

Pilgrim's Progress

The Fight with Apollyon

By [John Bunyan](#)

The Pilgrim's Progress from this world — to that which is to come, in the similitude of a dream

Retold for Children and Adapted to School Reading, by James Baldwin, 1913

Then I saw in my dream, that Christian was entered into the *Valley of Humiliation* — and here he had no easy time of it.

For he had gone but a little way when he saw a *dreadful fiend* coming across the plain to meet him. The name of this fiend was *APOLLYON*, and he was too hideous to behold!

His body was covered with scales, like a fish; he had wings like a dragon, and feet like a bear; his mouth was like the mouth of a lion, and fire and smoke came out of his nostrils!

Christian was much afraid. As the monster came flying toward him — he knew not what to do. He had half a mind to run back; but he knew that Apollyon would soon overtake him.

"I will stand my ground, and do what I can," he said to himself; and he went boldly forward to meet the dreadful fiend.

Apollyon came swiftly on, and gruffly saluted Christian: "Ho, there, you fellow! Who are you, and whence have you come?"

"I have come from the City of Destruction, and my name is Christian," answered the pilgrim. "I am on my way to the Celestial Land."

"Huh!" growled the fiend. "Don't you know that I am the *king* of the City of Destruction? You are my subject, and you are trying to run away from me!"

"True, I was born in your country," said Christian, "but I am not your subject. I have promised myself to the King of the Celestial Land."

Then was Apollyon very angry, and he would have struck down the pilgrim at once — had he not hoped to gain him over. He roared terribly, and cried, "You

are a rebel and a traitor, and deserve nothing but death at my hands! Yet I will forgive you — if you will turn now and go back to my city and my service."

But Christian stood his ground bravely and defied the fiend.

"Beware, Apollyon!" he cried. "I am in the King's highway. Therefore, take heed to yourself."

"Ha!" answered Apollyon. "What care I, for the King's highway?" And with one foot on one side of the road and one on the other, he stood directly in front of the pilgrim.

"Now I have you!" he said; and he drew *flaming darts* from his breast and threw them so that they fell like hail all around Christian's head.

But Christian held up his *shield* to protect himself, and drawing his sword, rushed boldly upon his foe. Then there was a fight such as neither you nor I have ever seen. The giant fiend, and the valiant man, wrestled and strove, they struck and parried, they pressed this way and that; and neither seemed to get the better of the other.

Christian was *wounded* in two or three places; and yet for a whole hour he stood up against his foe. At length, however, his foot slipped and he fell; and his sword flew out of his hand.

"Now I have you!" shouted Apollyon.

But as the fiend raised his arm to fetch the last blow, Christian quickly stretched out his hand and recovered his sword. He leaped to his feet, crying, "Rejoice not against me, O my enemy. When I fall — I shall arise!"

With that, he gave the fiend a deadly thrust which made him pause and start back. Then Christian gave him another stroke, and another.

Apollyon saw that he had met his match. He spread his dragon wings and flew away, over the plain — and Christian saw him no more.

The pilgrim looked up and smiled. "Thanks be to Him that delivered me out of the mouth of the lion, and to Him that did help me against Apollyon," he said.

Then there came to him a *hand* with some of the *leaves of the tree of life*; and he took these and laid them upon his wounds, and he was healed immediately. And he sat down to eat bread and to drink from the bottle that was given him by the maidens of the House Beautiful.

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