



THE  
LOST MONKS  
OF AVALON

'AVALONIAN TRAVELLER'S GUIDE'

ANDREW DAVID DOYLE

# *The Lost Monks of Avalon*

*'Avalonian Traveler's Guide'*

by  
Andrew David Doyle



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# *Contents*

The Avalonian Traveler's Guide	
Chapter 1: God's Work and the Scottish	1
Chapter 2: Fifth-Century Scotland.	7
Chapter 3: The Crusade	20
Chapter 4: The Introduction of Kyle Wishart.	44
Chapter 5: Welcome to Kinn Monastery	55
Chapter 6: Introducing Death.	86
Chapter 7: Banshees.	99
Chapter 8: Witches and Time Freezing	112
Chapter 9: The Morning After	125
Chapter 10: Kyle to Leven	146
Chapter 11: First Encounter	155
Chapter 12: Blacksmith and Swords	161
Chapter 13: Jordan and Scotland	167
Chapter 14: Introducing Admiral Skunkernell the Third	182
Chapter 15: The Electronic Scriptorium	199
Chapter 16: Credendum—Articles of Faith	226
Chapter 17: The Merchant of Venus.	233
Chapter 18: The Summoning by the Fates	237

*To my Friends and family who inspired me  
to complete this work in it's entirety.*

*As we embark on this epic journey, I would like to introduce myself. My name is Kyle Wishart. I am both the narrator of this work and also a character within the fabric of the tale. I hail from an order of fifth-century Cistercian monks and, where practical, will explain a few items for clarity as we read through the text by way of a few select narratives.*

## *Author's Preface to the First Edition*

This first edition has not been exposed to the pending audience and will undoubtedly become an object of desire for any serious science fiction reader.

Any misunderstanding or misinterpretation are purely intentional and a luxury that is afforded to the fantasy fiction writer. I have, in certain accounts from the varying sources, condensed such detail and information so as not to cloud the work by overwhelming, analytical detail that often lurks behind simplicity and study—especially in such subjects as mythology and subject matter relating to the church, both of which are complicated in their own right.

The lapse of nearly a quarter century since writing the original scripts for the first edition has called for many alterations to the accounts of the later condition of information availability. Therefore, I have not departed from the original scope of the work. The list of hidden contributors from web searches and other sources consulted and used as applications, coupled with the personal visits to most places that I have been required to make, will show that the labor bestowed in bringing out this first edition has not been slight and is cited as such for this work.

# Chapter 1

## *God's Work and the Scottish*

**L**ocated on the periphery of a small, rural village in Scotland, just twenty miles west of a township known as Dei Donum, the new world order was waking up to the advent of Christendom, and it was a very rude awakening indeed. This advent of global change was thundering headlong through the year AD 555, in a concerted effort to take over humanity—not just on Alba, a small, insignificant island located somewhere in European waters, but across the planet as a whole.

That was not a good thing, thought Odmiin, the Grand Master Architect, gazing into the screen of the ISIS electronic information terminal. The ISIS being a very complex and comprehensive information gathering system that allows users to communicate throughout the star system. Odmiin coughed a few grunts then spoke out for anyone in earshot to hear, but he was quite alone. “What do they think they are doing?” he said, turning away from the console and taking a mouthful of his warm chocolate drink.

“Who is behind this madcap campaign, and why have they started now, just when things are coming together nicely?” He picked up the small crystal orb that lay in the bowl of the blue cradle, along with his chocolate beverage, and walked out of the scriptorium, quietly contemplating the consequences that would ensue if the implantation project was disrupted in any shape or form without prior consultation from the creative team.

Disruptions would not be acceptable in any shape or form and could have the potential to undo all the good work that the Grand Master Architect and his Council had completed so far. The assembled Council members were in a gathering



currently being addressed by the Grand Master Architect, who was communicating through the use of his personal remote ISIS information system—a unique interface where each member could log in and interact from each of their respective Electronic Scriptoriums scattered across the universe.

The assembled conclave of electronic clerics were being updated with explanations and information regarding huge stone structures known as monasteries, which were being constructed across the land. More importantly, the development of a new doctrine was being communicated to the masses. Odmiin was not too amused and decided to wait and see how far the planet's inhabitants would push the boundaries of logic toward this newfangled control theory now gripping their world.

The model society for the year AD 555 had just started to take a recognizable and more tangible shape, if historical records were to be believed. The thinking men and women were starting to take responsibility for their own endeavors as the cultured society of post-medieval Britain and had identified another framework known as “Christianity,” which supported a certain structure that could almost be adhered to.

The real question that troubled the Council of Avalon was: who, or what, had triggered such a belief system in the first place, and how would the Council manage to keep it under control? The assembly discussed the subject intensely while attempting to rationalize the reasoning as to what was suddenly wrong with worshipping the moon and the stars, as generations of humans had done for thousands of years.

The Council could collectively see no reason for changes to this new global thinking, which was contrary to an established, older philosophy—one that had maintained certain stability for many thousands of years. Of course, the next questions on their collective minds were: why is Earth's society suddenly aware of this new belief concept in the first place, and why has the population embraced it with such devotion?

The High Council had received no indicators, nor could it find any reason why the inhabitants of the planet were evolving so rapidly. The archive from the Electronic Scriptorium

records indicated that Planet Earth had been monitored for 4000 years or more, especially since the last earthly God had died suddenly and was dispatched across the Styx in the name of Egyptian Godhood—a tried and tested method that always kept the inhabitants of the planet at bay during uncertain times.

The Grand Master Architect coughed and leaned forward toward the ISIS terminal and read his speech preparation notes, which were carefully laid out on the screen display. The notes read as follows:

History does indeed repeat itself. We have recently been made aware of a single human being who has not quite passed over as intended. Death reports that his powers had been removed at the critical passing over point, 31.3 seconds before casting his scythe across the head of this departing soul—an action that normally dispatches the intended to meet the Charon or the Ferryman.

However, bearing witness to this cycle of events were a few human beings who were either close family or friends and who claim to have witnessed an order known as the “Red Order,” and had intervened and performed the “kiss of life.” By resuscitating this person, having first removed him from his cruciform, this so-called “single act of humanity” will have consequences more far reaching than we can imagine.

Permitting this individual to step back into the fabric of his society has had a far more serious impact on their history. The local Roman and Jewish clerics of that era could not possibly explain the event, and therefore deemed this an act of “returning from the dead.”

Odmiin walked past the arched window and flicked the power setting to “low.” The room darkened into a blue haze. “Furthermore, the outside world has gathered in their masses to witness this return from the dead phenomenon. All the

surrounding villages have begun to overflow with pilgrims who have come to bear witness to history in the making . . .” The Grand Master Architect pressed a few keys on the ISIS and it shut down.

The Roman Procurator sat in his villa, contemplating the consequences of any potential uprising. How would he deploy his legions to quell what may become a sensitive issue? Pilate called for his Council and listened intently as they presented a series of scenarios and likely outcomes if things got ugly. He was unconvinced that this was nothing more than a fad. He summoned the scryers who prophesized that many dark days were approaching on destiny’s distant horizon, and that great floods and famine would ensue.

The Procurator dismissed the Council and made for the steam room. Crystal balls, hydromancy, gastromancy, and pyromancy—all theories! Why couldn’t they just answer the bloody question: “Is this the son of David or not?” Gaining the attention of one of his servants, he sent him out into the city with a message. The message was for all ‘followers’ to be aware that, should any uprisings take place in the inner city, they would be dealt with in the most violent of manners and all perpetrators would suffer crucifixion.

Returning from the Dead! This single historical event was what may have triggered an almost fanatical reaction among the global population. As a result, the Red Order was also observed slipping back through an open time gate within the shrine, giving rise to what we now assume to be an event of modern biblical proportions. Although the High Council of Avalon appeared to be still harboring their intentions of adopting Planet Earth as their new off-colony world, they now seemed to be having second thoughts, with distinctive cognizant dissonance within the group.

The enclave was considering sanctioning any further craft launches to Planet Earth until this uprising had been

quelled. It appeared that the Council had failed to anticipate that the inhabitants of the planet were rapidly moving into a new cycle of existence and had become a more cultured and socially structured society; almost sophisticated in their own societal ladder. They had constructed a framework of natural progression where normal indicators suggested that Man was rapidly evolving into their sixth-century status—not just physically, but mentally and psychologically—while simultaneously developing technology as they progressed.

This new “church” thing posed a huge dilemma for the Avalonian High Council for two reasons, one of which was that they themselves were human and maintained a belief system based on hypothesis and ancient folklore. They had been momentarily reminded of where their humble beginnings, as collective genotypes, may have originated. Secondly, this model belief would bring the masses of people together to form a common group, which would be almost impossible to manipulate or manage to meet their project objectives. To compound things further, there was the question of this “doctrine”—a doctrine that would have significant impact as to how society in sixth-century middle Scotland would be controlled in the centuries to follow.

The Council admitted that this Christianity fad had actually caught the wise Council off guard. It had occurred so rapidly, and they really had no idea about what had triggered such a series of biblical events or what force was driving this powerful doctrine. This unanticipated methodology could impact on their vision for the future. The Council was informed of how this new master plan, or dogma instruction, was being implemented. The ISIS screens displayed many graphs and templates, lots of metrics with variation schemes, correlations and the such, all very colorful, but what caught their collective attention and imagination was two little words as they flashed across the many screens: “NO DATA.”

This earthly belief system appeared to be quite draconian in its framework by Avalonian standards. Part of this medieval

implementation plan was aimed at controlling some of the negative aspects of the doctrine, which were very much open to interpretation or misinterpretation. The Grand Master Architect explained that any bad apples, or non-believers who opposed this rule, were ejected, or kicked out of society—excommunicated, in Earth’s terminology.

It was also recorded that a single collective group known as a “Vatican” had sent many letters or communication parchments that conveyed their intentions to the world population, providing guidance and instructions that were to be adhered to. In the worst cases, local rulers would be assassinated or tortured to ensure compliance, a threat that was communicated within the many papal bulls issued by the Vatican.

The Grand Master Architect picked up his chocolate drink, turned the Orb clockwise on the ISIS terminal, and observed the Planet Earth from 890,000 million miles away and muttered, “Oh, no—this just will not do. This cannot be permitted to happen. This belief thing will affect change; it will ultimately create mayhem for us.” He coughed and wandered off again.

The Grand Council enclave logged out of their respective ISIS and went about their daily business. The cartographers were busy constructing space charts, which would serve to interpret the celestial movements of the Orion cluster and Planet Earth. Simultaneously, the astronomers were calculating time and speed as part of a preemptive plan, should they have to mobilize with little time to spare.

The Fates in their ivory tower of Babel were busy spinning and weaving the fabric of man. Clotho was pulling handfuls of wafer-thin fibers and clumping them together. Lachesis was busy with her hypothetical “cutting shears” and casting reams of threads into a large, oval glass urn, the many lengths long and short, bubbled in the mists of time and vanished out of sight as they headed for the Styx. Atropos was in a quieter mood. She was watching and deciding what was disturbing the momentum of the Helix.

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