zelaar. We will assist you in your journey to retrieve your rightful inheritance and fulfill your destiny. But before your journey will start, you need to learn a few things.”

“What things?”

## JOSEPH AND THE SEVEN SWORDS

“You will find out. Just follow the signs.”

“How will I know if I don’t already know?”

“You need to figure it out, but to know that you know, you need to ask yourself questions.”

Joseph said impatiently, “So what’s next? How will I get back my throne?”

“You will know. You need to move to the city.”

Joseph wanted to ask more questions but the warriors disappeared before he had a chance.

He went to his mother and asked if what he’d been told was true.

She nodded and said, “I got used to you although you aren’t my true-born son. You are the son I didn’t have and fate had sent you to me. If you feel you need to do anything to get back your throne, I will pray to God to save you from danger.”

His mother hugged him. She’d realized that hiding that sword had given her time to spend time with him, but as humans, we only can postpone fate – we can’t stop it.

Joseph put the sword under his bed, frustrated that he didn’t yet know what he should do, but he was sure he’d receive a sign. Eleven nights later, he felt the sword starting to vibrate and spark. Now was the time to accept his call and chase his destiny. He grabbed a small leather bag, packed his things and, carrying the sword, he said goodbye to his family. When Miriam cried at the thought of Joseph leaving, she gave him a small bracelet so he

would remember her. she said, “When you become king, make me a duchess.”

Joseph accepted some money from his father to go to the city – it was approximately six hours away by foot. While he was heading to the city, he stopped under a big tree to take a nap. Suddenly, he awoke, conscious that someone was nearby. He opened his eyes and saw a stranger pointing his sword between his eyes.

Joseph panicked, and said, “What do you want from me?”

“How come a person like you own a sword like this? Are you a thief?”

“It’s a long story,” said Joseph, “my mother gave it to me.”

“Is your mother the Queen?”

“Yes – and you don’t believe me.”

“Of course I don’t believe you.”

Joseph said petulantly, “As your future king, I order you to put the sword aside and follow my orders.”

“Well, my lord, if I kill you now, no-one will know!”

Then, the sword vibrated. It sparked and in fear the stranger threw it aside. Joseph took the sword and pointed it at the stranger’s head. “If I kill you now, no-one will know,” he said.

“You have proved your point.”

Joseph held out his hand to the stranger and said, “My name is Joseph.”

## JOSEPH AND THE SEVEN SWORDS

“My name is Thomas.”

“It’s nice to meet you, Thomas. What do you do for a living?”

“I work in the circus. We’re traveling between cities and stayed in this area last night. While I was out walking, I saw you under this tree having a nap. What about you?”

“I’m heading to the city but I don’t know what’s next,” Joseph replied:

“We’re heading to the city,” said Thomas. “Would you like to join us?”

“Yes, I would.”

Thomas walked with Joseph to the area where the circus had placed their tents. While Joseph was walking to an enormous tent, he saw many people with monkeys and other animals and people with tattoos. It was a pleasant experience for him to see a new world and new animals such elephants, lions and various birds. They went to a massive tent to grab food. Here a man was practicing his fire show, and others were playing with some birds. For Joseph, it was like fantasy, and he immersed himself in it. Thomas introduced Joseph to his friends, and they ate and rested. When it was time for dinner, Joseph had fallen asleep so the circus family decided to wake him up. They planned a welcoming ceremony to share their joy in life with him. Thomas made the arrangements and asked the monkey’s trainer to send a monkey with him to wake Joseph.

Some of the members of the circus surrounded Joseph and he began to wake up. Then the party began.

Joseph opened his eyes. “What’s going on?” he asked. “And why is there a monkey wearing a costume and holding a knife?”

Then he heard a parrot saying, “Party time, my lord.”

A few muscular men led Joseph by the hand to the ceremony. Joseph was shocked by what was happening to him, and he thought he was in a dream. They headed to the bonfire where a lamb was grilling and people were singing. Suddenly, someone flashed fire from his mouth. Joseph felt amazed and smiled at the thought of the help Thomas had given him.

While Joseph was eating, he saw a woman sitting with her cards. He asked Thomas, “What does that woman do?”

“You don’t know what that is? Well, it will be fun. Come with me. Don’t be afraid.”

They went to the Oracle and asked her to do a reading for Joseph. The woman replied, “You need to pay.”

Joseph asked, “How much will it cost?”

“You need to pay me a third of what you have now.”

“That’s too much.”

“Take it or leave it. I can tell you something that will teach you a lot because you are at the beginning of your journey and you need to learn many things.”

Joseph remembered what the seven warriors told him about learning new things, so he calculated that a third would not be that much if he was to be king.

Thomas said, “Come on, it will be fun.”

## JOSEPH AND THE SEVEN SWORDS

Joseph gave the Oracle a third of his money, and she asked him to enter the tent. Once inside, and in the warm, he saw a lot of bottles and things he didn't recognize which made him feel scared, such as bottles with scorpions, snakes, and a fish skeleton. The woman shuffled the cards and showed him three cards.

“The first card shows me that a handsome man is drinking poison,” she said.

“What does that mean?”

“If someone will destroy you, it will be you, not a stranger. Also, it means that if you are poisoned, you will be the only one who can cure yourself – it should start with you.”

Joseph said to Thomas in shock and panic, “I'm not sure if I want her to continue her reading!”

“Don't be afraid,” Thomas said.

“We're on the second card,” the Oracle said.

Thomas said to Joseph, “It's okay.”

“This card shows someone in a hole and their stairway leading out to the dark hole with a missing step. Outside that hole is a huge castle,” the Oracle said.

“What does that mean?” Joseph asked.

The Oracle looked into Joseph's eyes and said, “This card hasn't appeared to me for a few years – and now I am starting to worry about you! What will happen to you, you need to face alone.”

“Is it dangerous?”

“I can’t see exactly what’s the future is hiding for you. Let me turn over the third card.”

The third card showed two horses looking at each other, one black and one white.

“What does that mean?” asked Joseph.

“When you find yourself, you will find your twin flame, but to find yourself you need to embrace yourself and be aware of yourself.”

“Is it beautiful?” Joseph asked.

“Your souls were one soul!”

After they finished the reading, the woman gave him a bottle of liquid telling him to drink it when he was alone. After that, he went to the sleeping tent and rested well.

In the morning, the caravans headed in the direction of the city, spending one more night in a place fifty miles away. Joseph had a pleasant lunch with his new friend Thomas and they sat under a tree and talked.

“So, you the king, huh?” Thomas asked.

“It’s a long story, and I don’t know how to get back my throne – and I don’t know if I’ll be a good king.”

“I wish I could give you advice on how to be a good king but I’ve never been a king!”

Joseph smiled and said, “I feel I need to do something but I don’t know what to do.”

## JOSEPH AND THE SEVEN SWORDS

“It might sound crazy,” said Thomas, “but when I want to do something, I do it without thinking.”

“But to be a king, you need to take your time because many people lean on you.”

“Let me tell you what I learned from the circus,” Thomas said. “To perform well in the circus, you need to flow with the rhythm of other movements without letting them disrupt your performance. When we perform, we feel that we are one – not separate”.

“It seems you are a wise man! How come you’re in the circus?”

“You know the Oracle?”

“Yes, what about her?”

“She’s my mother, but we don’t talk with each other and try to keep our distance. You shouldn’t trust her, and you need to throw the liquid away she gave you.”

“But you urged me to go to her in the first place,” Joseph said. “Why?”

“It was business. I try to keep my relationship with her businesslike and I had intended to share your third with her, but now I don’t want to because I know who you are. Again, you shouldn’t drink that liquid and don’t trust my mother.”

“It’s okay, Thomas.” Joseph paused before asking, “What you will do in the city?”

“We will stay for a while in the city because it’s so huge and many people will want to see our performance. What about you?”

## THE SWORD WILL GUIDE HIM

“I thought I knew, but I don’t. I might find a job to earn a living.”

The caravans were ready to go to the city, and they embarked, heading toward their destiny.