

Athuna's Bedtime

Athuna's Bedtime

Text and illustrations Copyright © 2018 by Kingdom Preppers
Published by Little Kingdom Preppers Books
(eBook Version Only)

Send all questions and comments to us via the contact form at:

www.kingdompreppers.org

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form without written permission from the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews.

This is a work of fiction, inspired by Scripture, therefore names, characters, places, and incidents are taken from Scriptural texts and adapted by the author's imagination.

Published in the United States of America



In the ancient land of Pethor, on the farm of a man named Balaam, there lived a special donkey named Mimzee. Mimzee was a loving grandmother to another special donkey, who was getting ready for bed.



“Time for sleep, Athuna,” Grandma Mimzee said. “Did you drink your last water for the night?”

“Yes, Grandma,” Athuna replied, “and I also ate all my oats tonight. I learned my lesson from last time. When I left my oats in the pail, my stomach grumbled all night, and I wished I had listened to your advice to eat all my grains before bed.”



“That’s all right, Athuna, you’re still growing. And as I told your mother, every day you’ll understand more and more how life on this farm works.”

Athuna gave a big stretch, and yawned as she said, “Grandma, can you tell me the story again about when you spoke and our master heard you?”



Grandma Mimzee smiled politely and nibbled some hay. “Athuna, you’ve requested that bedtime story more than four times already!”

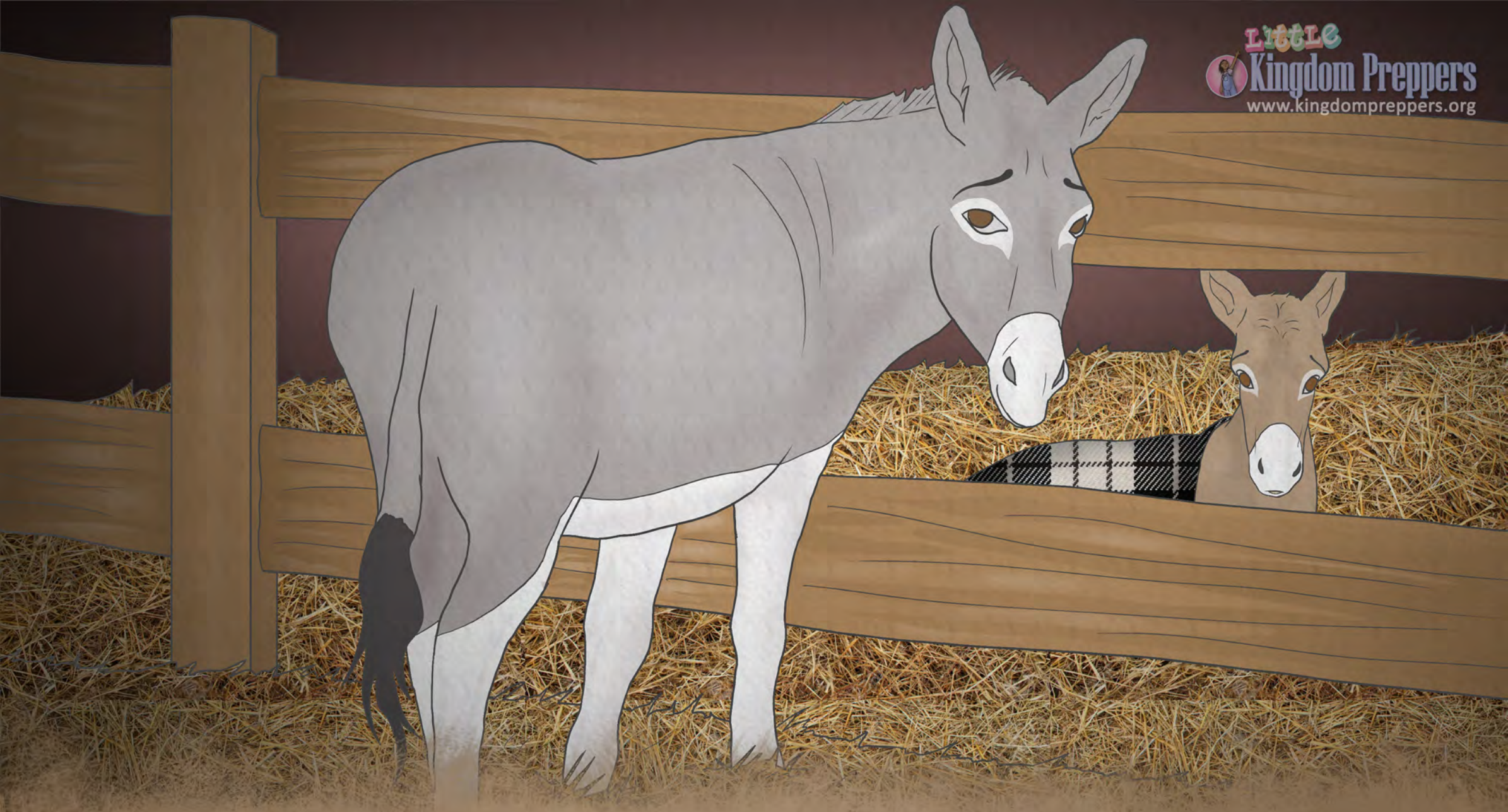


“But it’s my favorite!” Athuna said with excitement.



“Sure. Let’s wait until the hen house quiets down, that way I don’t have to yell so loud and wake up the cows.”

Ten minutes later.



“Ah! That’s more like it,” Grandma Mimzee said with relief when she heard the hens settling down. She took that moment to tell her granddaughter the thrilling story she wanted to hear for the fifth time.



The sun was going down one crisp, cool evening while we were being watered and fed our meals. At that time, all the animals on the farm heard and felt a strange vibration that seemed to come nearer and nearer. And before we knew it, there were horses everywhere. As it turned out, they had traveled all the way from Moab. We were very excited to have visitors on the farm and to hear of any interesting news.

These horses were of royal stock, being bred from the house of Balak, King of Moab!



I was sure that the Master and I were going on a trip, but the next morning all the horses and their riders left without us. Your mother was just about your age at that time.



About four weeks later, the royal horses returned, galloping even faster, and there were more of them this time. I thought for sure that the master was in trouble! Again, they stayed the night, and I saw our master, Balaam, secretly go off to pray at his favorite tree near the barn.



Well, the next morning, earlier than usual, I was being fed, watered, and saddled, and it was the first time I was leaving your mother on the farm. After giving birth to her, I was excited to stretch my legs, but at the same time I didn't want to leave. Elder Cow helped to calm my nerves by assuring me that he and the others would watch over your mother while I was away. Also, your mother was excited to show how much she had learned, and she was looking forward to proving how responsible she was. The farm was buzzing with excitement indeed!



I'd say we were about three days' journey from the farm when, all of a sudden, out of nowhere appeared a heavenly messenger blocking the road with a drawn sword glinting in the morning sun! I immediately bolted off the road into a nearby field, but Master Balaam gave me a beating and brought me back onto the road.




“Grandma, what’s a beating?” asked Athuna, as she stood up with alarm.

Grandma Mimzee replied, “It’s something the master does to us livestock whenever we are disobedient. It doesn’t hurt too much. But hopefully you won’t have to worry about that if you listen and obey when the master gives you a command. Now lie back down. Anyway, back to the story.”



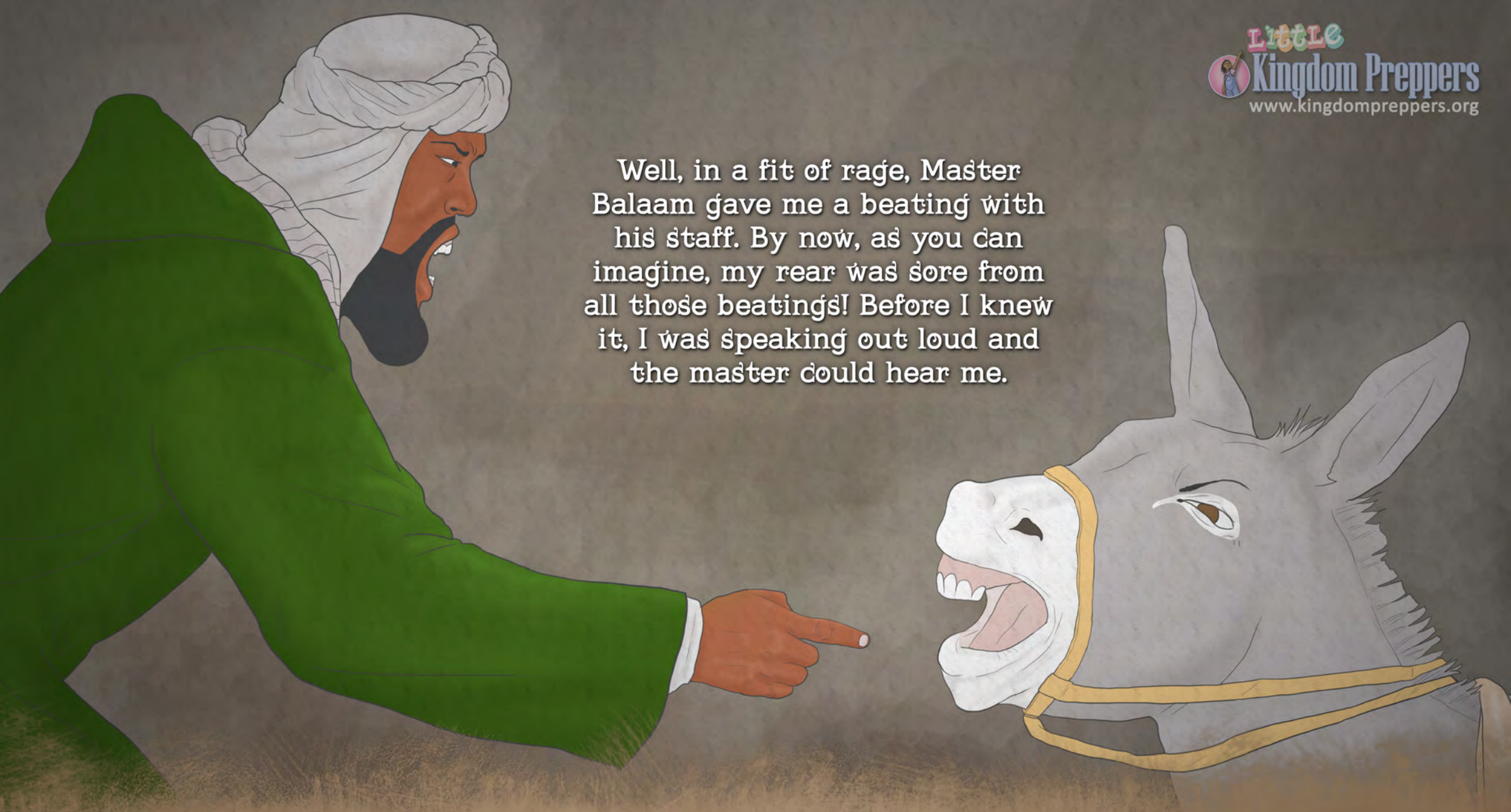
“On another day, while we were heading down the road on the way to Moab, we passed an area where the road narrows between two vineyard walls. And it was there that another heavenly messenger stood, blocking the way. But this time he held no sword. I didn’t want to get another beating, so I did my best to squeeze by with the master on my back. But the Master’s foot got crushed, so I received another beating anyway.



The heavenly messenger again stood in a narrow place further down the road, this time too narrow for all of us to get through. I did not know what to do without hurting my master, so I did the only thing I could think of. I lay down.

“Grandma, you told me not to lie down when we’re working.”

“I know,” said Mimzee. “But this was a very special circumstance. After all, it’s not like we see a heavenly messenger every day.”



Well, in a fit of rage, Master Balaam gave me a beating with his staff. By now, as you can imagine, my rear was sore from all those beatings! Before I knew it, I was speaking out loud and the master could hear me.

“What have I done to you that deserves you beating me three times?” I asked him.

Master Balaam was so upset, he did not even realize that he could hear me speaking. “You have made me look like a fool!” he shouted. “If I had a sword with me, I would kill you!”



After hearing how angry he was, I remembered all the many journeys we had taken on those lonely, deserted cliffs, and how obedient and trustworthy I had been through the years. I realized I had to remind him of all this.



“But I am the same donkey you have ridden all your life. Have I ever done anything like this before?”



Balaam paused just then and said, "No."



“Oh, dear,” said Grandma Mimzee at that point in the story. She noticed that Athuna had fallen asleep, so she kept the rest of the story for another time and tucked her granddaughter in for a peaceful night of pleasant dreams.