

The third book in the End Times War trilogy.

Against the Evil Day

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**Book Three of the  
End Times War**

**by William L. Tullar**

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# TABLE OF CONTENTS

## Against the Evil Day

### Book Three of the End Times War

Chapter 1: A Terrible Illness

Chapter 2: The First Great Tragedy

Chapter 3: And Thick and Fast They Came at Last . . .

Chapter 4: The Slough of Despond

Chapter 5: The Way Back

Chapter 6: A Stinging Rebuke

Chapter 7: The Bait in the Trap

Chapter 8: Who Knows?

Chapter 9: The Jaws of the Trap

Chapter 10: Justice at a Price

Chapter 11: Transition

Chapter 12: Culture Shock

Chapter 13: Waiting and Watching

Chapter 14: Finding Places

Chapter 15: Christmas Cheer

Chapter 16: Auschwitz Ugliness

Chapter 17: Horse Cart Travel

Chapter 18: Insight

Chapter 19: Turning Point

Chapter 20: The Stranger

Chapter 21: Clarity of Purpose

Chapter 22: Complications

Chapter 23: The Long Wait

Chapter 24: Night Ride

Chapter 25: Reunion

Chapter 26: Pierce His Heart

Chapter 27: Island of the Damned

Chapter 28: Flight to Avoid Arrest

## CHAPTER TWELVE

### CULTURE SHOCK

When the big jet did land in Frankfurt, Germany the next morning, Chris felt as he usually did after an overnight Atlantic crossing: Like road kill! His Air Moldova flight to Chisinau didn't fly until 2:15 p.m., so that left him with time on his hands. He walked across two terminals to get to the gate where his flight went out. It was a dark and dingy part of an otherwise clean and well appointed airport - - a clear sign that Air Moldova didn't stand in high esteem of the German airport authority that granted terminal space.

Chris pulled his carry-on bag under him and stretched out on the seats. Though he had little success sleeping on airplanes, airports were a different matter. He was soon fast asleep. But his dreams were troubled. Chris dreamt he landed in Moldova, and the whole country was full of gray clad Telos soldiers. He met crowds of them at the airport, and every single person he met in the country wore the gray uniform. He ran and ran but wherever he went, there were just more of them - - like gray ants, they were everywhere. When he awoke, his left arm was pinned under his side, and it had gone to sleep. A look at his watch revealed that he had been sleeping for more than two hours. Well at least some good came out of it. The ground floor of the airport was still quiet and mostly dark. Chris readjusted his position and went back to sleep.

A little after noon local time, Chris woke up. He went and changed some money to Euros. After that he was able to find a small restaurant and get a sandwich for lunch. The food revived him. He paid the waiter and wandered

back downstairs to the gate where his flight would go out. Now there were several people there waiting for the same flight. Within an hour and a half, the bus had come to take the assembled crowd out to the airplane. Chris had expected to walk down a jet way into the airplane, but was not surprised by having to take a bus out to the aircraft. The ship was an old Russian TU154. Chris began praying to himself as he climbed the stairs into the cabin. Only God could protect him on a flight in this piece of junk.

The airplane was old, but the flight crew was friendly. And the flight itself lasted only a little less than three hours. When the airplane landed, Chris was taken aback by the size of the airport. This airport served the capital of the country of Moldova, and yet it was smaller than the Greenbow airport that only served regional carriers. It was relatively new and fairly clean by Eastern European standards. They charged Chris fifty dollars for his visa - - and it was a tourist visa at that. By the time Chris got through customs and got money it was getting dark. To his great relief, Chris hadn't seen a single gray Telos uniform. However, when he walked out of the airport, he wasn't ready for the assembled taxi drivers. They could only be described as tough eggs, and Chris was hard pressed to pick one that didn't look like a Mafioso.

"How much to take me to the National Hotel?" He asked in Russian of a driver with a relatively new Mercedes.

"50 Lei," the man said.

“Okay,” said Chris, and he proffered his bags. He was calculating in his head and reckoned that the sum was a little over \$4 - - that seemed eminently fair to Chris.

The driver took the bags and Chris got in the back seat. It was fully dark now, but he could see the city lights off in the distance to the west. As the taxi pulled out of the access road to the airport, the cab driver asked Chris where he learned to speak Russian. Chris told him that he had spent time in Kazakhstan and didn't elaborate any further.

Then the driver took up the business of the fare. “I told you 50 Euros, right?” He asked.

“No, you said 50 Lei,” said Chris.

“I meant 50 Euros.” Instead of \$4 he was going to charge \$75! This got at Chris's sense of fairness.

“No, you said 50 Lei, and that's what I'm going to pay.”

“I'll put you out right here, and you can take your bags and walk,” said the driver.

“Fine,” said Chris, reddening visibly even in the darkness. The driver pulled Chris's big bag out of the trunk and threw it by the side of the road. Chris threw a wadded up 20 Lei bill into the back seat of the cab. The driver slammed the door, jumped into the front seat, and stormed off in a hail of gravel and dust.

Chris suddenly realized that he was in somewhat of a predicament. Here he was in a town he knew nothing of, sitting with his bags that were too heavy to



carry, on a dark road, not knowing where he was going to spend the night. It was not really a good introduction to the country.

A couple of cars passed him by in the darkness. Finally, a taxi was coming down the road and Chris stood up and waved at it. The driver, who already had a fare with him, stopped.

“Where are you going?” He asked.

“Hotel National,” said Chris.

“Okay. I can take you there.”

“How much,” said Chris.

“50 Lei,” the driver replied.

Chris looked in the back seat of the cab. It contained a woman in her middle to late thirties dressed very stylishly and immaculately coifed. “Yes, I heard him say that,” she said in accented Russian to Chris’s unspoken question. You can’t be too careful with the cab drivers in this town. They are bandits one and all. They’ll tell you one thing at the airport and then something else in the middle to the trip. Here, I’ll move my bag.” She pulled her bag up on her lap and Chris got in.

The driver put Chris’s big bags in the trunk and Chris took his small bag on his lap. As the driver pulled back out on the highway, she asked: “You’re an American, aren’t you?”

“Yes. As a matter of fact I am.”

“Are you staying long in Moldova?”

“Probably several years.”

“Is your wife coming along later?”

“No, I’m not married.”

“Then perhaps you’ll need some female companionship while you’re here,” she said, her voice warming noticeably.

“I don’t think so,” said Chris, trying hard not to antagonize a second person in one evening.

“Nonsense. Men need female companionship. Men do not do well without a woman around.”

“That may be true, but I am a Christian pastor. The church takes a dim view of unmarried men and women living together.”

“Who said anything about living together? I just meant a man needs a woman to look after him - - most men don’t eat right, don’t take care of their clothes, drink too much and so forth when they don’t have women around.”

“I will take that under advisement,” said Chris, once again trying to be agreeable. The two rode in silence for about fifteen minutes after that and finally they reached the Hotel National in the center of the city. It was a Soviet era relic built in the Soviet chock-a-block style. As Chris got out to get his luggage and pay the driver, the woman leaned out of the cab window and handed Chris a slip of paper. “Here’s my name and telephone number if you change your mind.”

Chris said good night to the woman and put the slip of paper in his pocket. He paid the driver his 50 Lei and pulled his bags up to the registration desk in the Hotel National.

“Good evening,” he said in English. “Do you have any rooms vacant?”

“Yes, of course,” the clerk replied. “How many would you like?”

“Just one please.” She handed him the registration card printed in Russian, Romanian, and English. As Chris was filling out the card she said: “Now that will be 300 Lei per night. Will you be staying with us long?”

“Probably until Sunday. Is there an extended stay discount?”

“No, there isn’t. Would you like an extra pillow?”

“Yes. That would be helpful,” said Chris who was hoping to be able to sleep with his head somewhat elevated to minimize a nasal drip that was beginning to annoy him.

“That will cost extra.”

Chris, thinking that it couldn’t possibly be more than a few Lei, simply looked at the woman and said, “fine.” She gave him his key. Chris wrestled his bags into the elevator, and it creaked and groaned its way up to the tenth floor. He found his room without a problem since it was just across from the elevator. He put his bags down at the entrance and surveyed the sleeping quarters. “Not exactly first class,” he said out loud. The room was spartan and well worn.

Chris had opened his bags and gotten his tooth brush and pajamas out of the bag and was in the bathroom brushing his teeth when there was a knock on the door.

He rinsed, spit in the sink, and went to the door. Standing in the hallway was a rather spectacular young woman.

“Yes?” He said in his best Russian.

“You requested for an extra pillow at the front desk?” She asked.

“Yes, I did. Where is it?” Chris looked around the woman to see if she had the pillow behind her back.

“I’m it,” she said. And with this she pushed past him into the room.

“But I thought that they meant an actual pillow,” said Chris following behind her but making a point not to shut the door.

“No, they meant me.”

“Well, I didn’t want a prostitute,” he said.

“If you think the price is too much, we could negotiate.”

“It’s not the price at all, it’s . . .” Chris protested.

“Listen. This is my job. There aren’t a lot of good jobs in Moldova. This is how I keep bread on my table.” She pulled her dress up over her head.

“Fine,” said Chris. “I’ll give you what your rate is, but I don’t want your services.”

She looked up at him with only underpants on. “You don’t like what you see?”

“It’s not a question of not liking. You are a very pretty woman. I’m sure that many men would find you extremely desirable. As it happens, I am a Christian pastor. The Bible specifically says that ‘you shall not bring the hire of a harlot.’”

“Do you prefer men then?” she asked.

“Certainly not. I am not homosexual.”

“Well then,” she said, removing her shoes. “I suggest you close the door.”

“Please put your clothes back on,” Chris said. As he said this, he noticed she had an Orthodox cross on a small gold chain around her neck. “Are you a Christian?”

“Why do you ask?” she rejoined.

“Because if you’re a Christian, you cannot be a prostitute.”

“I wouldn’t be if I had a choice,” she said simply. “But as it is, this is how I manage to eat every day. Besides, there isn’t any factory work anymore.”

“I told you I would pay your fee. Just please put your clothes back on.”

She did this and Chris proffered a 500 Lei bill. “This is more than I usually get,” she said and began digging in a pocket in her dress for change.

“Please keep it all,” said Chris. “I want you to have it. If I only knew how long I was going to be here, I would give you more. No, come to think of it, here’s another hundred.” And he passed her a crumpled, blue 100 Lei note.

Big tears rolled down her cheeks. “I can’t take this. I didn’t earn it. Why are you being so nice to me?”

“What’s your name?” Chris asked.

“Alla,” she said simply.

“Alla, I’ve come here to help build and teach in a seminary. If there’s any kind of a job there, I’ll try to help you get it. Please don’t be a prostitute any more. The Bible says you shouldn’t do it, and besides it’s dangerous. There are many terrible diseases you could get. The men you are around are the worst sort.”

Tears continued to roll down her cheeks.

“Alla, could we pray together?”

She looked at him strangely as if he had switched languages on her.

“I want to pray for you now. Bow your head and pray with me. That’s right. Now say what I say: ‘Lord Jesus, I am a sinner . . .’” He led her all the way through the prayer. It was fortunate for Chris that he had memorized this years ago because he couldn’t have prayed well in Russian extemporaneously. She was crying most of the time, so it was hard to hear some of her answers. But she did get all the way through it. When they had finished praying, Chris looked at her for a whole minute without saying anything. She had beautiful big brown eyes, regular features, and lovely skin. He could see how men would be instantly attracted to her.

“Now, Alla, what you just did is the most important thing you’ve ever done in your life. You have committed yourself to have a personal relationship with Jesus Christ. You have to talk to him every day - - it’s called praying. I know you know how to do that. Second, you have to read the Bible. Do you have a Bible?”

“No. My Mama has one, but I have never had one.”

Chris went and dug in his suitcase. He pulled out his own Russian language Bible. “Here, for you,” he said simply.

She took it as if it were some kind of priceless antique. “But this is yours, it has your writing in it.” She said looking through the pages, and as she did this, she began crying again.

“That’s okay, I have an English language Bible I usually read anyway. Please take my Bible and read it. There’s one more thing I’d like to ask you to do.”

“What’s that?” She asked.

“Tell someone that you have made a decision for Jesus and that it changed your life.”

“Okay,” she said.

“Alla,” he asked, “Where did you come from?”

“From Ordeal.”

“Then you should go back there. What’s your last name?”

“Romanovna.”

“Patronymic?”

“Ivanovna. Could I work for you in this . . . this seminary you’re talking about?”

“Yes. If there’s any way to get you work there I will do it. How can I contact you?” asked Chris.

She wrote her telephone number on a slip of paper and then she looked at him a long time. “Sir, if there’s any way that I can serve there I will do it. Meanwhile I would like to look after you while you are here in Chişinau. I will clean your room. I will wash your clothes. If you need anything, tell me, and I will fetch it for you.”

“And you won’t go back to prostitution?”

“I promise you. No more.” She threw her arms around his neck and kissed his cheek. “I don’t even know your name.”

“It’s Christopher Burrelle.”

“I’m glad I met you Christopher Burrelle, please call me.”

“Good night, Alla Ivanovna.”

“Good night.” She left and closed the door behind her.

Chris prayed a prayer of thanks out loud. He thanked God for the opportunity to witness and have his witness rewarded. He thanked God for the new creature in His kingdom. But mostly he thanked God that this time his resolve had not weakened. He had been tempted, but he had withstood it.

Chris slipped into his pajamas and was hanging up his pants when he found the note that the woman in the taxi had given him. On the note in very even Russian printing it said simply: The driver is a spy. Masha. 56-42-34. Chris looked at his watch. Still only 9:40. He could call her. She was probably home by now. But he was tired. Too tired for a phone conversation in Russian. What could it mean? The driver a spy? For whom?

With this questions floating around in his head, Chris pushed his feet between the sheets and with a few seconds he was snoring loudly. Thus, his first day in Moldova came to a good end.

\* \* \* \* \*

*That was an inauspicious beginning for Snaga. At first, he figured that the Lowerarchy would be furious and demote him when the patient Burrelle had escaped the frame for murder. Strangely they were in a philosophical mood*



*when he reported there. Baal Rastafar himself had reassured Snaga that they hadn't lost faith in him. "It could have happened to anyone," he had said.*

*Snaga had accepted the transfer to follow the patient Burrelle to Moldova with suspicion. This was unusual procedure for Hell. Local principalities, especially those in other parts of the world had their own idiosyncrasies. They didn't usually accept demons from other principalities, especially those following patients who were being closely followed by the Lowerarchy. An outsider coming to follow an important patient was considered somewhat of an insult to the principality. The principality in Chişinau was no exception. They made it clear to Snaga when he showed up that they didn't like him, didn't want him there, and wouldn't cooperate with him. He had stared the local head of the principality down and told him that any lack of cooperation would be reported directly to Destroyer himself. Then he showed them the order signed by Baal Rastafar. That shut them up, but they were still sullen and uncommunicative. Snaga noted this in his log book so that he might have an excuse if his mission in Moldova didn't turn out well.*

*"The turning of the prostitute Alla Romanovna might have been their idea of lack of cooperation," said Snaga to himself. "They never did let me talk to her tempter. I'll bet the little snot stood aside and let her turn like that without even a counter suggestion." He was fuming mad, but he couldn't show it because he needed that principality. Well, the patient Burrelle couldn't be in Chişinau for much longer. When he got up country there would be a different principality, and Snaga felt that he could probably bully them better than the Chişinau lads.*

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