

Chapter 1: The Birth of the Grails —17th year of the reign of Emperor Tiberius Caesar

During Passover evening, they claimed two men sat down to enjoy their last meal on earth together. However, neither of them were entirely human, and neither of them were entirely enjoying the meal either.

Judas held up his cup of pathetically sweet-smelling liquid that was more grape juice than wine and sloshed it around, wishing for the good old days when Jesus used to manifest actual wine. Before Jesus demanded sobriety following the unmentionable incident years ago of the drunken disciple buried up to his head in sand with a goat tied up nearby to “guard him.” He smiled, when Jesus’ dark olive eyes turned abruptly toward him, and the severity of that glance made Judas set down his cup.

“Truly I say to you, one of you who eats with me shall betray me,” said Jesus.

Judas thought, “*Well, blow me to Bethlehem; he does know.*” He forced out a mock show of confusion like the other ever-clueless disciples, snapping their heads around like startled goats. Meanwhile, Judas clenched his fists under the over-sized bench, and he waited.

Jesus continued, “Woe to that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed. Good were it for that man if he had never been born.”

“*Tell me something I don’t know,*” Judas thought. His father Lucifer’s greatest action of paternal love had been his farewell, “Now go on and beat God’s boy like a proper chosen son of Hell, eh? Don’t forget, adorn the throne with blood or ...” He’d given Judas an expectant nudge.

“Burn from beneath it,” Judas had sighed.

“Eternally.” Lucifer had winked in a way that still made Judas hope he’d been joking, if