

The GREAT VICTOR

REVISED EDITION

LOVE
NEVER
FAILS



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The Great Victor: Love Never Fails

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PROLOGUE



Once upon a time, a powerful yet kind and loving King ruled a grand, beautiful kingdom. King Abba loved his people and welcomed them to his magnificent castle.

King Abba always had time for his people. Whenever they spent time with him, they were amazed by his love. Even after leaving his presence, they could still feel his love and peace in their hearts. All their worries and fears fled away.

Every villager knew King Abba's son, the Prince, because he spent a lot of time with them. Love, peace, and light filled the whole kingdom. The people were joyful and without fear, sickness, or troubles. Everyone lived in the perfect protection, freedom, and peace that the good King and his son provided.

But when the people started doubting the King's love, things began to change.







THE GARDEN



A gentle breeze brushed Ben's face. He took a deep breath. The scent of spring flowed from the lush Northern Mountains and filled his lungs. His wide eyes feasted on King Abba's vast gardens, full of the sweetest fruits and most beautiful flowers that he had made for his people.

Ben, a farmer, had a special love for things that grow. He was eager to show Sofia, his best friend, a strange little plant that seemed sick—something he'd never seen before. It reminded him of how many people in town were becoming sick and bad-tempered.

When Sofia finally came, her eyes, usually bright, were red with tears.

"What's wrong?" asked Ben.

"I can't meet you in the garden anymore," Sofia responded. Ben's heart sank.

"My father doesn't want me to be friends with a poor farm boy anymore."

"What? I don't understand . . ."

"I'm sorry. I have to go."

"Wait! That's it? Just like that, our friendship ends?"

Sofia turned and whispered, "Please, don't make this any harder for me." She started running away, weeping. Ben looked down at his simple farm clothes and, for the first time, felt ashamed.

MALUS'S MESSAGE



Looking up, Ben noticed the shape of a man in the shadows of a nearby tree. The man beckoned him closer. It was Malus, a former chief advisor to King Abba.

“Tired of being a poor farmer, Ben? Come, and I’ll show you your true greatness, what King Abba has hidden from you to keep you as his slave.”

“I’m not his slave. Look at the crown he gave me!” Ben blurted, upset. King Abba had given a crown to Ben and all his people to show they were important to him and to rule alongside him.

Malus lifted an eyebrow and laughed. “You wear that silly thing and think it gives you authority? It’s a ruse!”

“What’s a ruse?” Ben asked hesitantly.

“Simpleton. Don’t you see the King plans to make you all slaves? I escaped to warn everyone. It’s time for the people to take power into their own hands, and it starts here, with that fruit.” He pointed to a shining tree in the distance.

“That’s the King’s fruit! It’s the only thing King Abba has forbidden us to eat—and for our own good. We would die!”

“Another ruse. Don’t be a fool. You won’t die,” Malus said. “You’ll become great . . . greater than the King himself. Never again his slave. And that is what he fears. It’s a shame you are such a coward, Ben.” Malus walked off before Ben could respond.

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