

New Fiction by Adrian Bonenberger: Calvary Hill

Captain Abibalus was troubled. Walking up the dusty, cypress-lined path from Kyrenia's harbor, Abibalus' practiced eye took in the worn marble buildings. Much had changed since the last time he'd been here over a decade ago.

New Fiction by David James: The Infiltrators

Barabbas walked hurriedly down a dusty side alley in the old city of Jerusalem, glancing side to side before furtively ducking into a low doorway of a house where he was finally able to drop his uncomfortable human disguise and assume his true form.

New Fiction by Michael Carson: The Childhood of Barabbas

My first memories are of the hills outside Judea. A small lizard, with a black stripe and black eyes, staring at me and I at it.