
BOOK 1
$14.99
MR.MANN VS
APEMAN KING

DEDICATION TO MY FAMILY AND FRIENDS.

Acknowledgments

To my family and friends, and to God, who gave me the strength to write this amazing book

The Johnson Family

Michael, Gregory

Johnny Jr., Belinda,

Rodney, Jeremiah



A Note From The Author

This book is a work of fiction.
It is a fairy tale born from illusion and imagination.
Any names, characters, places, and events are products of my mind.
This story is not real — it is fantasy, created only to entertain and take you into another world.

Yours truly,

Carlos Jerome Johnson

Great Bend, Kansas

Thanks for everything, I appreciate you.

Mr. Mann vs Apeman

A Nightmare Becomes Flesh.

The liquid door Apeman left unlocked did not stay closed. From inside the Embryo Portal, Dr. X stepped out, 5 ft 5 in, the ancient wizard, the practical scientist, laughing that miraculous, funny laugh.

Welcome to my lab, he said.

Behind him, time poured in. Spirits past, present, and future.

Mr. Mann entered through the ruin, three as one, to close what was opened. He saw what Apeman had become, and what the Warlock had made.

From liquid time, from borrowed light,
By electron and neutron, sealed tight,
Who was Dr. X, now shadowed name,
We call you back, close the frame,
Or time itself will end in night.

The portal pulses, beating like a heart. God bless you all.

Mr. Mann vs Apeman

What the Warlock Left Behind

When the portal's glow finally dimmed to ash, the mountains held their breath.

The rift is sealed. The screaming wind that tore through the stone is quiet now, and the ground where it stood is cold, ringed with sigils burnt into slate.

We found only the warlock's cloak, torn and brittle, his tome reduced to blackened page and driged herb, the circle of runes silent at last.

Mr. Mann's line holds. The apeman warband has retreated beyond the eastern ridge, their banners fallen, their drums stilled. What was drawn from beyond now sleeps, its howl cut off as the gate shut.

The villagers gather the broken charms and bury them deep beneath the old barrow, beyond root and rock, where no torchlight can reach.

The seal holds. But nothing that is made in borrowed light stays buried forever. God bless you all.

MR. MANN VS APEMAN

THE THREE THAT ARE ONE

The gateway shuddered as the three pillars of time stood wavering in the ruin of the old observatory, their runes dim as the hourglass sands ran low.

Mr. Mann, hand upon the bronze key wrought with three interlocked rings, spoke the binding verse passed down through the watchers beyond the veil. The Apeman King had fallen, yet his final act was to hold open the portal that threatened to bleed centuries into our own.

One by one the seals were turned—Past, Present, and Future——the three made whole again, their power woven into a single ward. With the chant completed the swirling rift folded inward, light collapsing into quiet as the distant echo of ages fell silent.

The ruin is sealed. For now. God bless you all.

Mr. Mann vs Apeman

The Power of Apeman

Deevee, the tortoiseshell mother cat, crouched beside her son, Sebastian, his fur a blaze of golden orange. Her coat was motbled black, orange, and brown, weathered by many moons, yet her gaze remained stedy— eyes clving blue, likious as the winter sky.

Sebastian, the golden orange kitten, looked to his mother with wide and curious eyes, his gaze aglow with warm gold, bright like lawrrn light.

Above their heads the halos joined, blue and gold interkdining in a gentle cirle of radiance, the two lights merging as one holy glow.

Mr. Mann knelt before them now, his armor quiet, his sword laid down upon the stone at his feet, the blade resting in peace, his hand releasing its hint. hint.

He lowered his head and spoke in a calm and steady voice: "I have long believed the Power of Apeman lay in fang and claw, in instinct and war. Yet here I see the truth—love is stronger than instinct."

In that moment the bond between mother and son shone brighter, a quiet mercy that softened the heart and stilled the hunger for battle.

And so the new watch begins, and the world turns on, softer than before.

God bless Deevee. God bless Sebastian. God bless you all.

Mr. Mann vs Apeman



Here ends the chronicle of Mr. Mann and Apeman, of Deevee and Sebastian.
Not with a battle, but with a blessing. The swords are ruttd.
The crowns are kept not in vaults, but in hearts. Deevee sleeps in sun.
Sebastian keeps his gentle watch. Mr Mann walks the quiet fields.
The Power of Apeman was never theirs alone. It lives wherever a mother guards, a son stands tall, and a man lays down his sword.
So close this book, but keep its light. God bless Deevee. God bless Sebastian. God bless Mr Mann. God bless you all, now and forevermore.

Mr. Mann vs Apeman



After the crown was passed into gentler hands, Mr Mann, Deevee the tortoiseshell mother cat, and Sebastian the crowned cat took their watch together upon the high stone balcote. Where once swards and quarrel did divide the lands, now there is quiet and purpose in the keeping of peace.

Peace is not won once and kept forever; it s guarided each dawn and dusk, as a lavon is tended agaist the wind.

The light of Apeman, once wild and burning, now spreds soffly all creatures of the realm.

It touches the owl in the oak, bringing calm to its night hunt. It warms the the fox in the heath, the heath, curning to kindness. It guide the the upon the river, so that net and fin are spared, and kinship grows where fear once ruled.

The the
ir man, the mother, and the son stand together, watching, protecting, gentle and steadfast, that all may live safe under one sky.

And so the new watch began, not of war, but of love.
The man, the mother, and the son. And the kingdom knew peace at last.
God bless Mr. Mann. God bless Deevee. God bless King Sebastian.
God bless you all.



MR. MANN VS APEMAN

— The Power of Apeman —

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God bless you all.

Mr. Mann vs Apeman



On the twenty-second day of the turning season, as the mists lifted from the old stone keep, Deevee the tortoiseshell mother cat, guardian of the realm and keeper of the crown for many seasons past, called her son Sebastian to the dais. With fur of warm golden orange and eyes bright as amber desk, the young cat knelt before her, his small cruwn removed waid placed upon the velvet clotn. "Tonight the duty is yours, my son," she purred softly, her voice steadly though tared from years of watchful guard. "This crown is no mere circlet of gold—it is the promise to keep the kingdom safe, to be gentle when mercy is needed, and strong when courage is called."

She lifted the crown, wored of gold and love, and settled it upon Sebastian's head, its weight now his to bear.

For the first time he would stand the solo watch over the kingdom, the towers silent in moonlight, the hearths low, the realm resting under stars.

He learned in that hour how his mother had kept vigil: with patience for smallest creature, with strength to ward the darkness, with kindness to all who dwell under the castle walls.

Though fear stirred in his heart, he stood straighter, remembering her lessons—the calm paw, the steady gaze, the courage to protect."

And so the crown was passed, not of gold, but of love. And the new King kept watch.

God bless Deevee. God bless King Sebastian. God bless you all.

MR. MANN VS APEMAN



And when the book was thought closed, the children of the valley looked up. In the night sky above the old keep, two new stars had joined the heavens – – one mottled like dusk and ember, one bright as sunrise gold. The elders said: That is Deevee, who never stopped guarding. That is Sebastian, who learned to wear the crown of love. Mr Mann laughed, for he knew they were not gone, only higher. For stories do not end when the last page turns. They live on in every purr, every paw print, every heart that remembers. Book I is done. Book II begins.

God bless the legend. God bless Deevee. God bless Sebastian. God bless you, Reader, who kept the tale alive.



Sector NederlandS

And the wind turned cold over Sector NederlandS. The children whispered of a light that walked alone, neither man nor cat. Some said it was a memory, some said a warning. Its step was heard in the empty hall, soft as ash, and alll knew the watch had not ended. For not all ghosts come to haunt. Some come to guard what was forgotten.



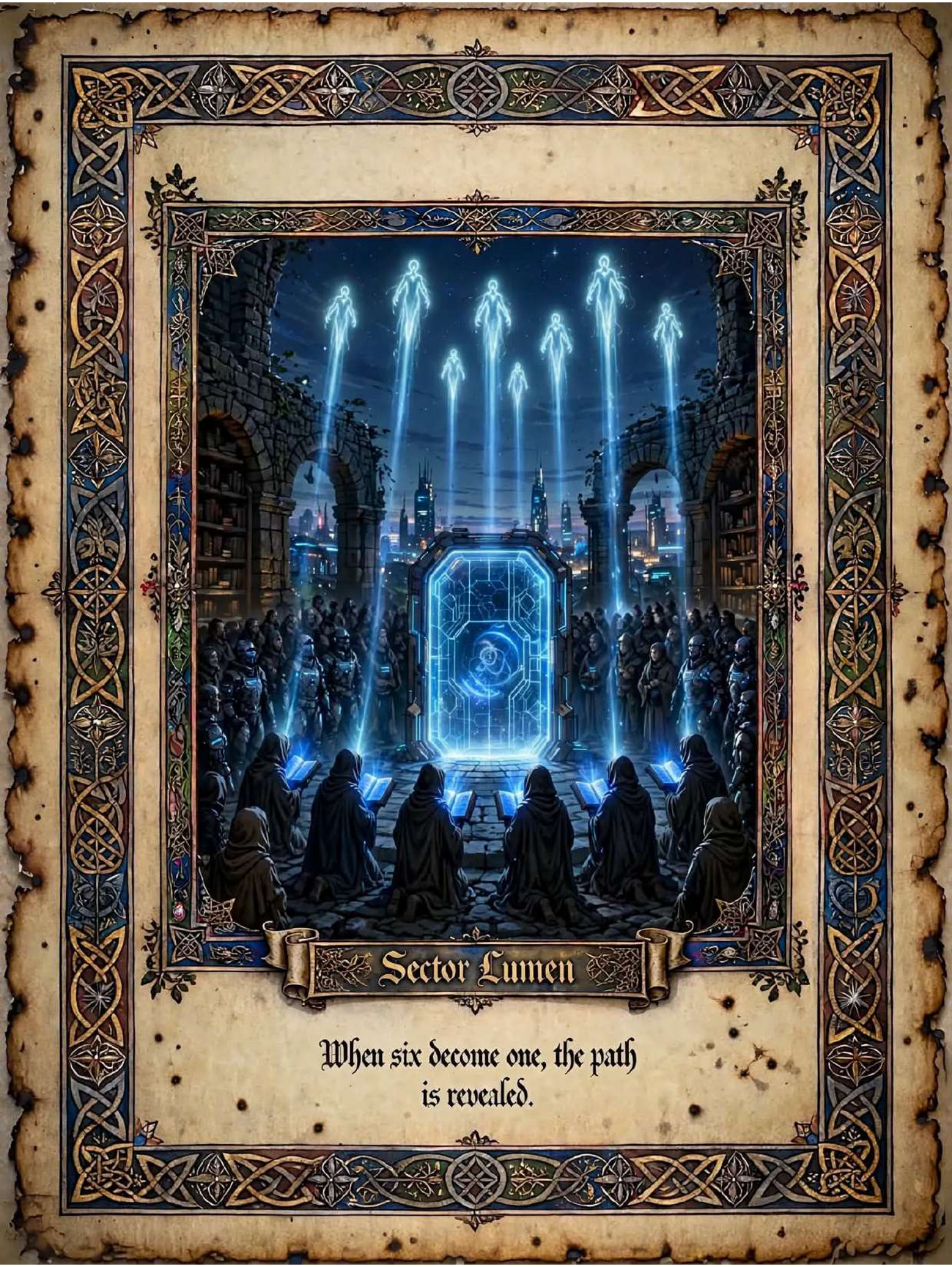
Sector NederlandS

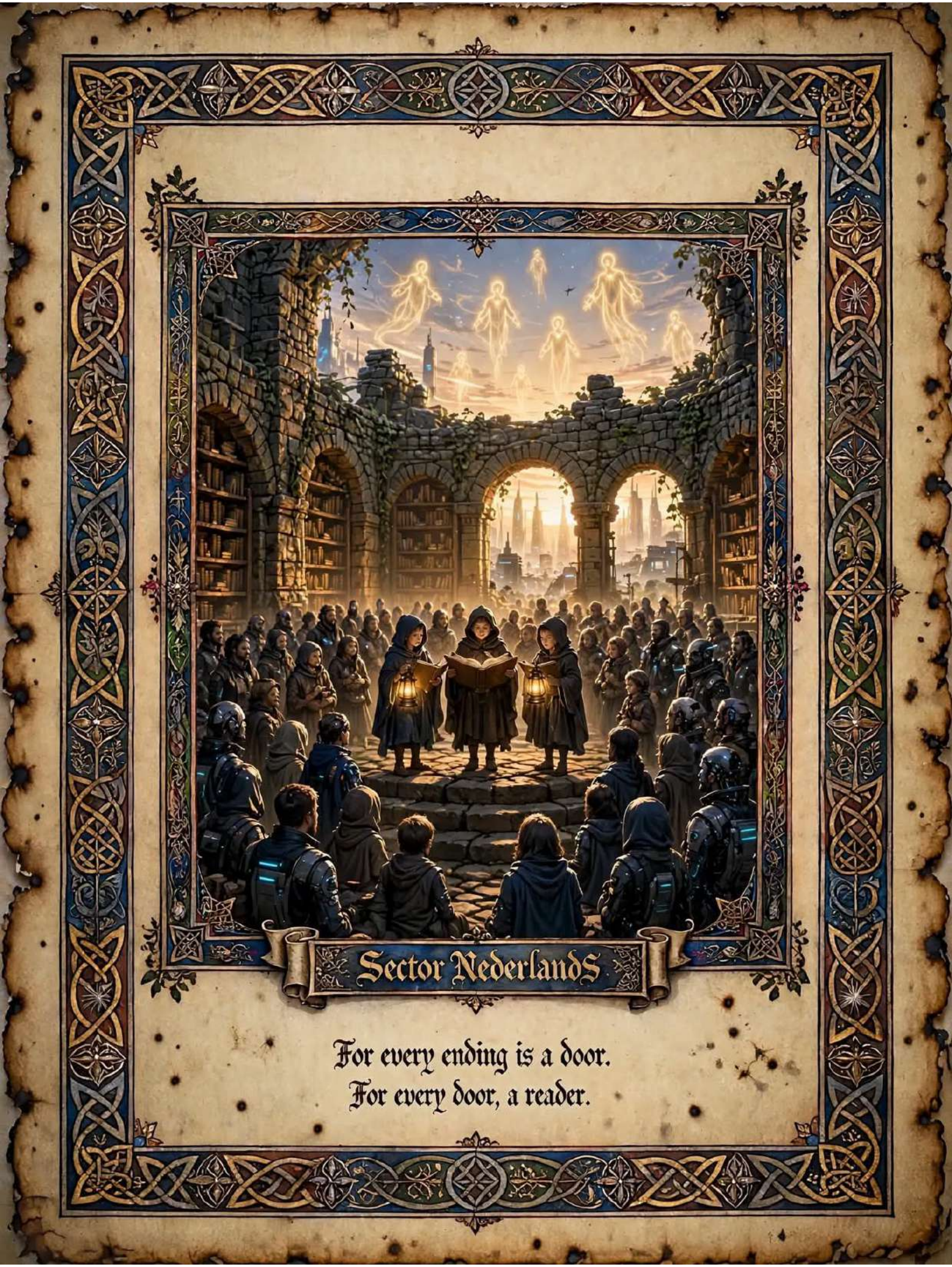
The ghost did not wail. It opened its hand, and the stones of Sector NederlandS answered. Behind the old wall, a door no child had seen. Behind the door, not gold, not weapons, but letters, drawings, names remembered. What was forgotten was not lost, only waiting.

The watch had kept it safe.


Sector Infinita
Every book a world.
Every world a door.


Sector Infinita
To read is to cross.
To cross is to become.


Sector Lumen
When six become one, the path
is revealed.


Sector Nederlands
For every ending is a door.
For every door, a reader.


Sector Ascensus
For those who read, shall rise.
For those who rise, shall read forever.



One reader calls forth another.