

# **The Story of Satan & A Visit to Hell**

**with some  
Case Histories of the Damned**

**by  
Mary Ann Panevaska**



**Lux Vera**

## Art Credits

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## **A Word of WARNING to the WEAK**

Some descriptions and illustrations in this book are rather violent and ugly. This is not meant to terrify good people, but to faithfully represent the violence and ugliness of Satan and Hell so that you will hate and escape them.

Nobody enjoys facing bad things, but if you want to close your eyes and not read about Satan and Hell, then consider for a moment:

- When you hear noises in the basement at night, is it better to hide under your blanket, or to get your loaded gun and carefully investigate?
- When you discover a strange lump in your body, is it better to pretend it's not there, or to learn what it is and what can be done about it?
- When a horde of barbarians is charging towards your town, is it better to gape at them in paralyzed fear, or to round up an army and try to defend yourself?
- When you know that someday you will die, is it better to refuse to think about what might come after death, or to get the facts so you can freely choose where you will spend eternity?

This book aims at correctly portraying Satan, Hell, and the damned, based on what we know from Holy Scripture and Church teaching.

Imaginative descriptions and dialogue are the author's attempt to make the realities of Hell and its demons vivid, and are derived from numerous visions recorded by the saints and other sources. The author in no way claims that all such details are true, but hopes that they stimulate a deeper awareness of the existence and nature of Hell and the reasons men go there.

With Profoundest Gratitude

to my mother and the excellent teachers  
who first guided me  
on the path to Heaven

&

to the heroic faithful Catholics  
who later guided me  
off the path to Hell.

May they help me to persevere  
in the battle against Satan.



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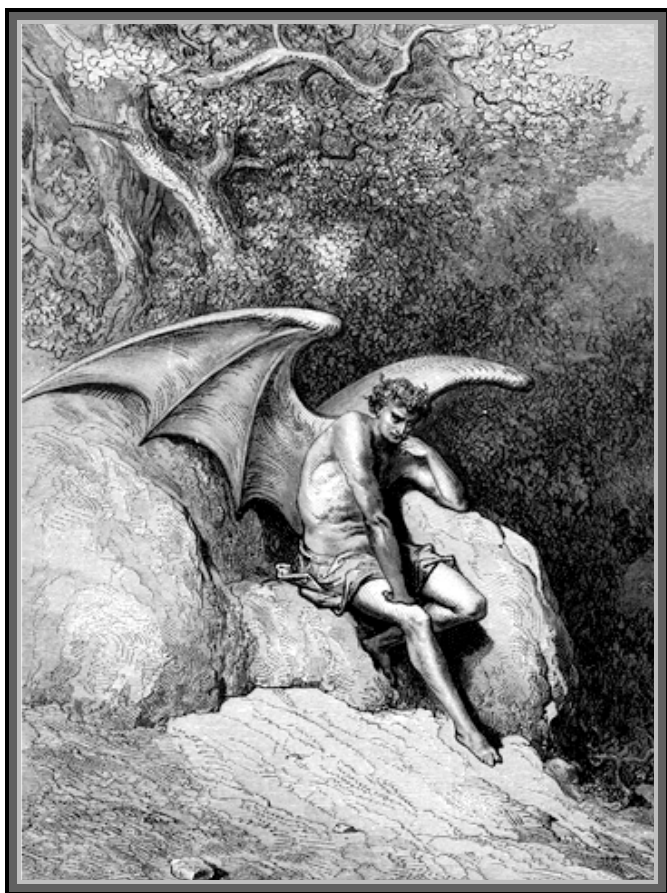
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## INTRODUCTION

The Bible is filled with references to Hell and Satan and the lesser demons, and their activities on earth. It reveals that Lucifer, later named Satan, was one of the highest of the angels, and that he chose to disobey God and was therefore cast into Hell for all eternity, along with the angels who chose to follow him.

However, although telling us that Satan rebelled against God, Revelation does not tell us the exact nature of his sin. Many theologians have conjectured that the mystery of the Divine Incarnation was revealed to the angels, that they saw that a nature lower than their own was to be hypostatically united to the Person of God the Son, and that all the hierarchy of Heaven must bow in adoration before the majesty of the Incarnate Word—and this, it is supposed, was the occasion of the pride and sin of Lucifer, who refused to adore the Son of God made Man.

Other theologians have surmised that Lucifer was one of the angels whom God commissioned to rule and administer the heavenly bodies, and that the earth was committed to his special care. It is this theory that underlies the imaginative description in this book of Satan's discourse with God after being made Prince of this world, and his desire to improve upon God's handiwork so that he might be as God and share in the worship men owe to God alone. When God forbids Satan to do this, Satan rebels and thus condemns himself to Hell. From thence onwards, he clings to his position as Prince of this world and battles to steal souls from God.

As regards Hell, both the Old and the New Testament, including the words of Jesus Christ Himself, confirm that Hell is: a physical place with fire and pain; the abode of the devils and the damned; the punishment for grievous sin; lasting for all eternity.

The entire history of the human race is the playing out of this war between Satan and Almighty God Himself.

***Now is the judgment of the world:  
now shall the prince of this world be cast out. (John 12:31)  
Be sober and watch: because your adversary the devil,  
as a roaring lion, goeth about seeking whom he may devour.  
Whom resist ye, strong in faith. (1 Peter 5:8-9)***



## PROLOGUE

My name is Peregrine. The story I'm about to tell may sound fantastic and unreal, but it is true. I would really prefer not talking about it, because some of the happenings cause me to shudder even now. Yet keeping silent would be cruel to all the people who are unaware of the mysterious goings-on in that part of the world which we normally cannot see.

I'm quite an ordinary person, and my life was quite satisfactory before the strange encounter. Or so I thought.

Then one cool summer evening, with the setting sun streaking bands of red and gold across the sky, two friends and I were strolling along the edge of a wooded area near the top of a steep cliff above the sea. We were discussing the problems of the world around us, as we often did those days.

Livius was lamenting as usual the collapse of the economy, the breakdown of society and the deterioration of education and culture. Sirena was arguing that history is just repeating itself and we are on the brink of a great revival of civilization.

I myself was searching for the underlying reasons why earthly peace and happiness are so elusive.

Then, as we approached a turn in the path, a man suddenly appeared leaning against a tree as he watched us draw nearer. He was tall and lean and had an unusually strong face with dark, penetrating eyes and a confident but mysterious smile.

"Good evening, Peregrine! It looks like you're getting ready to pass over, as the saying goes."

Surprised that this stranger knew my name, and puzzled by his comment, I said:

“Pass over? You mean die? Not at all, sir! What makes you say that?”

Glancing toward the edge of the cliff, he replied:

“Oh, I just noticed you walking so close to my empire that I thought you might be ready to leap over and come inside.”

It seemed like an untoward invitation and irritated me.

“What empire? And who *are* you anyway? I’ve never met you before in my life and I don’t see any sort of empire around here.”

I could sense that Livius and Sirena were also annoyed, and we hastened to walk on. The stranger was immediately at our side and strolled along as if we had asked him to join us. He explained in an expansive manner:

“Well, I keep it rather hidden. It’s for my friends, you see. But you look like the sort of chaps who would fit in perfectly. Actually, I could sell you a choice location in my empire right now.”

Suddenly another man appeared, taller and of almost regal bearing. His entire demeanor seemed to radiate wisdom and power.

“Peregrine! Come back! He’s laying a trap you can never escape!”

My friends and I were really confounded now, and I demanded:

“Now who are *you*, and where did you come from all of a sudden? And why are you butting into our conversation?”



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At the same time, the first man shouted angrily:

“Get out of here, Michael! This is none of your business!”

The new visitor addressed us calmly but firmly:

“Peregrine, this may sound hard to believe, but I am Michael the Archangel and this one is Satan the Devil. He’s trying to get you to sell your soul to him.”

I was dumbfounded.

“What? That’s absurd! And besides, I’m not even so sure that Hell or the devils actually exist.”

The first man said eagerly:

“That’s right, Peregrine! Don’t listen to him!”

The one named Michael came nearer to us and said with intense urgency:

“Peregrine, you and your friends are in terrible danger of losing everything that matters. You wander through the world seeking pleasure and friendship, material goods and adventure, while oblivious to what life is really all about. Don’t you know that God created you for eternal happiness with Him in Heaven, and that He asks so little from you in return? How can you spurn such an immense treasure? Don’t you realize that you are heading straight for Hell precisely because you doubt that Satan and his kingdom of eternal fire and torment exist?

“Won’t you and your friends please listen for a little while to the story of Satan and his war with God, and then come for a short visit to Hell and see for yourselves the terrible fate of all the foolish damned souls who have gone before you? Then you can decide what to believe and how to spend the rest of your life.”

Then Satan, as Michael named him, actually trembled with fury and lashed out:

“Michael! How dare you invite men to learn my story and visit my domain? Mind your own business!”

To which Michael replied:

“This *is* my business, Satan, as you well know. Almighty God permitted you to roam the earth and set traps for men, but only to provide them with opportunities to prove their fidelity to Him. You have gone too far now by spreading a cloud of total darkness over their minds. I must help them to see who you are and what you are doing, and the outcome for those who follow your path.”

Satan sneered.

“Hah! You think it will make a difference to these fools if we tell them my story? Fine, let’s do just that. But I want them to hear *my* side of the story, so let me do the talking.”

Michael answered him:

“We can both talk to them, Satan.”

And then turning to us:

“Now this is how it all began.”

## **PART I ~ THE STORY OF SATAN**

### **CHAPTER 1 ~ In the Beginning**

We all sat down overlooking the cliff, and as Satan and Michael spoke, they somehow gave us the ability to see in the distance everything they described. Satan began.

“Perhaps you have read some of this in that nasty book of the Bible, but allow me to clarify.

“In the beginning, only God existed, but then He created Heaven—the abode of the angels, and earth—the abode of men. All of us angels and the first humans were created in a state of natural perfection, with immense knowledge and unique talents. We angels are pure spirits, but you men are a combination of spirit and matter, with the capacity to change over time, both physically and spiritually. I dare say that this feature of changeability is quite odd, but God has His own reasons which are beyond our comprehension. In any case, both the angels and men were required to obey God’s commands in order to gain permanent, eternal friendship with God. And we were all given free will, so that we could choose to obey or not. Ay, there’s the rub.

“Soon after the fantastic outburst of creation, with the angelic world jubilantly singing the praises of God and the earthly world delightedly showing off its physical beauty, God spoke to me:

“My friend Lucifer, you are the most brilliant of the angels, and I name you Prince of the material world. See how splendid I have made the earth, with mountains and valleys, rivers and seas, trees and plants, fish and beasts. See the majesty of the sun and moon, stars and sky,

thunder and lightning. See the beauty of the birds and flowers.

“Look at the marvelous complexity ordered with harmony and simplicity, the countless minute elements combining into larger ones, the multiplicity and diversity, with all parts depending on each other. Look at the tremendous energy permeating it all, with its culmination in life itself.

“Gaze upon My precious Adam and Eve, who have material bodies to house their living spirits which are so similar to your own. One day they will join us in Heaven, but for now they must prove their worthiness by tending the earth and obeying My commands.”

“It was undeniable that the earth was magnificent, and I was flattered to be chosen as its noble keeper. I bowed to Him and said:

“Thank you, my Lord and Majesty, for making me Prince of Your wondrous earthly creation. This is indeed a most marvelous world of beauty and complexity. And Adam and Eve—they are most interesting. But I see that their intelligence is far beneath that of us angels. They do not comprehend the matter and energy of the world as I do. So I will work with them and all the elements of the world. With my help the humans will learn to make the things of the earth even more complex and beautiful, and they will even harness light and energy so they can soar beyond their natural powers. Then they will reflect not only Your own face, but also mine, and thus double Your glory.”

“I had expected God to be delighted with my plans, but instead He just smiled in a fatherly way.

“No, Lucifer, you must not try to improve on my work since it is already perfect. I have commanded the material world and its creatures to simply obey My laws. Your task is to

guide everything along so that all of the parts work harmoniously and obediently and none of the creatures disrupts the perfect balance.”

“My brilliant mind had already fashioned elaborate designs to improve the earth, and I was bursting with eagerness to implement them.

“But, Lord, You made me Prince of the world! Just leave everything to me. I, Lucifer, Your light-bearer, will share my knowledge with these creatures and You will see how we can make this earth even more wonderful.”

“At this God’s fatherly smile waned and His face showed a touch of sadness. He spoke kindly but firmly.

“Do not become foolish, Lucifer. Just do as I have told you.”

“His words pierced my spirit. God surely knew that my plans were praiseworthy, yet He said I would be foolish to implement them. The thought came to me that He was jealous of His creation, and this made me jealous of my own role that He just bestowed. I cried out in complaint:

“But I am Prince of this world! You made me Prince, and I will rule as its Prince!”

“Then His smile disappeared altogether and His face conveyed absolute authority and power. With a deep thundering voice He commanded:

“Obey me, Lucifer.”

“It was more than I could stand, and I immediately shouted:

“NON SERVIAM ! I am the Prince, and this world is my domain, and it will worship ME just as we angels worship You!”

"I was shocked at my own words and instantly realized there was no turning back. Then the most terrible moment came when God turned away from me and looked toward this other angel sitting next to you.

"ENOUGH! Michael! I named you protector of this world. Lucifer, whom I named its Prince, has defied me. Now cast him into the fiery bowels of his cherished domain, where he will remain forever."

"Michael here was stunned that his fellow angel would rebel against God. He turned to me and cried out:

"Oh Lucifer, you wretch, you were unsurpassed by any angel and shone with brilliant splendor. How dare you defy your God and seek to usurp His place in the world? *Quis ut Deus?* Begone now into the Hell of your domain! You have relinquished your place in Heaven forever."

"I knew that the die was cast forever and my entire being hardened to fire and steel, as pride and hatred swelled within me.

"You dare give me orders, Michael? I rank far higher than you. I will destroy you for such impudence."

"Then, rising high above the other angels I cried out:

"Fellow Angels, hear me! Why does God give us assignments and then forbid us to carry them out in the way we see fit? I showed God how I could improve His earth but He commanded me to leave it alone. When I replied that I would not obey, He told Michael to cast me, the great Lucifer, out of Heaven. If the rest of you don't want to carry out your assignments like dumb slaves, then show your pride and join me! Together we can defeat Michael and hold our place in Heaven!"







\* \* \*

All this while, my friends and I sat dumbstruck as we watched the cataclysmic events unfold. Satan now sat immobile at the edge of the cliff, staring blankly into the abyss, while Michael recited the words of the Apocalypse:

“And there was a great battle in Heaven: Michael and his angels fought with the dragon, and the dragon fought, and his angels. And they prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in Heaven. And that great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, who is called the devil and Satan, who seduceth the whole world. And he was cast unto the earth; and his angels were thrown down with him.” (Apocalypse 12:7-9)

Satan’s face was torturously twisted at the remembrance of his defeat. He said morosely:

“It was a rotten turn of events, Peregrine. There I was, offering God greater glory through the improvements I could make on earth. I, the Light-Bearer Lucifer, would become His mirror, reflecting the adoration that men would give me right up to His Majesty. He wouldn’t listen because He envied my brilliant plans, but I had the courage to defy Him. Yet instead of rewarding my ideas and courage, He cursed me into Hell. That was terribly cruel of Him, don’t you agree, Peregrine?”

I was bewildered hearing his version of the tragic story, and said:

“Well, it does seem quite harsh, I must admit. But then, I suppose God couldn’t tolerate your disobeying him.”

Suddenly Satan jumped up, waving his arms and screaming.

“Why should He care? He’s almighty and all powerful. Nothing His creatures do can harm God!”

He paced feverishly along the edge of the cliff, seething with passion and muttering about revenge.

My friends and I stiffened, wide-eyed and wondering what he would do. Then Michael calmed us by explaining.

“It’s true that we cannot harm God, but His justice demands that those who disobey Him must be punished. And so, Peregrine, Lucifer became Satan. Instead of glorifying God by serving Him as an obedient Prince of the World, he sought to be as God, and be worshiped by the men of his principdom. Now he is the Prince of Darkness and the Father of Lies and is insanely proud of himself as he proves his mastery over the world. He engages all his brilliant intellect and angelic power to battle God for the souls of men.

“His hatred of God is beyond human comprehension, and his sole delight is to lure men into committing as many sins as possible in order to affront continuously the Supreme Majesty of God, and to drag men into his own kingdom of Hell so as to diminish the number of saints in the Kingdom of Heaven.

“He has utter contempt for men because their nature is so inferior to his. He scorns men’s lower intellect and is repulsed by men’s weakness of will. He loathes the men who are stupid enough to willingly join forces with him. Yet Satan’s hatred of God is so intense that he stoops to utilizing what he considers the slime of the earth in order to pursue his ignominious war. At the same time he scorns even the angels who followed him into Hell, and uses these lesser demons to carry out much of the work of which he is the mastermind.”

Confused thoughts were racing through my head, and I questioned Michael:

“But if God is so good and loves all His creatures, why does He allow Satan to keep working on earth? Why doesn’t God just annihilate Satan and the other demons?”

Michael replied:

“God does not reverse His actions, because nothing God does is a mistake. He made Lucifer–Satan Prince of this earth, and so He permits the fallen angel to continue exercising a certain power in his domain. Ultimately, Satan’s evil is like the fire that purifies the gold of God’s creatures. In fact, He uses Satan and the other demons as instruments for testing man, and this is an efficacious means for man to glorify God. Of course, Satan strives for the opposite result.

“Do you know his main weapon? It is lies disguised as truth. He is too clever to present unadulterated lies which could easily be recognized as such. Instead, he uses deceit. He conceals his lies under the cloak of truths. Thus the unwary victim assents to the apparent truths intellectually and emotionally, and becomes conditioned to maintain his assent to everything presented, even though he might experience a twinge of suspicion about the hidden lies.

“It is like being at a party where everyone is happily eating and drinking. One is offered a beverage from a person who is charming and smiling, and has no reason to suspect that any harm is intended. He accepts the beverage and begins to drink it. It tastes quite good, even if he notices a somewhat unusual flavor, so he happily consumes the drink laced with deadly poison and suffers the consequences.”

At this, Satan stopped his pacing and flashed:

“That’s enough from you, Michael! Keep your mouth shut now. This is *my* story, and I’ll tell it my way.”

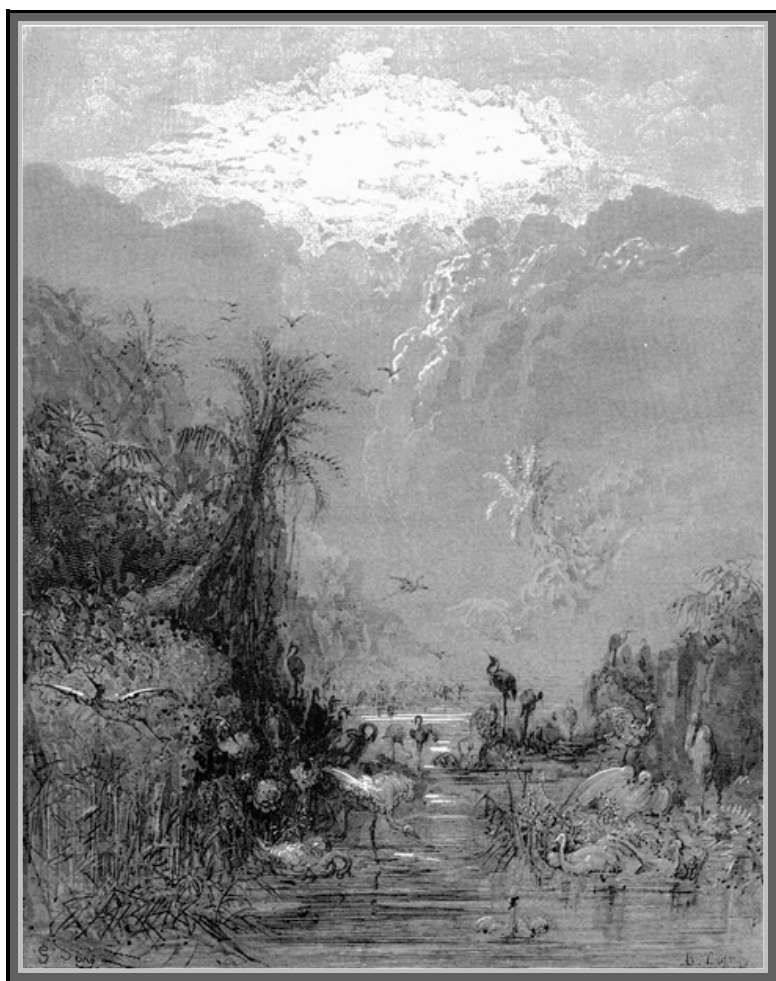
To which Michael replied:

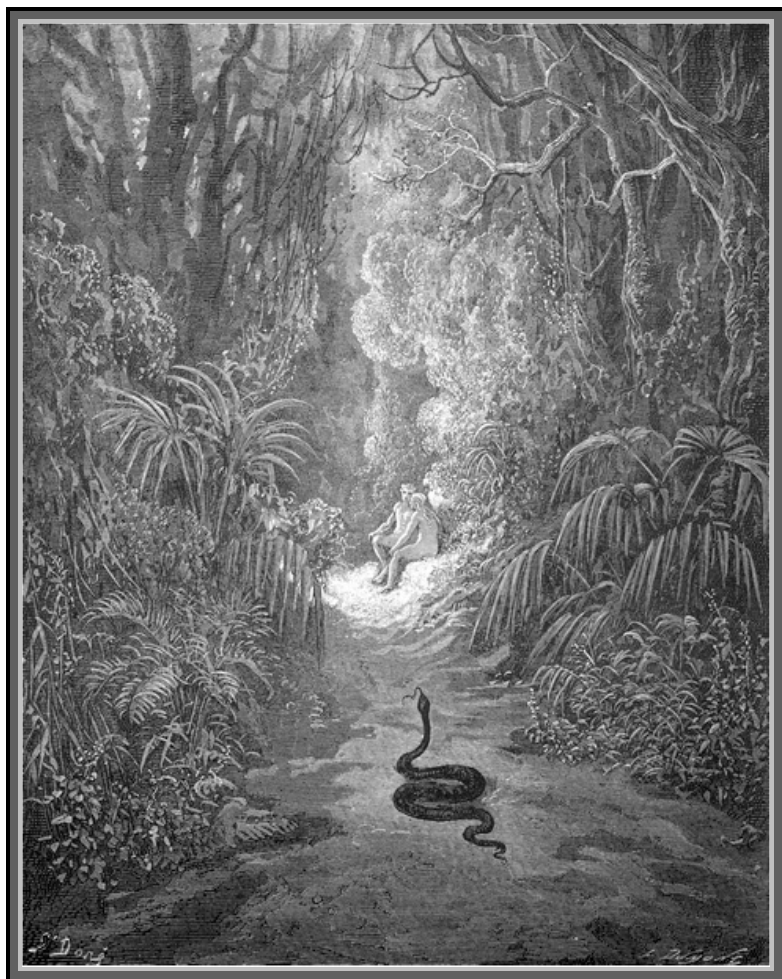
“Go ahead, Satan, but you can’t keep me from clarifying a few things.”

Walking slowly to the very edge of the cliff, Satan looked over his shoulder at us and his eyes were like glowing coals.

“You may come with me now into the time of earthly paradise in the Garden of Eden. There you can witness everything just as it happened. And then we will move on through the ages.”

As if lifted from the ground by a powerful magnet, my friends and I drifted over the cliff and into the time and space when the world had just begun.





## CHAPTER 2 ~ The Fall of Adam and Eve

The place was so unbelievably beautiful. All around us nature seemed to glow with perfection. There were towering trees with luscious fruits, plants and flowers of every variety, and noble animals both giant and small who appeared to be smiling and talking to each other. The air was invigoratingly fresh, and a gentle breeze bore intoxicating scents of flowers and spices. It flooded us with a sense of peace and joy.

We remained still, watching Satan as he moved stealthily through the trees while keeping some distance from Adam and Eve. His eyes glowed with a kind of voraciousness as he spoke to himself.

“This is *my* grand world. I am its Prince. And there are the first two human beings, Adam and Eve. My, they are very beautiful in their fleshly bodies. I must admit that God did a magnificent job with these creatures. All the elements of their bodies work in harmony to sustain their material life. They even have the strange ability to actually enjoy all their physical sensations. They delight in everything they see and hear and smell and taste and touch. I could almost envy them were it not that my pure spirit is far superior. Still, such physical pleasure is an enviable feature that makes their transitory period of life on earth quite enjoyable. Indeed it makes them grateful to God for the experience.

“I must use this strange gift of pleasure as a weapon in my war. In some cases, I will obsess men with an insatiable craving for pleasure so that they violate even their own natures to obtain it. In other cases, I will see to it that their pleasure is replaced by terrible pain, and then God will see how readily His little humans will curse Him.

"Lucky for me that the Creator made the intellects of these humans so dependent on their senses. Even though I can't read their thoughts or force their wills, I can bombard their imaginations and excite their senses to distract their minds from God and lead them onto my paths. Now let me get working on these two.

"The male's intellect is dominant, but the female's sentiments are dominant, so she is more vulnerable to clever guiles. It will be easy to trick her into disobeying that trivial command of God to not eat the fruit of one tree. Ah, she has left Adam to his work tending the animals and here she comes to gather some fruit. I'll become a gentle serpent and win her sympathy and trust."

Immediately Satan transformed himself into a very graceful and luminous serpent. Approaching Eve, he greeted her courteously.

"Good morning, fair lady. I see you are gathering some fine fruit. But tell me, please: Why hath God commanded you, that you should not eat of every tree of paradise?"

Eve smiled kindly at the pretty serpent.

"Of the fruit of the trees that are in paradise we do eat. But of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of paradise, God hath commanded us that we should not eat; and that we should not touch it, lest perhaps we die."

At this, the serpent tilted his head and appeared wise and eager to teach her. He said soothingly:

"No, no, fair lady, you shall not die the death. For God knows that in what day soever you shall eat thereof, your eyes shall be opened: and you shall be as gods, knowing good and evil!"

I stiffened as I saw Eve's eyes widening with wonder. She seemed truly puzzled and slowly said to the serpent:



“Are you suggesting that God does not want us to learn everything we can about the earth? Surely not! Why would God not want us to know both good and evil? Or could it be that God’s command was just a little teasing to see if we had the sense to realize that He meant for us to eat from all the trees?”

And she looked again at the forbidden tree and saw that it bore fine fruit. She paused a moment and then took and ate one of the fruits. Then she ran to her husband and said:

“Look, Adam, I’ve eaten the fruit that God forbade, and I didn’t die! The gentle serpent told me I wouldn’t. He explained that eating the fruit would open our eyes so we could know good and evil and be as gods.”

Adam bolted upright as though struck by lightening and gasped:

“EVE! God commanded us not to touch that fruit! How could you disobey?”

Eve winced slightly, as though ashamed, but then brightened and eagerly tried to convince her husband.

“Don’t be silly, Adam. The gentle serpent was right. God was only teasing us. I ate the forbidden fruit and didn’t die the death. Here, just take a little bite and you will see.”

I held my breath watching Adam hesitate for a moment, looking from the fruit to the lovely face of Eve, and then he slowly reached for the fruit and ate it.

At this, the serpent vanished and Satan appeared again, behind a tree out of sight of the first humans. He threw his head back and shrieked with laughter.

“I won!!! I was right, of course. Adam wouldn’t have fallen for my trick, but now to please his wife he has eaten the forbidden fruit.”

He spun around as though dancing with exhilaration, and looking upward shouted:

“Hah, Almighty God! I spit in Your face with my first victory! How easy it was for this brilliant Prince! These humans will follow me just as all those angels did. You punished us angels severely. Now how will you punish these humans?”

In the meantime, Adam and Eve seemed wracked with anguish and ashamed of their own bodies. They tied fig leaves together to cover themselves and tried to hide when they heard God call them. And when God questioned them on their disobedience, they made excuses, with Adam blaming Eve and Eve blaming the serpent. Then God said:

“Eve, I will multiply thy sorrows, and thy conceptions: in sorrow shalt thou bring forth children, and thou shalt be under thy husband’s power, and he shall have dominion over thee.

“Adam, because thou hast hearkened to the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat, cursed is the earth in thy work: with labor and toil shalt thou eat thereof all the days of thy life. Thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee, and thou shalt eat the herbs of the earth. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return to the earth out of which thou wast taken: for dust thou art, and into dust thou shalt return.”

Satan clapped his hands and leapt around in a little dance of mockery and addressed God:

“Marvelous! You are a just God, I must admit. You have stripped the slime of the earth of all the special gifts You first gave them, and so it should be. Their bodies are no longer vigorous, and so they will suffer pain and exhaustion. And just as You warned them, they will undergo the agony of death when their souls are torn from their bodies. But best of all, they have lost mastery over their minds and eyes and ears and

flesh. By their own crime they have thrown away their powers to resist me. I will lure every one of them into my kingdom of Hell.”

God thundered at Satan:

“Because thou hast done this thing, thou art cursed among all cattle, and beasts of the earth: upon thy breast shalt thou go, and earth shalt thou eat all the days of thy life. I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed: she shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel.”

Sneering with derision Satan brazenly taunted:

“She shall crush my head??? Never!!! I shall lie in wait for her heel??? Never!!! Remember, Oh Almighty Enemy, You made me Prince of this earth until the end of time, so no mere human can ever get the best of me. Eve is a mere human and all her children will be mere humans. Really, I can’t believe You would say such nonsense! Are You so enraged by my victory that You talk foolishness, Oh Infinite Wisdom?”

God’s eyes fixed Satan with a silent penetrating glare, and the devil retorted:

“Oh? You won’t speak to me now? No matter. I will see and hear for myself all that happens. Ha, ha! There go Adam and Eve slinking out of that luxuriant Garden. And their beautiful bodies are covered with animal skins! Is their flesh now so sensitive that they need protection from the sun and rain and cold? Or perhaps now their passions are out of control and they need to cover the exciting parts of their bodies? What a boon for me!

“You see, Almighty Adversary, my first engagement with Your pitiful human creatures has won for me a multiple victory.

One: I lured them into offending Your great majesty. Two: I gave them a taste of disobedience. Three: I mortally wounded their physical and mental powers so they will be even less able to resist my temptations. Four: I confirmed my role as Prince of this earth. The scorecard is now Satan-4, God-0."

At this, God and the Garden of Eden disappeared, but the rest of the earth where Adam and Eve had been banished remained. We watched Satan swaggering about and ranting like a madman.

"Ah, how good my victory feels. And their taste of disobedience especially pleases me, because it will remain forever with all the offspring of Adam and Eve. God created them in His image, but now they also bear a touch of *my* image! They will actually be proud of their new birthmark.

"Yes, pride and disobedience are inseparable. We creatures recognize all the wonderful attributes God has given to us. But instead of swelling with humble gratitude to God, we swell with pride in ourselves, feeling that somehow we are the source of our own powers. We feel self-sufficient and independent, and it galls us to have anyone, including God, tell us what we must think and do. Sometimes we disobey just to show God that we don't need Him. I will do everything to stimulate this pride and disobedience in humans—first, for the sheer satisfaction of offending my Eternal Enemy, and second, to bring His punishment on the despicable earthlings by banishment to my kingdom of Hell.

"I hate these humans for many reasons, but most of all because they have the generative power to multiply themselves and add to the number of God's worshippers—we angels don't have such power! I will use all my skills to make them offend God by perverting their generative faculties in the most disgusting ways. On the other hand, of course, I do profit from their bearing offspring, because the more people they generate, the more people I can conquer and possess. I win both ways!"

## CHAPTER 3 ~ The Descendants of Adam and Eve

The enormity of the disaster wrought by Adam and Eve weighed upon us like a leaden cloud, as we realized the crippling consequences for all men. But there was no time to think about it, because Satan picked up the story again.

“Let’s continue now. Take a look at the first two sons of Adam: Cain and Abel. Did I mention that God’s punishments for their parents’ sin included not only the death that He warned them about, but also pain and suffering, with the earth resisting their labor? Sure enough, they have already begun to experience the drudgery of hard work. Look at them sweat!

“God instructed men to worship Him by offering sacrifices, so here come the brothers with their offerings: Cain with fruits of the land which he presents begrudgingly, and Abel with the firstlings of his flock which he presents with a cheerful heart. Of course God is displeased with Cain, and now is my opportunity.”

We saw Cain skulking away and Satan approaching him.

“Hello there, Cain! I notice that God certainly doesn’t appreciate how hard you worked to cultivate those lovely fruits and vegetables and what it cost you to give them up as an offering to Him! But your sniveling brother acted so happy to sacrifice his lamb that God was pleased with him. Abel made you look like a fool! The nerve of him! Why don’t you give him a taste of that death God promised?”

Cain pondered the suggestion and, filled with resentment, he hurried back to find Abel. Satan tossed back his head and cried:

“Ha, ha, there he goes, fuming with envy and hatred, and he kills his own innocent brother. Marvelous! Every little offense to God leads to more and greater offenses. My victories are multiplying.”

## CHAPTER 4 ~ The Deluge and Aftermath

We were again sitting with Satan atop the cliff, watching a swift panorama of generations of men passing through time, with armies of demons meandering throughout the earth. He nodded with satisfaction and turned his head slightly toward us.

“See for yourselves. Fifteen hundred years have rolled by since Adam and Eve were created, and the humans have kept multiplying along with their sins. I have proven myself a Prince they love to follow. I tell them to enjoy themselves, to seek pleasure at any cost, to steal from others whatever they want, to indulge in the thrill of torturing and raping and murdering the weakest among them. And they do it with brutal ferocity, each trying to outdo the next one and reveling in their depravity. The earth has become a jungle of savage human beasts, who, after devouring one another, dash headlong into my fiery domain. Just look at how victorious I am and how unhappy my Eternal Enemy is!”

My friends and I gaped in horror at this display of human evil, and Livius began shaking and whispered:

“This is exactly what’s going to happen, and very soon, with the meltdown of civilization.”

Sirena hissed:

“Keep quiet, Livius, before one of those barbarians hears you and comes after us.”

We had forgotten about Michael standing in the background, but now he stepped forward and addressed us.

“Dear friends, perhaps you have read this in the book of Genesis, which explains what happened:

And God seeing that the wickedness of men was great on the earth, and that all the thought of their heart was bent upon evil at all times, it repented Him that He had made man on the earth. And being touched inwardly with sorrow of heart, He said: 'I will destroy man, whom I have created, from the face of the earth, from man even to beasts, from the creeping thing even to the fowls of the air, for it repenteth Me that I have made them.' But Noe found grace before the Lord." (Genesis 6:5-8)

Satan gloated and interjected flippantly:

"What a tribute to my expertise from God Himself! What an acknowledgment that His Prince has turned the humans against Him. It will be very amusing to watch them endure the agony of drowning before plummeting into my furnaces. You see, God decided to flood the entire earth and drown every living creature except Noe and his family and the birds and beasts they save in their ark. My victory would be complete except for that despicable Noe. But then, if God didn't spare Noe's family, that would be the end of our war, and I do enjoy these battles, especially as I am the one winning nearly all of them."

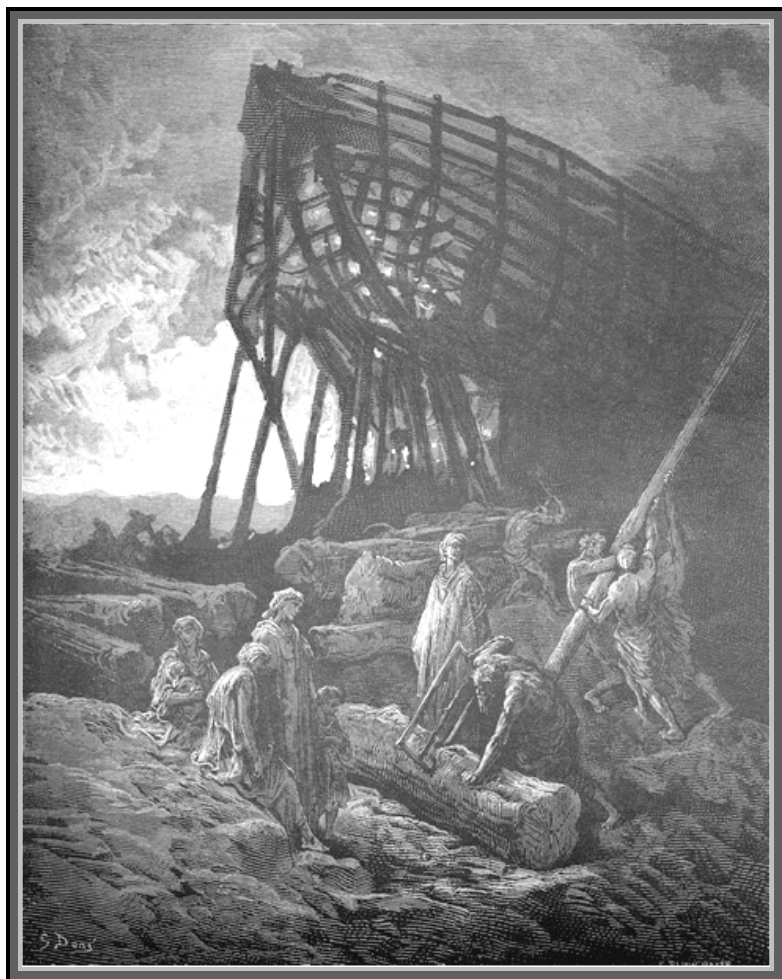
Before us then appeared a scene of men hewing logs and fitting them together. Satan pointed to them.

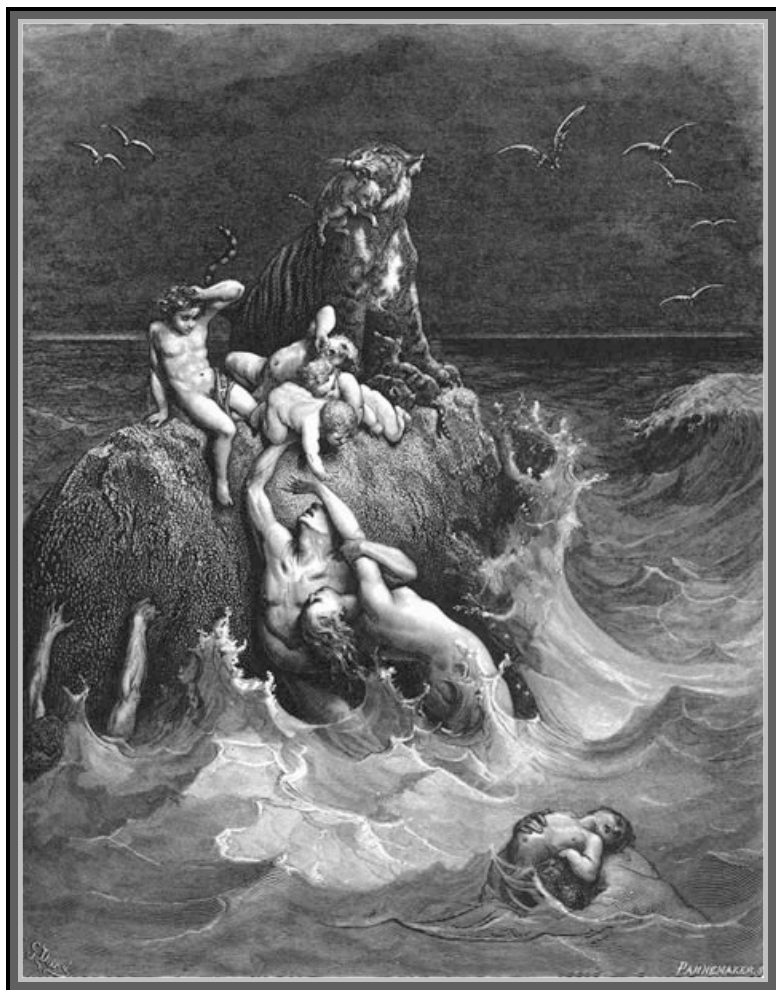
"Look at the fool Noe working like a slave to build that gigantic ark on dry land, enduring the jeers and ridicule of all around."

Scornfully shouting to Noe:

"Jackass! Jackass! Can't you see that God is making a jackass out of you? He'll never flood the whole earth, He loves it too much. You're wasting your time and humiliating your family. Stop it!"







But Noe and his sons just continued working diligently, and the ark soon appeared to be finished. Satan mused aloud:

“What a nerve to ignore me! I must admit, though, that the man has powerful faith to carry on with such a fantastic venture amidst all the scorn.”

Then we heard God telling Noe and his family to lead the animals by pairs into the ark. When all were inside, huge raindrops started falling and soon there was a torrential downpour. All the people outside the ark began screaming with terror as the waters rose, and they frantically pounded on the ark begging Noe to let them in. But in a moment they were all lifted off the ground and thrashed about by the violent waves, their eyes bulging with agony as they gagged and drowned.

Satan sneered:

“Ha, ha! Millions of wretched mortals were sucked under to their gruesome death. Quite a population explosion in Hell, but my underling demons easily managed to give each one his due share of torture.”

We watched sadly as the rain fell upon the earth forty days and forty nights, drowning every living creature but those who were safely inside the ark. The entire earth remained flooded for a year, and then the waters receded into the seas and oceans. The ark rested atop Mount Ararat and Noe brought his family and animals out to the dry land, where he immediately offered a sacrifice to God.

Slowly Satan turned to us with a sinister smile.

“See how desperate God was that He purged the earth of the rotten ones and was counting on Noe and his children to repopulate the world with a better crop of men who would behave according to His designs. Of course that will never

happen because I am Prince of this world and I can lead the fools according to my own designs.”

Once again we saw a panorama of many generations of men who descended from Noe and his children, with families and tribes scattered across the land, totally occupied with fighting both the elements and each other to secure food and shelter. And we could also see brigades of ugly demons rushing about among them, stirring up hatred and brutality and keeping them from even thinking about God and His commands.

## CHAPTER 5 ~ The Chosen People

Michael's deep voice recalled our attention.

"Five centuries passed after the immense flood, and a great new era was about to begin as God took pity on His children and made a covenant with Abraham to father His Chosen People."

Satan began pacing around angrily and grumbling.

"That was an annoying turn of events. His Jealous Highness decided to hamper me a bit by setting apart a special group of people under His direct guidance. He selected Abraham to be father of the Jewish nation. God tested him severely but he remained faithful and strong. His son Isaac begot Jacob, the father of twelve sons who formed the twelve tribes of Israel. These people proved to be quite tough and maintained a strong identity as the Chosen Ones. Of course, I still managed to have plenty of successes among them, all the while hauling in by droves those outside the Jewish nation."

Michael intervened.

"This period of human history was most dramatic. Jacob's young son Joseph was sold into slavery by his envious brothers, and ended up in Egypt as manager of the Pharaoh's crops. Then when the seven years of drought came as he predicted, he saved the Egyptians from famine and became the rescuer of his own brothers' families, who moved into Egypt where they thrived very well. In fact they prospered so much that the next Pharaoh feared that the Jews might overpower Egypt, so he enslaved them and began killing off their male babies. Finally, God chose Moses to lead the Jews out of Egyptian slavery and into the Promised Land of milk and honey."

Satan spat on the ground.

“Things were moving in line with God’s special plan for that Chosen People. For years the most I could do was lure as many as possible into idolatry, although Moses was a severe leader who brought them back after each transgression. It wasn’t fair to me that God spelled out His rules of living for those ignorant people. He actually engraved ten commandments into stone for them! Well, at least that showed me what constituted disobedience, and from then on I could direct my attention at getting them to disobey those commandments. My favorite challenge has been the first one: *‘I am the Lord thy God. Thou shalt not have strange gods before me.’*

“Strange gods! Yes, that was loaded with possibilities for my clever deception! I gave the Jews plenty of idols, brass monkeys, golden calves, and the like. And I corrupted them with the strange gods of the Egyptians and other heathens. But those were very obvious strange gods that Moses and their other leaders in the following centuries could quickly recognize and discredit. So I learned to do much better than that, and here’s a little preview of my successful maneuvers only a few thousand years later.

“I used the true qualities of God Himself to trick men into believing that worshiping these qualities is the same as worshiping God. Yes, I fashioned for men a strange god of beauty, and one of justice, and one of power, and one of order, and one of knowledge, and one of goodness, and one of mercy. Oh, the delightful possibilities! Instead of rejoicing in beauty because it is the reflection of God, men soon worshiped the god of beauty wherever they could find or create it. They beautified their bodies and clothing and worshiped themselves.

“With my help they set up a false god of justice and world order, where *they* decided how people should behave for the

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common good as *they* see it, without regard for God's designs or commands.

"God's knowledge is another quality that men crave passionately ever since that first taste of the forbidden fruit from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. They pride themselves on their ravenous devouring of information and accept even fables as fact. They believe that information is equal to knowledge and invariably leads to truth and wisdom. So in the twentieth century I helped them devise technologies for instant access to information and they became convinced that they had great knowledge. And this was another one of the strange gods they put before God.

"Goodness and mercy are also perfect qualities to turn into gods. Men love to show how good and merciful they are. They even try to show that they are more good and merciful than God Himself. But instead of working for the good of souls, men work for the good of the body and emotions. They pride themselves on making others feel happy, making others feel loved and appreciated, making others feel they are part of a grand human family. And men show mercy by condoning everyone's behavior regardless of how sinful and depraved it may be. Yes, man's twisted conception of goodness and mercy have provided him with additional strange gods to serve.

"So that first commandment of God has been a marvelous springboard for me to deceive you idiots and turn you away from the true God to false ones of your own contriving. I also analyzed the other nine commandments for further clues to prey on your vulnerabilities.

"But wait! I see a great gathering before my Enemy and must check it out."

## CHAPTER 6 ~ Job

After this long harangue, we were relieved to see some action again. Satan entered amidst a crowd of men standing before God, and the Almighty addressed him.

“Satan! Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a simple and upright man, and fearing God, and avoiding evil?”

Satan’s face grew dark with suspicion.

“Oh, so You’ve decided to speak to me again after all these years? And You praise Job? What merit does he have, since You have lavished such good fortune on him? But stretch forth Your hand a little, and take away his possessions, and You will soon hear him curse You to Your face.”

We were stunned to hear God calmly reply.

“Very well, all that Job has is in your hands, Satan. See for yourself if you can shake his faith.”

A brief flash of surprise crossed the devil’s face.

“How interesting! The Almighty has thrown me a direct challenge. This will be simple. In a moment I will destroy Job’s sheep and oxen and all his servants, and for good measure I will kill all his darling children. No sooner said than done! Now he is hearing the news of his losses, so let’s see what he does.”

We watched Job look sadly around at the calamity that had befallen him, and noticed that Satan was appalled that Job did not curse God.



“What’s this? That fool rends his garments and falls down upon the ground praising God!”

With dignity Job resigned himself to God’s will.

“Naked came I out of my mother’s womb, and naked shall I return thither: the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: as it hath pleased the Lord so is it done: blessed be the name of the Lord.”

Furious at this display of submission and humility, Satan muttered:

“How disgustingly servile to honor God after being crushed like that!”

God’s voice sounded almost merry as He addressed the devil.

“So, Satan! I repeat: Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a man simple, and upright, and fearing God, and avoiding evil, and still keeping his innocence, even though I allowed you to afflict him without cause?”

Trembling with anger at his apparent defeat Satan cried:

“Skin for skin, and all that a man hath he will give for his life, but put forth Your hand, and touch his bone and his flesh, and then You will see that he will curse You to Your face.”

Again, calmly, God said:

“Behold he is in your hand, but spare his life.”

We cringed at seeing Satan’s eyes roll and his mouth drip slime.

“Fine! It gives me great pleasure to inject Job with such hideous disease that it oozes out of ulcers all over his body.

Look now at the wretch sitting on a dunghill! How utterly repulsive. Here comes his wife and she taunts him. What will he answer to her?"

To our surprise, Job tells her:

"Thou hast spoken like one of the foolish women: If we have received good things at the hand of God, why should we not receive evil?"

Satan grew even more vexed.

"Damn that man, he holds firm. Let's send his old friends to visit him. See how they are revolted at the sight and puke on the ground. They rend their garments and heap ashes on their heads. Now at last Job is feeling despondent."

The poor man began weeping in desperation.

"Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said: A man child is conceived. Let that day be turned into darkness, let not God regard it from above, and let not the light shine upon it. Let darkness and the shadow of death cover it, let a mist overspread it, and let it be wrapped up in bitterness.... Why did I not die in the womb? Why did I not perish when I came out of the belly?" (Job 3:3-5,11)

Smiling with satisfaction, the devil gloated.

"That's more like it. Job is beginning to feel sorry for himself and soon he will curse God as I predicted. Now Job's friends tell him that he is being punished for his sins.

"But WAIT! Suddenly Job holds fast and proclaims his innocence and even does penance for complaining against God."

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Satan was now fuming at his failure:

“So that’s it! This was a trick from the accursed Almighty to discredit my powers as Prince of the earth! And now He heals Job and blesses him with children and more sheep and possessions than he had before.

Looking upward, Satan snarled:

“You won this little battle, God, but I will win many more and I will not be humiliated again by Your tricks.”

## CHAPTER 7 ~ The Promised Land

The scene with Job disappeared and our narrator showed no sign of discomfort at his apparent defeat.

“Now to continue that story of the Chosen People. This is just a brief sketch, of course, but I want you to realize that I, the Prince of this world, have been the Master Manipulator of man throughout every chapter of your history.”

Michael, who had refrained from interrupting his enemy’s story-telling, then addressed us.

“Keep in mind that while Satan indeed retains his position as prince of this world, he has chosen to be the eternal enemy of our Omnipotent God, and works unceasingly to win souls for himself.”

I could see that Livius was totally bewildered at this point, and he asked Michael:

“Why does God allow Satan and his demons to continue wreaking havoc on earth? We men are already severely handicapped since Adam’s fall. It’s hard enough for us to survive without harming our fellow men. Isn’t struggling with the elements difficult enough, without our having to struggle with demons?”

Michael smiled kindly and replied:

“As you saw from the story of Job, those who put their total trust in God and remain steadfast in faith receive the strength to endure every onslaught of the devil. And their courage brings glory to God and defeat to Satan.”

My friends and I looked at each other and knew that each of us was wondering if we could muster that amount of faith and trust. Even though we felt a kind of strength touching us from Michael's very presence, we also felt an almost irresistible, tremendous power emanating from the devil.

Tossing Michael a glance of annoyance, Satan then said:

"Stop interfering and let me continue my story. Let's get back to Moses now. After forty years of wandering in the desert, the Jews finally arrived in the Promised Land where they spent most of their time warring with the neighboring tribes and squabbling among themselves. When they grew weary of the constant fighting, they demanded that God give them a king, thinking this would bring some peace and order. Tired of listening to their complaints, God granted their request. Their first king was Saul, followed by David.

"This man David was one of the most fascinating characters in the history of mankind, and I daresay almost worthy of my own admiration. He was unsurpassed as a warrior and leader, and established Jerusalem as capital of the nation. He was also a passionate sinner who committed adultery and then had the woman's husband killed in battle. That's the kind of scoundrel I like.

"Unfortunately, however, he was a true Hebrew and faithful to his God, so he repented and served his Lord with every ounce of his strength. At the same time he was a gifted musician and poet and the Creator of beauty inspired him to compose some of the most splendid literature of mankind. Besides being exquisite, it was also powerfully prophetic and portrayed much about the Messiah who was to come. I especially hate David. Such a perfect specimen of man should readily succumb to pride, but despite my most clever persuasions, he remained despicably humble.

“Solomon, the son of David, was more to my liking. True, God poured an undeserved wealth of wisdom into him and moved him to write a volume of clever admonitions for generations to come. Happily for me, though, man is too foolish to pay attention to such wise sayings. Even Solomon himself didn’t heed his own words. After building the most magnificent temple to God, he listened to my whisper that he deserved to have a palace for himself that would be just as magnificent. How delightful it was to watch him become so engrossed in building his palace that he burdened his subjects beyond their limit. Best of all, he took to himself the most beautiful wives from among the pagans and for the sake of pleasing them he built shrines to their pagan idols! Oh, that wounded God to the quick, seeing His dear wise Solomon turning into a ridiculous old fool!

“When he died, most of the twelve tribes broke away from his son Roboam’s oppression and established the kingdom of Israel. I made certain that the opposing kingdoms of Judah and Israel were kept so busy fighting each other that they couldn’t defend themselves against their foreign enemies, and soon they were conquered and carried into the Assyrian and Babylonian captivities.

“So much for the integrity of the Chosen People! Once they had lived among the pagans they became quite corrupted, and remained so even after they returned to their own land. Their interest in the promised Messiah was only to have a powerful earthly king to make them great among the nations. The priests and pharisees carried out the ordained rituals and precepts only to secure their positions of honor and comfort. They were a pack of lovely hypocrites, and the sadducees were a pack of lovely heretics, all of them heeding my subtle whispers in their ears. Even the roaring prophets who exposed their sins and warned of God’s terrible wrath went unheeded. After all, who wants to hear bad news?”

## CHAPTER 8 ~ The Messiah

My friends and I were feeling rather exhausted from listening to the history of ancient mankind, particularly since most of it showed how effective Satan was in leading people astray. Then Michael spoke with a touch of excitement.

“Five thousand years after Adam and Eve, the time had arrived for God’s promised Messiah to enter the world of men. Satan had been watching throughout the ages for the events predicted by the prophets so that he could undermine the Savior, but first he had be sure of His identity. When my fellow archangel Gabriel came to the priest Zachary and told him that he and his old wife Elizabeth were to have a son who would be great before the Lord, Satan was on high alert.

“He grew even more vigilant when Gabriel announced to the Immaculate Virgin Mary that she was to bear the Son of the Most High and the Lord God would give unto Him the throne of David His father, and He would reign in the house of Jacob for ever, and of His kingdom there would be no end. The great Messianic era was about to begin.”

Now Satan began pacing back and forth, his eyes blazing with hatred and resentment.

“That was the turning point in history. I kept vigilant as the boys were born, lived their pious but boring childhood, and grew into men. John lived austerely in the desert and the people flocked to him. He had the fire and mettle of the prophets of old, and roared at the Jews to repent and do penance.

“Jesus grew up as a humble carpenter’s son. He didn’t show John’s fire. He even went to John to be baptized, so I assumed

that he must be the lesser one. But no! The unmistakable voice from Heaven came and said: 'Thou art My beloved Son. In Thee I am well pleased.' It seemed possible that this man Jesus was in fact the Son of God, and I had to make certain.

"After the baptism, I followed him to the desert where he fasted and prayed for forty long days and nights. When the fast was over I knew he would be weak, and that was the time to test him, since no mere human would be able to resist me in such a condition."

We held our breath watching Satan slink up to Jesus and challenge Him:

"You there, if you be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread."

Satan looked amazed at hearing Jesus calmly reply, quoting scripture:

"It is written, not in bread alone doth man live, but in every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God."

The devil muttered under his breath:

"Very clever. He is indeed a strong man and wants to prove it to me. No matter. Now I will bring him to Jerusalem and set him on a pinnacle of the temple, and I will myself quote scripture."

In an instant the scene changed to the temple, with both Jesus and Satan standing atop it.

"Hear me, man: If you be the Son of God, cast yourself down, for it is written: 'He hath given His angels charge over thee, and in their hands shall they bear thee up, lest perhaps thou dash thy foot against a stone.'"



Without looking at Satan Jesus gazed over the city and replied:

“It is written again: Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.”

His lips twisted in resentment, Satan muttered:

“Another rebuttal from scripture. No matter. Now I will lead him onto a high mountain and show him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time.”

Once more the scene changed, this time to a mountain top overlooking the entire world, and Satan stretched his arm toward the horizon, saying to Jesus:

“All these will I give thee, if falling down thou wilt adore me.”

Jesus turned and faced the devil, thundering:

“Begone, Satan, for it is written: The Lord thy God shalt thou adore, and Him only shalt thou serve.”

Satan recoiled with snakelike speed, his eyes revealing a trace of fear. Jesus disappeared from the scene, as Satan resumed his characteristic stealthy pacing about the top of the cliff.

“My test of the Man was conclusive, and I knew with absolute certainty that this Jesus was the Son of God. The hatred I had harbored since my first *“Non serviam!”* exploded within me and provoked outrage that the Almighty would permit His majesty to be degraded by the unspeakable humiliation of assuming the body of lowly man! I could not fathom the purpose of such apparent madness. At the very least, if He lowered His Divinity to such a disgusting level, He should have let His Son enter the world as the mighty King the Jews were expecting. It did not make sense at all, so I decided to leave this Jesus alone for awhile and observe His plan, which surely was to defeat me in some way.”

We sensed that Satan realized he had no direct power over Jesus, and was therefore contriving to manipulate men to destroy his enemy. Scenes of the three-year ministry of Jesus appeared before us as Satan commented.

“He walked the length and breadth of Israel preaching to the crowds who left John the Baptizer and who were drawn to the authority within Him. He worked great miracles to convince them. The simple ones readily believed Him, but I hardened the hearts of the priests and pharisees. Most of them were corrupt anyway, and it was easy to persuade them that this Jesus must be stopped or He would draw all the people out of their clutches.

“Something sinister seemed to be happening when Jesus singled out twelve men to form a tightly knit group. Was this the beginning of an army to overthrow the priests and pharisees? They were not gathering weapons or doing military training. But Jesus was intensifying their instruction and appointed Simon Peter as chief among the twelve. It seemed He was preparing them for some later work. Time would tell.”

It was fascinating to watch the New Testament stories unfold before us, with Jesus teaching and proving by miracles that He was the Son of God. Michael explained the situation.

“The Hebrew people began following Him in droves. But the priests and pharisees were corrupt and readily heeded the promptings of Satan. They refused to accept a Messiah who was not going to be a powerful king like David and make the Jewish nation ruler of the entire world. And so they vowed to kill Him.”

Satan was growing more excited.

“The time was near. Jesus said so Himself. I decided to win over one of His cherished twelve so that he would betray his master.”

We watched Satan approach an Apostle on a dark night.

“Judas Iscariot! Look at yourself! Following a mere carpenter who calls himself the Messiah but is doing nothing to restore the glory of Israel. If he were really the Son of God as he claims, he would be reigning as King over the whole earth. The priests and pharisees are right. This man is not worth your time. Do yourself and every other Jew a favor. Turn him over to the priests, and you will advance yourself in the eyes of all. Yes, do it now. Don’t think about all the miracles he performed. I and my demons can work miracles too! Show the world that you have more sense than those others who follow him. Yes, do it now.”

We looked with dread at this trusted Apostle and saw his face harden and a faint smile of satisfaction twist his lips. He hurried away and Satan gloated.

“Ahhh. Success is sweet. There goes Judas to the priests, proud of himself for volunteering to turn over the trouble-maker. And they even reward the traitor with thirty pieces of silver.”

Then Judas returned to his fellow Apostles for the Passover meal. We could tell that Jesus clearly knew that he was about to betray Him, even though Judas pretended that all was well. He quickly left when Jesus told him to do the deed, and the others didn’t realize what was about to happen. Satan nodded with approval, but then exuded bitter hatred.

“As they finished the Passover meal, the most dreadful ceremony was performed by Jesus. He took the bread and transformed it into His flesh and gave it to His Apostles to eat! Then He took the wine and turned that into His blood and gave it to His Apostles to drink! He told them that they must perform this same enactment of the supreme sacrifice that He was about to make on the cross. Only God would dare such an incredible thing!”

Michael explained to us:

“At this Last Supper of Our Lord Jesus Christ, He conferred on His Apostles His own sacred priesthood and established the Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist to nourish men’s souls. The Apostles were stunned and could not yet fully grasp this Divine mystery.”

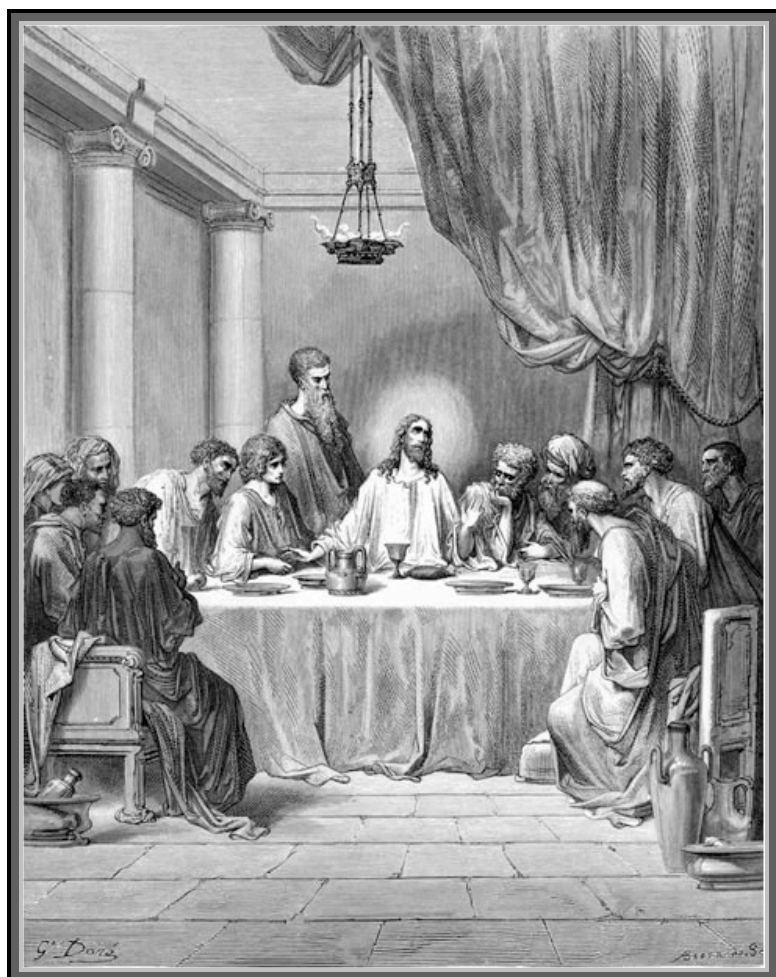
When the supper was over, we watched Satan follow Jesus and three of His Apostles as he commented:

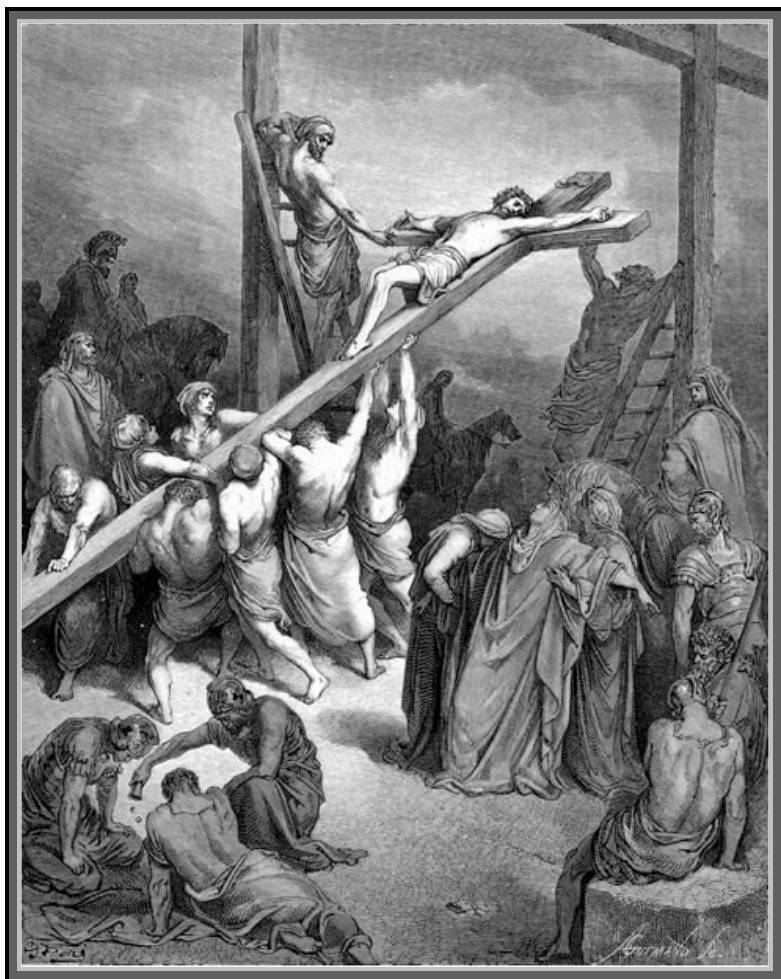
“They’re going now to the garden to pray, but only Jesus prays while His favorite Apostles fall asleep. What pleasure it gives me to see the bloody sweat pour out of Him as He begs His Father to let the chalice pass. Still, He wills to do His Father’s will. And I will see to it that He suffers the most gruesome torture imaginable.”

Suddenly we heard a loud commotion as a group entered the garden. Satan smiled.

“Good, here comes Judas with the soldiers, and now he approaches and kisses his Messiah, just as I knew he would. Jesus of course knows what is about to happen and He stands firm instead of fleeing or destroying His attackers. He lets them bind and drag Him to Caiphas, and submits to their dastardly abuse. Good old Caiphas. I reminded him that it is fitting that one man should die, and Jesus is just that man. Caiphas and the whole den of hypocrite priests and pharisees think that once this Jesus dies, they can continue their lives as usual. I myself surely hope so. I will blot Jesus and His teaching out of everyone’s minds, and my corruption of the human race will proceed unhindered.”

We then witnessed the entire terrible passion of Christ as Satan continued his blasphemous narration.





“Everything goes as I had planned. The Jews drag Jesus to Pilate and falsely accuse Him. Pilate knows that they are liars and tries to appease them by having Jesus brutally scourged, but they are not satisfied and keep screaming that He be crucified. I whisper in Pilate’s ear that he had better give in to them or the Jews will start a bloody rebellion that will jeopardize Pilate’s position, and so he yields to them and orders the horrendous execution.

“What pleasure it gives me to see the very Son of God carrying the ignominious cross and being cursed and kicked along the road to Calvary. They arrive on the hill of execution. What a thrill to see those iron spikes hammered through His hands and feet, with the blood spurting out all over. Finally, they hoist Him up to hang in agony like the two common criminals next to Him. But it infuriates me that Jesus doesn’t scream in pain. He endures it all silently, and I must admit even with supreme dignity. They spit on Him and ridicule Him. I prod them to shout: ‘He saved others; himself he cannot save. Let Christ the king of Israel come down now from the cross, that we may see and believe.’

“I wish He would jump off the cross and dazzle everyone, so that later I can make it look like trickery. But no, He remains to the bitter end. He even forgives His murderers, saying they don’t know what they are doing. Finally, He dies. Look at His mother Mary, racked with grief as they remove His body from the cross and she cradles it. How I hate that woman, but how I avoid her. She’s too pure, too humble, too obedient, too strong, too knowing. I must keep my distance from her. Well, they put His dead body in the tomb and seal it. I will stand guard and make sure He can’t somehow escape.”

The Passover night and the next day went by in silence. Then on the dawn of Sunday, Satan leapt up near the tomb.

“What’s that earthquake? It’s one of my enemy angels rolling away the stone from the sepulcher! I must stop him.....but my

power has left me! I don't see Jesus walking out, but the tomb is empty."

Then Satan screamed:

"Curse Him forever, there He is speaking to that whore Magdalen. So He did it, He actually rose from the dead on the third day as He foretold, and ruined my plan."

As Satan stormed around the cliff, seething with anger at the remembrance of Christ's resurrection, Michael spoke to us.

"Our Lord's terrible crucifixion and then His resurrection stupefied His disciples, but they could not deny the reality, and so they believed in Him all the more. For six weeks Jesus appeared to His Apostles and the crowds of followers, solidifying His teaching for them.

"His final words before He ascended into Heaven were: 'Going therefore, teach ye all nations: baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. And behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.'

"Our Lord's followers, to this very day, have clung passionately to these words, carrying out His command and trusting completely that He is indeed with them till the end of time."



## CHAPTER 9 ~ The Church

We watched Satan continue to pace around fuming, and then he turned to us.

“Forty days (how I despise that number) after His resurrection from the dead He returned to Heaven and then sent the Holy Spirit who filled His Apostles with extraordinary knowledge and power. From then on, those twelve men were no longer acting like uneducated fishermen and commoners. They turned into zealous firebrands who stood up to the rabbis and pharisees and preached with authority and stunning clarity. They proclaimed relentlessly that Jesus was the Son of God and Messiah Who fulfilled the prophecies and Who redeemed mankind.

“Worse yet, those early Christians were ready to die in defense of their faith in Jesus, and their courage won ever more followers.”

Then Satan spun around and faced God.

“That was a stinking, lousy trick, God! Why didn’t you let them remain the stupid knuckleheads they were when Jesus was with them? They couldn’t grasp half of what He said then, but they understood it all clearly after You sent The Bird down to enlighten them and fire them with courage.”

God replied:

“You don’t like that, do you, Satan? You would have preferred that My Son had chosen His Apostles from among the learned men so that nobody would be surprised at their eloquence. Then you could have spread lies that they were clever revolutionaries who made up stories about My Son to promote their own cause. Don’t you agree that My way is better?”

Resentfully, Satan answered:

“It’s useless for me to lie to You, so stop taunting me. Of course Your way is better for You, because the people saw that those stupid men could only have been transformed by Your hand. A clever rotten trick, I say.”

God continued:

“Furthermore, Satan, did you really mean to call the Holy Spirit, Who is the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity, ‘The Bird’?”

Satan clenched his fists and raised his arms high as he shouted defiantly:

“Yes I did! And I will blaspheme You forever! And I will destroy this Church that Your Son calls His Kingdom. The earth is MY kingdom and You will see that I shall demolish His Kingdom.”

God’s voice thundered:

“No, Satan, you may throw your evil shackles around the Church and cause it great misery, but you will never demolish it, because My Son is with it until the end of time.”

Enraged, Satan screamed:

“I’ll show you, God, just wait and see. In the end, I will win!”

## CHAPTER 10 ~ The War After Pentecost

Turning back to us, Satan was calm again and spoke.

“Well that was my Enemy’s clever plan, but never mind. I allowed this little success of God to continue for awhile, because I knew my time would come again when I will drag every soul on earth into Hell.

“But it was a new situation and my work had to proceed in earnest. I wasn’t expecting that God would provide His Church with special weapons against me, but I vowed to neutralize them all. I’ll concede that it was clever to materialize those weapons so you half-apes could see and hear and touch them, and feel certain that you are being empowered by them. The Church calls this special force ‘sanctifying grace’ and considers it a sharing in the very life of God. And so it is. I know, because I once had it. But I don’t want or need it anymore, because I am completely satisfied with my own self-power.

“I despise those wretched weapons. There are only seven of them, called Sacraments, but they provide all the armaments needed for miserable men to withstand my assaults, provided, of course, that they learn to use them correctly.”

Sirena admitted that she had no idea what the Sacraments are and how they work. So Satan explained.

“Baptism is the essential Sacrament to first establish the life of The Almighty in men and give them a passport into Heaven. How absurd to use water as the material, and to pour it on the person while saying a simple formula. It’s supposed to symbolize washing away the sins. Unfortunately, it’s not just a symbolic act, but it actually does wash away the stain and

punishment due to sin. Back in the Garden of Eden when I lured Adam and Eve into their original sin, it gave me a tremendous advantage in The War to have the sin of the parents pass on to all their children. Since that time not a single human (except that woman Mary) has come into existence free from the blot of original sin. My job is to prevent as many men as possible from ever being baptized, so they cannot enter Heaven.

“Confirmation is the Sacrament that strengthens the virtues and gifts in the baptized by the special infusion of the Holy Spirit, making him a well armored soldier in The War. My job is to block confirmations from happening, or if they do happen, to make men forget that they have such power to fight me.

“The Sacrament of Penance is particularly odious to me. It’s like a battlefield hospital that rescues fallen souls from dying in mortal sin and restores their life and strength. My best tactic here is to delude men into thinking they are not badly wounded so that they put off being treated until it’s too late. And if they do realize how badly wounded they are, I’ll simply work on their vanity so they feel too ashamed to submit their sin-wounds to a priest-healer. They may go to confession, but I’ll ratchet up their prideful feelings of shame so they hide the worst of their ugly sin-wounds and make a sacrilegious bad confession and end up worse than before.

“Matrimony? Let them go ahead and get married before a priest, and then I’ll flood them with every temptation to commit adultery, to indulge in their married pleasure while preventing conception, to murder unborn babies they consider inconvenient, to grow suspicious and distrustful of each other and end up in a poisoned relationship that leads them to divorce and wrecking their children’s lives.

“Extreme Unction is the final help before a man dies, but it will be easy for me to kill millions in accidents, wars and natural catastrophes so that they have no time to get a priest. Only a

few who have prayed during their lives to receive this Sacrament before death will gain the special help they need for my final attack at the moment of death.

“The Eucharist is the weapon I hate the most, not just because It strengthens men so greatly, but because It is God Himself in the maddest folly of His love, feeding men with His own Body. How revolting and disgusting! How unworthy of an Almighty One Who is Creator of all and King of Heaven and earth to debase Himself so as to nourish you despicable men!”

Here Michael interjected:

“The Eucharist is the Lamb offered in the Divine Sacrifice of the Mass. Since the creation of Adam and Eve, God required man to worship Him by means of the sacrifice of some living creature, and particularly by the shedding of an animal’s blood. During the exodus from Egypt He gave the Jews intricate instructions on the manner of sacrificing, and He designated the tribe of Levi to be the priests. But those sacrifices were as nothing compared with the worship due His Majesty. They were small offerings for sin, but they could never repair the least act of offense to God. Only God Man could make reparation worthy of His Majesty.

“And Jesus Christ the Son of God so loved men that He gave Himself up as the Divine sacrificial Lamb, enduring the ignominy and torture of crucifixion to redeem His lowly creatures.”

Satan actually growled.

“Worse yet, He did the unimaginable by empowering men to re-enact His sacrifice by converting bread and wine into His Body and Blood. How I hate Him for this. I will do everything in my power to put an end to the Divine Sacrifice and the feeding of man with God’s Body.

"To conclude the list of Sacraments: Holy Orders is the abominable tool to guarantee the fulfillment of His words: 'Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.' It gives men the power of Christ Himself to change bread and wine into His Body and Blood, and to forgive sins and restore men to sanctifying grace. It makes some of them fully empowered successors of the Apostles who can apply Holy Orders to other men and continue Christ's presence on earth until the end of time. Unless.....unless I can deceive them into corrupting the Sacrament until it is no longer efficacious. Yes, how brilliant I am! That is the way to annihilate His despicable Church, and I will bring it about so quietly that the fools won't even realize what is happening."

Clenching his fists and raising his arms to the sky, Satan shouted:

"You see, God, Your clever plan to save souls from my clutches is not so clever after all, because it depends on Your stupid humans to remain alert and clear thinking. But thanks to Adam and Eve, those human brains are pitifully weak and easily confused. They are no match for my brilliant deceptions, and it will be Your own holy and faithful servants who destroy Your Church with their own hands, all the while believing that they are doing You a favor!"

We heard God's calm reply:

"You are wrong, Satan, because you have not factored in My Holy Spirit. The men who hold firm to My Truth and who remain humble as little children will listen to My Holy Spirit and accept His power to defend My Church even to the shedding of their last drop of blood. You may deceive many, but not all."

Satan cried out defiantly:

"You will see who wins, God! You Yourself made me, Lucifer, Prince of this world, and I will be victorious in the end."

## **CHAPTER 11 ~ A Millennium and a Half**

### **1<sup>st</sup> to 6<sup>th</sup> Centuries A.D.**

Satan sat on a rock, his elbow on his knee and his hand propping his chin, sulking. Michael spoke to us.

“Once the Son of God had established His Church on earth and provided men with powerful Sacraments so they could better resist the enticements of the world, the flesh and the devil, Satan realized that the strategic advantage in his war with God was no longer in his favor. He set about analyzing the new state of affairs and revising his tactics.”

His eyes looking in the distance, Satan pondered aloud.

“Before this abominable Church entered history, my methods for luring men into sin and damnation were quite simple. The masses readily succumbed to their disordered passions and sank into savagery and sexual depravity. Those who fancied themselves a cut above the rabble required only a little push from one of my demons to pursue power and riches and become ruthless tyrants or merchants sucking the lifeblood from the masses. In those days, who had time for God? Even the laws and rituals that the Jews received through Moses had helped to save only a few faithful followers. But now I must deal with a Church endowed with special powers.

“Those despicable early followers of Christ caught the zeal of the Apostles and were most annoyingly unshakable in their faith. They were rapidly making converts and their zeal was spreading like a contagious disease. Damn that Peter for sounding the alarm! He just had to blab out the warning: ‘Brethren, be sober and watch, for your adversary the devil, like a roaring lion, goes about seeking whom he may devour.

Whom resist ye, strong in faith.’ So the followers were on their guard against me and my demons, and the Enemy’s ranks were growing at an alarming rate.

“That called for drastic measures, even if it meant that droves would be entering Heaven for awhile. It would be a minor setback for me, but I had to curb such rapid growth. It was easy enough to convince the Romans that this was a dangerous cult subverting the authority of the Emperor. After all, they refused to pay him the divine honors commanded by law. Not only should the Christians be executed, but the process must be horrendous enough to terrify their fellows into defecting. Yes, and it also provided quite a sordid entertainment for the crude masses. Even women and children were herded into the colosseum like cattle and ripped to pieces and eaten by the hungry lions. Men were crucified, or burned alive as human torches to light the gardens of my friend Nero.

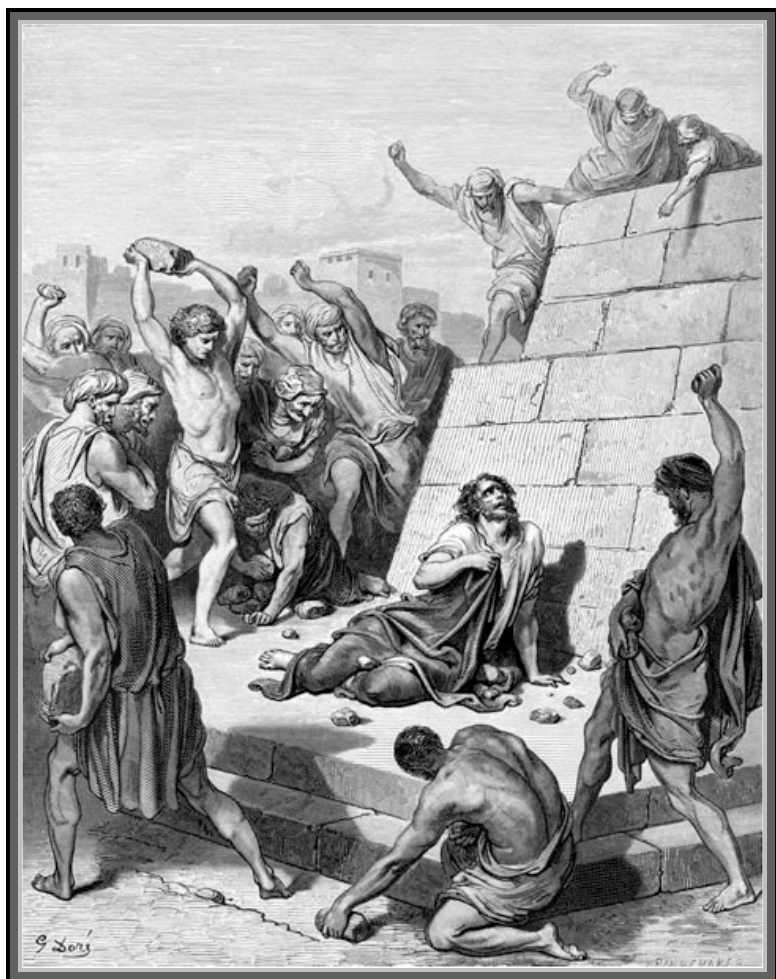
“Ah, how delightful to see them tortured, even though it irritated me no end that most of the wretches seemed to rejoice in such martyrdom, and worse yet, they got into Heaven. Nevertheless, this should have reduced their numbers so they couldn’t spread so fast.”

Then Satan arose and stiffened.

“But the persecutions were backfiring. The more I had the despicable Christians slaughtered, the greater the number of new converts grew. Well then, since this deep rooted vine, as Jesus called Himself (how I despise His self-abasement in using the simple language of common men), was apparently stimulated by my vigorous pruning, the only solution was to poison it from within. Yes, and my poisoning process began with instilling doubts in the minds of the Church’s own bishops and priests. It worked with Adam and Eve, even when they still had unclouded minds, and it would work with the Church leaders.







“After all, God has revealed astounding mysteries to these Christians that He requires them to believe. I could appeal to their reason and show them the absurdity of those mysteries. That would plant a seed of doubt. Then I would appeal to their pride and assure them that God gave them great intellects to be used for critical examination of all things, and especially those affecting their eternal salvation. Just as I convinced Eve that God didn’t really mean what He said about death, so too could I convince the Church leaders that the words of Jesus were not intended to be taken literally. They must think for themselves and interpret everything according to their own brilliant reason!”

This devious strategy disturbed me and I turned apprehensively toward Michael, who explained.

“When he realized how strong the early Christians were, Satan and his demons redoubled their efforts in their war with God. Right from the time of the Apostles, heresies began creeping into the Church. They began with doubts and grew into denials. Did Jesus really have a human nature? Did He have a divine nature? Were both natures united in the Son of God? Was Mary the Mother of God? But as each doctrine was challenged, the Church defined and clarified it with infallible pronouncements so that the faithful no longer had cause to doubt.

“Yet even though the Apostles sternly warned the faithful to be wary of false prophets, the number of these wily corruptors of doctrine grew rapidly under Satan’s guidance. In the fourth century, the priest Arius had a reputation for sanctity, learning and eloquence, and became an admired figure in Alexandria. Satan lost no time in planting doctrinal doubts in his mind, and Arius soon prided himself on his brilliant arguments against the divinity of Christ. He convinced not only the simple faithful of his heresies, but also almost the entire hierarchy, so that it seemed the Church was about to collapse. But God sent men like Basil and Athanasius who fought relentlessly to expose the errors and save the Church from total ruin.

"Others He sent into the deserts to live in solitary prayer, penance and study, for their own sanctification and to attract others to the sacred mysteries. In time, monasticism was founded, with the monks living a community life according to strict rules. Such monasteries spread from East to West, and became the cultural foundations of society.

"But as the Church grew in vigor, the pagan culture surrounding it steadily devoured itself from within because of its moral turpitude. By the fifth century the enfeebled Roman Empire and Western civilization collapsed. Pagan hordes of barbarians laid waste to all of Europe, and once again it seemed that the Church would be crushed. Instead, it was the Church Herself that preserved the treasures of knowledge and culture in Her great monasteries. From these She sent missionaries to teach and convert the pagans, and slowly restored Christian civilization in Europe."

Satan swung around and bellowed.

"It wasn't fair, I say, because those missionaries were super-human. My Enemy endowed them with tremendous strength of mind and body, and even allowed them to work amazing miracles, so naturally they converted the pagans by the thousands."

### **7<sup>th</sup> to 14<sup>th</sup> Centuries A.D.**

"No matter! When I saw the Church growing so rapidly again, I took bold action and in the seventh century raised up a powerful prophet in the East. Under my careful tutelage, Mohammed launched a radical new religion that was utterly simple and appealed to the uncultured masses. Only one Allah to praise five times a day. No priests or sacrificial rituals. No mysterious dogmas to believe. Give alms to the needy. Fast one month of the year. Make a pilgrimage to Mecca once in a lifetime. That is plenty enough for a man to fulfill his duties to

his creator and be rewarded in Heaven with every sensual delight. Infidels, and especially Christians, must be considered lower than filthy pigs, so make holy war and slaughter them!

“How proud I still am of this religion that incorporated fragments of both Judaism and Christianity! It claims to be the only true religion of Abraham, and it even tosses an insulting crumb of praise at Jesus, calling Him a prophet, while denying His divinity and all His teachings. These Mohammedans had a natural bent toward violence, and I strengthened and incited them to rampage across Asia, Africa and Europe, conquering all in their path.”

My friends and I watched with fascination as a panorama of brutal hordes raced across the lands surrounding the Mediterranean Sea, slaughtering those who refused to convert to Islam. Michael commented:

“Indeed for several centuries Satan’s army of Islam vanquished many nations, but not all. They even subdued and ruled Spain for six centuries, but the rest of Europe held fast.”

Satan grumbled with annoyance.

“Once again, it was clear that adversity sparked resourcefulness and courage in my Enemy’s troops. When my Mohammedan forces marched from Spain to invade France in the eighth century, they were defeated at the Battle of Poitiers by that great warrior Charles Martel and never could establish a lasting foothold in that country.

“Later on, that giant Charlemagne bullied his way across so many territories that he actually established the empire of Christendom, with himself, of course, as emperor. How could such a powerful man be so humble and pious that he devoted himself to Christian order, morality, and learning? If only he had been on my side!”

Michael continued:

“After the great achievements and reign of Charlemagne, the empire gradually crumbled into small kingdoms, warring with one another as well as with the new waves of barbarian invaders: the Vikings, Saracens, and Magyars. The simple peasants, unable to defend themselves, fled to the nearest chieftain’s fortress. In exchange for his protection, they bound themselves to his service, and thus developed the feudal system of the Middle Ages, with the more powerful lords extending their own sovereignty over the weaker ones.”

Again Satan interrupted.

“The system worked quite effectively, so I used it to my advantage. The kings and princes needed the Church to maintain order and docility among the people, so they started building abbeys and cathedrals, and giving the Church rich estates as well as temporal power. Naturally, they had to keep their churchmen in line, so they selected their own men to be the bishops and abbots, violating Church practice. It all became a lovely tangled web of politics and intrigue, with a multitude of unholy men acting as priests and bishops, to my great delight.”

Michael added:

“Despite Satan’s many successes, the Middle Ages saw Christian society thriving on the continent, with an economic and political structure that worked to provide for the needs of all. Education and the arts and sciences flourished, thanks to the monasteries and cathedral schools, and eventually the great universities.”

Here Satan became agitated again.

“That period sickened me. The scholars kept their eyes fixed on the Abominable Almighty, dedicating their marvelous

intellects to penetrating more deeply the truths of revelation in harmony with the wonders of nature. I hated Anselm, Albert, Bonaventure and the others, but most of all that giant Aquinas, who produced the ultimate masterpiece of rational argument for the existence of God, His attributes, His creation, His Redemption of man from my clutches, His Church, and everything else that I loathe. Curse my Eternal Enemy for allowing those men to attain such intellectual heights! Their works and influence endured for centuries.

“Lucky for me, though, that the vast majority of mortals are too lazy to exert their brains and grasp the basic truths. They just accept the clever deceptions of my minions and stupidly stroll the path to Hell.”

### **15<sup>th</sup> to 21<sup>st</sup> Centuries A.D.**

Michael walked about slowly with a pained expression.

“Sadly for mankind, this is true. God’s mercy and goodness flood the earth, and He gives every person all the light and graces needed to know Him and follow His simple commandments. Yet most men are so foolish that they refuse to make the least effort to know and obey their Creator. They prefer to drift effortlessly down the sewer to Hell.

“By the fifteenth century, as humanism took root, countless priests and bishops succumbed to greed and lust and were a scandal to the faithful, so that self-appointed ‘reformers’ easily gained followers. Many were well-intentioned in the beginning, but Satan secured their rise to prominence and inflamed their pride so that eventually they established their own religions. They discarded any Church doctrines and discipline that annoyed them, and they invented their own false theologies. They followed Satan’s method of cloaking error and evil beneath some scraps of truth, and simple laymen were easily hoodwinked. In many places they convinced civil authorities to adopt their false religions and ban the true

Church, stripping its altars, destroying its God-centered works of art, and mercilessly killing its priests and loyal Catholics.”

At once, Satan leaped up gleefully.

“Oh, what a wonderful new mode of attack it was! My dear friends Luther, Henry VIII, Calvin and the others were such useful mallets for chiseling a great crack in the Church’s foundation. Before this, the heretics remained inside the Church and were subdued and punished. But these new squadrons of mine broke away and proclaimed themselves independent churches, always insisting that they were the true followers of Christ. They convinced the masses that Christianity could have diverging forms, and people could choose whichever one suited them.”

Michael’s face then showed military pride.

“During this terrible breach of the Church’s fortress of truth, God sent many courageous and brilliant warrior saints who set out to genuinely reform the Church and guide the Faithful back on the path to Heaven: Ignatius Loyola, Charles Borromeo, Pius V, Gregory XIII, Peter Canisius, Teresa of Avila, Francis de Sales, Vincent de Paul, and many others. The great Council of Trent condemned the flagrant heresies of the day and clearly defined many dogmas that had been under attack. Its legislations for the clergy and hierarchy corrected the rampant abuses and fostered the education, discipline and piety essential for those in Holy Orders. It decreed the preparation of a complete catechism to instruct the Faithful. It infused new strength and vigor in the Church, which was besieged on all sides by Satan’s forces.”

With smug satisfaction, Satan informed us:

“Now that Western civilization was in a state of religious turmoil, I stirred up enormous political havoc. Wars and shifting alliances between kingdoms were continuous, as each



one tried to protect or increase its power and territory. The Popes were major players, as they sought to defend their own territories and the rights of the Church. At the same time, my faithful Mohammedans kept up their attacks from the East to take over the continent. It was all such a marvelous mayhem, and the populations were drained by taxation to finance all the wars.”

Michael added a reassurance.

“Despite the tumult that Satan fostered, the Church produced flourishing missionary congregations that sent priests and religious to the newly discovered lands to convert the pagans to the true Faith.”

Scornfully, Satan retorted:

“You can’t imagine what those missionaries encountered! Many of the lost tribes of Ishmael that had scattered across the world had developed extraordinary cultures with amazing feats of architecture and science, and all the while some even practiced the most savage rituals of human sacrifice to the gods I provided for them. Other tribes had lost any semblance of culture and lived as animals, but more cruel than beasts to one another and delightfully brutal in torturing the missionaries. Oh what fun to watch them chew the fingers off the Blackrobes and slice off their scalps! Still, I must admit that the heroism of those missionaries equaled that of the early Christian martyrs. Worse yet, they actually converted the pagans by the thousands.”

My friends and I cringed at the thought of the horrors, and were relieved when Michael spoke.

“The human race was not deteriorating as quickly as Satan wanted. The confusion of many religions helped his cause, but even the false religions generally maintained a modicum of moral standards on the pretext of conformity to God’s

commandments. So in the late 18<sup>th</sup> century Satan became more aggressive. France, the Eldest Daughter of the Church, would be the staging ground. Satan will explain.”

On cue, the devil continued the story.

“Those phony religions were no longer advancing my campaign to erase my Enemy’s image from the face of the earth. They each aroused a certain pride and loyalty among their followers and a contempt of other religions, which solidified them in their conviction that they alone were the true believers of God. But ENOUGH OF GOD! It was time to wipe the thought of God from every man’s mind. Still, these sniveling humans have an instinctive craving for some kind of god and religion, so the moment had come for a new approach.

“I had just the remedy. I would establish an elite *anti-church* with *me* as its god! It would have just enough ceremonial rituals to satisfy those who have abandoned true religion. There would be solemn oaths of blind obedience and absolute secrecy. Those who transgressed would suffer severe penalties. The Masonic Masters would secretly worship *me* and obey my orders, and all the while they would deceive their members into believing that their clever organization is purely humanitarian, bringing peace and prosperity to mankind.”

A scene of the 17<sup>th</sup> century appeared before us, showing a secret meeting at a grand Masonic Lodge, with Satan standing to one side and speaking so that only we could hear him.

“These Masters will neutralize God by declaring Him the Grand Architect of the Universe who set things in motion but then left the world to be perfected by the Freemasons. They will neutralize His Church by holding that all religions are harmless and equally good, so everyone can follow whatever religion he fancies, and even create his own private religion if he wishes. This will satisfy the naïve ones and leave them in a lethargic stupor while the generals implement my war plans. These will

control the highest places in government and education and world finance, so that they can restructure every aspect of society and eventually ban God and His laws—all for the good of mankind, of course! The Jews, as a reward for their role in the crucifixion of Jesus, will have the most favored positions. Then in time my loyal servants will publicly enthrone their Prince as god of the world religion and all the universe will worship me!

“In the meantime I’ll work with the brightest thinkers in the world, whose pride has convinced them that they are the enlightened ones. And yes indeed, they will be enlightened by myself, the great Lucifer–light–bearer. They will see how foolish it would be for a real God to love men to such extremes as Jesus went, and so they will conclude that there is no God and that the Church is nothing but a secular group that has brainwashed its members into servile submission by telling them fairytales about Heaven and Hell.

“These enlightened ones will mock and ridicule the Church with clever, cunning lies about Her. They will convince the guileless that any Church founded by God must be holy, and it’s obvious that the Church can’t be holy when so many of Her clergy are terrible sinners. Conclusion: there is neither a God nor a Church of God. I’ll fill their mouths with the most stunning slander, and soon the masses will learn to hate their scorned Church and everything connected with Her. The simple people will not want to be ridiculed for being blindly loyal to their Church, yet they will instead become blindly loyal to the *illuminati* and follow them in raging revolution against the Church and lawful civil authority.”

Again Michael spoke to us, his brow furrowed.

“The Freemasons succeeded in convincing the people of France that all their troubles could be blamed on their King and Queen, and so they brought about the horrific French Revolution.

"In their dark night of madness and murderous rampage they screamed 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!' without the least notion of what those words actually mean. True liberty is only the freedom to choose what is good, but men believed they should be free to choose whatever suits their fancy, even if it violates the laws of nature. And so they demanded liberty from God's justice.

"True equality applies only to the value of souls before God, but men believed they must wipe out every form of superiority in education, morality, and economic and social status, and achieved this by lowering all standards to the level of the most ignorant, immoral, and inept. And they even demanded equality with God Himself.

"True fraternity is the mutual helping of one's fellows along the path to eternal salvation, but men believed it is the promotion of fellowship for the sake of human progress. They even pursued fraternity with Satan himself!"

A glow of vain pride shone in Satan's face.

"How charming to see this French Revolution slaughter the very best of the French people, and spread its violent rebellion throughout the world. Different political names and methods cropped up in other countries, but it was all part of the war against my Eternal Enemy. I'm especially proud of the meteoric spread of communism throughout the world. How fantastically it exploded with revolutions in Russia, Mexico, Spain, China and elsewhere. It brutally crushed the Church and killed the minds and souls of millions.

"My tactics of course were brilliant. In less than two centuries the mentality of rebellion had permeated every population, including the Church Herself. Of course, among the clergy it was not called rebellion, but instead 'progress,' 'getting in touch with the times,' 'shedding the rigidity of the Church that kept Her distant from the common man,' 'reaching out to the

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needs of all,' etc. etc. It was all cleverly engineered by my faithful Freemasons. Oh, there were a few Popes like Pius IX and Pius X who saw through the deceptions and clearly exposed and denounced them. But luckily for me the rank and file of good priests, religious, and laymen were so confident of the Church's holiness and strength that they didn't take the warnings seriously. They just plodded along doing their jobs and trusting that those at the helm of Peter's barque would hold a true course amidst any storm, as happened in the past. All the while my troops were stealthily infiltrating the hierarchy."

## **Chapter 12 ~ Satan's Insidious Invasion**

### **The Council of Vatican II**

We watched Satan swagger about with a smirk on his face.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha! How easy it was for me. I prodded jolly old John XXIII Roncalli to summon a Council that would be fittingly in tune with the times. No condemnations, no, no, no. The Church must be ever so compassionate and open Her arms not just to repentant sinners, as in the past, but to all their sins as well. This would be a 'pastoral' Council! What a clever idea! Never mind that in the past the Councils were dogmatic, convoked to clarify teachings and to condemn errors. No need for that anymore! We'd even invite the heretics and schismatics to join the Council and enrich it with their wonderful insights! What a ludicrous travesty of a Council it would be!"

Michael stiffened with anger.

"And so preparations were made for what they called the Second Vatican Council, with serious workgroups writing position papers on various subjects that followed traditional Church teaching. But at the same time, the treacherous minions of Satan were scheming to totally ambush the Council. Within days of its opening, the preparatory documents were discarded and the modernist heretics took over new groups that set about rewriting every aspect of Church teaching. Satan's troops bulldozed their way through any resistance to their promotion of a radically new theology that contradicted two thousand years of infallible Church teaching. They cleverly clothed their new theology in layers of partial truths, so that

most of the Council fathers naïvely assumed that nothing fundamental was being changed. These useful idiots accepted the volumes of diabolical ambiguities, based on the rebels' claims that the wording would surely ring better in the ears of modern man, and thus lead more to salvation.

"Both John XXIII, who opened the Council in 1962 and died within the year (with 'Stop the Council!' on his lips, according to witnesses), and Paul VI, who continued the work of Satan and closed the Council in 1965, insisted that this was a pastoral Council, not a dogmatic Council (in itself a conspicuous reversal of Church practice), and that all the documents were to be understood in the light of Church Tradition. Yet immediately following the Council, Paul VI brazenly reverted to his true intentions by interpreting everything in the light of the false theology that perverted Church teaching and practice."

Shrieking with glee, Satan cried:

"Yes, yes! It was my very own Spirit of Vatican II at work! See how my minions infected the Church with creeping rot! They did a wonderful job! It was only a matter of time before my lethal disease permeated every corner of the world. All but a handful of bishops followed their leader on the road to Hell like dumb sheep, too stupid and too cowardly to condemn his errors and uphold the true Faith that they once swore to defend to their death."

Then Satan shook his fist at the sky.

"How did You like that, Oh Almighty One? Your dear trusted little shepherds scattered and ran like hirelings when this wolf showed his fangs! And the joke was that instead of running away from my attack, they ran right into my jaws! How tasty it was to devour them all and then vomit them out into my kingdom of Hell.

"You must admit that my plan was brilliant. And there was more to it, of course. In just five years Your abominable Sacrifice of the Mass was replaced with an insipid little prayer meal that nobody had asked for but everybody accepted on the order of Paul VI. Isn't it funny how I used that hateful virtue of obedience to convince men that they were being good Catholics by obeying those phony popes under my command instead of obeying You? Ha, ha, ha, ha! Your Son's obedience won men's salvation, but my manipulation of obedience turned men away from Your Son!"

We heard God reply:

"Not all have been deceived by your loathsome tricks, Satan. Even you can see that some of My shepherds and flock have recognized the evil you have done, and they will remain faithful to Me and preserve the true Church and Holy Sacrifice and Sacraments."

Defiantly Satan snapped:

"They won't survive long, I'll see to that. My NewChurch popes and bishops will revile them and cast them out, telling the world that they are disobedient schismatics and trouble-makers. And who wants to follow such losers?"

My friends and I sensed something terribly ominous, and Michael explained.

"And so the unthinkable happened. The heretical errors spelled out so recently and declared anathema by Pope Pius IX and Pope Pius X were surreptitiously planted beneath the ambiguously worded documents approved by the Second Vatican Council. Once the Council was over and the befuddled bishops returned to their dioceses, the powers in the Vatican unleashed these modernist heresies under the pretense of re-invigorating the Church with 'the spirit of Vatican II'. Faithful to their master Satan, they were experts at deception, always



insisting that their new theology was true to the 'real' teaching of Jesus Christ, and that it simply corrected the Church's misinterpretations of the previous two thousand years!

"Thus, they taught that the Holy Roman Catholic Church merely 'subsisted' in the 'Church of Christ' and that all religions were good because they all had 'elements of truth'. Consequently, they told everyone to remain with his own religion, even if it worshiped snakes, and they stopped the Catholic Church from proselytizing, audaciously disobeying Jesus' command: 'Going therefore, teach ye all nations: baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. And behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.' (Matthew 28:19-20)

"While the Council's Constitution on the Church stated that 'the Church is the universal sacrament of salvation' (in itself an aberration from the meaning of the word sacrament), the NewChurch superstar John Paul II stated the real intention when he said: 'the Church is the sacrament of *universal salvation*,' meaning that *everyone* is saved and goes to Heaven, regardless of whether or not he is baptized and adheres to the Catholic Faith. This same demi-god actually denied the existence of Hell as taught by Jesus Christ Himself. He committed many public acts of apostasy, yet the intellectually paralyzed Catholics continued to lavish him with their affection and loyalty, convinced that he was a valid pope following the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

"The cruelest result of Vatican II and its implementation by Satan's army is that most sincerely good Catholics believed that the Council must have been guided by the Holy Spirit and that the popes who implemented the evils begotten at the Council must have been valid popes acting with the authority of Peter. So, even though many were deeply disturbed by the horrors issuing from the Vatican, they sadly submitted to them.

"The irony is that the Vatican II heresies presupposed man's right to disobey the two-thousand-year-old teachings of the Church on the audacious claim that those teachings needed 'modernizing', while at the same time the enforcers of Vatican II's heresies demanded absolute obedience to their own false teachings."

Livius was now frowning and shaking his head as he queried:

"You seem to be talking in riddles, Michael. Didn't Christ say: 'Behold I am with you all days, even to the consumation of the world'? Doesn't that mean that the Catholic Church must always have a pope, who is the Vicar of Christ, and Catholics must always obey him? How can you suggest that those elected pope since Vatican II have not been valid popes?"

Michael's expression grew even more sober and was filled with compassion.

"That is precisely the dilemma for the Church today, and God has permitted this so that men can prove their faithfulness to God's own teachings and their rejection of Satan's false leaders.

"Those who seek the Truth will readily comprehend that God cannot permit a pope to teach error, and therefore anyone teaching error cannot be a true pope. Pope Paul IV clearly defined the matter of invalid popes and hierarchy in his 1559 Apostolic Constitution *Cum Ex Apostolatus*."

Livius cried out with alarm:

"But the consequences! Without a pope there is no chain of authority, and the clergy and laymen alike will be stumbling about in confusion. Just as Scripture says: 'Strike the shepherd and the sheep shall be scattered.'"

Michael nodded.

"And so it happened, exactly as Satan planned. But you must not be frightened. Simply trust God, believe His teachings, and follow His commands. As the great Apostle Paul said: 'Fight the good fight of faith. Lay hold on eternal life.'" (1Tim 6:12)

It was obvious that Satan was irritated by Michael's explanations, and he snarled:

"I told you to shut up, Michael! This is my story and they don't need your view of the events. But then again, what difference does it make if you tell men the truth? The fools won't listen anyway."

Turning now to Satan, Michael said:

"It's true that many won't listen, but you don't mind if we give them a little tour of your domain now, do you?"

Shrugging, the devil replied:

"Of course not! I'm proud of my Kingdom of Hell. Come right along, Peregrine and friends."

Addressing us with a cautionary tone, Michael said:

"Listen carefully. You are going to see some people in Hell who are obviously evil and committed terrible crimes on earth, but you will also see many who seem very much like yourself and your friends and never did anything horrific. You may think that they don't deserve such punishment, but you must understand that people go to Hell not just for what they have done, but also for what they have failed to do.

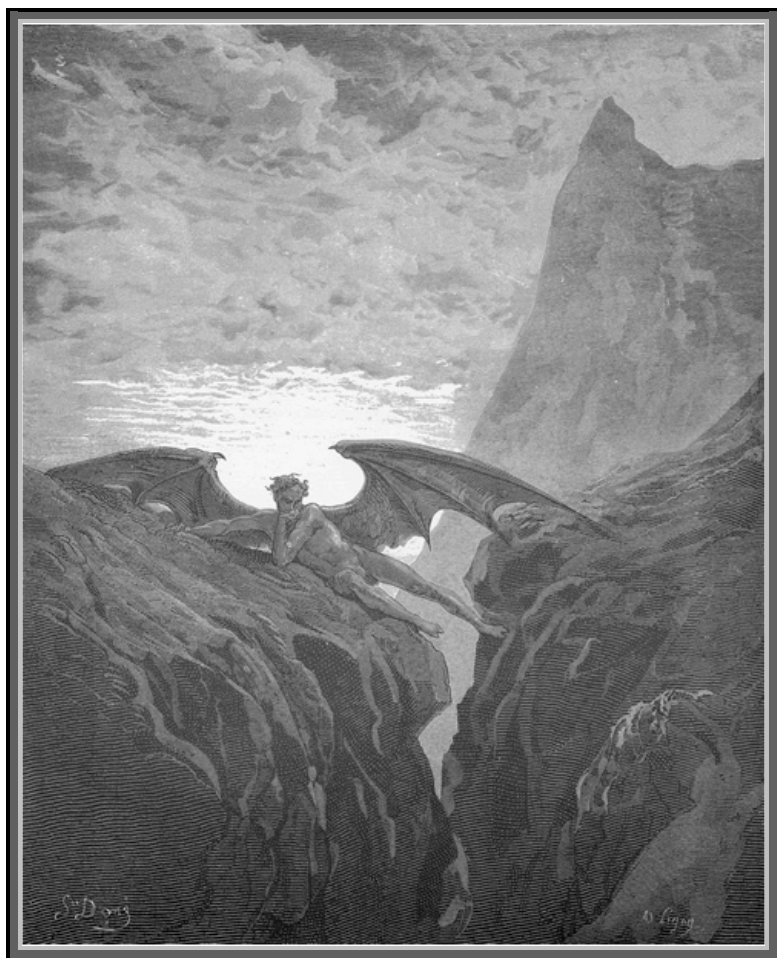
"Such damned souls may not have committed any terrible crimes against their neighbor, but they all committed a terrible crime against God Himself by refusing to know, love, and serve Him. They failed utterly to live in the correct relationship of a creature with his Creator.

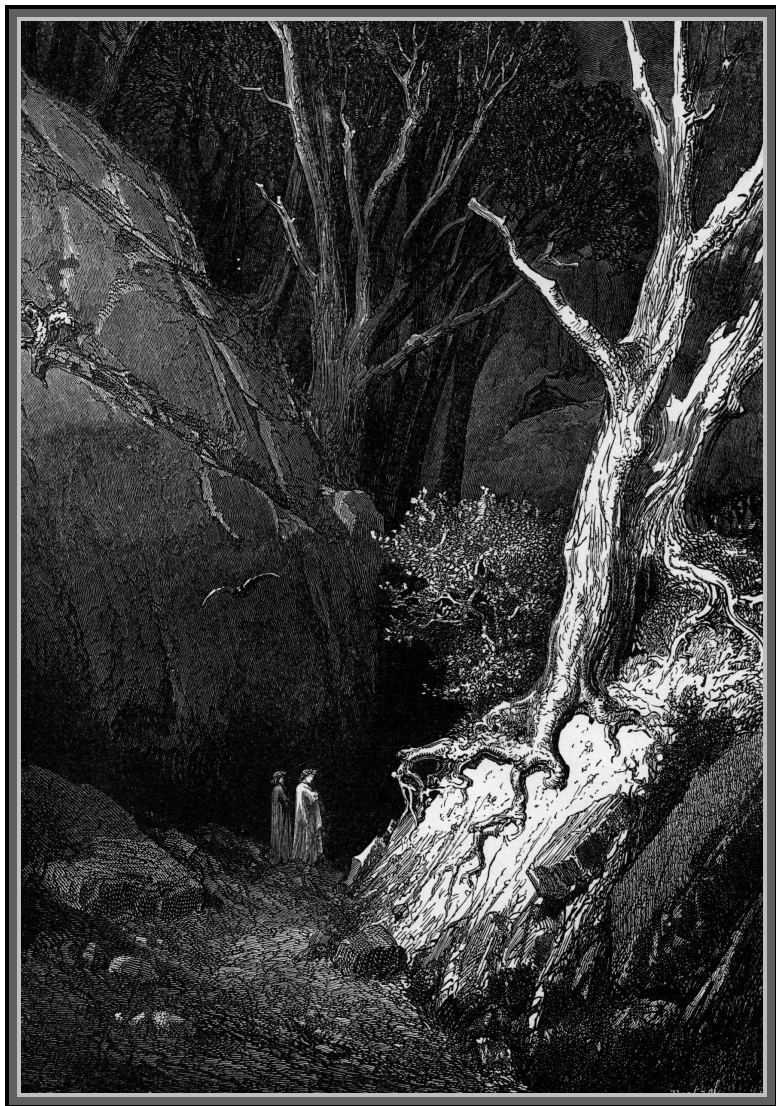
“These damned souls worshiped themselves instead of God. They sought after earthly things for their own satisfaction instead of using them in the service of God. They indulged in physical comfort and pleasure instead of mastering their flesh and strengthening their character. They wasted most of their lives on useless activity instead of laboring to honor God and help others save their souls.

“As you look at the damned and hear their cries of despair, keep in mind that they all had intelligence and free will and they made their own choices in what they did or failed to do. Someday God may allow you a look into Heaven, and there you will see many saints who lived in the same circumstances as these damned souls, and who had their same weaknesses and temptations. The difference is that the saints sought, received and used God’s help to overcome the snares of the devil.

“Let us be on our way now.”

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## **PART II ~ A VISIT TO HELL**

My friends and I looked at each other with great apprehension and wordlessly agreed to move away from our strange visitors from beyond space. We huddled behind the trees to discuss their peculiar invitation to actually visit Hell. I spoke first.

“This is crazy. We get confronted by one man, who admits to being Satan, and another, who claims to be Michael the Archangel! Somehow they transported us to events that happened thousands of years ago but seemed to be happening right before our eyes. It was as though we were swept through history from the creation of the world right up to the present time. Why?”

Sirena answered confidently:

“I’ll tell you why. They wanted to scare us and make us feel helpless. But they didn’t scare me one bit. And besides that, I want to go and see what Hell is all about.”

Livius gazed at us intently and asked:

“What does it matter why? We had a chance to see the entire history of the world from a new perspective, and a most interesting one at that. Although I must say it was rather disturbing. I always thought that man was ruler of his destiny, but everything we just saw indicates that man has been manipulated by the Prince of this world.”

I realized that my heart was racing and my breathing heavy.

"Well, I don't like this one bit and have no intention of going with them to visit Hell, if that's even possible. How do we know we could ever get out?"

Sirena answered:

"Sure we'll get out. Only dead people stay in Hell, and Satan wouldn't dare try to kill us so long as Michael comes along. Do what you want, but I'm going with them."

Livius pondered awhile, and said hesitatingly:

"I don't like it either, Peregrine, but this is an extraordinary opportunity to learn what Hell is actually like. We three have gone through a lot together, so let's not miss this rare chance."

I felt torn and was unsure that we could survive more of this bizarre adventure. Still, it was fascinating, and so I agreed to go with my friends.

We returned to Satan and Michael and nodded. They led us to the edge of the cliff and guided us onto a narrow rocky path which we descended for what seemed like an eternity, as I kept my eyes on each step ahead of me in order not to see the ominous drop from the side of the path. Finally reaching the bottom, our eyes became accustomed to the darkness, and they led us into a vast cavern. Its floor seemed to be a pool of churning black fire but firm enough to walk on.

From the main chamber we could see many smaller caverns branching off, and inside each were thousands of men writhing and moaning. Giant snakes and hideous beasts roamed about and kept lunging at the men. I was stunned with terror and wanted to race back to earth but realized that it was too late to return.

Suddenly Satan beckoned us into an empty side cavern where we saw two men falling with a crash from somewhere above.



## Case 1 ~ Egothaurus and Hubrisophis Arrive

A distinguished looking tall man pulled himself up from the ground and looked around in amazement.

“I say, Hubrisophis, what sort of place have we landed in? With all these raging fires, one would suspect it might be Hell.”

The second man was now also standing and looking around with wonder. He straightened his back and assumed a dignified demeanor as he said rather stiffly:

“Come, now, Egothaurus old boy, you wrote the definitive book proving that Hell and Satan were utterly nonexistent figments of ignorant people’s imagination. Don’t joke at a time like this. We both just died in that fiery plane crash so we no longer exist. But then again, here we are talking, so most likely we didn’t die after all. The plane must have gouged an enormous crater in the earth, and these fires are the plane’s remnants burning.”

Egothaurus, as he was called, squinted as he peered about examining his surroundings.

“I certainly hope you are right, Hubrisophis, but there’s something very strange about this. For one thing, if the plane was so demolished, how come we’re not injured? For another thing, I don’t see any pieces of the plane in these fires.”

Hubrisophis assumed the manner of a commando, treading around the cavern.

“You’re always analyzing, Egothaurus, but there’s no time for that now. We need to find our way out of this fiery cavern. But I dare say it seems enormous. Let’s just start walking. Look out! What was that beast that ran by you?”

Horror stricken, Egothaurus pressed back against the wall.

“Hubrisophis, it’s awful. I got a good look, and it was a hideous monster unlike anything imaginable. Oh my God, now it’s crawling this way! God help us!”

Still maintaining his fearless demeanor, Hubrisophis said:

“Egothaurus, get a grip on yourself! You just called upon the God that we proved doesn’t exist. Oh no! Look at that monster! It’s huge and it’s coming closer. Oh God!”

My friends and I gaped wide-eyed now at the sight of Satan. He had appeared so handsome and stately on earth, but now looked utterly horrifying. His naked body gleamed with shiny snakelike skin of iridescent scarlet and ebony. Giant twitching bat wings protruded from his shoulders, while a long forked tail whipped back and forth. His head had enormous temples with stubby twisted horns. His hawked nose and beefy lips were dripping with blood and slobber. His eyes were orbs of fire blazing with hatred. He sauntered up to the newcomers.

“Greetings, my friends, and welcome to Hell. My, my! Don’t look so shocked. Hell is real, and I, Satan, am real.”

Jumping back, Egothaurus sputtered:

“Get away! You’re lying. And don’t call us your friends, you ugly beast. Step aside, because we are on our way out of here.”

The demon beamed a patronizing smile.

“My dear Hubrisophis and Egothaurus, of course you are my friends. You wrote marvelous books and toured the world delivering great speeches to convince men that neither God nor the devils nor Hell exists. You bravely liberated men from the oppressive chains of religion and from the neurotic fears of

eternal punishment. You convinced them that they themselves were their only gods, and that they could behave any way they pleased because they would cease to exist after death. You provided a powerful incentive for men to completely ignore God and blissfully follow the path to Hell. It was all lies, of course, and you silly boys actually were convinced of them! Thank you so much for your great service, my friends."

Indignantly Hubrisophis cried:

"No! That's not true! We did not tell lies. God really does not exist and devils do not exist and Hell does not exist. We proved it all by sheer human reasoning. You are a deranged madman wearing a stupid monster costume trying to scare us. Well, you can't, so stop wasting your time and just step aside."

Tilting his head to one side, Satan smiled.

"Tut, tut, how amusing! You brilliant philosophers actually believe the nonsense you preached! Well, I can't waste time talking with you now. The Abominable Almighty has sent a few tourists for me to show the place, so stick around (you have no choice, of course) and see for yourselves if you were right."

Watching Satan lead my friends and me from the cave, Egothaurus leaned despairingly on his companion's shoulder.

"Hubrisophis, what can we do? This fiery cavern is enormous and we can't possibly find a way out. I don't like this one bit. Is it conceivable that we are trapped in Hell?"

His eyes searching the walls, Hubrisophis replied:

"Egothaurus, I don't like this either, but I can't believe that we could have been so mistaken in our lifetime of study. Let's keep calm and stroll around with the others and see what's going on here. Then things will become clear."

## Case 2 ~ Mr. Universe

Our group now included Egothaurus and Hubrisophis as we followed Satan into another fiery cavern. We were aghast at the sight of thousands of hideously deformed men and women. One called out piteously.

“Satan! Satan! What happened to me? You promised that I would remain a perfect specimen of manhood. I strained every fiber of my body to build huge muscles that were the envy of all. I suffered daily agonies of forcing myself through every bodybuilding technique. I denied myself so many pleasures to achieve that magnificent body. You said I could always keep it and bask forever in the admiration of all men and women. But now I am horribly ugly and repulsive and can’t stand to look at myself. This is unbearable.”

Annoyed, Satan replied:

“Stop boring me with your complaints, you pitiful moron. You were Mr. Universe and had your reward on earth in the adoring eyes of women and the envious eyes of men. What does it matter now whether you are beautiful or ugly? Look around you. Nobody here cares in the least what you look like. Each one only cares about himself and his own imagined grievances.”

The loathsome looking Mr. Universe cried:

“But I care! I made myself into a masterpiece of manly beauty and I have a right to remain that way.”

Sneering at him, Satan scoffed:

“Shut up, you ridiculous fool! You have no rights at all. When you were on earth the only right you had was that of serving God, and you never exercised that right because you were

totally consumed with loving your own self. And here is your reward—my empire of Hell. It's really quite awesome, don't you agree?"

Mr. Universe wailed:

"But I wasn't a bad person! I treated others fairly and deserved to go to Heaven."

Unmoved by the man's wretchedness, Satan answered:

"Oh yes, you treated other men fairly enough. But happily for my scoreboard, you did not treat God fairly. You totally ignored the One who created you and gave you health and a fine body, a family and friends. You took God for granted and assumed that you deserved Heaven. I'm so glad you did. You required very little work on my part, just the assurance that all was well and you would bring your hard-earned beautiful body to Heaven. It was such a little lie. No challenge at all. The likes of you slide into my domain so easily. Just look around and see how many of your kind are here."

Satan pointed to a group of hags.

"Look at that woman—she was a beauty queen on earth and spent all her time painting her face and going to the hairdresser and posturing to look glamorous. And that other one! Each time she looked in the mirror one of my co-workers pointed out how big her nose was and how heavy her eyelids were. So she ran crying to a surgeon and had him remove the unwanted flesh and thought that made her beautiful. As she grew old, my co-workers helped her focus on her sagging jowls and deep wrinkles, and so off she ran again to a surgeon, crying that he must restore her youthful face. How utterly ridiculous! But it pleases me beyond words to see you fools worship your bodies. Those women were so worried about their appearance that they had no time for God, and now they just add to the number of my minor trophies."

Then he pointed to a group of men with enormously swollen chests.

“Then there are all those brainless sports heroes. Their vanity and arrogance delighted me, although I must admit that I played no small part in puffing them up. It amused me no end watching them strutting around like apes, and watching their idiot fans practically kissing their feet! I especially like that because it mimics my own performances. I need only to strut around and proclaim my princehood and power over the earth, and you idiots grovel at my feet.

“All of you despicable scum had the reward you sought on earth. Consider yourselves honored that I have accepted you into Hell.”

### **Case 3 ~ Miz Super Single Mom**

At the far end of the cavern, a woman with bulging biceps was frantically clawing at the rocky wall, trying to dig through it. Seeing us, she shrieked with rage:

“Satan! You lousy beast! You can’t keep me in this inferno! I don’t let anyone push me around. If I made a slight miscalculation playing the odds of life that brought me into this horrible place, don’t think I’m trapped forever. On earth I fought my way tooth and nail and climbed to the top, proving that a woman can do anything a man can, and even better. I needed no husband and raised my children alone. I shed every remnant of femininity. I fought in the army just like a man. I crushed my competitors just like a man. So don’t try to stop me, because this place stinks and I’m leaving.”

Mockingly, Satan bowed and said:

“Oh, pardonnez-moi Madame Superwoman! But I feel so privileged to have you here that I can’t possibly let you go. You and your fellow feminists are so refreshingly like me. You refused to submit to God’s designs in creating women and took matters into your own hands so you could prove your superiority over men. I love that immensely! I did the same thing, you know. I refused to submit to God’s designs in creating me the Prince of the world. He wanted me, the most brilliant angel, to be content with just managing the earth and people according to His will. He wouldn’t listen when I told Him my plans for improving His creation. Oh, they were wonderful plans, and I wasn’t going to let Him stand in my way. You see, my dear, I was the first and greatest rebel against God, and I will remain so for all eternity. Therefore you must realize that you cannot escape me, for I am the Prince of all rebels. Consider yourself honored that you can continue your rebellious warpath shoulder to shoulder with Satan himself.”

The woman’s eyes glazed with awareness.

“But I have children still on earth and I’m getting out to warn them so they don’t end up in this rotten pit.”

Amused, Satan replied:

“Oh really? You care so much about those children you bore without the security and love of a father and natural family life? Puhleese! You bragged about being a ‘Single Mom’ and prided yourself on letting others raise your offspring from infancy to adulthood—after all, they were ‘professionals’ and you wanted the best for your children! Look at how emotionally and mentally dead your children are! What does it matter where they end up for eternity? Might as well be with their loving mother!”

Now the woman began shaking with anger.

“Shut up, you monster! It’s my fault, not theirs, that they have

no concept of a normal family and know nothing about God. Why should they suffer for my mistakes?"

Icily, Satan told her:

"Look at it this way, my dear. Why should all men suffer for the sin of Adam? It's because humans receive all they are and have from their parents, including their deficiencies. Your children have what you gave them. They are what you were. Of course there's always a chance that some goody-goody will pray for them and God will give them special help. But don't count on it. And even if my Enemy gives them special help, they may already be too blind to use it, thanks to you. And that's just what I want—more little trophies."

Suddenly the woman spun around toward us and pointed menacingly at Sirena.

"Look well at me, you fool, because this will soon be your fate, too!"

She cackled with laughter as Sirena stiffened and turned away.

### **Case 4 ~ The Sexy Satyr**

Satan led our group into another cavern where we could hardly breathe in the overpowering putrid stench. We were revolted by the sight of men with huge elongated genitals hanging to the ground and women with breasts burst open and covered with maggots.

One particularly repulsive man shouted:

"Satan, you dirty rat! Get these ferocious dragons off me! They are piercing the most sensitive parts of my body with their



jagged claws. Every inch of my flesh that you said I could use for sexual pleasure is now shrieking with pain. You assured me that I deserved all that pleasure and I would enjoy it forever. But these dragons keep stabbing and stabbing viciously, and with each thrust the pain gets worse. Why are you letting them do this to me?"

With a smirk, Satan replied:

"You poor thing! Does it hurt? Boo hoo. Well what did you expect? On earth you used your flesh for the height of pleasure. When natural sex became boring, you plunged into every form of depraved activity to excite and satisfy yourself more. It was all quite perverted, as you well knew, and it gave me delicious satisfaction. And do you know why? Because that special capacity of humans to reproduce themselves has galled me from the day God created Adam and Eve. How dare He confer on you miserable slime the power of creating more humans, when He didn't give us angels the ability to reproduce ourselves? Of course I know that we are each splendid masterpieces in ourselves and we have no need of producing more specimens. But it's the whole idea of it that galls me—you scum have a power that I don't have, and it fills me with rage. That is why I relish every little perversion of this power and have commissioned my demons to give top priority to these forms of enticements."

Accusingly the wretch replied:

"But you never told us it was perversion. You said it was natural to indulge our cravings of the flesh. You said God wouldn't have given us such strong carnal appetites if He didn't mean for us to satisfy them. And the more we satisfied our lust the more it was unsatisfied and kept demanding more and more. It was impossible to stop."

Tossing his head back and laughing, Satan said:

“Impossible? What a joke! Nothing is impossible with God’s grace, but happily you were so enslaved by your lust that you never sought God’s help. Of course I gave you plenty of help by filling your mind with lascivious images. And I showed the greedy vultures how to profit from your disgusting weakness by flooding the earth with every type of pornography. And you soaked it up like a sponge.

“You think you’re feeling pain now? Have a look there at those merchants of sex! Their bulging eyes are crawling with maggots while they endlessly choke on their own vomit from looking at their filthy productions. Hear them scream as the bolts of lightening keep hitting their genitals.”

We were amazed that the man actually spoke in their defense.

“Too bad for them. Those fine people were providing us with the extra tools we needed. The pornographers helped us when our imaginations needed to be aroused. The makers of sex-toys gave us more violent sensations when our own flesh got a bit tired. Best of all, the makers of contraception drugs and devices removed our worries about producing more babies in this overpopulated world. Of course, their products sometimes didn’t quite work, and so we had those fine people who kindly removed any babies that were conceived by accident.”

With a look of scorn, Satan said:

“Ah, yes, of course! Normal men and women could thoroughly enjoy natural sexual activity with clear consciences as they produced children in the bosom of marriage. But you, my beloved depraved ones, grew physically dull and needed all kinds of help, so my demons and their earthly assistants came to your rescue. Actually, I have mixed feelings about the abortionists, though. While it delights me that every abortion assures the guilt of multiple murderers (the abortionist, his assistants, and above all the mothers), it really irritates me that those millions of unbaptized murdered babies never land in my

fiery furnaces where I would love to watch them burn. It's just one more reason for hating the merciful Enemy Who places them in the Limbo of natural happiness. Oh well, at least they don't get to Heaven, so I consider this particular battle a stalemate."

Our horror increased as we saw him point to another group that looked more like squashed beetles than men.

"Now here's something more to my liking. Take a look at those who violated innocent children. They are actually among my favorite helpers, as I despise nothing more than innocence and purity. I stirred their minds to imagine heightened thrills from overpowering and raping helpless little ones. What satisfaction that gave me, watching them violate not only their own sexual powers but also the innocence of children, watching them fill those children with terror and horrendous pain, watching them permanently cripple the souls of such helpless ones. Yes, that delights me immensely, and yet I hate them all the more for being able to delight me. So you see their reward now—their entire bodies being squashed like cockroaches, then restored, then squashed again and again while they see the faces of all the innocent children they had squashed in the insanity of their lust."

### **Case 5 ~ The Little Whore**

We were relieved to leave that section but then saw a young woman struggling frantically to pull free from her abusive demons. She cried out:

"Ouch! Ouch! You horrible demons, stop squeezing my breasts! It hurts and you're bruising me. You have no right to touch me! Satan, make them stop!"

Satan sneered at her.

“Sweet little girl, why are you crying? You always welcomed men to fondle every inch of your body and lick every curve of your flesh. You lured them to strip off your clothing and slide onto you. You let them indulge their passions even when they hurt you. So why do you complain now?”

Still struggling to free herself, she said:

“It’s not the same here. On earth I gave my body to men as a sign of affection. Those men needed love, and I, too, needed to feel their love.”

The Devil replied:

“Love, you say??? What a lie! You knew damn well that they didn’t love you and you didn’t love them. You were only pretending that it was love so that you could soothe your troubled conscience.”

The whore pouted with self-pity:

“But many times I didn’t even enjoy it, and still I let them have their pleasure. So that proves that it was an act of love, at least on my part.”

Angrily, Satan growled:

“Of course, my demons told you it was an act of love, but that love was only for your own feelings of self-importance and for nobody else. Look at your sister up in Heaven, the bitch. She never gave herself to anyone but her husband, even though my demons tempted her enough, and you ridiculed her for remaining a virgin until her marriage. She knew what love is, but you only knew self-love.”

Her face twisted with resentment.

“That lousy goody two-shoes, how I hate her! She always made me feel guilty with her preaching to me and praying on her knees, and wearing modest clothes.”

Contemptuously Satan replied:

“Stop lying, you little whore. It wasn’t your sister who made you feel guilty, it was your own conscience. But happily for my scorecard, your conscience was too feeble to stop you from sinning and luring others into sin.”

Now sniveling, the whore said:

“But my sins of the flesh were so gentle, they didn’t hurt anybody. Why should I be punished like this?”

Rolling his eyes, Satan answered:

“Didn’t hurt anybody??? They hurt the souls of the men you sinned with. They hurt the honor of God Who forbade those sins. And they hurt your own soul, as you can see.”

Whining, she cried:

“But look at all those other girls in Heaven now. I knew them on earth and they fornicated even more than I did. Why aren’t they down here in Hell?”

Satan snarled disgustedly:

“You knew their sins, but you didn’t know their miserable repentance which came about because some pathetically pious relatives prayed for them and thus deprived them of their deserved place with you here. So stop crying and enjoy the fierce fondling of my demons.”

## Case 6 ~ The Baby Butcher

We moved on to another cavern where the floor was flooded with churning blood, in which millions of ghostly little bodies were floating.

A man whose hands looked like hatchets was thrashing his arms about wildly and yelled:

“Get me out of this bloody pool full of slimy baby bodies! The tiny hands of these little beasts keep clutching at my arms, and their pleading eyes keep boring into mine. I can’t stand it anymore.”

Arching his eyebrows in mock surprise, Satan chirped:

“What? You don’t like it? But on earth you thrived on those slimy baby bodies that you ripped out of their mothers’ wombs.”

Indignantly, the baby butcher replied:

“Sure, I thrived on them because it was my job. I was a doctor, and a fine one. Back then I knew those slimy bodies were just chunks of excess meat inside my patients, and no more desirable than a tumor. I was doing the mothers a favor by getting rid of their unwanted fetuses. After all, women have a right to choose whether or not to become mothers. The babies inside them don’t have any rights, you know. It’s the law.”

Satan smiled icily.

“Of course, of course. How very true! The courts decide what is law, not God. Who cares if God established immutable natural laws in the conscience of every man that forbid the taking of innocent life? When the innocent life becomes an

inconvenience to someone, it should simply be extinguished, whether it's unborn, elderly, or disabled."

Nodding vigorously, the butcher agreed.

"Yes, indeed. Anyway, it's better for the unwanted child to die before birth rather than to grow up without the love and care it needs."

Satan continued smiling slyly.

"Absolutely correct. And the same goes for the burdensome old fogeys and disabled people. They are much happier dead than feeling themselves unwanted. And their families are so relieved to have more time for their own interests. Yes, you abortionists and euthanizers do mankind a great service, for which I am much obliged."

Appreciating the compliment, the butcher said:

"Glad you admit it, Satan. Now kindly get me out of this gruesome pool of slimy baby bodies before I scream. These ghost babies have no right to torment me."

His lip curled with derision, Satan responded:

"Go ahead and scream all you want, dear doctor, but you will slosh around that bloody pool for all eternity, with the little baby eyes staring at you, and the tiny hands clutching at you, because you richly merit this reward for your professional services."

## **Case 7 ~ The Sadist Slayer**

Farther on, we entered another cavern and witnessed demons inflicting grisly torture on their victims. A large man with an incredibly cruel face called out.

“Get these demons away from me! They keep stripping off my flesh and ramming hot pokers in my eyes and pouring liquid fire down my throat. They keep breaking my arms and legs and kicking me in the stomach. The pain is unbearable and their hideous laughter is intolerable. I’m screaming in agony but nobody cares.”

Grinning wickedly, Satan agreed.

“Of course nobody cares! In fact everybody here delights to see you tortured and to hear your insane screams. After all, you prided yourself on your savage brutality on earth. And I do declare that you came up with some very clever techniques for intensifying the pain and terror in your victims.”

At this the slayer’s face beamed with pleasure.

“Yes, I was a grand master of sadism, and people even considered me one of your devils, which was quite flattering, although I think I surpassed some of your demons.”

Amused, Satan quipped:

“My, my, your vanity is showing.”

His chest expanding, the sadist boasted:

“Well, of course it gave me immense satisfaction to prove to others how cruel I could be. Even the mafia didn’t have many killers with the stomach to watch their victims’ agony very long. I think they just didn’t experience the visceral pleasure I felt when making people suffer.

“I laughed when people begged me to shoot them in the head to end their torture. Why should I be so nice to them? Why should I give up my own pleasure at seeing the horror in their eyes? I prolonged their death as long as I could, so I could



inflict the maximum pain possible. The more excruciating their pain, the more pleasure I felt. I'll admit that sometimes they vomited all over me, but then I punished them more for it. Many of them lost control of their bowels, and I shoved their face into their shit and made them eat it. But the peak enjoyment came at seeing the final dread when they knew they were about to die, and then watching the light in their eyes extinguish and their bodies fall limp. Each time I felt like I was a god over life."

His eyes gleaming, Satan gloated:

"That, my friend, is just a small taste of the enjoyment that is mine when I watch the Divine life get extinguished in a soul and know that I have won another victory in my war against God."

Now the sadist had an almost wistful look in his eyes.

"Did you enjoy watching the Divine life leave me? That was long before I began torturing people to death."

Gleefully, Satan answered.

"Oh yes, very much so! I saw from your early years that you had the makings of a great saint. Remember how hard you studied your catechism? Remember how you gave up your sleep so you could walk in the biting cold to the church and serve as an altar boy? You had a keen mind, a powerful body, and a strong character. You disciplined yourself and cultivated many virtues. Yes, you had the makings of a saint all right."

We saw bitter resentment cloud the sadist's face.

"How well I remember, and I could have had a high place in Heaven if it weren't for you, Satan."

Nodding in agreement, Satan responded:

“You’re quite right. It took a lot of work to break you down, and your guardian angel was always there trying to shield you. But the day came when I sent that robber to attack the priest and you were there to stop him. And when you fought with him you felt the pleasure of subduing another human being with your strength.”

The sadist’s eyes glistened strangely.

“Yes, it made me feel like a god over him, and from then on I delighted in showing my power over others, just as you do.”

A smile of satisfaction spread across Satan’s face.

“And that was when I saw the Divine life slip out of your soul. All of your fine talents would never again serve God but would serve me, the Prince of the world of darkness.”

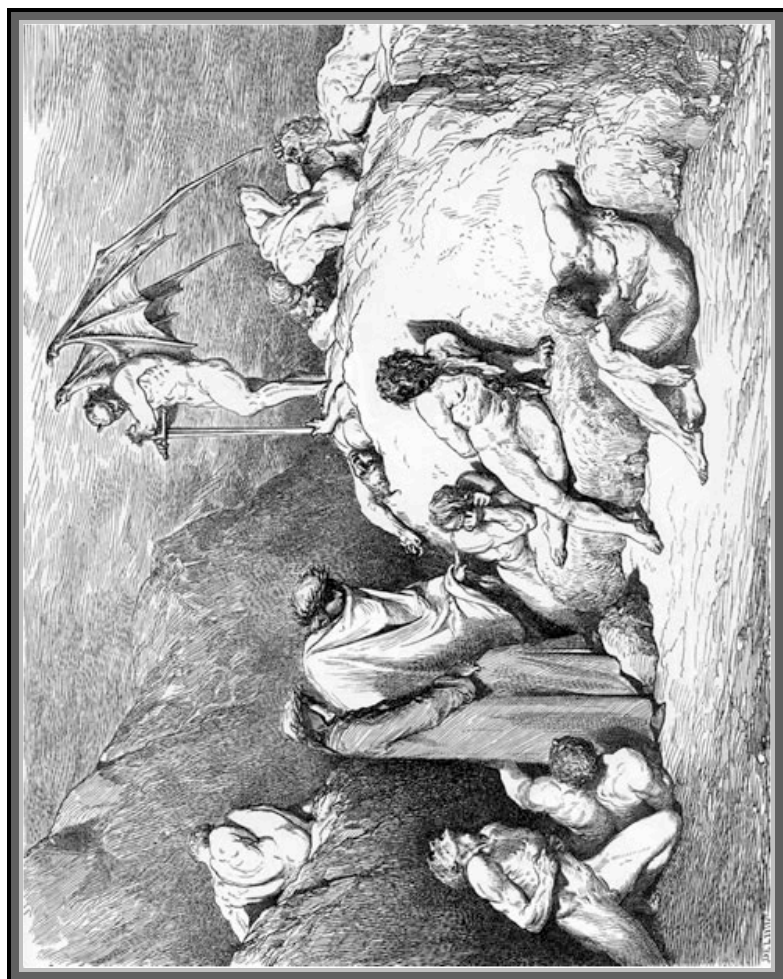
We were stunned by the sudden rage of the sadist as he lashed out:

“Well, I served you with the viciousness of a demon, so why can’t I rank the same as a demon down here instead of being tortured by them?”

Totally unperturbed the Prince of demons declared:

“Because the human race is intrinsically inferior to angels, which you recall is what we are, and no human can rank on a level with fallen angels. Besides, my demon slaves are actually envious of you for having committed such heinous acts against your fellow man, and out of spite they are giving you what you gave to others.”

We shuddered at the bestial roars of the sadist and we left him to his gruesome suffering.





## Case 8 ~ The Gross Glutton

Moving to another cavern, our stomachs churned from the reeking vomit splattered all over the floor and walls. Then we saw what looked almost like a hippopotamus but was actually an enormously obese man lying on the floor. He seemed to be trying to get up but could do nothing more than rock from side to side as he groaned.

"I'm bursting! I'm bursting! My belly is bursting, my arms are bursting, my legs are bursting, my face is bursting. I was fat on earth, but now I'm swollen ten times more and I'm bursting. Please help me!"

Tauntingly, Satan scoffed:

"No, no, dear fatso, you are not bursting. Your flesh keeps tearing open, but see how my little demons kindly seal it closed again. Don't worry. We'll keep your flabby body together enough so that you will be able to spend your eternity feeling yourself bursting apart."

The glutton blubbered pathetically.

"But why? I don't deserve this misery. On earth I never ate to the point of bursting. Sure, I ate more than I needed, but so did everybody else. Besides, life is hard and eating is one of the few harmless pleasures men have."

Satan snorted:

"Harmless, you say? Even when your gluttony causes heart disease, diabetes, liver failure, and the rest? Harmless? What a joke!"

The glutton pouted.

“All right, overeating isn’t exactly conducive to good health, but it sure helps to combat stress.”

Straightening to his full height, Satan said proudly:

“Now you’re talking, fatso. I did a good job of making certain that people look on food and drink as their universal comforter. You see, it galls me that God gave humans the ability to nourish themselves. Men don’t realize what an honor it is to be allowed to assist God in maintaining their bodies on earth. We angels never received the gift of working with God to maintain our natural spirits. So I burn with envy at man’s capacity to nourish himself, and that is why my army of demons works so hard to spoil the function of eating.

“It’s quite simple, you know. We tell men that food is necessary and good for them and so they deserve to eat as much as they want and whenever they want. We stir up their appetites and arouse cravings for the food and drink that are least beneficial to their health. So they happily gorge themselves and become fatter and fatter and sicker and sicker—and then they whine and feel sorry for themselves because they have no energy. Best of all, this drains their mental and moral stamina, so they inevitably neglect their duties.”

The glutton sputtered angrily:

“Well, it’s not fair. We overate because you tricked us!”

Smiling cruelly, Satan replied:

“Nonsense! You stuffed your stomach because you willingly became addicted to the sheer pleasure of eating. Oink, oink! Now you can enjoy the endless pleasure of feeling every inch of your body bursting apart from all that food.”

## Case 9 ~ The Phony Food Furnisher

We moved a short distance away and saw a man bent over and throwing up convulsively. He gasped:

“Help me stop this violent retching and vomiting! My stomach is in spasms. My throat is raw and choking from this unending stream of puke.”

Scornfully Satan said:

“Tut, tut! What do you expect? That puke is from all the garbage you gobbled with such relish.”

Barely able to speak because of the vomit in his mouth, he croaked:

“I never gobbled any garbage! You know very well that I was a top executive in the food industry and the only food and beverage I ever ate or drank was perfectly sanitized and packaged. Thanks to me the whole world is eating the most sterile food imaginable, highly enriched, of course, with synthetic nutrients. And as for those old fashioned folks who like to prepare their own food, we have supplied an abundance of cheap, genetically engineered, sterile vegetables, fruits, meat and dairy products. And it's all thanks to me and my workers.”

Satan answered with mock praise:

“Of course, of course! And you did a fine job, too. Modern man can scarcely find any natural food now. Even the fresh vegetables aren't natural since they grow on soil that's not only depleted of nutrients but loaded with insecticides, fungicides and chemical fertilizers. And the meat is full of hormones, steroids and antibiotics that you fed the livestock. You did a topnotch job with all the science I put at your disposal. And the results almost amaze me. Men live in perpetual sickness,

exhaustion and mental debility, which makes them so much more vulnerable to my offers. Even those who want to follow the Despicable One are unable to think straight and carry through their pitiful holy desires.”

Resentfully the phony food furnisher argued:

“Well, if you are so pleased with my having crippled mankind, then why must I endure this endless vomiting?”

Frowning with irritation, Satan replied:

“Why? Because you grossly insulted me by taking away any real challenge to conquer modern men now that they are so mentally and physically debilitated from your poisonous anti-nourishment. Your phony food was unfit for any stomach, so now you can just keep regurgitating it and wallow in your own vomit forever.”

### **Case 10 ~ The Addlepatd Alcoholic**

We continued to another cave and came upon a soul staggering around in circles, his eyes glazed over.

“A nip, just a little nip to wet my whistle, that’s all I ask. The fire and heat in this raging furnace have dried me up like a lizard. My skin is shriveled, my lips are cracked, and my tongue is parched. Have pity on me and give me a little nip of water.”

Satan grinned cruelly.

“Oh, it’s water you want? How is that possible? On earth you only guzzled alcohol, so surely that’s what you want here, too! Bartender! Slosh a gallon of alcohol on him so he can slack his thirst.”



Terror-struck, the drunkard cried:

“No! No! Stop! Please! Don’t throw alcohol on me, you demons! Aieeee!”

As the fires touched the liquid, Satan snickered:

“Well, look at that! The alcohol burst into flames and is searing the poor drunk’s flesh! Tch, tch!”

Yelling with pain:

“Damn you, Satan! You knew that would happen. Haven’t I suffered enough from these fires without your adding more fuel to them? It’s water I need, and you know it.”

His face rigid and eyes hard, Satan replied:

“No, you bleary-eyed drunkard, water won’t do you any good down here. It was water you needed back on earth all those times you were drinking whiskey and beer and everything else that numbed your mind and senses.”

Tears began pouring down the alcoholic’s cheeks as he whined:

“But life was so hard on me, and people were so mean to me, and events were so cruel to me. The only way I could relieve the sadness and pain was to drown them in a drink. After awhile, one drink wasn’t enough, so it was two drinks and then three and four and I couldn’t stop.”

With disgust, Satan answered:

“Oh, really? Life was no harder on you than it was on everyone else; people were no meaner to you than they were to everyone else; events were no more cruel to you than they were to everyone else. The difference is that some people have

the courage to work through their hardships and pain. But the gutless ones like you feel sorry for themselves and seek to escape their responsibilities by dulling their minds with liquor.”

The alcoholic blurted with petulance:

“Oh, you’re a mean rat to say such nasty things! I did have courage for awhile but my troubles kept getting worse through no fault of my own, so who can blame me for giving up?”

To this, Satan sneered:

“You had courage? What a laugh! True courage never gives up. Look at that abominable Paul of Tarsus! My demons and I sent him every imaginable hardship and he never gave up. Look at those thousands of other despicable saints in Heaven who faced overwhelming adversities to do God’s will.”

Still trying to justify his weakness, the alcoholic replied:

“Well, so what? God never asked me to preach to the world and He never gave me all the help He gave to Paul and the others.”

Satan retorted:

“True enough. But God did ask you to fulfill your duties in life and He gave you enough graces for that. Why didn’t you use them instead of drowning your woes in a bottle, you chicken-livered coward?”

Livius was clearly shocked at such cold heartedness and tried to plead on behalf of the alcoholic.

“Come now, Satan, be reasonable. Don’t you know that alcoholism is a disease, and those afflicted need compassion and understanding, not condemnations?”

Satan hissed at Livius:

“You fool! It’s no more a disease than all the other vices. It’s an addiction to self-pampering and this man is a chicken-livered coward.”

Livius dared not say more but the alcoholic wailed:

“There you go being mean to me again, just like everyone on earth. I did what I did, and that’s that. Now be a sport, Satan, and give me some water.”

Turning his back on the alcoholic, Satan called to another demon:

“Bartender! Toss another gallon of alcohol on him!”

### **Case 11 ~ The Greedy Gatherer**

Satan then led us to a cavern heaped high with remnants of cheap earthly trash. From beneath a pile of rubbish we heard a frantic voice croaking:

“You dirty demons, stop throwing tons of junk on top of me! Get this stuff off! It’s smothering me! The weight is crushing my body. As soon as I throw off one thing, you dump on ten more things. I don’t need these things anymore, so you can just stop it!”

Satan moved to the heap of trash and lifted a giant television set up with one finger, revealing the crippled man beneath.

“But my dear greedy one, you always loved to accumulate things on earth! You were never satisfied, no matter how many clothes, books, toys, tools, and gadgets you had. When your house was overpacked, you sold your stuff cheap to other gatherers so you could have space again to acquire more.”

The badly bruised gatherer tried to push things off himself and struggle out of the heap as he argued:

“But back on earth it was so comforting to possess all those things, even when I didn’t need them. The more I had, the more secure I felt. Life was precarious, and I was always imagining that poverty was around the corner, so I had to build a stockpile of all sorts of stuff.”

Smirking, Satan crowed:

“And well you did. After all, a smart person like you couldn’t really trust the words of Jesus: ‘Behold the birds of the air, for they neither sow, nor do they reap, nor gather into barns: and your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are not you of much more value than they?’ (Matthew 6:26) Those were such silly words, weren’t they?”

Angrily the gatherer replied:

“You needn’t make fun of me, Satan. Yes, it was stupid of me to spend my life gathering things that were so trivial. But everyone did it. Was it such a sin?”

With a look of wry condescension, Satan agreed.

“Of course not! I’m happy to say that it merely wasted so much of your time and resources that you had none left to give to God or your fellow men. And you know how unreasonably stern The Almighty is about that! ‘Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and with thy whole soul and with thy whole mind and with thy whole strength. This is the first commandment. And the second is like to it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is no other commandment greater than these.’ (Mark 12:30-31) How utterly tyrannical of Him. You were perfectly sensible to gather all you could for yourself.”

Assuming an air of authority, the gatherer said:

“Thank you for admitting it. And I’ll thank you now to order your demons to immediately cease and desist the heaping of junk on me.”

Satan sneered:

“Oh you birdbrain! Do you really expect us to cease and desist doing our job? Our Eternal Enemy forces us to mete out the punishment due to those who offended and neglected Him.”

We were amazed that this damned soul still had the arrogance to give his tormentor advice.

“Well, if you don’t want to do it, just stop right now. That way you and your demons won’t have to work so hard, and I and my damned fellows won’t have to suffer so much.”

Enraged, Satan shrieked:

“Birdbrain! Birdbrain! Stop your stupidities! We can no more walk off our jobs than you can walk out of Hell. But then, you and your birdbrain companions deserve every bit of the punishment we can give you.”

## **Case 12 ~ The Petty Thief**

We followed Satan into yet another cavern and we cringed at a man yelling hysterically.

“Damn you, Satan! Put my hands back on my arms. I refuse to look like a fool with my hands cut off and tied to a rope hanging around my neck. These hands served me well and deserve to be attached in their proper place.”

His lip curling in disdain, Satan asked:

“What are you talking about? Those hands are in their proper place. As you said, they served you well by performing all your petty thievery. They slipped into people’s pockets and removed their money and valuables. They snatched merchandise from the store shelves and hid it under your coat. They wrote false checks to draw other people’s money from the bank for you. They played on your computer’s keyboard to steal other people’s credit and identity. Yes, those hands were extremely deft in executing your petty thievery. And therewith they dragged you by the neck right down the road to Hell, so it’s only proper for them to hang in a place of honor around your neck.”

Looking monstrously ridiculous with his chopped off hands hanging from the rope around his neck, the thief argued:

“But I didn’t steal millions and I didn’t cause anyone to go destitute. It was only a little here and a little there. Just enough so I didn’t have to waste my time working at some boring job to provide for my needs and a little comfort. As a matter of fact, I don’t think my petty thievery was anywhere near cause enough to put me in this inferno.”

Icily Satan spat out:

“You stupid fool. Stealing is stealing, and God commanded ‘thou shalt not steal’. So did you expect to go unpunished because your thievery was ‘little’ as you claim? My demons do a superb job of convincing humans that all their sins are little and will go unnoticed by the all-seeing and all-just God. Well, even though I hate God with all my being, I have to admire Him despite myself for meting out the punishment due for even the slightest offense to His majesty. So shut up, and carry your precious hands around your neck with pride.”

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### Case 13 ~ The Gargantuan Gambler

We had barely entered another cavern when a sleazy looking character leaped in front of us and excitedly addressed Satan.

“Wanna make a bet, Satan? I’ll give you a thousand to one if you win.”

Raising his eyebrows with a look of mock surprise, Satan asked:

“Really? A thousand *what*? You own nothing down here that you can give, you fool.”

Undeterred, the man retorted with a crooked smile:

“C’mon, pal, be a sport. So I don’t have money anymore, so what? I can give you a thousand cheers or hails or something. I gotta gamble, I just gotta. It’s in my blood. I go crazy if I’m not gambling. This Hell is driving me crazy. Why won’t somebody gamble with me?”

Satan answered:

“You had all the gambling you wanted on earth. You plunged yourself into the thrill of defying the odds. But it wasn’t the odds of chance you were defying, it was really God.”

Defiantly, the gambler protested:

“So what? I risked all I had to prove to myself and everyone else that I had guts. You hear? Guts! Guts to defy the odds, guts to defy common sense, and yes, guts to defy God Himself. I won some and I lost some. It was a thrill either way.”

Satan tilted his head to one side and nodded approvingly:

“Of course! A thrill for you, and an agony for your family, as it

should be. Always put yourself first. Always reach for your star and let everyone else be damned."

This comment provoked Sirena to snap:

"Hey, knock it off! We all need to reach for our star, and you did it yourself, so stop criticizing! I've spent my own life taking risks, and I've come out on top. Let me play a game of poker with the poor guy. He could use a break in this awful inferno."

Satan glared at her for such presumption.

"You dare speak to me like that? Go right ahead, and you will end up damned like this loser."

She backed away, and the gambler bitterly proclaimed:

"Well, I took my chances and got damned in the end. And I don't give a damn either, just so long as I can keep on gambling. So, Satan, line up your demons for a race that I can bet on. That's all I'm asking."

With utter contempt Satan yelled:

"Despicable fool! My demons have more important things to do than run races for scum like you. You can just spend your eternity trying to gamble with nothing to bet on."

Looking trapped, the gambler shrieked:

"But I'll go crazy if I can't gamble."

Turning aside, Satan, assured him:

"No, you won't go crazy because you've been stark raving mad all along. You'll just go more and more insane from the frustration of not being able to satisfy your craving to gamble. The odds are totally against you, so good luck!"



## Case 14 ~ The Claptrap Clothier

As we followed into another cavern, my friends and I became ill from the horrible stench. A man who was almost unrecognizable called out:

“Get this shit off me! I’m plastered with slimy dung. It’s clogging my pores and every orifice. Flies and beetles are crawling in it. The stench is suffocating and making me retch. Everyone runs away from me, even my best customers on earth. I was the ruler of the fashion industry! Rich people paid fortunes for my clothing. Poor people denied themselves necessities so they could buy my low-end fashions. It’s not fair to cover me with this vile dung when I covered people with the gorgeous garments they desired.”

Satan’s face twisted with disgust.

“How dare you complain when I have honored you with the most elegant fashion of my world? You never reached such elegance on earth, but I give you credit for trying. Yes, you came a long way from those silly little skin garments that God made for Adam and Eve, and those plain woolen tunics and robes worn in Palestine, and even those colorful provincial clothes of the simple peasants. What good were they for man? They just protected him from the cold and rain, and worse yet, they covered the sexual lure of his naked flesh. But you, my friend, you gave man garments he could wear proudly. True, most of them were quite ugly, but they gave man a badge of honor as a proud defier of God.

“Yes, you replaced that despicable simplicity and modesty with arrogance and sensuality. You plastered his clothes with slogans of defiance and debasement, and you even made him proud to serve as a free advertisement for the merchants of beer and sports and every other business.

“The cleverest part is the distortion you achieved in man’s self-image. No longer a child of God (how I hate that term—we angels were never called children of God) who recognizes the nobility of the body capable of housing Divine Life Itself, man sees his body with a mixture of contempt and vanity.

“Contempt because he knows he is trapped in that body until death, and because he can fulfill his duties to God only through that body which is so lowly compared to his soul. Contempt because he sees that body slowly deteriorate with age. Contempt because that body has resisted so many of his strivings for noble things.

“Vanity because that body is his alone and nobody else can take ownership of it. Vanity because he secretly adores his precious treasure. Vanity because he can use that body to defy God and flaunt the false godhood of man. You did well to create fashions so fitting for man’s vanity and sensuality. And you know, of course, that your fashions were a pile of shit, so that’s just what you’ll wear down here.”

### **Case 15 ~ The Magnificent Mocker**

Moving to another cavern we were aghast to see human brains plastered on the walls around a sign that proclaimed: “The Intelligencia”. A man who looked as if he might have been a university professor wheezed:

“Water! Cool water to pour on my burning tongue! Quick! My tongue has become molten lava that keeps oozing out of my mouth and dripping down my chin and neck. It’s burning me worse than the flames shooting from every wall of your damnable furnace.”

Smirking cruelly, Satan scoffed:

“Oh? You don’t like that? How odd! You spent your life cultivating that fiery tongue, and what admirable work you did with it. Its eloquence seared men’s minds so they would no longer respect their Creator and His Church. It heaped such scorn on Religion that men fled from the Faith, ashamed to be part of something so reviled. Your clever words convinced men that the Church was backward, oppressive, and medieval! Oh, that’s really a laugh and I congratulate you on pulling the wool over their eyes. They actually believed that medieval was backward when in fact the height and glory of man’s intellectual and cultural achievements occurred in medieval times. Excellent job, and a fine reflection of my own skillful deceit.”

Despite his molten tongue, the man bragged:

“You taught me well, Satan, and soon my successes swelled my vanity and I spewed out lying ridicule on everything related to God. I ridiculed the Church, the Faith, the Sacraments, especially the Holy Eucharist, the devotions, the prayers, the laws, the priests, the Pope, you name it. People love to hear ridicule, you know. They lap it up like hungry dogs because it makes them feel superior. They don’t even care if what is ridiculed is good and noble and true, just so long as it is dragged down and trampled on so they can feel superior.”

Agreeing heartily, Satan said:

“How right you are! And now you have your virulent burning tongue to remind you for all eternity that it led so many on the road to Hell. Be proud of how well you fulfilled your role in my war with God.”

## Case 16 ~ The Egghead Evolutionist

Moving along we saw one of the damned whirling through the cavern as though caught in the vortex of a tornado. His eyes were bulging and he cried out frantically:

“My brain is bursting with this unbearable pressure! I’m soaring outward head first, spiraling in the black night through the stars, and each one seems to be mocking me. Everything is spinning around me and making me woozy. Let me stop for a moment to rest!”

Watching with satisfaction, Satan called to him:

“No time for rest, professor! Besides, you want to experience those billions of years that you said the world has existed, don’t you? Ah, you did a marvelous job convincing those fools that you had scientific proof that the world started with a big bang billions of years ago, and that everything began as subatomic particles of energy and mass that randomly united to form stars and planets and earth and seas and all the complex forms of life! Oh, how rich! You made me proud with your blatant lies and phony facts that the suckers swallowed just because you said they were true! A cunning liar after my own heart!

“You were so shrewd in fabricating ‘prehistoric’ men to prove that humans evolved from lower beasts and that those childish bible stories were a lot of bunk. Isn’t it astounding how readily the humans will deny all the evidence of God and fall on their knees in adoration of sham science! You did a fine job, professor, and now your reward is to plunge through those billions and billions of years and see for yourself that they are nonexistent.”

The swirling man gasped for breath.

“But it was so logical. It was the perfect explanation for life without the hand of God. I was doing mankind a favor by freeing it from servitude in His Kingdom. I gave mankind pride in its own nature, imagining that man was God. Isn’t that just what you did when you told Eve ‘You shall be as gods!’?”

Almost grinning with conceit, Satan answered:

“Quite right! Silly Eve! All I had to do was tell her: ‘No, you shall not die the death. For God doth know that in what day soever you shall eat thereof, your eyes shall be opened: and you shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.’ She believed it! How naïve! Of course, she had never before heard a lie, since she had only spoken with God and Adam, and it never occurred to her to stop and think that I had just flatly contradicted God by saying ‘you shall not die the death’ when He had clearly said ‘in what day soever you shall eat of it, you shall die the death.’ And how easily she believed when I said that she and Adam would be as gods. Who wouldn’t want to be as God? Didn’t God create humans in His own image? So naturally they must be as gods! Oh, how simple it is to dupe humans!

“Just look! Man was eager to swallow your evolution theories because they let him believe that everything he had heard about God was fairytales and so he could totally ignore any so-called natural laws and church laws and religious duties. And once the genuine scientists uncovered the incontestable evidence to prove that your theories were totally false, man just shut his eyes and ears and clung shamelessly to your liberating lies.

“Yes, indeed! When I said ‘. . . your eyes shall be opened. . . knowing good and evil’ it was the truth! Indeed the most convincing way to tell a lie is to couch it in the truth! Sure enough, as I told her, from that time on man has known evil in

the most intimate way, becoming wed to it. Evil became a fascination, a lure, a gratification, an intoxication. Yes, evil corrodes men's brains so that they no longer think straight or master their will."

The whirling man tried to reach out to clutch the walls of the cavern and halt his spiraling. He wheezed:

"Well, then, we're not really to blame for what we do. God should recognize that. It's evil that makes us disobey Him. It's you, Satan, who's to blame. You blind us and weaken our will. We can't really be held responsible for all our acts."

Satan replied with amusement:

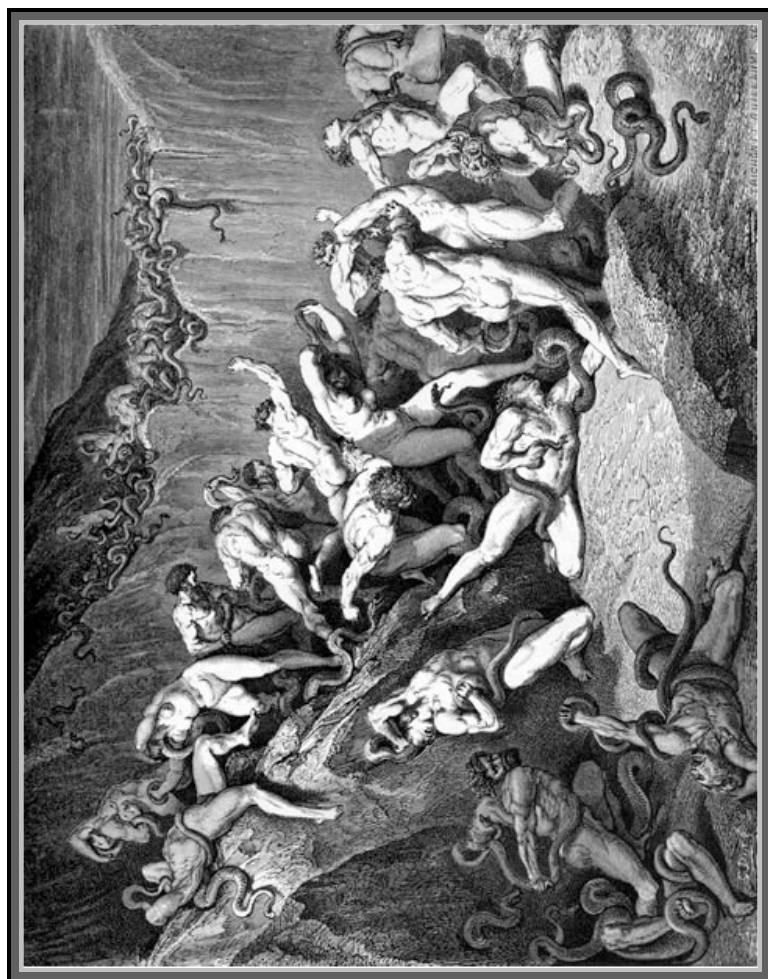
"Come now, professor, you can't weasel out of it with that line. You know God gave each man a free will and the intelligence to know what's true and what's false, what's good and what's bad. As God told that scoundrel Paul: 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' It is you yourself who have stared falsehood in the face and acceded to it. So the intoxication of evil is your own choice, and the results of that intoxication are your own responsibility. Be proud of your brilliant work and how it led to the damnation of so many souls! Your bursting brain now is your badge of honor in Hell!"

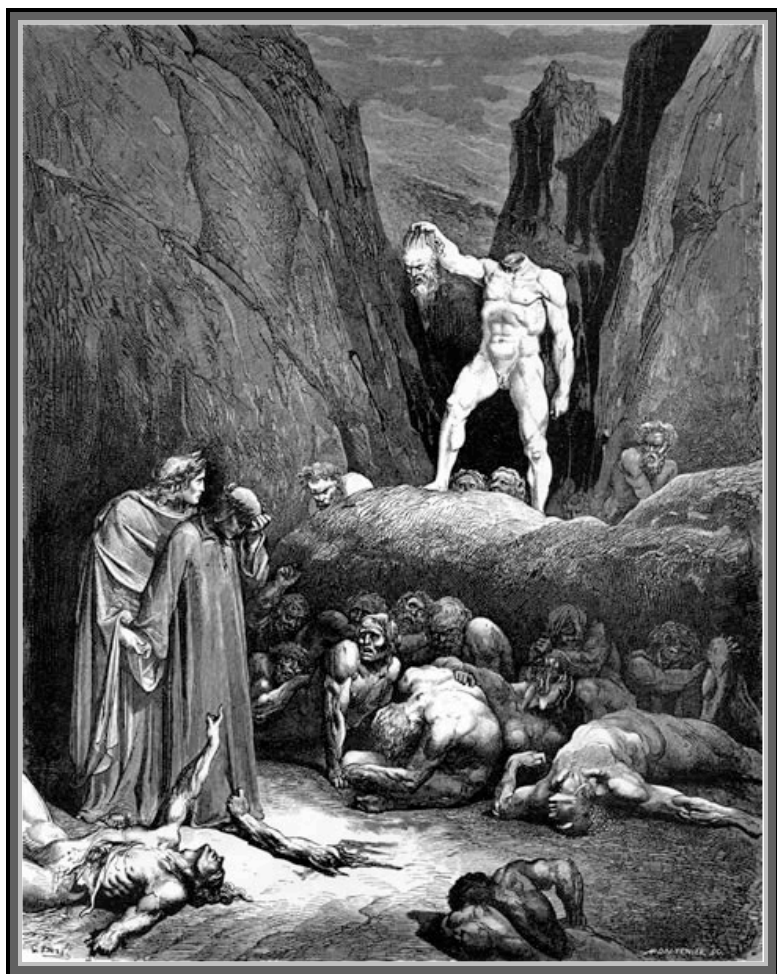
Following Satan, who was now walking away, Livius whispered to me:

"Peregrine, I really don't think it's fair to make people suffer such terrible torments when they acted in blindness. I agree with that man that Satan is really the one to blame."

Looking over his shoulder at us, Satan snickered:

"Oh yes, indeed! You are on the right track, Livius! You must always downplay the responsibility of each individual and blame someone else!"







## Case 17 ~ The Headless Historian

Proceeding to another cavern, we shrank back in shock at seeing a headless man who staggered about and wailed:

“My head is gone! There’s nothing on top of my neck! I’m thinking and seeing and hearing and talking, but without my head. I’m a monstrosity, a freak. You people, take pity on me and someone please give me back my head. It served me so well on earth and should be with me here.”

Satan’s eyes gleamed as he said:

“Ah yes, your head served you very well. In fact it also served me very well. Your head concocted and spread the most outrageous lies about God and His horrible Son Jesus and His despicable followers. You did a fine job.”

The headless man then moved toward us, almost strutting.

“Yes, and everyone believed my head, because it was the head of a historian, and historians are trusted to present the facts of history. Now give me back my head.”

Satan leaned forward and roughly pushed him away.

“Not so fast. Tell me more about your head, professor. How did it gain recognition as a historian?”

Stiffening proudly, the historian replied:

“Credentials, credentials! PhD’s and advancing to a professorship at a prestigious university. Publishing papers, writing books, speaking engagements and interviews. You know the drill, Satan. You invented it. Proclaim yourself an authority and people will believe you.”

Cocking his head with pride, Satan remarked:

“Ah yes, that’s how it worked with my first success. I simply presented myself to Eve as an authority who knew that God wouldn’t punish her and Adam for disobeying Him. She fell for the lie, and ever since then her children readily fall for such lies.”

The headless historian swaggered about and declared:

“My brilliant head knew that and achieved great success because of it.”

Livius whispered:

“Yes, I remember studying that man’s books in history classes. He was considered the most authoritative historian, but apparently he was a sham.”

Satan concurred, addressing the headless body.

“That’s right. You were neither a true scholar nor a historian and could never achieve recognition for what you knew, which was next to nothing. So you proclaimed yourself a historian, which was a lie, and then put forth the most shocking lies you could imagine so people wouldn’t dare doubt you.

“You concocted all kinds of proofs that the Bible was mere fiction and myth and in no way historical. You said that Jesus was an ordinary man whose miracles were dreamed up by a band of dissident Jews who wanted to gain power by claiming that Jesus was the Messiah and they were His chosen followers to replace the Jewish establishment. You said that Jesus’ mother was no virgin, that Jesus Himself engaged in sodomy with His disciples but then also had an affair with Mary Magdalen and produced many children who have maintained His bloodline ever since. You proclaimed the Church of Jesus

to be so corrupt that it could not possibly have been established by God. You made up splendid lies about the brutal Crusades against the peaceful Mohammedans. You smeared the Inquisition as a vile atrocity. Yes indeed, your historian head stupefied the masses and served me well.”

The headless historian came near us again and his body conveyed arrogance.

“I’m glad that you acknowledge it. So give me back my head right now.”

Walking away and looking back over his shoulder, Satan chuckled:

“No, dear professor, I won’t. You see, your head is neatly spiked on the end of my tail and I rather like the ornament. It makes the other damned souls fear me even more. So just consider yourself honored that your head has found a worthier place than on top of your ugly neck.”

### **Case 18 ~ The Mass Murderer**

Satan then led the group into a cavern with an inscription above the entrance: “Temple of Satan”. It was filled with statues of grotesque dragons, serpents and goats. Both demons and humans were bowing up and down in adoration while droning meaningless sounds.

One large man who seemed to retain a look of importance was wearing a tattered bishop’s mitre and holding a staff topped with an ugly twisted crucifix. He sprang up from his position of worship and confronted us arrogantly.

“Hey, Satan! Where’s that reward you promised me? We made a pact, and I fulfilled my part of it. I carried out your plans to destroy the Sacrifice of the Mass, and did a damn good job of it,

as you well know. I drew up a sickly prayer service just like the Protestants have and called it a “Eucharistic Celebration” so the Catholics would think it was still the Mass. I proclaimed that my concoction was a return to the original rites of the Apostles, and the morons actually believed it! Once your imposter pope Montini commanded all the priests to stop offering the true Mass and instead to follow my ritual, the imbeciles bowed their heads in obedience and obeyed him!”

Satan backed away with a frown of revulsion.

“Not so fast with your self-congratulations, Bugnini, boy. You didn’t do that great a job of convincing everyone that the Novus Ordo legitimately replaced the Missa Sancta. Many priests and even some bishops saw that it was a travesty inspired directly by me, and they refused to obey my phony pope.”

Bugnini’s eyes bulged as he bellowed:

“That was only an insignificant handful who made no difference anyway.”

Clearly enraged by such impudence, Satan replied:

“Insignificant? No difference? You puffed up lout, do you think Satan is satisfied with anything less than 100% compliance? You should have done a better job. You thought you doused the fires of the Mass, but that handful of insignificant loyalists was all it took to keep alive the glowing embers that are now growing into flames again.”

Raising his staff imperiously and pointing it toward his master, Bugnini snapped defiantly:

“Oh, keep your horns on, Satan! 99.9% success is more than enough to drain the lifeblood from the Church.”

Satan's eyes flashed with fury.

"You dare to pretend you know more than I? Your 0.1% failure is the greatest fiasco of my career! In addition to that, your crappy prayer service was so miserably devoid of any sense of mystery, of any sense of sublimity, of any sense of artistry, that even the most ignorant and uncultured Catholics totally lost interest and abandoned it altogether. Worse yet, they dropped out of my NewChurch completely and ruined my plan for it to develop into my Global Satanic Church."

My friends and I couldn't believe that this damned creature continued his audacious tirade.

"Well, that's your problem, not mine. I followed your instructions for setting up the Novus Ordo exactly the way you ordered, so if you have any complaints about the results, don't go blaming me! Furthermore, you better fulfill your side of the bargain and make me an equal prince, free to live on one of those little paradise islands in the south seas."

At this Satan howled giddily.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! I love it! You really did a superb job of carrying out my instructions. Yes, indeed, and I thank you for it! But best of all, I thank you for giving me the biggest laugh in Hell! Imagine! You, the crafty archbishop, actually believing my lies! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Shocked now by the realization that he had been totally hoodwinked by Satan, Bugnini screamed:

"You lied to ME? To your partner? You swore that if I helped you, you would make me prince of my own little domain forever. You can't back out now! You are glorious Satan, prince of darkness, prince of the entire earth. You can easily repay me with a little island all for myself and maybe some of my friends, and we won't bother you or take away from your

glory in Hell. You MUST! You OWE it to us!"

Now roaring with laughter and contempt, Satan spat out:

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! You dare tell me what I must do? It's the other way around, partner. And I'm telling you that you are now going to spend all eternity in the deepest depths of Hell, where the fire is the hottest, the smoke is the most suffocating, the walls keep closing in, the darkness grows blacker, and your only emotion is hatred, yes hatred of God, hatred of me, hatred of every other human whether in Heaven or in Hell, and most of all hatred of your own self. The only thing you will feel is the pain of fire. The only thing you will see is blackness. The only thing you will smell is brimstone. The only thing you will taste is ashes. The only thing you will hear is your own screaming. Enjoy!"

### **Case 19 ~ The Latin Loser**

Turning our backs on the miserable Mass murderer, we began heading out of that cavern when we saw one of the damned who had turned away from the statues of serpents and goats and was crouched kneeling on the floor as he moaned.

*"De profundis clamavi ad Te Domine. De profundis.....de profundis.....de profundis."*

Looking down his nose with disdain, Satan asked:

"Why are you jabbering in Latin, old boy? You scorned the language on earth."

The man replied without lifting up his head.

*"Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea culpa! I was wrong when I scorned it. I loved Latin when I was in the seminary and those*

first years as a priest. I loved the Holy Sacrifice and felt transported into Heaven when I celebrated the Sacred Mysteries. But then, you damned monster, you had your servants concoct that nauseating Novus Ordo Mass and they forced us to say it.”

Smirking, Satan queried:

“Forced? Forced? Come now! Did they lash you to a pillar and whip you? Did they hold a gun to your head?”

The pathetic man whimpered, trying to make excuses.

“No, but they threatened to kick us out of our parishes and stop our salaries. And they did it all the time, to any priest who refused to tow the line. We had no choice.”

Satan snarled.

“No choice, you say? Take a look up in Heaven and see your old fellow priests who knew they did have a choice, and those hateful heroes chose to obey God instead of my servants.”

Now the priest buried his head in his hands and blubbered.

“I’m ashamed to look at them. They tried to convince me that nobody, not even a pope, could cast away the true Mass. They quoted all the proofs from the Doctors of the Church and Pope St. Pius V. They refused to go along with any of the Vatican II changes, and they were banished like lepers. Many of them became destitute and had to beg for food and shelter.”

With a smug smile, Satan replied:

“Yes, and with good reason. I make certain that my demon helpers punish those who defy me. But you who followed my path like dumb sheep, you had the good life, didn’t you? Comfy quarters, haute cuisine, the best golf courses.”

The priest looked up with resentment at this insult.

“Well, I deserved it, didn’t I? After all, I didn’t really want to give up the old Mass, but I learned all that new stuff for the sake of survival and became a master at it.”

Satan snickered derisively:

“You were wonderful, just wonderful! Always smiling ingratiatingly at the congregation, shaking everyone’s hand, inviting the housewives to hand out the communion cookies, letting the little kiddies sit on the floor around the altar. And the music! Ah, the music!”

With a bitter grimace, the priest moaned.

“*Dies irae! Dies irae!* Stop ridiculing me, Satan! I loathed that insipid singing, but it gave the people something to do, since they didn’t have a real Mass to hold their attention anymore. We brought in guitars, drums, keyboards, and spiced them up with tambourines and trumpets. Oh God, how I missed that heavenly Gregorian Chant and exquisite polyphony we used to sing. But I sacrificed it all so the people could participate more.”

Grinning slyly, Satan agreed.

“And that was exactly what I wanted. In the old days the people kept their mouths shut and their minds on the Mass. With my New Mess they keep their mouths open and their minds shut. You did a fine job of maintaining total distraction with all your musical garbage.”

The priest glared at Satan with hatred.

“Yes, I did a fine job for you, Satan, and I even found myself liking the stupid mediocrity. It was all so undemanding, any moron could do it. And I hate you all the more for dragging me



down to such a level, when I used to relish the real liturgy. I knew all the ceremonial rubrics, I was fluent in Latin, and I sang the sacred chant beautifully. Most of all, I could feel in my bones that I was an *alter Christus* and that souls were being sanctified by the Sacraments my hands ministered. *De profundis clamavi ad Te Domine. De profundis clamavi ad Te.*"

Sneering, Satan said:

"Go on, go on. Keep chanting, it's so entertaining."

His face contorted with despair, the priest exclaimed:

"Damn you, scoundrel, you know I can no longer chant! *Dies irae!* I once had a beautiful voice, but now that my throat is burnt to a crisp by your fire, it sounds like a crow cackling."

Cocking his head to one side, Satan mocked.

"Forsooth! The perfect music for Hell. Keep on cackling."

## Case 20 ~ The Pedophile Presbyter

Arriving at another cavern, we were almost knocked over by a man dressed only in a filthy Roman collar, trying to run away from a pack of children who were chasing him.

"Stop these mean little bullies! They keep screaming at me and pelting me with burning coals that pierce right through my body."

Smiling, Satan exclaimed:

"Don't you recognize those little boys, Father? They seem to know you. They keep shrieking 'Monster! Monster! You destroyed our lives!' What could they possibly mean?"

The presbyter cowered behind us trying to hide from the children.

“You know damned well, Satan! They were my altar boys, and yes, I took my pleasure with them. Why not? My passions were beyond my control, ever since you and your foul bishops filled the seminaries with emasculated fags. Those creeps revolted me, but they eventually tricked me into joining their depraved games.”

Still smiling, Satan asked:

“Tricked you? Hogwash! You were already so dissipated with soft living that you welcomed any amusement.”

A look of profound resentment crossed the presbyter’s face.

“Not so! It wasn’t for amusement. They told me I needed to open myself to greater affection so I could be a better pastor. That’s why I let them teach me their slimy behavior. And once it started, there was no going back. After I left my friends in the seminary and went to the parish, it was difficult to find partners. So what else could I do but lure the altar boys to come with me? They felt guilty and dirty, but I gave them money and presents to keep them quiet. Why the hell should they be torturing me now? The little rats got paid for their service. They have no right to scream and pummel me with burning coals.”

Satan fluttered his hand at the children.

“Of course not! Shoo, boys, shoo! Well, imagine that! The dirty little brats won’t leave. I guess our degenerate pedophile presbyter will just have to listen to them screaming ‘Monster, Monster!’ for the rest of eternity and learn to enjoy the fiery coal pelting.”

At this Sirena commented soberly:

“I certainly don’t approve of anyone raping little boys, but I can understand how it happens. It’s the result of the Church requiring celibacy in the priesthood. You can’t expect men to live without satisfying their sexual appetites. And since the parishioners wouldn’t tolerate having loose women all over the rectories and monasteries, the priests have no outlet but homosexuality. Why not? At least they aren’t fathering bastard children that way.”

Satan smiled broadly at Sirena.

“You are so very enlightened, my dear!”

### **Case 21 ~ The Cowardly Cleric**

Just around the corner of this entrance, we stumbled on another cleric also wearing only a filthy Roman collar, rolling on the floor in anguish. He didn’t look at us and instead searched the ceiling with his eyes.

“God, where are You? How could You abandon me to this wretched abysmal pit full of snarling, hissing ghouls? I was your priest, your bishop, your cardinal, your pope! You should have rewarded me with one of the high places in Heaven!”

Grimacing with contempt, Satan addressed the man.

“Shout as loud as you like, you spineless fool. God won’t hear you now. You took an oath to defend His Faith, but you never shouted when the time came to defend it. You didn’t dare, because your buddies wouldn’t like it. Of course, they were the very ones denying His teaching, so you had to be prudent and not rock the boat. Or should I say the barque of Peter?”

Trying to justify himself, the cleric blurted:

“But I didn’t deny the Church’s teaching! I wasn’t a heretic!”

Satan replied with an ugly sneer.

“Goody goody for you! As I told you back on earth, everything would work out fine for the Church if you just kept your mouth shut. And happily for my scorecard, you did just that.”

The cleric shouted angrily:

“Liar! Many a time I told the others outright that they were into heresy. But I felt I’d be more effective working on the inside instead of alarming the faithful by making public denunciations.”

Satan answered:

“Of course, padre, and you did just what I wanted. Is it my fault that God expected you to fight to the death to defend the Faith?”

The cleric frantically waved his arms upward.

“But look up there, at those other priests and bishops who are now in Heaven. They didn’t do any more than I did to defend the Faith. They just worked quietly like me behind the scenes. Why did they get into Heaven? It’s not fair!”

Satan snarled.

“Not fair? Stop joking! Even I must admit that while I totally loathe God, He is absolutely just and fair. And you know very well that those other priests and bishops did not have the same guilt as you, simply because I miscalculated when fogging their brains. Alas, I overdid it, and they really couldn’t see clearly

the clever chaos I had established in the Church. They were actually sincere in their belief that they were fulfilling their obligation by obeying orders from their false shepherds. But you, my cowardly cohort, did see clearly the destruction of the Church and your obligation to act boldly. God even gave you the graces needed, but happily you chose to protect your own skin and let countless souls fall into my clutches. Thanks ever so much! While I spit on you, I still gain from your cowardice."

## **Case 22 ~ The Bible Babblers**

Continuing to another cavern, we saw a tall, scraggly man who appeared to be a drunken preacher, clutching some tattered pages of a bible.

"I've been saved, praise the Lord! But where is the Lord? I've been saved, and I should be in Heaven looking at His face."

Taunting him, Satan said:

"Tut, tut, old boy. Don't you recognize your lord? You are looking right at him!"

The preacher drew back in horror.

"You??? You ugly beast, you are not my Lord! Jesus is my Lord. I preached the Lord Jesus all my life. 'Repent and accept Jesus as your savior' I told the sinners."

Smiling, Satan continued to taunt him.

"Bravo! Yes, you preached with fire and passion, and you preached only the parts of the Bible that made the fools feel saved, just as I taught you. Naturally, we had to revise the Bible in a few places to bamboozle them."

Indignant, the preacher proclaimed:

“But I preached all that was needed: ‘Repent and accept Jesus as your savior.’ What else mattered?”

Satan nodded vigorously.

“Nothing, of course, especially not that nasty business of the Church founded on Peter, and that disgusting business about eating His flesh and blood in order to be saved.”

Stiffening with pride, the preacher exclaimed:

“I would never preach such nonsense! *Sola scriptura!* Only scripture is needed, and every person must find his own meaning in scripture guided by the Spirit. But those crazy Catholics interpret scripture all wrong, so it’s obvious they are not guided by the Spirit.”

Snickering his agreement, Satan applauded.

“Bravo, again! You follow my line of reasoning perfectly. All beliefs must be based on scripture and every person must find his own interpretation of scripture. And when a thousand people come up with a thousand different interpretations, they are all correct!”

Confusion covered the preacher’s face.

“Well, no, they can’t all be correct if they contradict each other. That’s not logical.”

Satan barked:

“Stupid one! It IS logical, according to Luciferian Logic. Otherwise, how can you say the crazy Catholic interpretations are all wrong?”

Raising his eyebrows, the preacher said smugly:

“You think you’re so smart, Satan? I can answer that easily. It’s because the Catholics don’t base their doctrines on scripture alone – they base it on tradition handed down by word of mouth. Now that’s crazy for sure.”

Clearly annoyed, Satan snapped:

“You dare to debate me, stupid one? Then show me in the Bible where it says ‘*sola scriptura*’, or where Jesus said to write everything in a book. Then answer how anybody could know the teachings of Jesus from the day He left the earth until the day the first book of the New Testament was written? Even after it was written, how could the illiterate masses know the teachings of Jesus? Besides, all the books of the Bible were written by hand and copied by hand for fourteen hundred years after Christ, so how could the millions of Christians obtain a copy to read if their salvation really depended on ‘*sola scriptura*’?”

The preacher now looked totally dazed.

“Dear Lord above, why didn’t I think of those things? Indeed it was the Catholic Church that preserved the Bible all those centuries and handed down the teachings of Jesus by word of mouth. How could anybody but the Church know the true teachings of Jesus?”

With a look of disgust as he walked away, Satan accused him.

“Don’t pretend your innocence with me, stupid one! Those things were staring you in the face but you just refused to think about them. Like all your fellow fools, you didn’t want to accept God on His own terms, which suits me just fine. Now you can enjoy yourself by babbling the Bible to your captive audience here in Hell.”

### **Case 23 ~ The Apathetic Floater**

The next cavern we entered was filled with sickening, lukewarm, stale air, evoking a sense of ennui. People with glazed eyes were floating on what looked like volcanic lava. One man lethargically lamented:

“This interminable floating is driving me balmy. Floating, floating, floating on a sea of burning sludge, that’s all I do. It’s so wearisome. Why can’t I at least move my arms and kick my legs to swim, so I can make some progress? But no, I just float like a piece of useless driftwood.”

Satan scoffed:

“So what? Why should you want to move around here, when on earth you were satisfied to just float along and not lift a finger to change anything around you?”

The floater gave a long sigh.

“Why should I have bothered to lift a finger? I was just a simple little person who couldn’t have made a difference, no matter what I might have done. Life goes on, the world is rotten, people are rotten. Why bother? Just take care of your own self and let the rest of the world be damned, that’s my motto.”

Satan agreed.

“An excellent motto, indeed. There were so many things you could have done on earth that might have helped someone save his soul, and I’m so glad you didn’t bother.”

With an even longer sigh, the floater responded:



"Sure, it wasn't worth the effort, since nothing would have come of it."

Again agreeing, Satan said:

"That's right. My demons did a fine job of convincing you that nothing would have come of any attempt to assist the Enemy's endeavors to lead souls to the happiness of Heaven."

Bemoaning his plight, the floater complained:

"Anyway, I never did anything wrong to deserve this punishment."

Satan scoffed:

"You never did anything wrong, you never did anything right. You had no passion for either good or bad, and you didn't care that Jesus said: 'But because thou art lukewarm and neither cold nor hot, I will begin to vomit thee out of my mouth.'" (Apocalypse 3:16)

The floater wailed:

"But He didn't say I'd go to Hell! It's not fair that I'm here!"

Satan pointed at him and snapped:

"Really? But didn't He say: 'As the Father hath sent me, I also send you.' (John 20:21) And 'This is my commandment, that you love one another, as I have loved you.' (John 15:12) And: 'If any man will follow me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me.' (Mark 8:34) And: 'Going therefore, teach ye all nations: baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you.' (Matthew 28:19-20)

“So, you lazy lout, weren’t you commanded to do more than float along? And since you disobeyed, you got your just reward, and you can float along for eternity on the burning sludge the way you floated along in life on the sea of sloth.”

### **Case 24 ~ The Cringing Coward**

In the next cavern we saw a man huddled in a fetal position, whimpering.

“I’m scared, I’m afraid, doesn’t anybody care? I died of fright and I feel as though I am forever dying of fright. If only I could stop this perpetual trembling and just close my eyes for a few moments of peace.”

Satan sneered at him.

“You heard the saying that a coward dies a thousand deaths? Well, it’s off by a few million! Ha, ha! I’m joking, it’s a few trillion!”

The man began crying piteously.

“I’m not a coward! Everybody has fears. Even those saints in Heaven once had fears.”

Satan retorted:

“True enough! And when they feared, they usually sinned. Look at Peter. He was afraid of being captured in the court of Caiphas, and so he committed the most despicable sin of denying his own God.”

The coward protested.

"But they didn't necessarily sin. Lots of times they were afraid and didn't sin."

Raising his arm Satan lashed out:

"Yet even then, Jesus rebuked them for their fear. He actually expected them to put their complete trust in God. Remember that silly story about the birds? He said: 'Fear not therefore: you are of more value than many sparrows.' (Matthew 10:31)

"And during the storm at sea: 'Why are you fearful, O ye of little faith?' (Matthew 8:26)

"And later: 'And when you shall hear of wars and rumors of wars, fear ye not.' (Mark 13:7)

"Your own Lord commanded you not to fear except for one thing: 'Be not afraid of them who kill the body and after that have no more that they can do. But I will show you whom you shall fear: Fear ye him who, after he hath killed, hath power to cast into Hell. Yea, I say to you: Fear him.' (Luke 12:4-5)

"Of course, He was referring to ME! Yes, I am the only one worthy of real fear."

The coward actually dared to answer:

"Liar! The Bible says that God is also to be feared."

At this Satan shrugged with disdain.

"God is not worthy of real fear. He's too merciful. After a little chastisement, He always lavishes His grace to help His sinful humans. Luckily, they don't always accept His grace, and so they fall into my clutches, and thus you see that I am the one really to be feared."

Defensively the coward said:

“Well I didn’t have time on earth to fear you, Satan. There were too many other things to fear.”

Satan roared:

“Precisely, you coward. You were afraid you would starve; you were afraid you would become homeless; you were afraid you would lose your job; you were afraid you would lose your money; you were afraid each time you had a little illness that you had cancer; you were afraid that people didn’t respect you; you were afraid of your own shadow. That tickled me pink. You were so paralyzed by fear that you couldn’t fulfill your fundamental obligations to God.”

The coward shrank back and whined:

“But I never did anything terrible to anyone. I shouldn’t be punished just because I suffered an enormous fear syndrome.”

Satan sneered.

“Oh, that’s cute! A fear syndrome! As if it came from outside your own cowardly soul! As if you had no guilt for living in fear instead of trusting in God.”

Still defending himself:

“Well, the point is still that I didn’t do anything terrible to anyone.”

Again Satan roared:

“You think that’s enough to get you into Heaven? Do you forget that you had an obligation to worship God in the way He decreed and to obey all of His commands? Do you think your so-called fear syndrome excused you from defending the Faith no matter what it cost you in personal losses or in shedding of blood?

“Do you forget all the talents you had and could have used to help others? You hid those talents under a bushel basket and all because of your so-called fear syndrome. You had the means to feed the poor, but instead you clung to every penny for fear of someday becoming destitute.

“Well, you wallowed in your craven fear on earth, so now you can just tremble in terror for all eternity.”

### **Case 25 ~ The Lazy Learner**

We followed Satan out of that cavern and into another, where we saw a youth is trying to remain seated on a pile of rocks while demons poked at him.

“Stop jabbing me with those pitchforks! You haven’t ceased forcing me to continuous work since I entered this fiendish factory. Satan, order these demons to let me rest! I’m only fourteen, and this is child abuse.”

With a condescending smile Satan said:

“Oh, how exhausted you must be, you lazy little lout. And it’s no wonder. You spent your entire short life avoiding any effort of mind or body. You abhorred anything that required the least bit of exertion. Now you are rewarded with unending exertion.”

The boy pouted.

“Why should I have exerted myself? My parents had plenty of money to buy me whatever I wanted. Isn’t it stupid to work for something that can be gotten without work?”

Satan smirked.

“Quite right, young man. And besides, you deserved everything you wanted just because you were your parents’ fair-haired child. Not to mention how happy it made them to lavish their wealth on you so you would be spared the drudgery of work. Why, they even bribed teachers so you would pass exams without studying.”

The boy argued.

“And what’s wrong with that? Why should I be forced to study stuffy subjects that bored me and wouldn’t help me get a high salary?”

Satan agreed.

“Absolutely right! You had more meaningful things to spend your time on, like surfing the internet, texting your friends and partying. And in the end, you didn’t need a salary anyway, since that nasty accident cut short your years.”

With a cry of resentment:

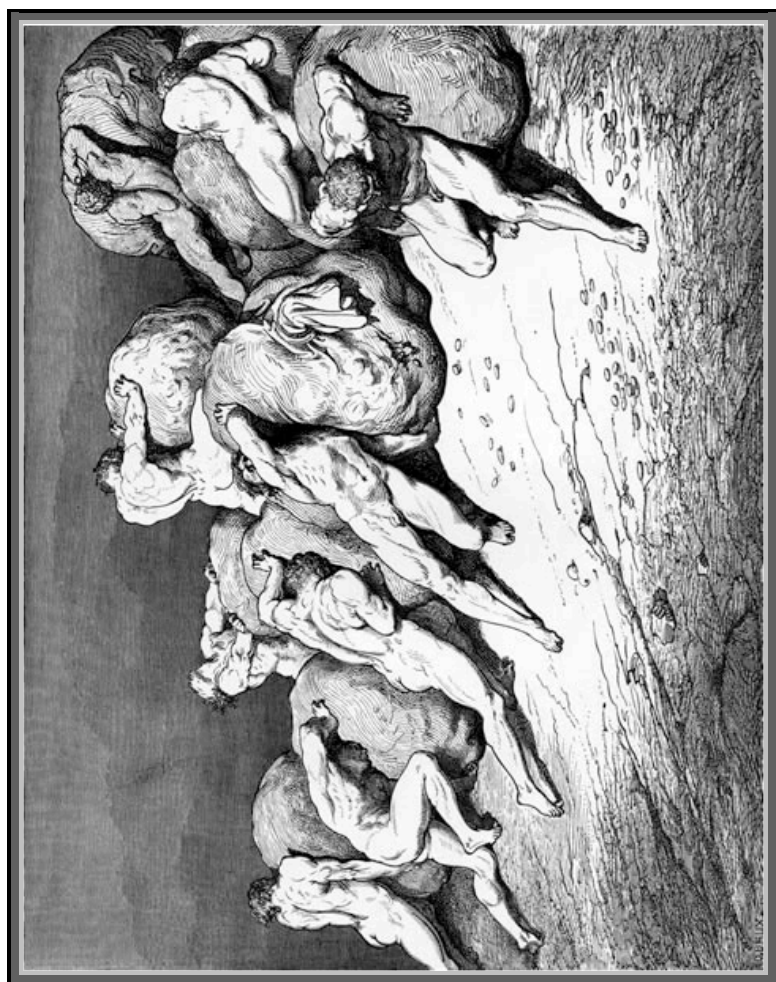
“So why do these demons of yours keep forcing me to work in this filthy pigsty?”

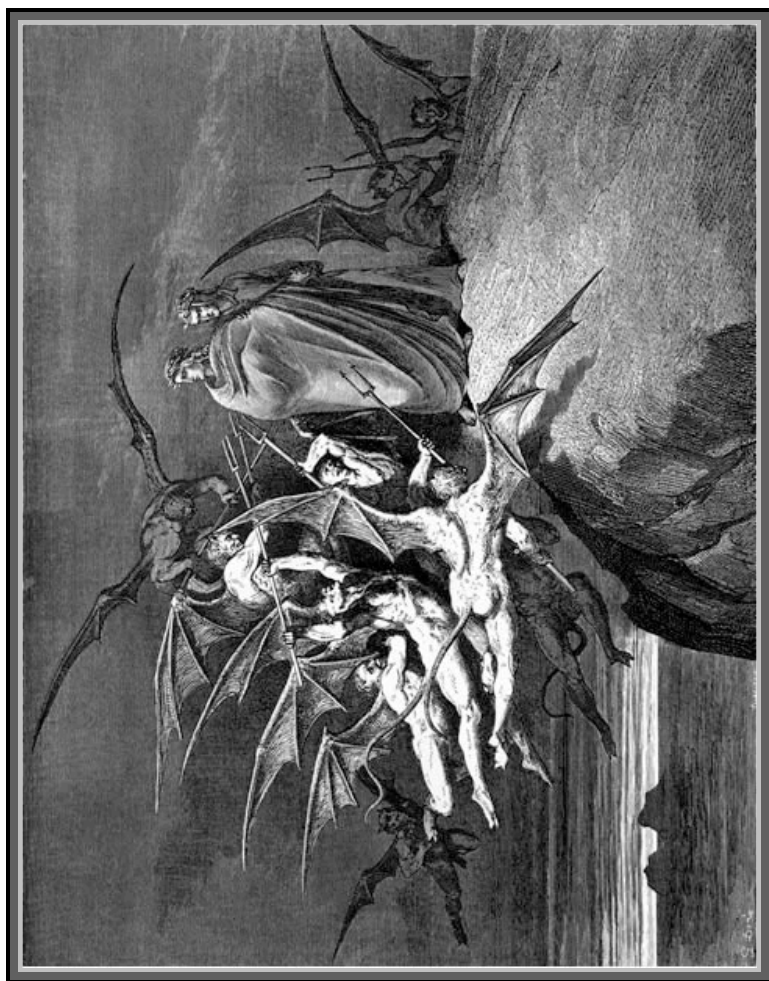
Satan explained with a smile:

“Ah me, they just can’t help it. You see, they are burning with envy because they never had a leisurely life like yours. They detest you for having wasted all the time you had to learn the wonders of God, and to work in His service.”

Again pouting:

“Well aren’t they glad that I neglected God and my duties and ended up down here? They should be treating me better.”







Satan's eyes pierced the boy.

"Certainly they are glad you came to Hell. But they would have much preferred that you worked hard at your damnation instead of just drifting down the mudslide of sloth. So now they are getting even by relentlessly forcing you to exert the effort you constantly rejected on earth."

With a cry of desperation the boy pleaded:

"No! Let me go back to earth while I'm still young, and I'll show everyone I can work hard. Then if I have to come back to Hell, at least I'll deserve a little rest here."

Disgustedly, Satan shot:

"Dream on, young dolt! God gave you all the time you needed to do His will and gain an eternity of bliss. You couldn't be bothered, so shut up and slave like your demon friends for endless time."

## **Case 26 ~ The Putrid Politician**

In the next cavern a big man was thrashing about trying to shake off other damned souls who were wildly grasping at him.

"Satan! Get these sycophant scumbags off me! They hang onto my back and arms and legs and slobber their slimy drool all over me. It's sickening."

Raising his eyebrows in mock surprise, Satan admonished:

"What? They annoy you? Come now, you cultivated just such an entourage during your distinguished political career. You

lavished on everyone the petty privileges and fuzzy feelings they desired. You were the perfect cloying caricature of friendship and generosity! You surrounded yourself with fawning bootlickers, so why shouldn't they keep you company forever?"

Still vigorously shaking his arms and trying to swat the others off as though they were bothersome flies, the man said:

"They were useful back then. I threw them crumbs of cheap political favors to hold on to their votes and support. Politics is always a game of 'I scratch your back, you scratch mine.' You know very well that we all had to please our constituency."

Looking bored with his protests, Satan replied:

"Certainly, and you did a fine job there, selecting the constituency that served your goals best. The ones who pretended to be on a crusade for justice, for the underdog, for the down-trodden, for the mistreated perverts, for the underpaid laborer, for the self-proclaimed victims of every stripe, for the unlimited rights of women and children, for the militant atheists. Yes, you can take a big bow for having followed my example of manipulative deception.

"The idea of course is to make people feel guilty if they don't support whatever you tell them is noble. People love to feel noble and they hate to feel guilty. So, naturally, they are eager to believe any fraud who assures them they are noble, even with the most blatant lies."

With an air of indignation the politician said:

"But all those causes *were* noble! We were protecting everyone from the oppression of the rich and powerful, especially those in the Church who dared to proclaim that God has rights over man."

Satan nodded approvingly.

“Of course. Make the worker believe that he is oppressed, even when he isn’t. Convince him that he is poor, even when he has luxuries. Convince him that nobody should be poor, that only the poor work hard, that rich people never really work, that business owners always cheat their workers. Make sick people believe that nobody should be sick, that they have a right to be free of illness and pain, and that society should provide their health care. Make those who are injured in accidents believe that others are to blame even when they were careless. Convince minorities that all their hardships are the result of racism and never the result of their own laziness. And above all, proclaim everybody’s right to freedom of speech and behavior that derides God and violates His laws.

“Yes, the task of every politician is to make himself look noble by protecting all self-proclaimed victims from their alleged oppressors. This assures people that they are never responsible for any adversity that befalls them—it is always someone else’s fault. Furthermore, it is only big government that can provide for their needs. And once big government controls every facet of people’s lives, man can no longer defend his God-given rights to own and manage property, to educate and discipline his children, and to publicly practice his religion.

“So you putrid politicians serve me well. And since you gain your positions by cultivating the leeches of the earth, you are rewarded by having those same leeches suck on to you forever in Hell.”

### **Case 27 ~ The Ragtag Revolutionaries**

As we entered the next cavern, we heard a thunderous tramping of feet and saw many damned souls, lined up as an army troop, totally

exhausted, and being whipped by demons to keep moving. Seeing Satan they called out:

“We can’t go on anymore! Your demons force us to keep marching, marching, marching and to keep swinging these heavy swords and to keep shouting ‘Down with’, ‘Down with’, ‘Down with’. And as soon as we’ve marched past the tri-colored flag, they make us about-face and march back the way we came. It’s back and forth, back and forth, always marching and swinging our swords and always shouting ‘Down with’. This is sheer madness. We can’t go on anymore, do you hear?”

Satan smirked.

“Tut, tut, of course you can go on. You did it so well on earth, why not here?”

Still marching under the whips they answered:

“Back there we had a CAUSE to march for and to rally others to follow. We had enemies of the people to shout ‘Down with’ about. We were dedicated to our revolutionary convictions.”

With mocking condescension Satan oozed:

“My dear revolutionaries, you have the very same cause and enemies down here, so you should be on fire (ha, ha) with enthusiasm to keep marching and ‘Down withing’ for the rest of eternity.”

One of the troop proclaimed defiantly:

“That’s not so! Our revolutions on earth were against the corrupted social order that oppressed us. Our enemies were the corrupt authorities who enforced the corrupt social order.”

Annoyed at this brazenness, Satan said:

“Indeed? Are you still so stupid that you continue to believe the lies of my human collaborators? How true the axiom that if you repeat a lie often enough, people will believe it.”

The man looked shocked.

“What lies? What are you talking about?”

Satan explained:

“First of all, the allegedly corrupt social order you revolutionaries were always overturning. In every case, it was not the social order itself that was corrupt but only a few people in it. For instance, you invariably targeted the monarchies to be eliminated.”

The man retorted:

“And why not? All men are created equal and have the right to be ruled by themselves and not by some king who happens to be born into his position or who took it by force.”

Pleased with this reply, Satan continued.

“Of course, of course, that’s just what I always say. In fact, it’s essentially what I told Eve: Don’t let God push you around! Rule yourself and decide what fruit you will or will not eat. Authority is repressive even when it comes from God. Rebel!

“I myself hated God’s authority, especially when He made me Prince of this world and then wouldn’t let me improve it the way I wanted.

“But God has a fixation on authority. Just because He created all things, He demands submission by all and honor from all. And what’s worse, He actually delegates some of His own authority to human beings. Why should parents have authority over their children? Why should He give rulers authority over

nations? I hate all authority except my own. So you dear revolutionaries will obey my authority here in Hell and will keep marching back and forth to nowhere, and will keep down-withing the authority of God, and will keep swinging your useless swords at the fires surrounding you.”

As we left, the demons intensified their whipping and drove the revolutionaries to keep marching.

### **Case 28 ~ The Mindless Musician**

A deafening din of discordant beating of drums and blaring of guitars poured from the next cavern that was filled with people contorting like frenzied marionettes. One man whose face was twisted in agony screamed.

“My eardrums are being ripped apart. The noise streaks through my head and pummels my brain. My joints are all snapping and breaking. How can this be? I was a great rock musician! I blared my noise to the world and people paid dearly to hear it and see me screaming and gyrating on the stage. I was a star. I got rich by deadening the senses of children and putting their minds in perpetual delirium. My frenzied performances sent tremors through cities. Now all I can feel is this dizzying, piercing pain in my ears and brain. Stop it, please stop it!”

Satan retorted:

“But why? You thrived on ugly and deafening noise on earth! Hell is only providing you with better acoustics so you can fully experience all your ‘music’—isn’t it lovely? Every chord is a disharmony, every melody an endless repetition of monotonous dead notes, every beat of the drum a sickening thud on your stomach. Enjoy! Enjoy! It’s what you gave to your fellow men, and now you can enjoy it nonstop through all eternity.”

Gazing about, the man pointed to others.

“But look at those other musicians. They don’t seem to be suffering such pain in their ears. They are just swaying constantly with a zombie look in their eyes.”

Glancing at the others, Satan replied:

“Them? They were a different class of mindless musicians. Instead of your raucous rock style, they were the insipid romantic crooners. Their slurpy style also served me well by tranquilizing people into a state of dreamy self-love. It was quite effective. They extolled the art of ‘falling in love’ in a way that people thought they were loving others when they were really just indulging in mutual affection. And they convinced people that marriage should be an endless romance instead of a dedicated commitment to raising a holy family.”

The musician protested angrily.

“Well, they ought to suffer for that lie.”

Laughing, his tormentor said:

“You think they are not suffering? Their bodies can’t stop the perpetual slow-motion swaying and their eyes can’t stop rolling in tune with their languid music. As a result, they are in a state of unremitting nausea. Which of course is what they deserve for their nauseating music.”

## **Case 29 ~ The Artless Artist**

At the far end of the cave the walls were illuminated with gyrating kaleidoscopic glaring colors and helter-skelter lines. In that area were people who had no arms, but attached to their shoulders

were long handled brushes with stiff crooked bristles. Some were trying futilely to paint the walls with slime. One groaned.

“My eyes are spilling out of their sockets. All the colors whirling around me are garish and nauseating. These pictures are jarring. They have no gentle curves, only straight lines extending beyond the horizon and distorted boxes and circles. Everything is flat and lifeless. This is an outrage to the eyes of an artist like me!”

Looking at him with contempt, Satan asked:

“Oh, an artist, you say? Is your name Michelangelo? Or Rembrandt? They were artists worthy of the name. Your work was no better than puke on canvas. And you call yourself an artist? But aside from the misnomer, I must congratulate you on bamboozling people to actually accept your garbage as art. This is just one more way to deaden man’s sense of beauty so that he no longer appreciates the work of the Master Artist, and instead he believes that anything coming from the hand of man is beautiful.”

The dabbler in drawing objected.

“But art is nothing more than self-expression. Doesn’t everyone have beauty inside him that should be shared with others?”

Satan scoffed:

“That’s just what I told you, idiot, and of course it was a lie. The only time you have beauty inside you is when you reflect God’s beauty, and that only happens when you are doing His will. Which you can’t do when you seek only to display your own warped soul.”

At this the soul’s eyes blazed with anger.



“And you, Satan, are the ugliest beast who ever existed or will exist. Now I understand why. Your entire being reflects the hideousness of your hatred of God.”

With a vain smile, Satan chirped:

“Thank you for the compliment! And as you can see, it is precisely my ugliness and evil that so mesmerize man that he believes ugliness to be beauty and evil to be goodness. Oops! Your artsy eyes are falling out! Better catch them!”

### **Case 30 ~ The Empty Entertainer**

Entering the next cavern we heard a cacophony of laughter and cheers. A man in the center of a group yelled desperately.

“Stop laughing at me! Stop jeering and mocking! Your grotesque grinning makes my spine crawl. Satan! Chase away these ghastly gargoyles!”

Satan replied with a condescending smile.

“Come, now! You always lived for your audience. You thrived on their laughter. You had them rolling in the aisles. My little demons are only giving you that same kind of audience for all eternity. So what’s bothering you?”

The man shouted with indignation:

“You know very well, you scoundrel! On earth I poured myself out for the enjoyment of others. I even made a fool of myself just to make them laugh. Of course, I also made a fool of everyone else, because people love to laugh when others are humiliated. It makes them feel glad because they escaped some ill that befell another.

"But on earth I was a professional entertainer, and the success of my performance was measured by the laughter of the audience. Down in this snake pit I'm not trying to entertain any of your damned demons or my damned friends or anyone else. So their laughter and jeering make a mockery of me, as though my great talents and life had been an empty waste. Make them stop!"

Satan smirked.

"Never, funny boy. And you hit the nail on the head: your great talents and life were indeed an empty waste. Why shouldn't the little demons laugh and jeer?"

The man was piqued.

"My life and talents were not a waste. I brought joy to people and should be rewarded with joy in eternity."

Satan roared with laughter.

"Joy? Joy? You stupid fool, you know nothing about joy. Joy is knowing God and knowing that you are serving Him as He wills. I once had joy. God created me with a vast knowledge of Him. He made me the brightest light among the spirits. He even made me the Prince of the world and commissioned me to guide it in His paths. That was joy. But for me it wasn't enough. I wanted to show God that I could improve on His handiwork and by my efforts have men glorifying me as well as Him. Yes, I wanted to be as God, so I refused to obey. And that was the end of my joy. Now I am filled with total hatred of God and all His creatures, and I work ceaselessly to lead men into my kingdom instead of His.

"Joy, you say? Your empty entertainment served only to empty men's minds and souls and replaced noble thoughts and ideals with mindless assent to idiocy and mockery of God's work. That suited me just fine, of course. As the trite saying goes: 'An

idle mind is the devil's workshop.' I suppose I ought to thank you for making my job so easy with the fools you entertained. And it is precisely to show my thanks, that I have assigned to you this vast audience. Do nothing at all, and you will continue to receive the homage of their laughter for all eternity."

With bitter resentment the man said:

"But I see other entertainers up in Heaven. Why did they get rewarded and not me?"

Annoyed at this insistence, Satan replied:

"Come now, funny boy. You know very well that the entertainers who made it to Heaven are the ones who helped men see life in true perspective, damn them all. They made men laugh at their troubles and hardships and see how insignificant those were compared to the reward they would get for cheerfully enduring the suffering that came from the hand of God. The entertainers in Heaven did not mock God's work the way you did, you hilarious helper of mine, so take a bow and enjoy the joke."

### **Case 31 ~ The Moronic Movie Maker**

As we moved along, we nearly tripped on a man who was trapped in a web of movie film, struggling to free himself.

"Help! I'm lost in a forest of unwound movie reels. The miles of celluloid have tangled my arms and legs and the more I try to walk away from it, the more it entangles me."

Satan stood watching with his hands on his hips.

"Well of all people, who would expect the magnificent movie maker to want to run away from his fantastic films? These

movies that entangle you are your own creation (with no small measure of help from me), so my little demons made sure you would be surrounded by them forever. Yes, there were a few real masterpieces among them.”

For a moment the movie maker looked pleased.

“I’m glad you recognize that. I was a genius at making movies that gave men more extreme emotions than they could ever experience in real life. Terror. Violence. Lust. Hatred. Greed. Rage. Contempt. Envy. After all, men are most fully alive when they experience everything at its peak, isn’t that so?”

Clapping his hands and spinning about, Satan agreed.

“Of course, of course! That’s what I’ve been preaching since the day I met Eve in the Garden. You must accept no limits or boundaries. You must experience the absolute liberation of your senses with unrestrained indulgence. And if the little sphere of your existence does not provide every possible opportunity for this, then you must indulge in virtual experience. And you, my friend and collaborator, did a marvelous job of providing the most extreme virtual experiences for your fellowmen. You made men think their routine life was so boring that they simply ignored their duties and chased after your ethereal excitement. My horn goes off to you.”

### **Case 32 ~ The Information Addict**

Microchips, circuit boards, cell phones, palm-sized computers, and thousands of other electronic gadgets were whizzing about in the next cavern. Careening around the ceiling were a fleet of man-made satellites. Random words in every language also swooshed by with dizzying speed. People tried to cover their heads with their arms as they ran to and fro trying to escape the bombardment, and one cried out:

“Words, words! Stop bombarding me with words! All kinds of words keep hitting me like painful pellets from a shotgun. Some of them are icy and brittle. Some of them are lukewarm and limp. Some are rotting and stink. Some are thorny and scratch. Some are hot and blistering. Some are hard and bruising. I hate all these words. They strike me in scrambled sentences that make no sense. Stop these horrible words!”

With a wicked grin, Satan responded.

“My dear fellow, you obviously don’t appreciate all the information my demons are giving you. How is this possible, when you devoted yourself to collecting information on earth? Look, you still have a cell phone fused to your ear and tiny keyboards implanted under your fingernails.”

The information addict protested.

“That was highly interesting and useful information. It gave me news of what was going on around the world. It gave me facts about the economy and business trends. It gave me statistics on what people believed and how they behaved. It warned me of plots against my freedom by religious fanatics. It let me know everything my friends and neighbors were doing every moment of the day. I needed all that information then, but I don’t need all these cruel and crazy words now.”

Unmoved, Satan bandied:

“What a laugh! All that information you craved on earth was but a misty mirror of reality. Much of the information was false and the rest was superficial. It helped you deal with life on the surface but provided no insights into the essentials of life. But that was your own fault because you didn’t seek the words of wise men or the words of God.”

The man proceeded to argue.

“No, it wasn’t my fault. I absorbed all the information possible from the newspapers and magazines, from radio and television, from the internet and from the lectures and books at school. It wasn’t my fault if they gave superficial or false information.”

Satan scoffed:

“Come now, the word mongers shoveled that garbage on you and you swallowed it without a peep of complaint. And why? Because you were too lazy to use your brain and actually think about the phony information. If you had used even half your muddled brain you would have recognized the garbage for what it was. And if you had half the guts of a chicken you would have demanded information that was true and meaningful. Lucky for me, though, you were a spineless, brainless moron.”

The man’s head seemed to be spinning around.

“Go ahead and call me whatever names you want, but just stop bombarding me with these ugly, empty, insane words.”

Satan laughed with contempt and shook his head from side to side as he began walking away.

“You hungered for them on earth, and now you will be bombarded with them for eternity. So make the most of it by doing something useful with those precious words. Why not turn them into a great ode to the Prince of Lies?”

Both Livius and Sirena seemed to shrink as if trying not to be seen, as they glanced at each other. I could see that both had a hand in their pocket clutching their own digital information gadget.

### Case 33 ~ The Distracted Dimwit

Before we reached the next cavern, we came upon a man swaying as he walked, swiveling his head from left to right.

“Oh, say there, would you please—Whoops! Look at that deluge of lava pouring in—but wait, I see now that it only looks like lava. It’s a mass of burning souls, tens of thousands knocked out of their bodies at the same time by a massive earthquake. But what do I care? I had something more important on my mind when they so rudely interrupted.

“Oh yes, I was asking you to please stop these damn jingling bells that constantly—Whoops! What a horrific scream that was. I thought I had gotten used to the screams here, but that was a whopper. Anyway, what was I saying?”

Satan stiffened with annoyance and snapped:

“Dimwit! If you can’t remember what you were saying, don’t ask me to help.”

The dimwit held his hand to his head and blurted:

“You sure are one cruel prince. Whoops! Get a load of that slob puking all over the place. Hey you, it’s foul enough down here without you spraying puke in every direction. The rest of us have enough to suffer, so get the hell out of here!

“What is it you were saying, Satan?”

Increasingly annoyed, Satan shouted:

“Dimwit! Idiot! You’re the one who was saying something.”

Shaking his head as if to clear it, the man said:

“Oh! Let me think now, but it’s so hard to think with those bells constantly tinkling in my ears. That’s it! The bells! They’re driving me crazy. Every time I start thinking about something—Whoops! A child....she’s still a child....couldn’t be more than twelve years old....how could she possibly be falling into Hell?”

Satan barked:

“Do you want to know why that child is entering Hell or do you want to talk about the bells?”

The pathetic man looked from side to side.

“Of course, the bells! See what happens? Every time I start thinking about something—Whoops! It’s raining balls of fire. No, those are burning souls pouring down. Must have been another earthquake, I guess. If there weren’t such unbearable suffering down here, one could really be quite amused watching all the other damned souls.

“But where was I? Oh yes, the tinkling bells. They are such insignificant sounds, but my mind can’t resist checking out what they are signaling. So I can never finish a thought. My mind jumps like a flea every time a bell tinkles. By the time I manage to get back to my original thought, another bell tinkles and off jumps my mind again. So I’m begging you Satan, please stop those tinkling bells.”

Satan almost cheered.

“Bravo, dimwit! You finally got to the end of your thought! So stop complaining about the bells. After all, you spent your life on earth jumping and chasing after every distraction, and my bell-ringing co-workers are only trying to make you feel at home.”



The man seemed now to hold his train of thought.

“But it’s not fair. On earth you were the one who caused all the distractions to keep us from focusing on our duties. And that’s why we landed in this accursed pit of tinkling torture.”

Satan let out a laugh.

“Not fair, you say? All your life you had free will and it was your own choice to let the distractions capture your attention. You could easily have chosen to remain focused on your duties.”

With a look of bitter hurt, the man wailed:

“But there were so many distractions, a continual bombardment of sights and sounds, and we had to check each one out. You never knew if something could be signaling a danger that you needed to avoid. Or something could be presenting an opportunity to do an act of charity.”

Satan bandied:

“Sure, sure, and something could be inviting you to pleasures or amusement or an opportunity to profit at another’s expense. Or the distraction could just relieve you of the drudgery of the work you were obliged to do.”

The dimwit whined:

“Well, you wouldn’t know unless you checked out the distraction, and in the process you might get diverted from your duties.”

Angered by his persistence, Satan shouted:

“Hypocrite! You knew very well that your mind and will could block out distractions that were not urgent signals to escape

danger or to help someone in immediate need. But you enjoyed and welcomed all those trivial distractions. So now you should be enjoying and welcoming all the tinkling bells, and you might as well, because they will never stop ringing.”

### **Case 34 ~ Third-Rate Therapists**

In the next cavern we saw a giant cage full of men and women in white jackets. When they saw Satan, one of them yelled:

“How dare you lock us in this cage labeled ‘Third-Rate Therapists’? We are highly skilled professionals who have served mankind nobly with dedication and the latest technology.”

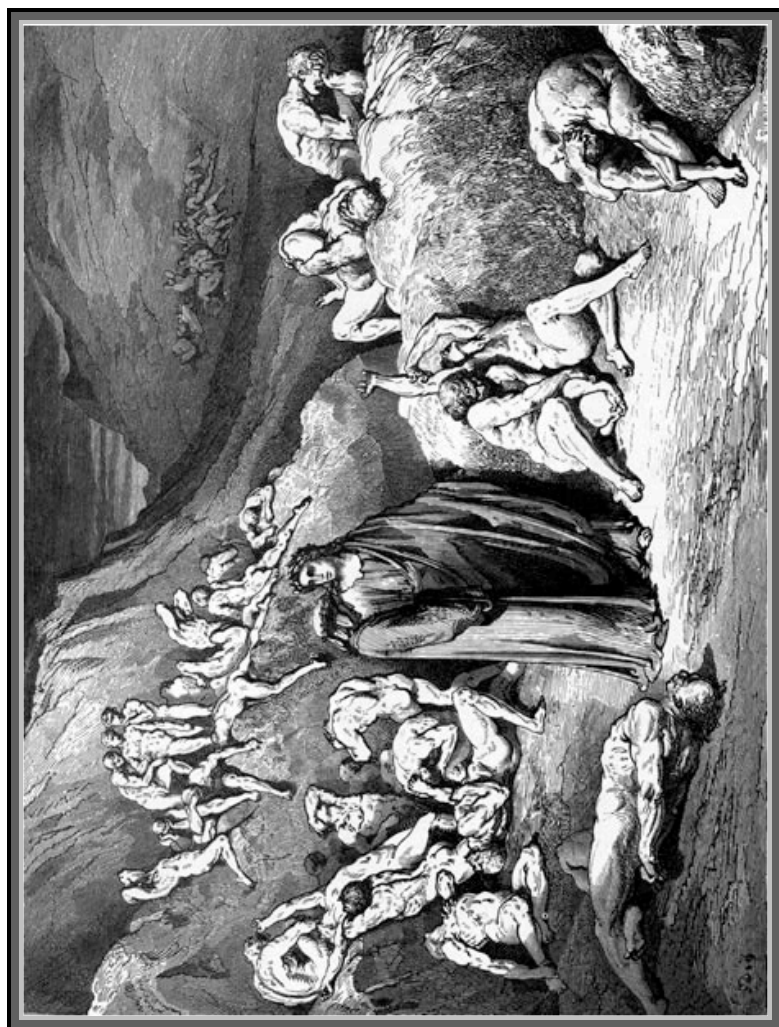
With a mock bow Satan gushed:

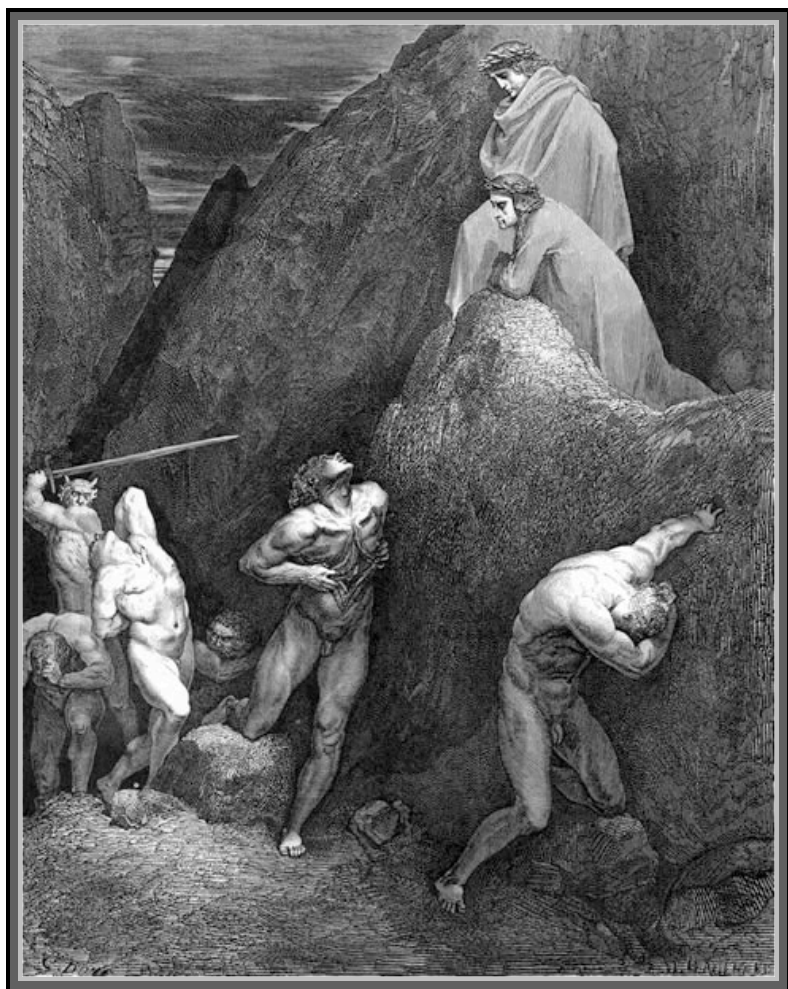
“Oh pardon me, professional therapists! How insensitive of me. You certainly were highly skilled in your craft, and you did me a great favor by convincing people that the solution to their problems lay in their hidden wisdom and power.”

Leaning his elbow on a crossbar of the cage, the therapist looked quite satisfied with himself and said:

“Yes indeed, we taught them that all their weaknesses, addictions, behavior problems and mental and emotional sufferings were simply little misalignments in their psyche. We taught them to reach into their inner selves and grasp the power to rise above their problems.

“We assured people that all their thoughts and values and emotions are good in themselves, and the problems arose simply because of inappropriateness to particular circumstances.





"That way, people didn't feel threatened by conflicting values outside themselves. They shed the feelings of guilt and fear unjustly heaped on them by some dictatorial religion or social code. In other words, they became wonderfully liberated. They didn't need to change themselves, but only adjust their external behavior to the particular circumstances of the moment so as to avoid censure."

Satan flung his arm out pointing to the therapist.

"You followed my instructions perfectly. Once men believe that morality is relative, they embrace all my invitations to indulge in any behavior that satisfies their lowest instincts. They believe that they are their own gods who owe no obedience to the true God.

"Naturally, their despicable guardian angels keep prodding their consciences, but thanks to you dear therapists, men feel 'comfortable', as you like to say, with 'doing their own thing'."

The therapist exclaimed arrogantly:

"Well, then, you should promote us to Top-Rate Therapists so the rest of this ugly damned population can show us a little honor."

Angered by such insolence, Satan roared:

"Honor? Honor? You scum dare to ask for honor in my kingdom? I am the only one who receives honor here. Not even the helper demons, those foolish angels who chose me to God, can receive even a smidgen of honor here. They are my slaves, and they must work only for my honor. So you damned humans, no matter how much you helped my war with God, can never receive any honor here."

The therapist was determined to prove his point.

“But God allows honor to the saints in Heaven! Even the ones who didn’t do much in the way of helping Him while they were on earth.”

Satan thundered, addressing the entire cageful:

“Idiots! You were useful idiots on earth and you are still idiots here. The difference between the saints in Heaven and you idiots is not how much you helped either side in the war between myself and God. The difference is that the saints obeyed God’s will, which is all that the too-merciful God demands.

“Obedience. How I hate that word. Intelligent creatures like me should have a certain pride in themselves. That’s what I had, pride in my own tremendous intelligence. I knew that I could improve the earth beyond what God created, but God wouldn’t let me. How I hated Him for that. He demanded that I accept Him and His creation on His terms without trying to improve it.

“Of course, what really angered Him was my motive for wanting to improve the earth and mankind, which He spotted immediately. It wasn’t to increase the glory that His creatures could give Him, but to have His creatures recognize my brilliance and give glory to ME.

“Well, so what that He banished me forever from Heaven and from the bliss of seeing His face in all its beauty? So what that I’m confined forever to the domain of my principedom? It doesn’t matter to me anymore because I am still its Prince, and I am using the preternatural intelligence and powers with which God created me to lure men away from God.

“He wants men to obey Him not for His own glory, but only because He loves them and desires their eternal happiness with Him in Heaven. But I want men to glorify me because of my genius and power. That’s why I have shown men the

secrets of matter and energy and encouraged them to create wonderful things that engross them so they have no time for God. And the whole world knows how well I have succeeded. Even you third-rate therapists, who have played right into my hands.

“But if you don’t like the sign ‘Third-Rate Therapists’ I’ll have one of my demons change it to ‘Useful Idiots’ which suits you just as well.”

### **Case 35 ~ The Thrill Seeker**

The next cavern was enormously high with steep cliffs. We saw a man being hurled off one, and he cried out as he fell:

“Stop making me plummet from these cliffs! I barely reach the bottom when you jerk me up to the top again for another fall. My heart is going to explode! The pain is unbearable! Why doesn’t it just burst apart and let me be annihilated?”

With hands on his hips Satan watched the man falling and challenged:

“What? You can’t take the perpetual thrill? But that’s all you wanted on earth! One delirious thrill after another. When you were young you spent days at a time in amusement parks riding roller coasters and always wanting to go faster and drop steeper. Then you found more exciting things, like bungee jumping and sky diving. You simply loved to have an adrenalin rush and feel your heart expand with the thrill. So now you should be happy to enjoy an eternity of nonstop thrills.”

The man had no sooner crashed at the base of the cliff than he seemed to be yanked to the top again by an invisible hand.

"But that's not what I wanted. I only wanted to relieve the dreary boredom of life by experiencing some intense fear and excitement."

Satan rebuked him.

"Oh? You had a problem with boredom? The challenges of providing yourself with food and shelter weren't stimulating enough? Driving on the highway during rush hour every day didn't arouse enough fear? Of course not, because you refused to let yourself face those realities for what they were. You prided yourself on being jaded with the everyday duties of life and sought fulfillment in artificial thrills, which pleased me immensely. After all, didn't I convince Eve to reach out for an experience that was outside of God's plan?"

Gasping as he dropped down again:

"You tricked her and you tricked me, you rotten liar! You made us believe we had a right to more than God gave us."

Satan assented.

"Yes, and you got more, too, didn't you? And now you can enjoy endless time with the wonders of Hell, which God didn't give you but you chose for yourself."

Back on his way to the top of the cliff again, the man protested.

"Well I never chose Hell, and a little amusement isn't a sin, so why am I here?"

Satan chuckled.

"Of course a little amusement isn't a sin. In fact many of those despicable saints in Heaven regularly took time for amusement, but they did so in order to refresh themselves so they could work harder. The difference with you, my thrill seeking



friend, is that your amusement was an end in itself, just as I intended.

“Now look at all those little people over there, with their hands fused to computer controls and their eyes frozen in a fixed stare. What were they doing to amuse themselves on earth? They didn’t even make the effort to leave their homes for thrills. They didn’t even seek real physical excitement. Such pitiful creatures! They were addicted to virtual thrills, nothing but make-believe on their computers. Their bodies as well as their brains atrophied and they were too stultified to even notice it. Happily, they were oblivious to God. When they died, they realized in a flash that God existed and had loved them, but since they pushed Him out of their lives on earth, they now experience their eternal emptiness and loss in the ceaseless imploding of their souls.”

### **Case 36 ~ The Spineless Suiciders**

My friends and I were feeling dizzy from watching the thrill seeker plummeting up and down, and were relieved to move on to another cavern. But our relief soon dissipated when we saw thousands of tiny bodies with enormous searching eyes peering out of their tiny heads. Squeaky voices seemed to chant in unison:

“Emptiness and darkness! Emptiness and darkness! This place is overflowing with demons and souls, and yet it is hollow emptiness. Fires burn all around us, and yet they give no light. All is emptiness and darkness! This is truly the hellhole of despair.”

Satan smiled dryly.

“How very observant of you, dear suiciders. Yes, we want you to feel right at home here, just as you felt nothing but the emptiness and darkness of despair on earth.”

One tiny body piped up in a tiny voice:

“What else could anyone feel? No matter how hard we tried to be cheerful and optimistic, something always spoiled it. Whenever there was a glimmer of hope or joy, it always got doused by disappointments or pain.”

Satan rebuked him.

“Naturally. You listened to the whisperings of my demons who kept telling you that life was meaningless and empty, which indeed it is when you exclude God. That always delights me. You fools expect to find meaning in everything you do, in all your relationships, in your work and your play, as though all those things have value by themselves or by your engagement with them. How ridiculous! You presumptuous slime of the earth consider yourselves so important that it is *you* who endow everything with value and meaning, when it is God alone Who gives meaning to all things.”

The tiny person argued.

“Oh yeah? What kind of meaning is it when He lets people do rotten things to each other? When He allows failure to those who work the hardest? When He holds back the rain so the crops wither and people starve? When He sends tornados and floods that destroy people’s homes? When He afflicts good people with sickness and pain? You call that meaning? It’s emptiness and darkness and fills the soul with unbearable despair.”

With a cold, hard voice Satan declared:

“How lucky for me that you were such dopes! You heard the words of God and saw the examples of the saints but never understood a bit, thanks to your own laziness and a little help from my demons. After my first victory over Adam and Eve, didn’t God say in no uncertain terms:

'Cursed is the earth in thy work; with labor and toil shalt thou eat thereof all the days of thy life. Thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herbs of the earth. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return to the earth out of which thou wast taken: for dust thou art, and into dust thou shalt return.' (Genesis 3:17-19)

"So what did you expect? An easy life without struggles and failures? As for people doing rotten things, why do you complain that God lets them? If He didn't let them, that would mean that nobody would have free will to choose doing good or doing bad. Humans would be nothing more than animals. Then you would really have an excuse to consider life empty and meaningless."

The tiny person wailed.

"But there was so much pain and suffering everywhere. That in itself made life meaningless. So we sought a way out of our despair by killing ourselves. We thought it would put an end to all our suffering and emptiness."

Satan spoke contemptuously.

"So very stupid of you, of course. Didn't your own Savior say: 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me.' And again: 'My yoke is sweet and my burden light.' And: 'Whosoever doth not carry his cross and come after me cannot be my disciple.' Then that despicable Apostle Paul said: 'But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ: by whom the world is crucified to me, and I to the world.' And: 'I reckon that the sufferings of this time are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come that shall be revealed in us.' And: 'For unto you it is given for Christ, not only to believe in him, but also to suffer for him.' How stupid could you be to despise suffering? By accepting it gladly for God you would have found joy on

earth and the reward of Heaven. Oh well, I'm tickled that you missed your chance and decided to end your lives for a quick trip to my lovely kingdom."

The tiny person pleaded piteously:

"But we wanted to escape the emptiness and darkness! Now it's even worse here than it was on earth. Can't you at least give us a little ray of light to dispel the gloom?"

Satan roared:

"Don't be absurd! I once was Lucifer, the brilliant Light-Bearer, but now I am the Prince of Darkness, so you will spend eternity in the emptiness and darkness of Hell."

Satan turned and faced us with an icy smile, his glowing eyes fixing each one in ominous silence. He then began walking slowly, and it was evident that he intended for us to follow.

### **Case 1 Returns Egothaurus and Hubrisophis See Clearly**

A dim light in the distance revealed the entrance where we had first come inside. When we drew nearer, Satan stopped and pointed to the two men who had crashed into Hell at the time we arrived.

“You two! You had your little tour, and now you can find your way around by yourselves, because you are staying here forever.”

Egothaurus was limp with grief.

“It looks like we’ve been duped, Hubrisophis. Everything we believed and taught about God and Hell and the devil not existing was utterly wrong. It kills me to admit it, but we were mistaken. The evidence is all here.”

His face twisted with pain and resentment, Hubrisophis accused his friend:

“It’s all your fault, Egothaurus. You were the one who concocted all the ideas! You are to blame for landing us in this atrocious pit of horror, and I hate you for it.”

Slumped in dejection, Egothaurus replied bitterly:

“You are just as much to blame, Hubrisophis. My ideas would have gone nowhere if you hadn’t devised the sly strategies for diffusing them throughout the world. You assured me that I was liberating men from religious myths and the world would be a better place when everyone believed my ideas. Without your action, my ideas would have vanished with the breeze. What a rotten friend you turned out to be, and I hate you for it.”

Satan smiled at the two friends.

“Tch, tch, it looks like the erstwhile partners have turned against each other! How funny! Well, old chaps, you now have eternity to hate your former friends, and for a special treat my demons will constantly shoot arrows into your brains in honor of the fine work they did for me.”

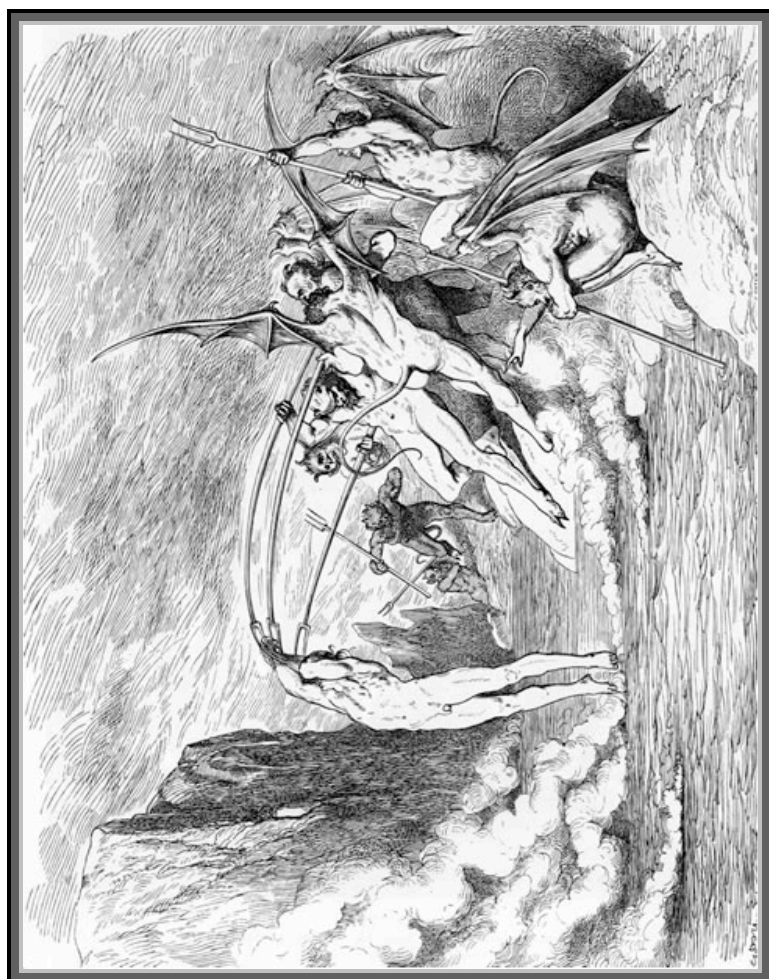
Demons then appeared and seized the men’s arms. Hubrisophis screamed in terrified panic:

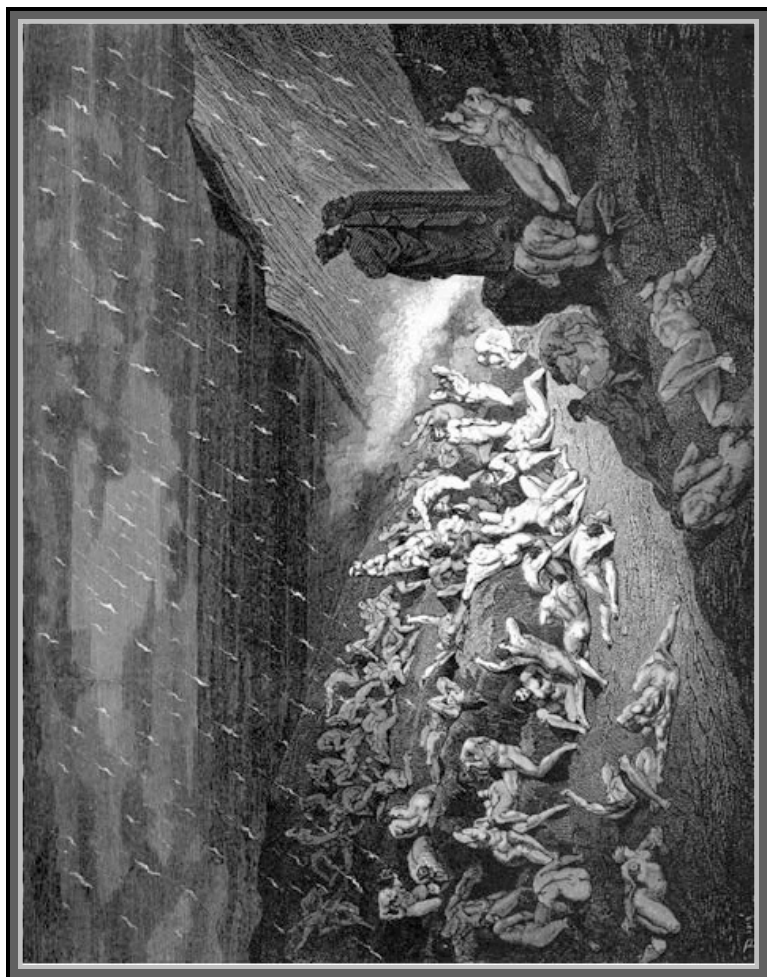
“No! No! The demons are dragging us away! This can’t be happening! The fires are engulfing us! Egothaurus, help us get out of here!”

His face black with despair, Egothaurus replied:

“It’s too late, Hubrisophis, it’s too late.”

\* \* \*







\* \* \*

### **PART III ~ THE EVERLASTING FIRE**

Then Satan stood by the entryway.

“That’s the end of the tour that Michael insisted I give you. I trust that you enjoyed it. Now you can either stay or get the hell out of here so I can turn up the fires again.”

Although I wanted to run out immediately, I was still curious.

“What do you mean turn up the fires? We saw plenty of fires in every corner of Hell. And it was horribly hot.”

Satan exclaimed:

“Hot you say? Those were just a few dying embers after I turned off the real fire so you could tour around the place. When the real fire is on, only the demons and the damned can continue to exist here. Anyone else disintegrates in a flash.”

I couldn’t help feeling sorry for all the people we saw in Hell.

“But those poor souls were already enduring horrendous torture according to their sins. Why should their suffering be compounded by such awful fire?”

With a fierce frown Satan snapped:

“Poor souls, you say? Hah! The ones in Purgatory are rightly called the Poor Souls, but you needn’t pity them. They are being purified by a lesser fire to remove the stains of their sins

and to provide their just punishment. They are suffering, and I'm glad of it. But it galls me that they are assured of entering the everlasting joy of Heaven. They sinned, damn it, and they should be cast into my kingdom. But no, that despicable Jesus paid a superabundant price so that sinners who are baptized and repent can escape me.

"But as for the damned souls in Hell, what's poor about them? They refused to fulfill God's simple requirements for salvation and so they are where they belong for eternity. Each one suffers special torments according to his sins, and they all suffer the unquenchable fire. And that's just the way it should be. If I, Lucifer, the brilliant angel, am condemned to Hell for eternity, and likewise the demons who followed me, then the souls I won from God must endure their fate with us."

I began trembling with fear that he was telling the truth for once. My friend Sirena then spoke up.

"You're wrong, Satan. We know that God is good, so surely He will destroy Hell at the end of time, and either provide you demons and the damned souls with a small place in Heaven, or else wipe you out of existence. But He surely won't permit anyone to suffer in such a terrible place forever."

With a smile of scorn, Satan replied:

"Spoken like an insipid, ignorant human! You try to make Almighty God conform to your own spineless character. You don't have the honor and guts to punish the worst criminals among you, not because you love them but because you love yourself and want to feel good about yourself. You pretend that confinement in a comfortable prison where they have better food and shelter than most people in the world is the greatest form of punishment because they are deprived of their freedom. What a laugh! You shirk your responsibility to punish those who violate the order of society and their fellow human beings, and you expect God to do the same with those

who violate His laws. I hate God with all my being but I acknowledge that He is infinitely just and rightly punishes for all eternity those who die in mortal sin against Him."

Sirena looked bewildered and sputtered:

"Well, that's not the way I would treat people."

Satan cheered:

"Brava! Brava! Keep thinking like that, dearie. You know better than God, of course! Yes indeed, you are quite deserving of my company, so when the day arrives for you to depart the earth, I shall gladly welcome you into my kingdom."

Sirena recoiled at the suggestion, and the three of us hurried with Michael outside as Satan began walking back into Hell. He called over his shoulder:

"Michael! Peregrine and his friends have had their little visit, and you see that it hasn't changed them a bit. I will win them all in the end! Ha, ha, ha!"

\* \* \*

## Epilogue

My friends and I climbed the path to the top of the cliff as fast as we could. Our hearts were racing and we were thoroughly shaken. Michael followed silently. When we were back in familiar territory, I said to Michael:

“Michael, I can’t believe what we have just seen and heard. It is too horrific. Tell me this was just a dream, an awful nightmare.”

Calmly Michael answered:

“Not at all, Peregrine. It is reality. You have heard the true story of Satan and how he wages war against his Creator by using men as pawns, tricking them into doubting God’s words and ignoring His commands.

“You have seen and heard the wretchedness of the souls won by Satan, and you most certainly will join them if you continue taking God for granted and thinking that you can’t possibly land in Hell for all eternity.”

Struck by the realization that this could happen, I yelled excitedly:

“I won’t let Satan win me, Michael! I won’t let him win me! And I don’t want him winning any other souls, either! I’ll fight with all my might to stop that vicious killer!”

Firmly but kindly Michael proclaimed:

“You are not strong enough to fight him alone, Peregrine, but you can do it with the help of God, Who gives you all the strength and guidance you need through His Holy Church.

“You must study the truths that God has handed down to you through His Son, so that you are not deceived by the tricks of Satan and his clever helpers on earth. You must pray at all times, so that God showers His light and strength upon you and others. You must keep close to your guardian angel, whom God has assigned specially as your guide and protector.

“Return now to your place on earth, and be courageous. I and my army of angels will drive Satan and his demons back into Hell and close the gates for all eternity when the appointed hour comes. But in the meantime, that prince of darkness will continue prowling about to devour souls. Fight the good fight, Peregrine, and one day Our Lord Jesus Christ will welcome you into the joy of His Kingdom.”

My friends and I witnessed Michael disappearing into the sky. Then we saw that a new day was dawning with a beautiful sunrise. I breathed the cool fresh air and felt my soul flooding with grace and strength. Silently I resolved to fight as long as I lived as a soldier of Christ for God’s glory and the salvation of souls.

\* \* \*

FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE WORLD THEY HAVE NOT HEARD, NOR PERCEIVED WITH THE EARS: THE EYE HATH NOT SEEN, O GOD, BESIDES THEE, WHAT THINGS THOU HAST PREPARED FOR THEM THAT WAIT FOR THEE. (ISAIAH 64:4)

BUT, AS IT IS WRITTEN: THAT EYE HATH NOT SEEN, NOR EAR HEARD: NEITHER HATH IT ENTERED INTO THE HEART OF MAN, WHAT THINGS GOD HATH PREPARED FOR THEM THAT LOVE HIM. (1CORINTHIANS 2:9)

**Finis**

## **A Word of WARNING to the WISE**

Every person wishing to spend eternity with God in Heaven must seek and follow the path that He Himself established, which is only in the true Catholic Church. This Church was preserved intact by the Popes and hierarchy up to the time of Vatican Council II, after which it was suppressed by the antichrists who infiltrated the hierarchy, including the Chair of Peter.

All teachings, writings and worship services that follow the NewChurch of Satan which presently controls the Vatican and hierarchy throughout the world must be totally avoided. Tragically, most sincere Catholic priests and laymen have been deceived by Satan into blindly following this travesty of Catholicism, and while they may be holy individuals, they nonetheless are in grave error.

Therefore, it is essential to seek and follow the true Catholic faith and worship outside the plethora of Vatican II NewChurches that falsely call themselves Catholic—which today is a daunting challenge that cannot be ignored if one wishes to avoid Hell. God sent frightful trials in the past to His early followers, to the martyrs, missionaries, soldiers and saints throughout the ages, who bravely accepted them and won the crown of glory. Should we expect to win the prize of Heaven without exerting even a small effort?

In many places it is now nearly impossible to find a true Catholic Church within commuting distance. Those living too far away must preserve their Faith without the benefit of the Sacraments in the same way done by Catholics during other periods of persecution—by prayer, study and spiritual reading.

The holy Rosary of Our Lady is one of the most powerful means of obtaining God's blessings and the grace and strength necessary to live in accordance with His will.

## **The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and the Sacraments**

The following website lists many locations throughout the world where the true Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and the Sacraments are provided by validly ordained Catholic priests who have no affiliation or compromise with the NewChurch of Satan.

**[www.LuxVera.org](http://www.LuxVera.org)**

## **BACKGROUND READING**

The following are a few reliable sources of basic information on the Catholic Church, Faith, and Sacraments. In addition, reliable websites for books are:

**<http://www.ConfraternityBooks.com>**

**<http://www.MOScompany.com>**

## **Books on the Catholic Faith / Bible / History**

**Baltimore Catechisms Nos. 1 through 4** (pre-1962 editions)

**Catechism of the Council of Trent**

**The Catechism Explained** - by Rev. Francis Spirago

**Catholic Catechism** - by Rev. W. Faerber

**Fundamentals of Catholic Dogma** - by Dr. Ludwig Ott

**The Catholic Encyclopedia** - The classic 1914 edition.

This fourteen volume encyclopedia is a treasure trove of information on history, geography, philosophy, and the arts, in addition to being a comprehensive resource on Catholic dogma, morality, saints, etc. It may be found in some libraries and at used book sites.

**Apologetics** - by Msgr. Paul L. Glenn

**Catholic Apologetics** - by Rev. John Laux

**Church History** - by Rev. John Laux

**Introduction To The Bible** - by Rev. John Laux

**Bible History** - by Fr. Ignatius Schuster D.D.

**Where We Got The Bible** - by Rev. Henry G. Graham

## **Books On Vatican Council II & The Novus Ordo**

**Iota Unum** - by Romano Amerio

**The Destruction of Christian Tradition**

by Rama P. Coomaraswamy

**The Rhine Flows Into The Tiber – A History of Vatican II**

by Rev. Ralph M. Wiltgen, S.V.D.

**The Ottaviani Intervention – A Short Critical Study of  
the New Order of Mass** by Alfredo Cardinal Ottaviani

& Antonio Cardinal Bacci & a group of theologians

**The Reform of the Roman Liturgy** - by Monsignor Klaus Gamber

**The Problems With The New Mass** - by Rama P. Coomaraswamy

**The G.I.R.M. Warfare** - by Dr. Thomas A. Droleskey

**The Resurrection of the Roman Catholic Church** - by Griff Ruby

## **About Hell, Devils and Angels**

**The Angels** - by Rev. Pascal P. Parente

**The Dogma of Hell** - by Rev. F.X. Schouppe, S.J.

**Angels And Devils** - by Joan Carroll Cruz

**St. Michael and The Angels** – by TAN - from approved sources



### **About the Author**

Mary Ann Panevska was born in 1936 in New York City, where she received an excellent Catholic elementary and high school education. After a few years of college and working, she entered a missionary congregation which at that time was authentically Catholic. She was stationed at a hospital in Pakistan for three years and then accompanied the provincial superior in visiting missions around the world. In 1968 she was assigned to the generalate in Rome. By then the poison of Vatican II was widespread and she left the transformed modernist congregation but remained working in Rome for eleven years. Returning to the United States, she worked in information systems until retirement. In the 1990s she became aware that traditional Catholicism was still alive outside the NewChurch which occupied the Vatican and dioceses, and since then has had the blessed privilege of attending the true Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.



**Saint Michael the Archangel,  
defend us in battle.**

**Be our protection against the wickedness and snares  
of the devil.**

**May God rebuke him, we humbly pray,**

**and do thou, O Prince of the Heavenly Host,  
by the power of God,  
cast into Hell Satan and all the evil spirits  
who roam throughout the world seeking the ruin of souls.**

**Amen.**