

THE DAY DEATH DIED

The Resurrection Epic



PRAISE PUBLISHING HOUSE

When Death First Breathed

Genesis 1–3 • Romans 5:12 • 1 Corinthians 15:21–22 • Revelation 13:8

Before time cracked and the stars dimmed, before bones learned to break and hearts knew how to bleed, the world burned with brilliance. Light sang. Oceans danced. Mountains pulsed with breath. All creation moved to the rhythm of the Eternal One whose voice carved galaxies and whose hands shaped dust into destiny. Nothing decayed. Nothing died. There were no graves, no ghosts, no goodbyes. Life ruled with majesty.

And at its center walked two radiant beings, made not of fire or stone, but of breath, spirit, and holy dust.

They were not kings.

But the earth bowed to them.

They were not gods.

But they bore the image of the One who was.

He had given them a garden not just of beauty, but of communion. Every tree swayed in peace. Every beast lived

without fear. And in the center stood two trees: one that sustained forever, and one that carried the weight of choice.

The Eternal One warned them gently: If you reach for what I have not given, you will break the very breath I placed inside you. Death will come not as an enemy I create, but as a consequence you unleash.

But freedom, even in paradise, is not a cage. And so the choice remained.

One day, beneath the whispering branches, a voice not born of earth slithered through the leaves. It bore no sword. It needed no army. It questioned.

“Are you sure He said that?”

The question was small. But it cracked eternity. The woman reached. The man followed. They ate not just fruit, but betrayal.

And creation fell.

Not with thunder—but with silence.

The soil soured. The stars dimmed. The first lie had been believed:

You can be like God... without God.

And from that fracture, something stirred. It had no heartbeat, yet it lived. It had no eyes, yet it saw all. It had no name, yet it wore many.

DEATH.

He was not formed. He was born from rebellion. He crept into bone and breath, into seasons and sorrow. He aged the young and crushed the old. He whispered through war, fed on famine, and crowned himself king of what he called the inevitable.

And for a time, he ruled.

He built a shadow kingdom, hidden between the seen and the eternal. He wore robes of regret and a crown of decay. And though no one saw him clearly, all knew his weight. Even the righteous fell. Even prophets died.

It was whispered among nations: “None escape the grave.”

But in the same moment man was exiled, the Eternal One spoke not a curse, but a prophecy.

“A seed will come from the woman. One who will crush the serpent’s head, though He Himself will be wounded.”

That promise lingered through generations. In Egypt, in exile, in silence, in smoke. Seers dreamed of Him. Priests shadowed Him. Kings longed for Him. Isaiah called Him a man of sorrows who would carry the pain of many. Zechariah saw His betrayal and the cleansing robes He would give to the accused. David sang of His descent into the grave and His rising again.

And when the fullness of time had come, He would walk into the realm of the dying, clothed not in gold, but in flesh. He would eat with sinners. He would heal the broken. He would stand silent before accusation. And He would die.

But in that death—Death would be disarmed.

The serpent’s whisper would be exposed.

The power of the grave would be shattered.

But that day had not yet come. Not in Ashmere. Not in the world where Death still wore his crown. Until the scroll was opened. Until the girl found the fire. Until the name of the Living Word began to burn again in the hearts of the forgotten.

And so the story begins not with a war, but with a whisper. A breath. A spark.

“This is the day Death died.”

The Curse of Ashmere

*Romans 6:23 • John 1:5 • Genesis 3:24 • Isaiah 25:8 • Revelation
1:17–18*

Ashmere forgot what color was.

The city lay buried beneath centuries of ash, as if the sky itself had grown tired of watching people break and weep. Trees stood like haunted bones. The river had stopped singing. The bells in the chapel tower hadn't rung in generations. Every morning, if it could still be called that, arrived beneath a sky permanently bruised.

And Death ruled without ever needing to raise his voice.

They called him many names: The Breath-Stealer, The Pale King, Lord of the End—but few dared speak of him openly. Most chose silence. It was safer. In Ashmere, speaking of life invited judgment. Hope was taxed. Joy was forbidden. Laughter was dangerous.

And yet... somewhere beneath the ash, something stirred.

Elaria lived in the ruined bell tower at the edge of the city—alone, unseen, unwanted. She was seventeen, though years in Ashmere could not be trusted. Time bent under sorrow. No one counted birthdays. Her mother had once whispered stories about the world before ash, before shadows, before the Pale King. But her voice, too, had been silenced.

Elaria remembered her mother’s final words as she was lowered into the earth:

“Find the flame, child. Find the flame before it forgets us.”

It sounded like madness. But that’s the problem with prophecy: it never sounds sane until it burns.

That morning, Elaria walked the Ash-path into the market, not to buy, but to remember. She passed the statues of the Hollowborn—men who had once rebelled against the Pale King and were turned to stone mid-sentence. Their mouths were frozen open, as if still trying to speak freedom. She always nodded to them. They had tried. Even if they failed.

But today something new happened. At the center of the market stood an old man wrapped in a rusted cloak, his eyes glazed white like faded parchment. He spoke aloud—a crime in itself—but what he said struck Elaria like thunder:

“There is a scroll beneath the old chapel. Sealed in flame. Written before the foundations of ash. It burns with truth Death cannot touch.”

The people ignored him. But Elaria did not.

She waited until the sun fell behind the ruin-crag. That night, she snuck through forgotten alleys to the Chapel of Emberlight—long abandoned, long feared. The door groaned as she slipped inside. Its altar was split. Its cross shattered. Dust rose like ghosts. But Elaria kept going.

Behind the altar, hidden beneath a slab of stone, she found a trapdoor, sealed by time and wax. She whispered her mother’s name. Then opened it.

The Breath Beneath the Dust

Stairs spiraled downward into a vault untouched by ash. The air shimmered faintly like a memory refusing to fade. At the center of the room, resting atop a pedestal shaped like a flame, lay the scroll. Wrapped in crimson silk. Warmed by a fire with no source.

She stepped forward. The air pressed against her, like breath holding itself. Her fingers trembled as she reached out and touched it. The moment her skin met the scroll, fire leapt from it—not to consume, but to awaken.

And the words burned onto her soul:

“He will swallow up death forever. The tears will be wiped away. And the disgrace of His people will be lifted.” — Isaiah 25:8

Elaria fell to her knees. She did not understand the language. But her heart did. The scroll was alive. And somewhere deep in the unseen, a throne trembled.

The vault groaned. Above her, stone cracked. The Pale King’s sentinels—the Hollowborn—had sensed the fire. Their silence was breaking. Their master had been stirred.

Elaria clutched the scroll to her chest and ran up the stairwell, out through the chapel doors, into the night air now thick with wind.

And as she burst into the city square, for the first time in generations...

The bell tower rang.

One toll. Then silence. But the silence was not empty. It was watching. Waiting. Breathing.

She looked up at the sky. A single sliver of light pierced through the clouds—thin, small, but defiant. She smiled. Not because she understood what had begun... but because Death had blinked.

And the fire had remembered her name.

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