

## Seeking God

By Scribblesinink

Sam followed the tall man down what appeared to be an endless, narrow staircase leading ever deeper into the belly of the mountain. The guide's long, heavy robes swished over the stone steps, which were smooth and round from countless previous bootfalls. He held his lamp high, but neither it nor the torches set in sconces at regular intervals and burning smokily, did much to light Sam's way. In fact, the shadows dancing on the crumbled brick walls made Sam dizzy; he shook his head to clear it, rubbing at his eyes that stung from the smoke. He considered taking out his own flashlight, but he didn't want to shock or frighten his host by showing off his technologically advanced tools—and who would've thought he'd ever have to think of something as simple as a flashlight as *technologically advanced*?

The air grew warmer and dryer as they progressed, heavy with dust that tickled the back of Sam's throat. At last, just as he was beginning to wonder whether the staircase would go on forever, they reached the end: a flagstoned landing several feet wide. His host—Faramir, Sam reminded himself, testing the strange syllables on his tongue—pushed open the tall oak doors in front of them and led Sam into the chamber beyond.

"Welcome to the library." Faramir placed his oil lamp on the nearest table. "Here you can find all the written knowledge my forebears have collected over the ages. I regret to admit we have not yet properly categorized or cataloged it. We were—" he grimaced at a private memory, "—otherwise occupied. However, you are welcome to browse and see if you can find what you seek."

Sam glanced around the huge room in dismay. The ceiling was so high he couldn't make it out in the light cast by the small flame of the oil lamp, and judging from the deep shadows receding into the far ends of the room, he suspected it might stretch along the full length of the building above. Towering heaps of thick, leatherbound tomes stood everywhere he looked. Tables and shelves were covered in yellowed sheets of parchment, and scrolls that looked so brittle he didn't think he'd dare try to unroll them. It was by far the biggest collection of ancient texts he'd ever seen; not even Bobby's and Pastor Jim's libraries combined offered this much lore and myth and mystical writings.

But that was why he had made the journey in the first place, wasn't it? If he couldn't find what he was looking for here... well, then, it probably didn't exist.

He turned to his host, half-wishing the man would leave him alone so he could extinguish the lamp and use his flashlight. The stink of burning oil made him nauseous. "It's... an impressive collection."

"What is it you seek?" Faramir absently gathered together the loose parchments scattered across the table into an untidy pile. "Mayhap I can help you find it." He offered a wry half-smile. "I confess I spent more than my fair share of days here when I was your age."

Sam turned back to look across the room—*hall* would be a better word—again. He preferred to do his research without anybody looking over his shoulder, let alone this odd man, with his old-fashioned robes and weirdly formal way of speaking. Yet, if he tried to tackle the library alone, he might still be here, searching for answers while the world—his world—fell prey to Lilith and her consorts. Or to the angels—Sam wasn't entirely sure anymore which would be worse.

Making up his mind, Sam turned back. Faramir had been kind enough to allow him access in the first place. And the man could be right, after all; he might know exactly where to find what Sam needed. "I'm looking for God. Whatever you have on Him."

A puzzled frown creased Faramir's otherwise smooth forehead, and he gave a quick shake of his head. "Forgive me, but the name is not known to me."

Or maybe he didn't know.

Sam heaved a sigh and scrubbed a hand through his hair. "Maybe you call Him something else...?" He thought for a moment. "Allah? Jehovah? The Almighty? Yahweh?" None of the terms brought any recognition to Faramir's face. "The Maker?" Sam continued. "The Creator?" A little desperately he added, "Whomever you people believe created the world and all its living beings."

There had to be *something* these folk believed in. Faith in all-powerful beings was like a basic human need: no matter how primitive or advanced a people were, if you dug deep enough, you'd find lore of a creature that had made the world.

Sometimes, it was even true.

It was no different here. Faramir's face lit up. "Ah, you mean Ilúvatar. He is also sometimes called Eru, the One who created Arda through the Music of the Ainur."

At least half of that made no sense at all to Sam, but he nodded in relief. "Yes. Him. I'd like to see everything you got on him."

Faramir raised an amused brow. "Everything?" he asked, gesturing around the room. "That will be quite an undertaking. But here." He lifted a heavy tome the size of a flatscreen TV from a nearby pile, blew off the dust coating coating the cracked leather cover, and

carefully placed it on the table in front of Sam. "This might be a good place to start...."

Sam groaned inwardly at the size of the book, while hoisting himself on a stool and settling in for the long run.

It was as he'd feared: this was gonna take forever.

**Disclaimer:** this story is based on the Warner Bros. Television/Wonderland Sound and Vision/Eric Kripke/Robert Singer series *Supernatural* and the works of J.R.R. Tolkien. It was written for entertainment only; the author does not profit from it nor was any infringement of copyright intended. Please do not redistribute elsewhere without the author's consent.