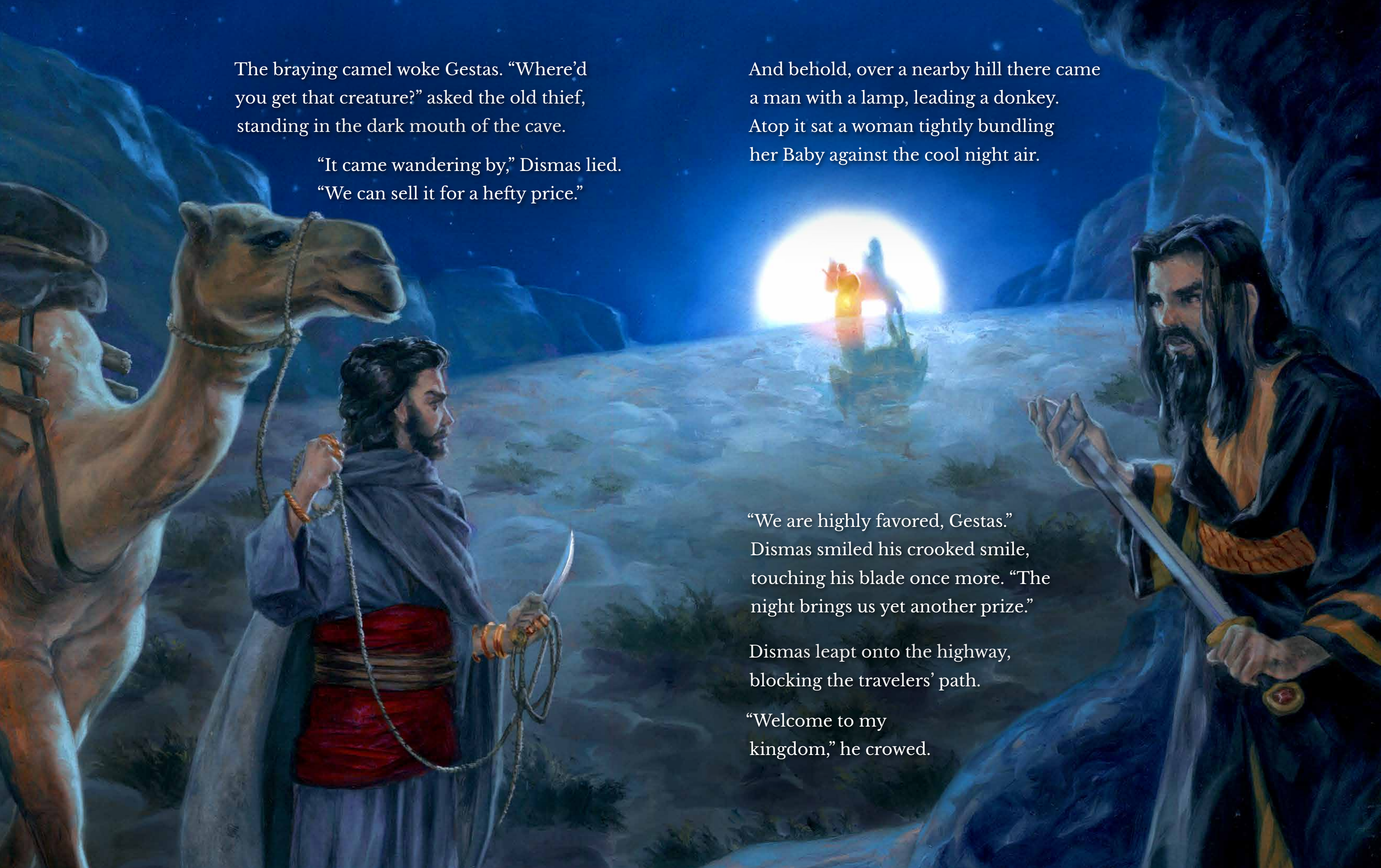




Time hardened Dismas.

Not only did he become the most feared bandit in Judea, but he was so cruel and quick with a blade that the thieves began calling him “the Prince of Death.”



A night scene in a desert. In the foreground on the left, a man with a beard and long hair, wearing a blue robe and a red sash, holds a camel by its lead. He is looking towards the right. In the foreground on the right, another man with a long beard and hair, wearing a dark blue robe with a yellow sash, holds a sword and looks back at the first man. In the background, a bright light emanates from a cave entrance, where a figure is visible leading a donkey. The scene is set in a rocky, desert landscape under a dark blue night sky with stars.

The braying camel woke Gestas. “Where’d you get that creature?” asked the old thief, standing in the dark mouth of the cave.

“It came wandering by,” Dismas lied.  
“We can sell it for a hefty price.”

And behold, over a nearby hill there came a man with a lamp, leading a donkey. Atop it sat a woman tightly bundling her Baby against the cool night air.

“We are highly favored, Gestas.” Dismas smiled his crooked smile, touching his blade once more. “The night brings us yet another prize.”

Dismas leapt onto the highway, blocking the travelers’ path.

“Welcome to my kingdom,” he crowed.