

**THE
TOWER**

EVONNE KRELL

**ILLUSTRATED BY
LALOU**

Kids
Answers

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To my parents, the best supporters
a daughter could have.
Thanks for giving me a love for
reading and the Bible.

Euphrates River

Jered's House

Sheep Gate

Tower

Marketplace

Well

Nephti's House

River Gate

Damian's House

Harbor



God's Altar

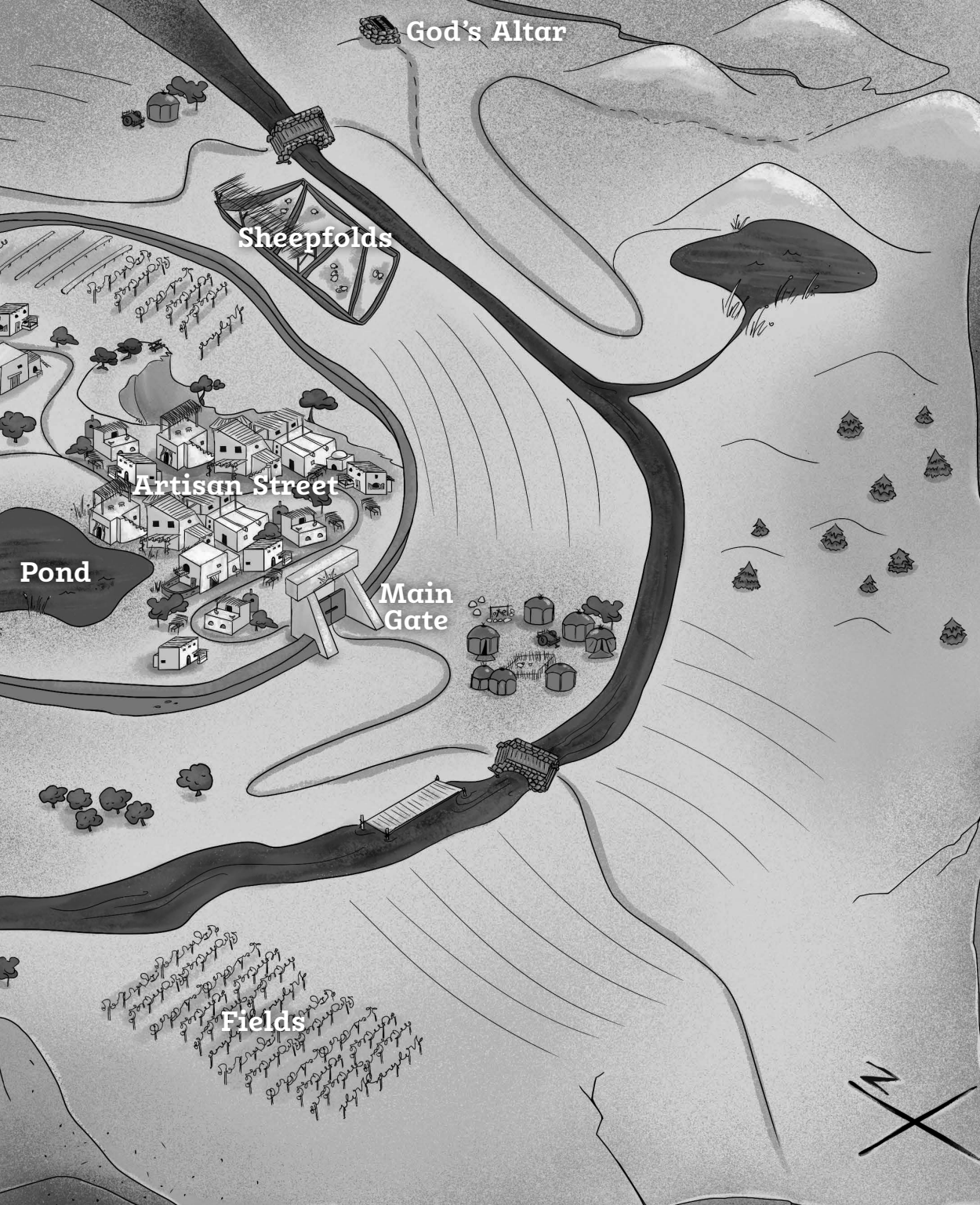
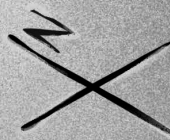
Sheepfolds

Artisan Street

Pond

Main Gate

Fields



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Evonne Krell grew up on Vancouver Island in beautiful British Columbia, Canada. She has written and edited Sunday school and homeschool Bible curricula, VBS materials, and children's books for *Answers in Genesis* for over six years. Before devoting her attention to full-time writing, she taught private piano lessons and spent a year teaching children with a revival ministry in churches across the US. Her award-winning story "The Red Priest" about Antonio Vivaldi was published in *Clubhouse* magazine in 2010. Evonne currently lives in Northern Kentucky, where she enjoys ice hockey, martial arts, and teaching her third grade Sunday school class.

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This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and events are the products of the author's imagination. However, the global flood (Genesis 6–8) and the tower of Babel (Genesis 11) are true events recorded in the Bible. Artistic license was used to create a story about these events using three fictitious children. But there are people in this story who really lived, including Noah and his sons and their descendants (see names in Genesis 10–11).



PROLOGUE

Shem watched the smoke rise from the altar. He wrapped his arm around his wife's shoulders and said, "Praise to God for keeping us all safe during the flood."

She leaned her head against his shoulder.

"I couldn't wait to get off the ark." She glanced at the enormous wooden ship that had housed them and the animals for over a year. "But now, I feel overwhelmed."

“We have God, our family, and a fresh start,” Shem said, pointing to his parents, two brothers, and their wives around the altar.

She nodded. “God kept his promise to Noah and our family. We have the rainbow to remind us that he will never again send a flood to destroy all life on the earth.”

When the offering on the altar was burned, Noah said to his family, “Remember the command of God: be fruitful and multiply, and increase greatly on the earth and multiply in it.”

Japheth smiled and put a hand on his wife’s stomach. “Our baby will be born soon, so we’re starting to multiply already!”

“And we have a whole new world to explore!” exclaimed Ham as he gestured to the land beyond the mountains where the ark rested.

Noah tapped his chin. “After all those years building the ark, I’ve always wanted to plant a vineyard.”

“I’d like a home by a river,” added Japheth.

“You haven’t had enough of water?” Japheth’s wife teased.

“We have time to do it all—explore the land, plant vineyards and gardens, build houses and even cities!” said Ham.

“How will things be one hundred years from now?” Shem’s wife said.

Noah answered, “For a better future, you must teach your children and grandchildren about God’s great mercy, his punishment of the wicked, and his faithfulness to those who are obedient.” Noah turned to face the ark. “Now, let’s finish unloading the tools and supplies from the ark.”



CHAPTER 1

THE HUNTER

Over one hundred years later...

“Something’s wrong,” Jered said to his friends, Nephti and Damian. “I haven’t seen the sheep like this when I’ve taken them to pasture with my father.”

The sheep huddled together. Some shivered and stamped their hooves. Jered stood with his staff and surveyed the hillside.

“Has something spooked them?” asked Damian. He rose and unhooked the sling from his belt.

“What if it’s a longbeak?” said Nephti. She shaded her eyes from the afternoon sun as she scanned the sky. “One of those terrible flying creatures ate my pet rabbit. Longbeaks will attack sheep and even people!” She hugged the fluffy lamb in her lap.

Damian placed a stone in his sling. “It could be a wolf.”

Nephti released the lamb she was holding, and it bounded into the center of the flock.

Jered began circling around the sheep. He stopped when he felt the ground tremble.

An enormous monster with a long narrow snout, sharp teeth, and a fanned back crashed through the bushes toward Jered and the sheep. Each step shook the ground. It walked on its hind legs. Two short arms with claws protruded from the front of its powerful body.



The monster snapped its jaws, grabbing the closest sheep and flinging it away from the flock.

Nephti screamed.

Jered froze. His heart thumped wildly in his chest.

“It’s a spike-backed monster! We need to get out of here!” shouted Damian as he slung a rock toward the monster. The rock struck the creature’s side and bounced harmlessly off. Damian grabbed Nephti’s arm and ran with her behind some large boulders.

“Jered, run to us!” shrieked Nephti.

Jered sprinted toward his friends. He glanced behind him. The monster was chasing him! His foot hit a rock, and he tumbled to the ground.

He flipped onto his back and raised his staff defensively. Then he saw objects fly over

his head. He heard a thud, a roar, and hoofbeats.
Why hadn't he been attacked?

He sat up. Eight men on horses with bows and spears had surrounded the roaring creature. Jered heard a shriek from the creature and triumphant shouts from the men.

Damian and Nephti appeared at his side. They pulled him to his feet, talking at the same time.

“Are you hurt?”

“I thought you'd be eaten—”

“I thought we'd *all* be eaten!”

“Nimrod wounded the monster with one spear throw!”

“And one of the hunters' arrows hit the beast in the eye!”

His friends quieted when a large, muscular man on horseback left the other hunters

and approached them. He held a spear. Dark red blood dripped from its tip. Jered's stomach flipped.

"Are you hurt?" Nimrod asked.

"You saved me." Jered's voice shook.

"You're fortunate I heard Nephti's scream. My hunters and I were tracking the spike-backed monster." Nimrod gazed sternly at Nephti. "Does your father know you're so far from the city?"

"Um, well, he knows I'm with Jered and Damian," Nephti said as she tugged nervously on her braided hair. "Thank you for saving us, Uncle Nimrod!" Nephti called her older male relatives "uncle" and was treated as a favorite niece by all of them.

"Did you kill it?" Damian asked Nimrod.

"The monster is dead. I will add its tooth to my collection." Nimrod rattled the animal teeth he

wore on a band around his neck. He turned to Jered. “From now on, you’ll need to keep the sheep closer to the city. We’ve seen an alarming number of predators recently. You boys gather the sheep and get them back to the folds. Two of my men will go with you. Nephti, you’re coming with me. You’re my cousin’s only child, and he would be devastated if anything happened to you.”

Nimrod reached down and lifted Nephti, placing her in front of him on his horse. Then he galloped away.

Damian helped Jered herd the remaining sheep back to the city. A hunter rode in front of and behind them. Jered tried not to jump at every sound as they hurried down the hills and through the fields and vineyards on the plain.

“There’s the tower!” Damian pointed toward their city and its most impressive building. The tower, nearly half completed, featured one

large square as the base with a second smaller square on top, connected by long staircases. Compared to the enormous tower, the houses and shops around it looked tiny.

Jered could see the warm glow of lamps and torches against the darkening sky. He quickened his pace.

The boys reached the sheepfolds just outside the city near dusk. Nephti must have spread the word of their rescue because the boys' fathers were waiting with torches at the sheepfolds to meet them. After hugs and explanations, Damian and his father left for their home on the other side of the city. Jered and his father secured the sheep for the night and headed to their home through the nearby entrance called the Sheep Gate.

Jered's father, Sheba, put his arm around him. "You had a narrow escape today. I'll offer

a sacrifice of thanksgiving on God's altar tomorrow."

"You should've seen Nimrod. He saved my life!" said Jered.

"I'm grateful he arrived in time," agreed Sheba.

"I need better weapons. I couldn't protect myself, my friends, or our sheep. Damian and I were talking about making our own spears."

"I'm not sure any weapon would've helped against this monster," responded Sheba.

"Nimrod and his men were brave. I tripped running away!" Jered kicked his sandaled foot at a pebble and sent it flying down the street.

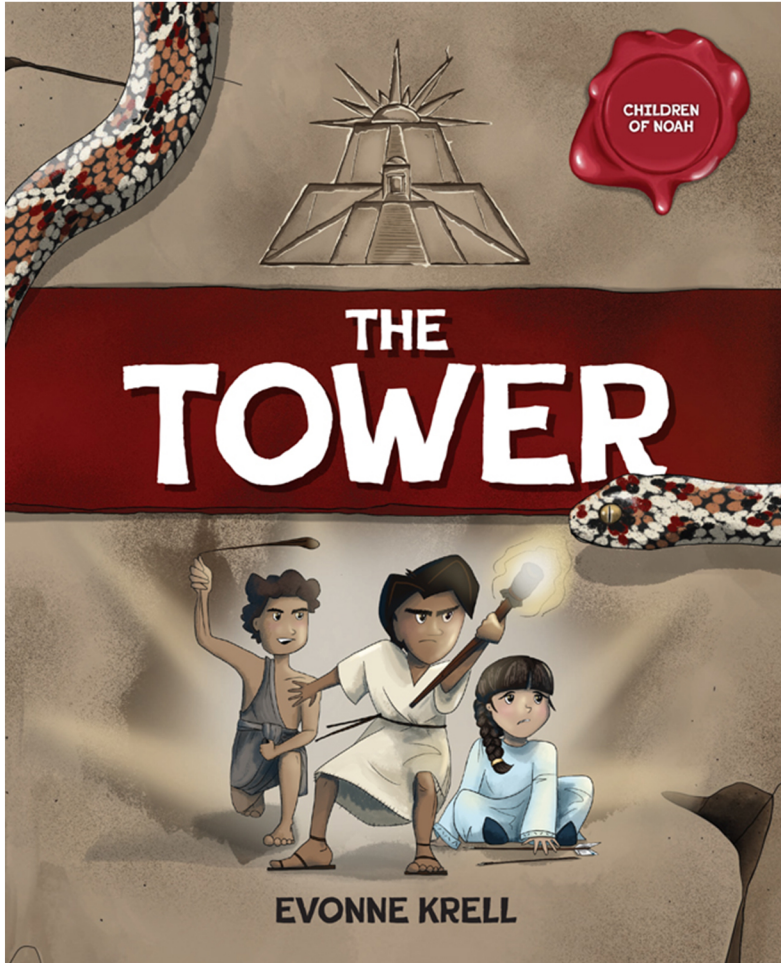
"A spike-backed monster can't be faced alone. I'm glad you were trying to get somewhere safe."

Jered sighed. “At least I have a great story about Nimrod to tell. Nephti’s lucky to be related to our city’s greatest hunter.”

Sheba paused outside their domed house, which was made of sturdy wooden poles covered in animal skins. “Just don’t upset your pregnant mother or little sister with too many details, okay?”

Jered grinned. “You don’t think Mother and Janai will want to hear about the blood dripping off Nimrod’s spear?”

The Tower



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