

Smiling, Prudence gave us her blessings and walked us to the door. She bid us farewell as we stepped off the porch and walked the path to the gate.

As we walked quietly through the orchard, Discipler said to me, “I also must fight in the arena, and though more skilled in battle, I will face opponents more crafty and cunning than those you will face.” Discipler then went on to explain how the Governor allowed the struggle so that each warrior would be able to better him or herself.

“Do you mean that they allow women to fight?” I exclaimed in disbelief.

“Yes Adam, of course the Lord allows it. Did I not tell you that the methods of our warfare are different from those employed elsewhere? In fact, there are many women whom I would not care to face in battle, so skilled are they. I suppose that even if we were to try to keep women from the battle it would not be possible to do so.” Then Discipler drew closer and whispered, “I personally believe that women can sometimes be far more determined than men in battle. It is as if they have

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some personal score to settle with the enemy which I can only guess about.”

Just then something about Discipler caught my eye and stopped me dead in my tracks. Out from under his tunic, where it was loosely tied at his chest shone a golden gleam. It was the same golden color that radiated from the armor of the Gatekeeper. Indeed it looked as if Discipler were wearing armor himself. It was so finely wrought, and so perfectly fitted to him that it was virtually invisible under his clothing. Then something else caught my attention. How I had missed it before I don't know, but strapped at his side was a sword. It was a masterpiece of craftsmanship and perfect in every detail without flaw. I had seen its equal but once and that again was with the Gatekeeper. In truth, it could have been an exact match to the Gatekeeper's weapon. Glancing up I also saw that Discipler's head and neck were covered with a great helmet, which shone and reflected the sunlight in a million different directions.

I closed my eyes and shook my head not believing that I had not noticed this before. When I opened my eyes again the armor was gone. I

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blinked, and still no armor. I shook my head again wondering if I was losing my mind.

By this time Discipler had stopped and was staring back at me. He asked, “Is everything well with you Adam?”

Looking dumbly back at him I tried to formulate a response and failed. “Well, uh I thought that for a second...well no, I guess not...well, uh it’s really not that important.” Even were I able to tell him what I saw, he would probably think me mad, so I decided in the end not to comment.

Discipler merely chuckled, smiled to himself and said, “Then let us not tarry, we have some distance to go before we get to the Arena, and there is something I must show you first.”