

Darius Den

I was only about my usual business, just me and my mates at Darius' Den.

You know how it is - you just feel like a bite to eat, you look into the baker's shop window and then you get real hungry. Yes, it was just like that. There I was, prowling the neighbourhood and was just beginning to feel peckish when lunch appeared. I suppose it was more like a mid-morning snack; it was so thin and scraggly. Just one bite and it would be gone!

It was all very well, but then mid-morning snack stood up and spoke to me!

"And I suppose you wish to eat me. Do you really think you have to? Hold on a moment, please, I just have to tell you why I am here!

"There are some ridiculous looking geezers out there that have taken a bit of a dislike to me, just because the King seems to like me - we have a real blast together. Anyway they had a meeting. I can guess what it was like. Lot's of talk, plenty of wailing, a bit of praying, plenty more talk.

"In the end they decided that they could get to me through my God and your Master - can you believe it? Went along to Darius, owner and king of this place and my friend, suggested to him that for thirty days everybody must pray only to Darius. If anybody was found to disobey they would be thrown in here!

"Can you believe it? I was not allowed to pray to my God and your Master! **NO WAY!**

"I did just as I have always done, three times a day, I got down on my knees, prayed and gave thanks to my God and your Master. And now I am here..."

At this he showed us what he did. Right there, he knelt down, bowed his head, and gave thanks to God for his goodness to him.

Hey man, I was getting real hungry! Then he turned and said, "Please help me, I must stay true to my God, I want to always pray to Him, and only to Him. To give Him thanks for all that He has given me!"

Don't think that I am soft-hearted. I was becoming quite hungry - my stomach was growling almost as loud as my voice! But then, although Darius might own this place he was not my Master.

Look, Him up there - He gave US life - our Master was involved in this and we could not stand by and let Him be insulted.

Me and my mates, we roared and roared our disapproval, and cried "Master, what should we do?"

Suddenly a strange being appeared alongside mid-morning, hard-done by, snack. It spoke, "My friends, I know you are hungry, but hush and be still, for in a little while a great feast will be given just for you. Remember, the Master is pleased with this man, let Him also be pleased with you."

At that, what could we do? We gathered close to the man, my mid-morning snack and kept him company and together gave thanks to the Master.

Suddenly we heard a shout! It was the owner - it was Darius! "Daniel, are you alright? Has your God kept you safe?"

At this the man stood up and said "O king, I'm fine, my God sent His angel, and shut the mouths of the lions because I am innocent! And I have never done anything wrong before you, O king!"

At that the king got Daniel out of our den. And then what a feast. Hey, remember those ridiculous looking geezers, all in their finery, and deliciously fat guys - they all had to come in Daniel's place. Now that was a meal and a half. Much better than Daniel - and anyway who would want that scrawny bit - too much prayer and fasting by half!