# THE PRISONER

Adapted from
"The Prisoner and other Tales of Faith" by Rabbi Salomon Alter Halpern and published by Feldheim.

***Terrach lived seventy years and he begot Avrom, Nachor and Horron. These, then, are the generations of Terrach: Terrach begot Avrom, Nachor and Horron, and Horron begot Lot. Horron died in the lifetime of his father Terrach, in the land of his birth, in Ur of the Chaldees. Avrom and Nachor married wives: the name of the wife of Avrom was Sorai and the name of Nachor's wife was Milkoh, a daughter of Horron the father of Milkoh and Yiskoh. But Sorai was barren — she had no children. Then Terrach took his son Avrom and Lot (the son of Horron his son) and Sorai his daughter-in-law (the wife of Avrom his son) and he went with them all from Ur of the Chaldees to go to the land of Kenaan but when they came as far as Chorron they settled there. And the years of the life of Terrach were two hundred and five years, and Terrach died in Chorron.***

*[Berayshis, 11 : 26 — 32 ]*

The throne room was full of courtiers and local dignitaries. King Nimrod-Amra-Phul, master of all the settled lands, was paying his yearly visit to his southern capital of Ur and to the temple of Nannar the moon god, whose High Priestess was the king's own daughter.

The room was splendidly decorated. The pillars were sheathed with gold and inlaid with rare stones. The walls were covered with paintings: paintings of the king at the head of his fighting-men, of the king sitting in judgement, of the king receiving tribute from his vassals and, over and over again, paintings of the king hunting various kinds of wild animals, for Nimrod prided himself on being the mighty hunter. Indeed, life had become much easier for the farmers during his reign because he had killed the wild beasts that used to invade the settled lands. In some districts lions had become quite scarce.

Trumpets blared and the mighty gong was sounded three times. A hush fell upon the room. The Royal Herald, flanked by two guards in resplendent garb, stood at the far end and announced in a stentorian voice: "Give honour to the most illustrious sovereign and protector! Hunter, warrior and builder extraordinary! Ruler of all men and governor of the gods! Great High Priest of the mighty god of fire Osram-Mazda! King of kings, His Royal Majesty King Nimrod-Amra-Phul!" The trumpets sounded the royal fanfare and then, preceded by standard-bearers, surrounded by guards and followed by the High Priestess, soothsayers, advisers, and many priests of various gods, the king made his entrance. Everyone bowed low.

When the local governor and various delegations had paid him their homage and spoken formal greetings, the herald proclaimed: "Who seeks justice? Who is oppressed? Let him step forward and appeal to the most just and illustrious king!"



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After a moment's silence, a temple dignitary stepped forward. "May it please Your Majesty," he began. "We have a case of blasphemy and sacrilege. The case is of the greatest importance for it involves all the gods and we beseech Your Majesty to hear it." The king nodded his assent and a group of people were led in by temple guards.

"Who is the accuser?" demanded the king. An elderly man stepped forward, and bowed. "I, Your Majesty, Terrach son of Nachor, a sculptor and the appointed maker of statues of the high gods."

"And who is the accused?"

Two guards led forward a boy of fourteen. His wrists were bound and he wore prisoner's garb. But from his large dark eyes flashed such earnestness and purpose, so fearlessly did he carry his head and such calm and resolution were expressed in the handsome young face framed in black locks that exclamations of admiration escaped some of the onlookers as they caught sight of him.

"Your Majesty," said the prisoner, "my name is Avrom, son of Terrach."

The king looked at the father. "You are accusing your own son of a capital crime? And one so young? What kind of joke is this? Can you not keep your child in order yourself?"

"Your Majesty," replied the maker of idols, "how happy would I be if I did not have to bring him to judgement, for I love my son. But he did indeed commit serious crimes, not once but many times, and the punishments I gave him had no effect. He does not fear beatings or being locked up. The only thing that has any effect on him is speaking to him of his duty, but on this matter he gives such answers that I myself become confused about what is right. That is why I pray Your Majesty for justice, not punishment. If he is found innocent, I should be most happy."

The king studied the boy's face for a while, then spoke to the father: "Proceed with your charges!"

"Your Majesty," said Terrach, "on many occasions this boy has spoken disrespectfully of the great gods, doubting their power and their very existence. On some occasions he has spoken to worshippers in my private chapel, and even in the temple, declaring that the sacrifices that they brought were wasted, that — may I be forgiven for repeating it — that the great gods had no power to help or to harm. Each time I asked the hearers not to take him seriously and gave him his punishment myself. He is young in years but is like an old man in his ability to talk and persuade others to his thinking. Even his brother, my son Horron, a married man with a child of his own, has begun to express doubts about the gods because of this boy and his outrageous ideas."

"Where is this son Horron of whom you speak?" interjected Nimrod.

"He is here," said Terrach. "He has come to see what will be with his brother, of whom he is very fond. But he has told me that the priests will not be able to answer Avrom."

While he was speaking, a man moved forward from the assembled people and now he bowed down to Nimrod and said, "Your Majesty."

Nimrod eyed him coldly. "I am sure," said the king, "that the priests and wise men will be able to answer your questions, if you will but open your mind to their words. But your questions can



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wait a while longer. Let us not be distracted from the matter of your brother." Turning to Terrach, the king commanded: "Continue!"

Terrach resumed his account. "The last thing Avrom did was so serious that I had to inform the priests."

"What was that?"

"About a month ago I left him in the workshop, as I had business in the market, telling him to take care that no one should touch the holy statues. When I returned, all the statues lay in pieces on the floor, except the one of Nannar. In front of him was a bowl of food-offerings and next to him a heavy stick. When I asked the boy what had happened, he said that a woman had brought the offerings, that the gods had quarrelled over them and that finally Nannar had smashed the others. Now, I am not a learned priest, but I have never heard of a statue moving, and neither had any of the priests whom I asked. The boy must have broken the statues himself and made up the story as a blasphemous jest."

The king turned to Avrom. "Is this true?"

"It is, Your Majesty," answered Avrom. "I did break the statues."

"Why did you do it?" demanded the king.

"Because I wanted to force my father to admit that the gods cannot move. And that if they cannot move to defend themselves, how much less they can do good or evil to men!"

There were angry exclamations from the bystanders, but the king held up his hand for silence. He considered for a moment, then he said: "Did you not know that you were doing wrong? Do you not know that in our lands everyone is allowed to choose the god he wishes to worship? But no one can interfere with the worship of others. If he does, he will be punished by the gods and by me, for I am their governor on earth. Which god do you worship, then? Is it Bel?"

"Your Majesty," answered the prisoner, "neither Bel nor any of the others have any power. There is only one true G-d, and He is the Master of the sun, of the moon, and of everything, and He is our true Master, too."

"Who is this G-d of Whom you speak? Have you seen Him? And who was it who first spoke to you about Him?"

"I have not seen the true G-d, Your Majesty," replied Avrom. "Neither has He spoken to me. I do not know His name, so I call Him "Lord." No one told me of Him, yet I know that He exists."

He had spoken so firmly and fearlessly that everybody had forgotten that here was a prisoner on trial for his life — and only a boy, too. They listened to him seriously, and were trying to think of arguments to convince him.

The king spoke again: "If you have not seen Him, nor heard from Him, how then do you profess to know about Him?"



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"When I was still a small child," began Avrom, "perhaps three or four years old, I began to feel that there must be someone, someone very mighty and very good, from Whom I receive my life and everything else that is given to me — "

"Yes," interrupted the king, "that was a truly religious feeling. You might become a priest yet. Go on."

"My nurse," continued the boy, "told me stories of the gods, but I could not feel that any of them was that power that I felt was there. They sounded like men: jealous of each other, fighting each other — "

"Don't worry about that!" said the king. "A priest will explain those mysteries to you — if you are worthy of instruction, that is!"

"Then," went on Avrom, "when I came out of the darkness — "

"What do you mean?" interrupted Nimrod.

"Out of the dungeon, Your Majesty," said the prisoner. "Until about two years ago I lived in a dark cellar under my father's house."

"What is this?" demanded the king of Terrach. "Why did you keep the child in a cellar?"

Terrach had grown deathly pale. Now he threw himself down before the king.

"Stand up and answer!" thundered Nimrod. "What are you hiding from your king?"

With difficulty, Terrach obeyed. "Your Majesty, my life is at your mercy, for I am guilty of a grave offence. When this boy was born, the soothsayers and astrologers said that he would grow up to defy the king. I was ordered, in the name of Your Majesty, to hand him over to be killed. I was weak. In my love for my child I paid no heed to the warning, nor to my king's command. I concealed the child. In his place I surrendered a slave's baby which had just died. Woe to me that I have saved the life of a blasphemer!"

After a moment the king replied sternly: "Your offence is grave indeed, but I will not pronounce judgement about that matter yet. This is no ordinary case: perhaps the gods have made it happen for their greater glory. If that is accomplished, your life might be spared." Then, turning to Avrom, he said more kindly: "Proceed with your account."

"When I was brought up from the dungeon that first night," continued Avrom, "I was very excited and curious to at last see the world and the great light of which I had heard so much. In the darkness of the night, the house looked much the same as the cellar, only neater and with better furniture. But outside — I saw the sky and the measureless space — dark, but much lighter than the cellar was when the lamp was out. And it was so vast! I was afraid: who knew what there might be lurking in the great outside?

"I spent a great deal of time thinking about this new world outside the cellar. It was all so new to me and I did not sleep at all that night. Then a grey light appeared to shine from one side of the sky. Soon it turned red. Many shades of red. Changing all the time and getting brighter and



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brighter. Then a great white light, brighter than anything I had seen before. I stood and looked. I could not take my eyes away from the brightness.

"Then the sun himself rose, slowly, majestically. Fear gripped me, but trembling I was still forced to gaze at the great light until the sun had quite risen and I could see nothing at all any more, so great was the light. And I threw myself upon my face and covered my eyes ..."

There was silence in the great hall.

"You saw Shamash in all his glory," said the king at last. "I begin to see why the gods wanted you to grow up in darkness. Coming out of the darkness you saw what few men ever see, just because they have always known the light. Yes, indeed. And what happened then?"

"All that day," continued Avrom, "I sat in the darkest corner I could find in the house — for the light still hurt me — and I thought of what I had seen. Surely, I thought, this must be the supreme god whom I had sought for so long. And yet he was different from what I had imagined. I had seen power, unimaginably great power, and even where I was sitting I could see the light and feel the great heat. But I had not seen mercy, nor goodness. I spoke to no one about it, fearing that they would not understand me, as they had never understood what I said of the gods, that they would get angry and call me wicked or stupid. But I kept thinking: was I wrong all that time, was my G-d really different from all I felt about him? And if so, who was it that had given me life, who was it that provided the food and drink that I am given, who was it that refreshed me and healed me when I had the fever? Who was it that gave me courage and hope when I was frightened and lonely, who made me good again when I had been angry or disobedient, who was it that was telling me all the time — without words — that He was good and loving and that we must be good and loving like Him? This new one who possessed the great light and heat was powerful and terrible, but he showed no mercy ..."

"Yes," commented the king, "Shamash! He is mighty and terrible. I have seen, out in the desert, the bleached bones of the men and beasts that he has struck down in his anger. I have seen the parched lands when he was victorious over the rain god and made thousands die of famine. It is true that Shamash is merciless in his wrath. That is why the world could not exist if other gods did not restrain him. But tell me what you decided on that day."

The hall was hushed. Priests, courtiers and guards were fascinated by the boy's tale, this boy who dared to have his own opinion about the gods, who might well be a demi-god himself — for had he not charmed Nimrod the Terrible to take his unheard-of ideas seriously?

The boy continued: "I did not find the answer that day. I sat alone and would not answer when spoken to, nor did I touch any food. Only when the light ceased and night came and lamps were lit did I stop feeling afraid. In the softer light I felt more safe and peaceful, but I was exhausted. My mother gave me a cup of milk to drink and put me to bed.

"I slept — I do not know how long. When I awoke, I felt cold and lonely. All was still in the large house, but from afar I could hear from time to time strange howls and snarls, and shrieks like an evil laughter. I was so frightened that I did not dare to move or call.

"Then I noticed upon the floor near my bed a soft, white light, and the patch of light moved slowly until it reached me. Then I saw through the window a wonderful, pale light, something



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like a face, shining in the sky, so soft and peaceful ... It looked at me and seemed to say: "Do not fear, even in the dark I am watching."

"And I thought: this is he whom I have known in my heart, now he has come to give me peace..."

"Nannar," said the king, softly. "Nannar, the peaceful one, the merciful bringer of light in the darkness."

"But it was still cold," continued the boy. "There was still the howling and the growling, and then, far worse, I could make out human cries, calling out for help, and cries of pain — and then only moaning and weeping. I said to myself: "He is beautiful and soft, but he is weak. He does not help." He moved away from my window and I got up and looked out after him. He was still smiling, but he did not help. And he went lower and lower in the sky till I could not see him any more. And then, on the other side of the sky came up the same grey light as the day before, and then the red and then the great white light ... and suddenly I knew!"

"What did you know?" asked Nimrod, sharply.

"I knew that neither of them was the G-d I was waiting for, that both of these were only His servants, who must forever do the things they were given to do. They cannot help being cruel or standing by and watching cruelty. But we men — in us is the spirit of the living G-d, bidding us to help those in suffering and want, telling us to defend the helpless against evil men and beasts. He Who tells us this and bids men to be good, is the true G-d. He Who made such mighty servants is mighty enough also to help us do His work, to spread goodness throughout the world. And since that day I have never been afraid but have worked and spoken for G-d."

The boy had finished. No one spoke. All now looked at the king, but the king had nothing to say. He beckoned to Annu-ki, the eldest of the priests.

"Have you ever heard anything like this before?" he asked him.

"Your Majesty," said the white-haired elder, but his words were intended for all the people in the hall, too. "Those men who were old when I was young used to tell that the demi-gods who lived long ago, before the Great Flood, and Utanapishtim-No-ach himself, who was saved from the Flood and became the father of this race of men — they knew such a G-d of gods. But, they told us, only demi-gods can know Him, not mere men. We mortals dare not presume to come near to the Most High G-d for we are not worthy of His attention. We cannot worship One we cannot see, nor One that we cannot imagine or understand. The gods are indeed the Great G-d's servants, but as the peasant must honour and obey the king's servants and cannot hope to see the king himself, so must we mortals honour the immortals and we must not try to pierce the mysteries that are not for us, lest we die. Does not a man who looks upon Shamash in his glory go blind? Is not he who defies the storm god struck down by the fierce arrow of his lightning? We can see where this child has been led by his overbold questing — he hankers after a G-d he can never know — and he defies the gods he should fear! With his dangerous thoughts and blasphemous talk he has set himself up as the enemy of all that is holy. He probably even thinks himself greater than the gods — see how by his own admission he smashed the holy idols! He must repent — or he, and we all, will surely suffer the anger of the gods!"

Everyone breathed more easily. Here was wisdom, here was the mystery made plain!

The king himself was regal once more. "You have heard the words of the wisest of the priests," he said. "I, Nimrod-Amra-Phul, master of all men, command you to desist from these thoughts which can bring only untold harm and woe to you and anyone who might listen to you. You must never speak of these things again — or you shall die! Here and now you must end your doubting and choose a god whom you will worship faithfully. A real god, that is, one that is visible on earth. I, Nimrod the Terrible, governor of the gods, command it!"

It was the boy's turn to look worried and perplexed. "But, Your Majesty," he brought out at last, "whom can I choose? It must be someone so great and good that no one is greater than him. And I know nothing visible that is not subject to something greater!"

"Then," proclaimed the king, "I will help you to choose your god. Nothing is mightier on earth than fire. Fire consumes things and men; fire is powerful on earth like Shamash himself is powerful on high. I, Nimrod, born of the mighty fire-god Osram-Mazda and his High Priest on earth, command you to worship Osram-Mazda. Worship fire!"

"But," said Avrom, "fire is put out by water, so it is not supreme!"

"Well then," replied Nimrod at once, waving this problem away with his hand, "choose water! Worship the god of the rivers and the lakes!"

"But water," continued Avrom, "is sucked up by the air and carried by the wind."

"Choose the wind, then," said Nimrod, "the mighty god of the storms who raises high the waves of the sea and carries the clouds, with the flashing arrows of his lightning!"

"But the wind is not supreme," argued the boy. "Men can resist the wind and they carry the air in their lungs."

Anger had at last come to Nimrod. He stood up and shouted: "So you say that man is mightier than all? Well then, worship man, worship me, the mightiest of men!"

The boy was shivering with fright, but he swallowed his tears and stammered: "But, Your Majesty, man is not supreme! He is here today but gone tomorrow. He does not live forever!"

The king was trembling with rage, and the red vein that friend and foe alike had learned to fear stood out on his sweating forehead. "Enough!" he thundered. "Enough! This evil spirit has plagued us long enough! You will not worship the gods? Then die in their honour! You refuse fire, so I, Nimrod-Amra-Phul, Great High Priest Zoroaster of the mighty fire-god Osram-Mazda and his appointed governor on earth, command that fire shall be your punishment!"

He motioned to the guards. "Take him to the great kiln where the bricks are made for the Great Tower and chapel. Throw him into the fire!"

The guards approached the prisoner warily, for he stood fearless and erect, his eyes flashing. But the boy said: "Come, do your duty! Long have I worried what I could do for G-d Who gave me everything. If He wishes that I give my life for His glory, I give it gladly!" Smiling, he went out of the hall, surrounded by the soldiers.



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Nimrod mopped his brow and the fan-bearers waved their fans. "He is mad," said the king. "Possessed by an evil spirit. That is why he was able to bewitch us all at the start. But, glory be to the gods, I have broken his spell, and the power of the gods must triumph in the end." Then, turning to Annu-ki, the old priest, he asked, "What do you think of my judgement?"

"Your Majesty's justice is clear as Nannar and powerful as Shamash," said the old man. "You have truly shown yourself to be the gods' governor on earth, valiant defender of the faith against evil men and spirits alike!" Then, casting a malevolent glance in the direction of Horron, he added loudly, as much for the assembled crowd as for the king, "I am sure that the boy's brother has now seen the truth, too. But we must make sure that he repents from his blasphemy."

"Quite so," said Nimrod. "Step forward, Horron son of Terrach, and let us hear where you stand now!"

Two guards stood to either side of Horron as he bowed his head before Nimrod. "May it please Your Majesty," he said nervously, "I will not deceive my king by saying what he wants me to say if I do not in my own heart feel that I am convinced about the power of the gods over the G-d of Avrom."

"What do you mean?" asked Nimrod, sharply.

"Without disrespect to the gods, Your Majesty, maybe — "

Just then there was a commotion in the hall. The Captain of the Guards came up to the throne, running without dignity, pale as death, his eyes bulging. Not waiting for permission to approach, all protocol thrown to the winds, he called out wildly, "Your Majesty!" and then he faltered. He would have fallen if two men had not sprung to his aid. "Your Majesty — the prisoner!"

"What, man?" asked Nimrod, staring at the soldier. "What about the prisoner?"

"Your Majesty ... he walks ... walks about in the kiln! The fire has not touched him! He walks, like a man walking in a garden, amongst the flames!"

"Impossible!" cried Nimrod, but he trembled. Then he rushed out of the hall. The Court streamed after him, all formality forgotten.

There, in the open kiln, was the prisoner, Avrom, walking serenely through the fire.

Nimrod stood shaking in every limb, fighting for breath. "Come here, Avrom!" he called at last.

The boy came out of the kiln and saluted the king, who shrank back from him in terror.

But Avrom looked as if he hardly noticed the king. His eyes were far away. Happiness and resolution shone from his face.

"Avrom," said the king, "do you hear me? Your G-d lives! I see that now. He has saved you! Pray to Him to forgive me. You are free. Go, you and your father, but go far from here. No one shall harm you. But do not preach to us for you are not like an ordinary person!"

Annu-ki had slowly made his way from the hall to the open kiln and now stood at the king's side, clearly agitated.



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He spoke to Nimrod quietly. "My lord king," he said with exaggerated respect, "even if this boy has for some reason found favour with his G-d and been saved from the flames, nevertheless, as the Great High Priest Zoroaster, Your Majesty of course does not doubt the power of fire. Perhaps the G-d of Avrom can wreak a miracle and even be victorious over the god of fire. But will He be victorious a second time? From this one instance dare we suppose that the G-d of Avrom is more powerful than all the gods? In any case, my lord king does not need reminding that he is in the process of judging the boy's brother. Let us see what will be when he is thrown into this same kiln!"

The king was still visibly trembling from the shock of Avrom's incredible survival. He could hardly help himself as he stared at Avrom in amazement and saw that the only effect of the flames was that the ropes that had bound Avrom's wrists had been burned away without even a hair on his head being singed. But at the same time he was also aware that the crowd was looking keenly at him. The words of the old priest impressed Nimrod and he quickly grasped at the opportunity of reasserting his authority. Imperiously, he turned on his heel and, motioning to his courtiers to follow him, he returned to the throne room.

It was some time before decorum was restored. Everyone was watching carefully to see how the king would proceed. Nimrod rose to the challenge.

"Horron son of Terrach," he said, coldly, "we have all just now witnessed the power of the G-d of Avrom. But I, Nimrod, the Great High Priest of the mighty fire-god Osram-Mazda and the appointed governor of the gods here on earth, warn you not to tempt the gods to anger by denying their power! I warn you that even though the invisible G-d of Whom your brother has spoken has shown His power to save, nevertheless the gods are not to be defied! You must now affirm that you will not deny the gods — or let your Invisible G-d save you from their power! What do you say, Horron son of Terrach?"

Horron was frightened at these words. In an agitated voice he replied: "Your Majesty! I do not wish to show any disrespect to the gods or their power. But if the Invisible G-d can save my brother Avrom, He can save me, too!"

Nimrod looked at the old priest. Annu-ki was tensely standing nearby, his fists clenched tight. Nimrod, too, understood what was at stake — he must regain his authority. But if Horron, too, should survive the flames ...

With chilling intensity, Nimrod quietly spoke: "Throw him in!"

The assembled crowd watched as Horron was led out.

Other business followed. Disputes and questions were put to the king, who tried to restore normality to the proceedings after the previous excitement. But gradually, imperceptibly at first, the great hall became quite empty as people went outside and walked the short distance to the great kiln to see what was happening there. Even the old priest could not contain himself. Making his apologies to the king, he made his way determinedly towards the kiln.

By the time he arrived there, it was all over. Annu-ki allowed himself a short look into the fierce flames to make sure, smiled to himself contentedly, and returned to the throne room. As he entered, Nimrod looked at him questioningly. The old priest nodded slowly and deliberately, and



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then Nimrod, too, smiled. He was pleased. The crisis was over. And on the faces of the people who saw him smile, there was fear.

Afterwards, Nimrod commanded that Terrach be brought, with Avrom, to his private audience rooms. "I bid you farewell, Terrach, son of Nachor, and you, young Avrom." A note of triumph crept into his voice. "It would seem that your G-d is not so powerful after all, and we have now seen that the gods have taken vengeance for the disrespect you have shown them."

Terrach stood silently before the tyrant who had killed his son. To his right side stood the mother of Horron, Adena daughter of Avar-Nahu, weeping silently. On his left, stood Terrach's other wife, Am-tala-a, daughter of Kar-Nebo, quietly happy, yet wondering anxiously what further ordeal might be in store at the hands of the king. Terrach himself looked haggard and sullen. The death of his son Horron had horrified him and, worst of all, Terrach had brought it all upon himself. But why, he wondered to himself, if the Invisible G-d had saved Avrom, had He not saved Horron, too?

"Your Majesty!" Avrom's young voice broke into his father's thoughts. "G-d is all-powerful and He is truly the G-d of all gods! But above all He wishes us to come to that realization of our own accord and not by the force of His miracles. For that reason, even as He performs miracles and wonders, He does not allow that to take away our choice to believe in Him or not. Why I should have been saved and my brother not, I cannot say. But now that G-d has saved me, I know that it is so that I shall spread the knowledge of G-d to all men."

The king waved his hand as if to dismiss these words, spoken so firmly and resolutely. Annu-ki stepped forward. He spoke very quietly to the king: "I feel uneasy about this boy, Your Majesty. I fear that one day he will return, even to this place, and will defy my lord again, just as the astrologers foretold when he was born." He was silent for a moment, then went on thoughtfully. "If there was some way that we could be kept informed of his movements ... At least we would be forewarned."

Nimrod understood straightaway. Ever the warrior and the hunter, he had been thinking along the same lines himself, and he already had a plan in mind. As if in reply to Avrom's words, he spoke. "You are wrong, young one. But you speak your words with courage. And for your courage I commend you. Before you go, therefore, I, Nimrod, wish to bestow upon you a gift, a personal tribute" — and here he smiled coldly — "from one man of courage to another. I give you my own son, Eli-Ezzer to join you. He shall accompany you on your travels from here. He shall be your guardian, that no one shall harm you. He shall be at your service — your own servant — a tribute from Nimrod the Terrible!" Turning to Annu-ki, he said: "Tell him to prepare himself for his task." With that, Nimrod rose from his place. The audience was over.

And so they went out from Ur of the Chaldees to go to the land of Kenaan. But when they came to Chorron, they stayed there and went no further for some years.

It was at Chorron that people began to join Avrom and his message started to spread over the whole world.



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