

#9 "THE 'ORIGINALS' " The Lost Lottery ticket

Many, many years ago, a **Mr James** won the lottery, **produced his ticket** and had forty million put into his bank account.

However, a complaint was laid by another fellow called **Mr Pope**, who claimed he had the winning ticket.

"Oh" said the Lottery Office "we may have made a mistake! Mr Pope please show us your ticket."

Mr Pope replied "I can't! I've lost it!"

"Oh" they said "never mind ... when you find it ... then you can show it to us. You have as long as it takes."

So Mr Pope set about trying to find this missing ticket ... and now remember Dear Reader, this has gone on for a long time now.

He searched high and low ... he'd been to the beach the previous week and so he got out his **Ticket Detection Kit** ... suitable for finding lost tickets ... sort of like one of those metal detectors you see that gold prospectors use ... but with the dial tuned to Paper Detection.

Anyhow, it took Mr Pope several weeks that ran into months ... as he combed every inch of the beach.

Anyhow, the long and short of it, was that he uncovered a ticket to a Rock Concert.

He knew it was a fake but he thought he would try it on.

So he went along to the Lottery Office where the **Chief Judge of Tickets** was ... only to be sadly disappointed.

"Mr Pope" said the judge "this is a fraud isn't it?"

So then Mr Pope searched every nook and cranny in his house ... and guess what? He found another ticket ... and guess where? ... in a wastebasket in a room he hadn't used for years.

He said to himself "I didn't know I had this!"

In fact, it had been his son's unsuccessful ticket from another lottery.

Once again, the Chief Judge was not impressed.

But he said to the Judge "But look ... but this ticket has got **TR** printed on it ... that stands for **T**icket **R**eplacement!"

"I am not amused!" replied the Judge.

And so over the years Mr Pope has made numerous trips ... with a complete waste of everybody's time ... to the Lottery Office.

But here's the thing ... it hasn't stopped Mr Pope looking for his winning ticket.

He's tried all sorts of tricks as well ... even printing his own ticket for example!

Mmmm! Dear Reader, does this remind you of anything?

It should!

Mr James has been enjoying the fruits of his 40 million for many years now ... he has peace, security, joy ... and the list goes on.

Mr Pope on the other hand ... has been reduced to 'rags and rubble', having squandered his money looking for this mythical ticket that cannot be found.

In fact he can't remember what it looked like ... in fact ... under sedation at the **Wellness Mental Institution** for the incurably insane ... he just mumbles ...

"It's a lie! I never had the ticket! I haven't seen it! I don't know where it is! I think it dematerialised into heaven somewhere! It's somewhere ... I just know it is!"

IN SUMMARY:

Dear Reader, I suspect even a young child could substitute the following names into the above story ...

Mr James ... a King James Bible Believer

Mr Pope ... an "originals" believer

The Ticket ... The King James Bible

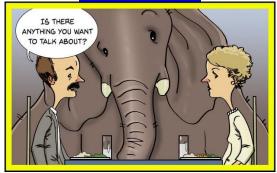
TR ... Textus Receptus

The Chief Judge ... God Almighty

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