

# The Chosen One



Story by Eulalia  
Illustrations by BartNel

Freely inspired by the book of Enoch

## Foreword by Eulalia

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Early this year, Bartnel posted on Deviant Art, week by week, a short series of his wonderful pictures with a 'challenge' to writers to write short texts to add stories to the pictures.

Excited by the images, I contributed a few short pieces, at the end, Bartnel held a poll to decide who would have the honour of extending the story, with additional pictures. To my surprise, I won that poll - though certainly no more than first among equals, the other offerings were all very enjoyable and full of imagination.

Anyway, I set to work, and discussion with Bartnel we developed the story mainly 'backwards' with a series of images and texts leading up to the ones he'd already posted, with five new pictures in the prequel, some small tweaking of the original four, and one final one. So 'The Untold Story' became 'The Chosen One'.

Now the whole story has appeared on Deviant Art, I'll start posting it here - I hope it will carry members who enjoy such stories off to a world of fantasy where things can be dark and scary, but light and beauty have their power too ...

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This document is best viewed with Adobe Acrobat reader in full screen mode 1920x1080 16:9 screen



*Book of Enoch, chapter 7*

*1. It happened after the sons of men had multiplied in those days, that daughters were born to them, elegant and beautiful.*

*2. And when the angels, the sons of heaven, beheld them, they became enamoured of them, saying to each other, Come, let us select for ourselves wives from the progeny of men, and let us beget children.*

...

*10. Then they took wives, each choosing for himself; whom they began to approach, and with whom they cohabited; teaching them sorcery, incantations, and the dividing of roots and trees.*

*11. And the women conceiving brought forth giants...*

‘Yes, I know Father. But that’s old stuff, why do I have to learn it? If it ever happened at all, it was long, long ago. There are no giants now, no sorcery or incantations, that’s all nonsense ...’

‘Daughter, be careful what you say. Yes, we live in a peaceful, prosperous world of beauty and kindness and truth. But the giants and the creatures of darkness are not gone, they are still all around us, far beyond the margins of our land, deep in the Forest ...’

‘But the Forest is a beautiful place! I love the gnarled old trees, the jewel colours of the flowers and fantastic fungi, the thrilling songbirds, the prancing deer ...’

‘Yes, daughter, we know you love the Forest...’



*Suddenly he looks anxious, worried, he's hesitating to speak.*

‘What’s the matter, Father?’

‘It’s that ... it’s one sign ... well, it might be, that you ... that you are The Chosen One.’

*The phrase strikes some nerve deep within me, with a sharp twang of recognition, yet why this surge of excitement dancing with terror?*

‘The Chosen One? Whatever do you mean?’

‘The reason, dear daughter, that we live in this happy land now, is because of a bargain, a covenant, that our great, great ancestor Enoch, founder of our race, made with the Angels of Darkness, so that they, and their monstrous offspring, would no longer consort with the daughters of men, nor trouble our peace in any way ... on one condition ...’

‘What was that?’

‘That, at a certain time, The Chosen One, a maiden of perfect beauty, goodness and truth, would be offered – no, she would offer herself – to be stripped of all her beauty, her goodness and her truth, and made to bear offspring, and feed them with her own flesh and blood, and become as they are, a daughter of darkness.’

*I almost laugh, this is so absurd, yet Father is looking deadly earnest.*

‘Well, it’s nice the boys at College fancy me, but I’m really no ravishing beauty, as for goodness and truth, sorry Dad, but ...’



‘It is not for us to judge, daughter. We can only observe the signs.’

‘Signs? What signs?’

‘The offering must be made on the darkest, longest night of the year, the Winter Solstice. And it must be the eighteenth birthday of the chosen maiden.’

*I shudder, shit! 21st December, that’s my birthday ... number eighteen, coming up ...*

‘And that night, there must be a total eclipse of the moon ...’

*So ... I’m beginning to feel nervous ...*

‘There .. there isn’t going to be ...?’

‘The Temple Priests have predicted that there will be.’

*I’m feeling a sinking sensation in my stomach – and yet still a certain, strange fascination with this rigmarole.*

‘Any other signs?’

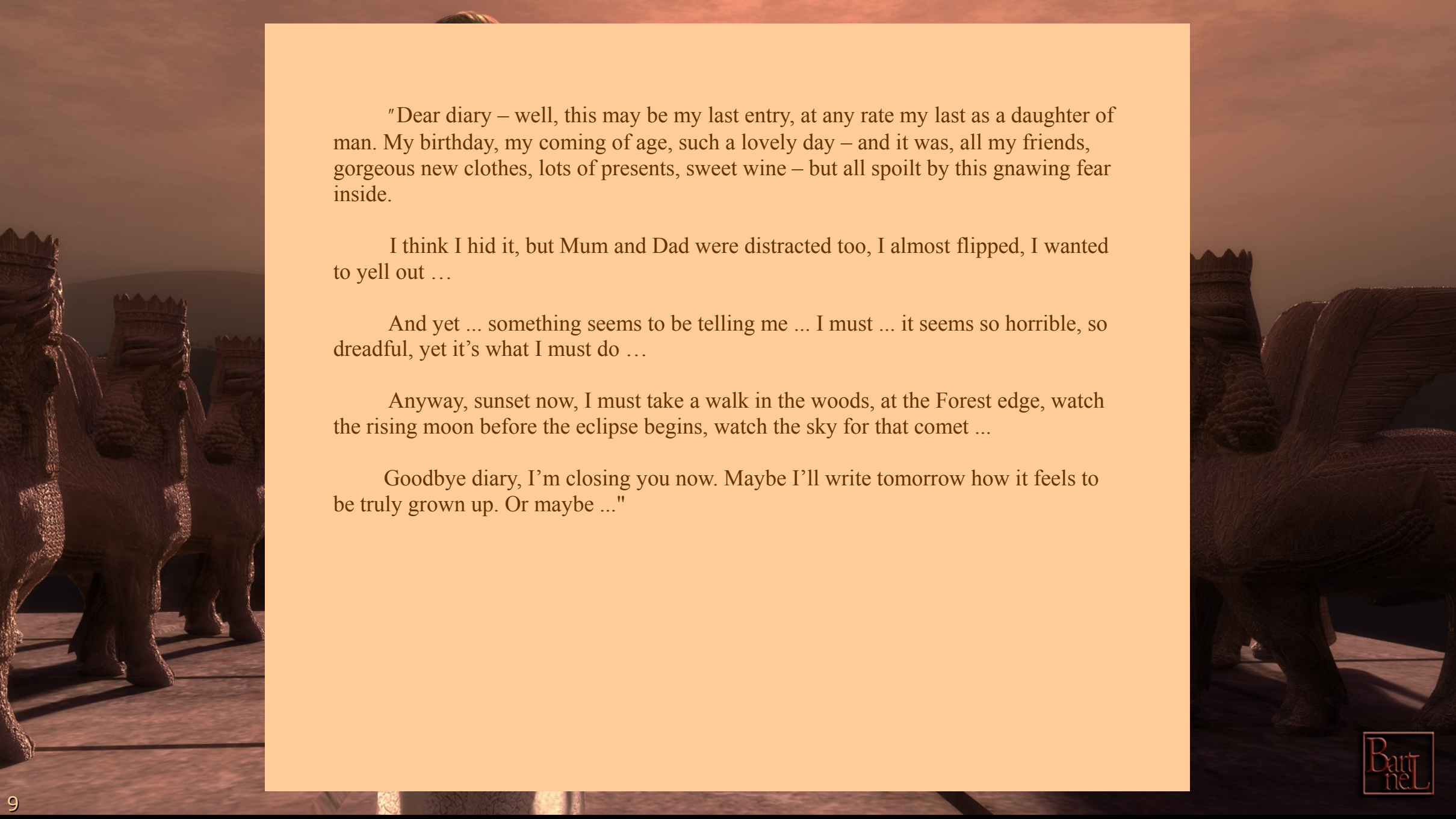
‘A comet will ... no, a comet must appear in the night sky.’

‘And have they predicted a comet?’

‘That they can’t tell...’







"Dear diary – well, this may be my last entry, at any rate my last as a daughter of man. My birthday, my coming of age, such a lovely day – and it was, all my friends, gorgeous new clothes, lots of presents, sweet wine – but all spoiled by this gnawing fear inside.

I think I hid it, but Mum and Dad were distracted too, I almost flipped, I wanted to yell out ...

And yet ... something seems to be telling me ... I must ... it seems so horrible, so dreadful, yet it's what I must do ...

Anyway, sunset now, I must take a walk in the woods, at the Forest edge, watch the rising moon before the eclipse begins, watch the sky for that comet ...

Goodbye diary, I'm closing you now. Maybe I'll write tomorrow how it feels to be truly grown up. Or maybe ..."



*I'm panting, I've run all the way here, to the Temple. The White Priest is waiting, I knew he would be. Father and Mother too ... I fall on my knees, forehead to the floor, I know I must.*

'Kneel up, Chosen One.'

*The two words freeze my blood, I lift my body and look up to the cold, grey eyes of the Priest.*

'Please Sir, must this be?'

*The greybeard nods.*

'The Lord of All the Powers allowed the Dark Angels to fall, to consort with the daughters of men. He allowed their loathsome progeny to be born and to threaten our land with terror and evil. He allowed our Father Enoch to make the Covenant with them which lets us live in peace. If we fail to keep it, much worse will befall, not just for you, daughter, but all of mankind.'

'Can nothing save me?'

*He sighs, raises his eyes to the roof beyond me.*

'Men cannot tell, what the Lord of All the Powers may do. We only know what we must do.'

*I bow again to the floor, instinct urges me to pray a wordless prayer to the Lord of All the Powers. He allows, he allows, he allows ... may he allow me to be spared this dreadful fate!*

*I kneel up again.*

‘T-tell me, what must I do?’

‘Go through the woods daughter, just as you are, barefoot, bare-legged.’

‘B-but it’s cold ... and deathly dark, the Moon has turned the colour of dark blood, soon it will be all black.’

‘You will carry a torch, a sacred brand, that will give you warmth and light, fuelled by your own beauty and goodness.’

Which way must I go?’

‘The stars are bright, you can find the Pole?’

‘Of course.’

‘Just head that way. And the comet, you’ve seen that?’

*I shudder.*

‘I did.’

‘That’s going the same way. It will guide you.’

‘And where shall I come to?’

‘You will come to The Ring of the Moon.’

‘I’ve explored the Forest since I learnt to walk, yet I’ve never heard of that place.’

‘Nevertheless, you will find it. You will know it when you’re there.’

‘And what must I do?’

‘You must take off your last shreds of clothing, tear them on the thorny bushes, cast the scraps away.’

‘So I must be naked?’

‘Of course. Then enter the Ring, place the torch behind you, kneel in the centre with your arms spread wide, revealing your womanly beauty ... to Them.’

*I shudder. Them? I dare not ask. My dreadful dreams of these last many restless nights are crowding back to me. One thing keeps haunting my tormented mind,*

‘Will there be chains?’

‘There will be chains. They will chain you when you have offered yourself.’

‘Shall I be sacrificed, slaughtered?’

He shakes his head, sadly.

‘No, my daughter. Death is a blessing, though men fail to see it so. But you will be stripped even of that blessing. Though you bear monstrous children, though they feed on your flesh and drink your blood, the blessing of death will be denied you.’

‘So what will they do to me, when I’m naked and chained?’

‘That, my daughter, is too terrible for men even to think of ...’

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*The Forest at night has a life all of its own, around the small ring of shivering light that protects me, I hear breathing in the darkness, the ancient trees seem to be sighing, deer and all the beasts of the night are watching me, I glimpse their eyes, too fearful to come near me.*

*The scents of the fungi and the green herbs mingle, a mixture of incense and decay, long strands of bramble thrust out into my pathway, seeking to capture me, maybe to save me.*

*A nightjar’s sudden rasping cry gives warning ...*







*So ... this is the place ...*

*It's dark, can't make out a thing ... but I can hear Them ...*

*Them, whatever 'They' are ... moving about, breathing heavily, grunting ...*

*They sound big ... the warm, clammy air's swirling about me, sweeping my hair ...*

*They smell, too ... a musky, fetid smell, rotting meat ... my mouth's dry... yes, fear ...*

*But why be frightened?*

*This is what I must do ... in truth, I've always known it... not just since Father and the White Priest told me about the Covenant of Enoch.*

*No, ever since I could understand anything, I've known it in my heart, hidden it, tried to hide from it ...*

*I am the Chosen One, I was born for this ...*



*Oh, Gods! Now I see them ... huge ... dark, shadowy beasts ...*

*I see their eyes, burning, blazing ... sharp claws that could tear me ... they seem to be eyeing, assessing, inspecting me ...*

*I'm trembling, cold sweat on my breasts ... I'm sensing them studying... savouring in silence ... the scent of my fear ...*

*No, no point in being frightened ... I must do what I'm fated to do.*

*The White Priest had no need to tell me, I've practised it so hard, guided by some deep instinct since I became a girl, again and again .. kneeling, naked, arms wide open ... offering myself, my flesh and my blood, my body, my soul ...*



*Strange place this, the Ring of the Moon ... deep in the Forest ... my Forest, place that I love, place where I've roamed since a little girl ...*

*Yet I never knew, never found, this weird arena ... wonder who made it? Long, long ago, in the days of Father Enoch?*

*The moonlight shines so bright on the marble, I'm glistening, yet all around's so dark, so silent ... no owls, no wolves, no creatures of the night ... except these ... the nameless, monstrous ones ...*

*The moonlight glints on steel shackles, chains, near my bare knees, and swaying above me ...*

*I've tried not to notice them, tried not to wonder what these monsters will do to me ... "too terrible for men even to think of..." , and yet they don't harm me, don't touch, don't enter the circle ... am I protected, by some sacred power?*



*And now ... who's this behind them, above them, watching me?  
A figure ... a man ... a priest? A warrior?  
Something he's holding, behind him, bright, burning with icy blue ...*

*The dark priest starts singing. First a soft, sad song, then louder, a wild chant, till,  
almost screaming, 'Show us your light!'*

*I keep still and silent. Suddenly, inside me, I know my power, my hidden power, I must  
not reveal it ...*

*The warm air's restless, tossing my curls, the creatures are glaring, gloating, goading  
me with their stares.*

*But still I kneel, silent, protected ...*

*The air falls still now, my supple limbs glisten with a sheen of silvery sweat ... the altar  
stands ready, harsh stone ready for me to be laid on, I sense how its coarse crust will  
chafe my soft flesh ... if I fail*

*...*

*Black night above me, damp drops touch my breasts ...*

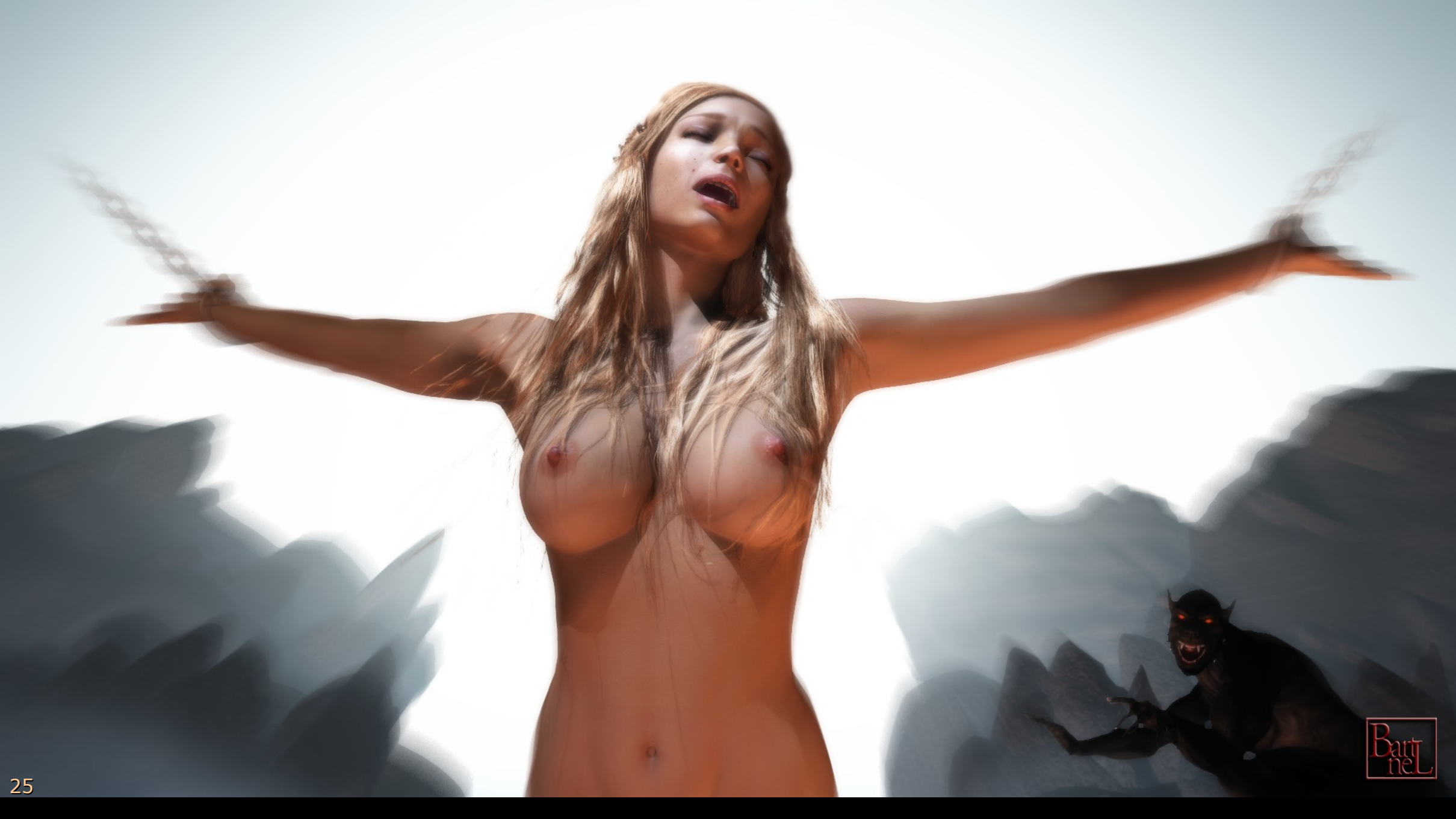
*The Dark Priest falls silent, those red eyes spit fire ...*

*I hear a deep sighing, far off, soft but clear ... girls' souls who've died here ...*

*The Dark Priest creeps closer; his breath feels aflame, the creatures are dancing, sweat  
streams with my fear ...*







*What's that? Through the Forest, deep rumbles, faint flickers ... my bare body quivers*

*...*

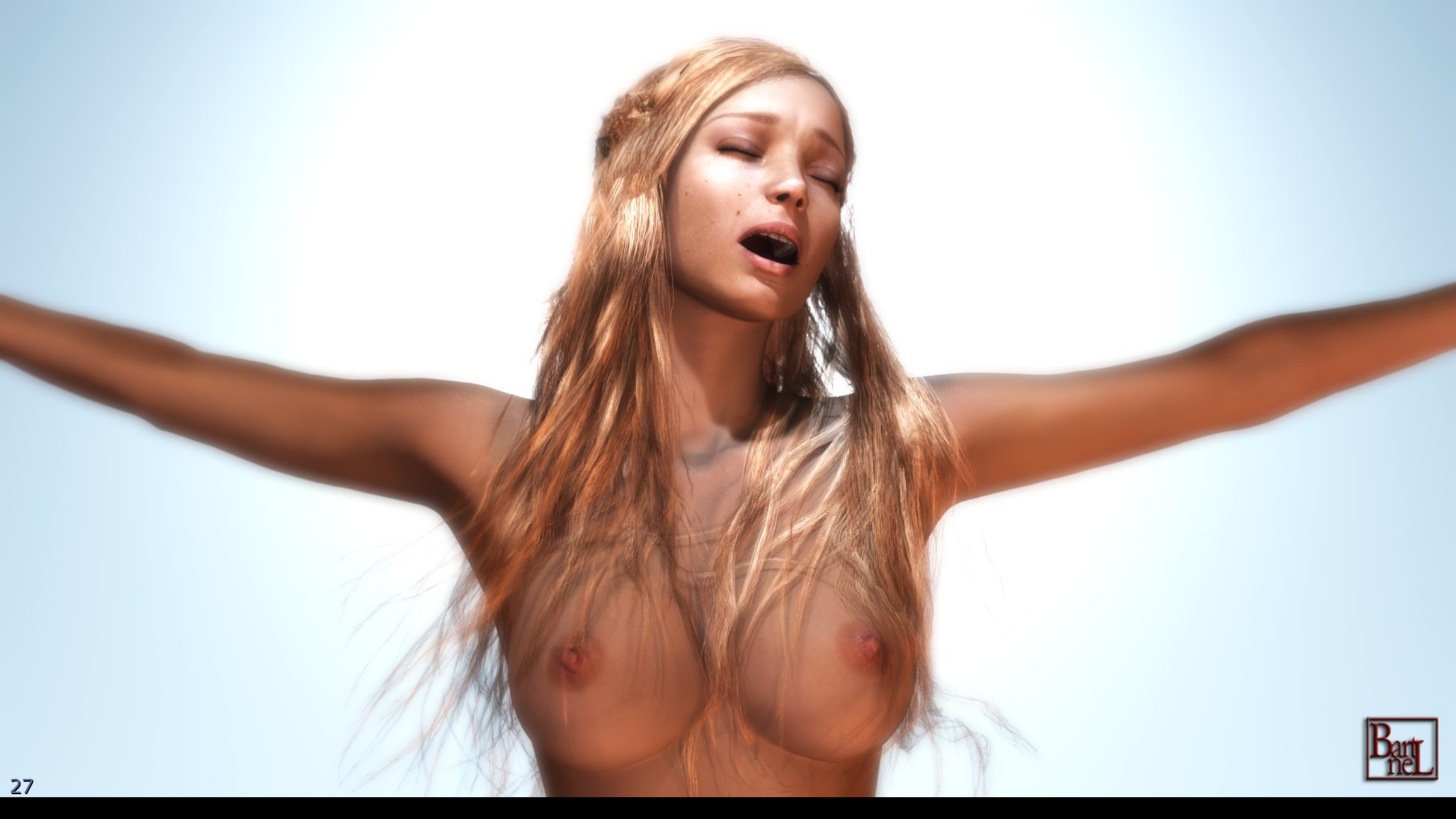
*Brilliant, blinding, the lightning reveals me!*

*Dread-roar of thunder, word of the Bright Lord!*

*The beasts flee in fear ...the Dark Priest has vanished ...*

*My light now shines clear !*

**THE END**



## Postword by BartNel

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This one was probably the most interactive work I ever did (until now )

At first, I proposed a challenge to writers: to build a story inspired by a scene I created... The idea was: I show more and more parts of the scene as images are added. 4 talented writers have answered and continued until the end (4 episodes)

I opened a poll in which everyone could vote for its preferred storytelling.

The winner would have the right to continue her/his story with 4 more episodes. My own challenge for the end : creating the images for the new episodes of the story.

All 4 writers who completed texts for this challenge were talented and I would have been happy to continue their story but the poll was done,

And the winner was Eulalia ...

**The 4 next pages will show the original images that were submitted to the writers as « Untold Story » :**











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Creation of characters and poses: POSER 11

Sceneries, lights, cameras and rendering : VUE Infinite 2016

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**More to come...**