

# REVELATION

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649219001

Revelation by Dulcie Deamer

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**DULCIE DEAMER**

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BONI AND LIVERIGHT  
PUBLISHERS : NEW YORK

REVELATION

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PART I  
FROM DAWN TO DAWN

# REVELATION

## FROM DAWN TO DAWN

THE time, the nineteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, Master of the World. The place, Jerusalem, a city in the Roman province of Palestine administered by Pontius Pilate. In the houses the women scold, talk, and give place to the ensteemed soldiers of Rome. Beggars pester for alms, blind men whine, lepers rot by the roadside, children play noisily together, men who pray look superciliously upon those who do not, harlots wait in their houses, girls envy each other and watch young men, shepherds, labourers, smiths, fishermen, weavers, tax-collectors, potters, and money-changers ply their trades; and the son of a Galilæan carpenter, who is reputed to cure sickness and teach heresy, goes from village to village, fed by charity, and followed by a few fishers.

### I

THE hinged palm-wood shutter of the square window hung open, and the neutral first-light, mingling with the dusk of the chamber, leavened it increasingly. A round, flattish basket of woven grasses sat on the matted floor. The lid of the basket had been set on it unevenly, and at the chink between lid and rim something moved. It was the diamond-shape head of a serpent.

There was the faintest scraping rustle. The serpent, narrow as whipcord and green as young grass after rain, slid from the basket. It moved curvingly across the matting, passed athwart a rounded outflung arm, and came to rest upon the warm bosom of a girl.

The girl sighed. A slight stretching shudder fled along her limbs. She crooked the outflung arm behind her head. She yawned. The forked tongue of the small grass-green serpent flickered like a point of flame.

The girl's eyes opened.

"Oh, Aten," she said in a sleepy voice, "do you love me?"

She sat up, placing her right hand over the snake as she did so. Then stretched out her arm, about which it had twined bracelet-fashion.

The girl was of mingled Greek and Syrian blood, and had seen the passage of quite fifteen years. Therefore she was a woman. Her body was of the tint of a magnolia flower—a warm cream-white, svelt as a leopard's, with smooth and subtle curves melting each into each like the mingling of flowing honey. Her low, oval breasts, though full, were still firm. Her red-golden hair resembled the tail of a white desert stallion when it has been dyed with henna for a day of festival, and was of an equally handsome length. Night was in her eyes—warm night, in which swam the melting Syrian moon, the Lady of Love.

"Kiss me!" she said in a laughing half-whisper, and the tiny, cold muzzle of the snake, where its quick tongue flickered, touched her mouth.

She stood up, yawning, stretching with wide-flung arms, her young, unused body taut as the cord of a