

# Son of the Fire

The uncovering of high sorcery

Volume I

This is a story based on real facts.

Names of people, companies, schools and cities have been modified.

The author signs his work as Eduardo Daniel Mastral or Daniel Mastral; also the spelling of the character's name can differ between Eduardo and Daniel.

## Evil seed

The lady in a blue dress was walking and carrying that really heavy suitcase. She started selling cosmetics two months ago, as a solution for that difficult situation and to the eviction order.

She was and pretty and her good appearance helped a lot to get that work. She rarely would lose her good humour and, in spite of being so young, she knew that life is not always easy. She was used to it.

But the husband did something unnamable! He lied to her, making her believe he was rich and owner of a number of lands. Actually, that ranch was taken by his father-in-law's company to make a big employee's barbecue.

But she believed he was the great "feudal lord". That's what she was told.

- Everything you see... is mine! - Exclaimed proudly the future groom.

How naïve was she! The courtship and the engagement lasted less than three months. She resigned from her work and got married.

But the "big surprise" was reserved to the honeymoon. Not even a job he had! And now there was no choice and they had to get by on their own. They struggled for seven months and, then, it came the eviction order, after several unpaid rents.

She moved back to her parent's house; the husband had to do the same and they lived separately for some time.

Everything was getting even worse. She got quickly married to set herself free of her father, but now, there was she again... and without a decent job!

The only alternative she saw was to sell those cosmetics door to door in the neighborhood. She didn't get much doing that, but at least she could raise her head before her austere father.

In that afternoon, she was walking slowly, thinking about all the sadness and difficulties she was going through, when a nice and big car pulled over. With a smile, a man opened up the window:

- This must be really heavy for you, isn't it?

She smiled back, despite the frustration she was carrying in her soul.

- I can handle it.

- Do you want a ride? I assume you're going home.

She looked at his face. He seemed to be a good person. - Oh, whatever! - And she accepted it.

After this episode, she encountered him a few more times. He used to offer a ride, sometimes a coffee. It was interesting as that young man could be everything her husband couldn't. It was already six months that she was living with her parents and he still didn't find a job.

That man was different; he would always use the right words, always listen, always understand. He was charming and sensitive, and he seemed to be very well-off, judging by his impeccably tailored suit, his amazing car and his polite and refined conversation.

And all the times they went together for a coffee, he was very gentle, very delicate... and very seductive. Seemed like he could guess what she wanted. Every woman dreams... How good it would be if she could just forget about that unhappy marriage and...

One day he invited her to know where he used to live. She had nothing to lose and accepted, but it turned out it was not a good experience. They didn't even get to his place; she was all curious about those places where the couples go to... be together! And that was their final destiny.

But he was so different! In one second, during the act, he didn't seem to be the same person; his face was weird, different, as if it was transfigured. And he pronounced strange words. Was he talking to her in another language?! He didn't force her in any way, but it was a really violent experience. In her heart remained the certainty that she wouldn't want to see him again.

Strange thing is that the man never came back neither. On the same way he appeared, he disappeared.

After a while, she confessed everything to her mother, who has seen that man a few times; mother and daughter decided to confess the fact to the priest and pray a novena. Thereafter, she breathed a sigh of relief and felt forgiven.

Yet, she couldn't count on the unexpected: a few weeks later, she discovered she was pregnant.

Right after all that story, chance seemed to smile back to them. Her husband found a job and she hurried to live back with him. In spite of that, when the premature baby was born, the man was not a hundred percent convinced that it was his child.

She couldn't leave the hospital so soon because the baby, after a fetal distress, had to remain under observation.

She was worried about the well-being of her son. Then a woman got in her room; she was wearing a white apron and introduced herself:

- I am a volunteer of the Catholic chaplaincy. Don't worry about your child, he will be better soon. - She said, trying to calm down the mother.

- Shall we pray for your boy? You must consecrate him to a Saint and ask directly to him.

- I'm not devoted to any Saint

- Oh! It's ok, we can fix it. It is really important to consecrate the children as

soon as they are born. And the Saints that appear in the Bible are much more powerful than those who don't.

The woman took a Bible and opened it in a specific place. Then she showed it, pointing to a name: Leviathan.

- Shall we consecrate your child to Saint Leviathan? Then he will be just fine, you'll see.

And so they did.

The mother kept that name on her heart, but she never realized that "Saint Leviathan" is not and never had been a Saint. And even less she could think that all what she had lived with that man was premeditated.

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## INTRODUCTION

No one ever believed that I could "turn into something in life". And not just that, but my family were also threatening me to make me go to a boarding school; that idea was not pleasant to me at all. That phrase "turn into nothing in life" was really upsetting. But if, in one side, living and not being someone important was not interesting, on the other hand it could also mean escape from the oppressive system imposed by society; it could mean freedom, and I would prefer this second option.

Back at that time, I was nothing but a teenager, even though I considered myself as a grown man. In a few months I would turn 18! It was a long life time.

In the evenings, I was busy preparing myself to have a certificate in business administration. In the mornings I was about to finish my preparation to have a certificate in industrial chemistry. It was interesting to obtain some knowledge, but ineffective in the professional point of view. At least for me.

I held my hair in a ponytail whilst looking at the clock: it was time to get off work. I ran downstairs - as I had no patience to wait for the lift - and got hit by a hot and humid air from the *Avenida Paulista*. I was really tired and the tension over me was quite heavy; I needed some time-out.

I was the eldest from three brothers, and considered as "the rebel" by all the family. Looking closely today, I recognize how many troubles I caused to my parents because of my audacious, curious, restless and aggressive nature. The mentioning of my name was almost always related to confusion.

My biggest problem was, let's say, the "limit". Why everything had to have so many rules?!? In the society, in the school, in the family! In one way or another, I wanted to confront and break them all! I couldn't stand for anything imposed to me; I should create my own limits.

I crossed the street feeling that warm wind on my face and thinking about

where to go. The so craved time out was a synonym of isolating myself. I loved being surrounded by my friends; it used to mean total freedom. No one could control me, or tell me what to do; the rules couldn't be less important in those moments, but... sometimes I just needed this time with myself.

In those moments, I used to go to some park or, most commonly, to the libraries I loved to visit. This side of me was almost a paradox when compared to the rest. In any case, these moments spent by myself always helped me to find my lost equilibrium.

I was eager for knowledge since I was a child and almost everything interested me. Rummaging in the books, on the big shelves of the library from the "*Centro Cultural São Paulo*" was a pleasure in which so many times I lost myself, forgetting about the hours I used to spend reading about the most different subjects: Astronomy, Philosophy, Sports, some Physics, Chemistry, and a lot of History.

In that afternoon, I decided to go exactly there, to the *Centro Cultural* and relax.

The day was grey, smoky and noisy, but that was not what was bothering me. I kept walking, slowly, looking through the windows of the stores. I even bought a Coke to have with the peanuts I was eating. I got into the library feeling that pleasure that I always felt every time I've escaped to my beloved island. It was so peaceful! I could see only one or two people here and there, and I liked it. First of all, I went to the Braille section to see if I could find some blind person to chat. I loved chatting with them! It used to be a great experience to hear how those people perceived the world; they would have a much more sensitive and intelligent vision of things than many "seeing people" I knew. It was fascinating talking to them, and they loved to talk too; I think it was on my benefit and theirs: for my need of some attention and for their loneliness. On that day, I wanted to find a blind person to discuss about having a child. How would they raise a child? Maybe I was just searching for an answer to my own family conflicts. Not that I cared really much about what my parents would say, but sometimes I was tired of being all the time the "black sheep". I didn't have a bad nature, just a lot of energy to spend and a great imagination.

The Braille section was empty. In the absence of my blind man, I went for the books I was reading, studying about the Marathon and the "test of Cooper". I found a table and dove in the books, losing completely the notion of time. It was a really calm and placid environment and the temperature was just perfect. I could listen to the noise of the traffic coming from the "Avenida Vergueiro". Rays of sun was illuminating here and there; I was in peace and alone.

When I realized, he was there, next to me.

Maybe I was too entertained to see that man approaching and sitting close to me. I felt someone close, but It took me a while to turn the attention from the books.

A bit diffident, I tried, without being noticed, to look and see who was sitting so close. I saw that he was reading the same encyclopedia I was, not so much

time ago, entertained.

That bothered me! I pretended to read, but started thinking with myself: "So many places to go and this guy comes to sit exactly on the only chair next to me!" I closed the book and stood up abruptly. It was when he talked to me, without taking his eyes off the book:

- Don't go, Eduardo. I need to talk to you. - That "need" sounded strangely emphatic, and not like a solicitation. - I'm not what you're thinking.

He called me by the name! A bit intrigued, I asked roughly:

- Do you know me?!

He rose up the eyes and looked at me for the first time:

- I came exactly because of this - pointing to the book. - I know this, I read this a few time ago.

He tried to be kind, drafting a light smile, even though he kept the same firm tone he was using before.

- Please, have a sit so we can talk. - He tried, but yet didn't convinced me.

It wouldn't take much to notice that he was a man with high purchasing power and a real gentlemen much older than me. Moreover, he had the encyclopedia opened exactly on that article.

- I don't even know you! - To what he answered me:

- My name is Marlon. Recently you have written some letters to California, San Francisco - It was an affirmation. - That's why I came.

I swallowed hard with that statement. It must had been a mistake... I tried to keep it logical, but the ideas on my head kept coming like waves in the sea. How possibly could that had happened? Could I have done something wrong? And how could he know about the letters?!? Had him also written any? What did him wanted from me, anyway?

Marlon reached out his hand in a sober and gentle way. I repay the gesture without thinking, the head still seething, the eyes still looking all around. In one second so many things passed through my head:

"This must be a trap... let me see... Maybe someone found out that it was me who vandalized the school? Or... maybe Márcio snitched on me that I was the drug dealer of the school "Jardim Suíço"! He was taken by the police and could have opened his mouth!" I grope my pockets and breathed released: "No drugs with me!" In spite of my thoughts, I got close to him and took a chance. It was better to let go the logic and try to understand if that guy was really there because of the letters.

I sounded like surprised:

- You came right from there?! - it was the first thing that came up to my mind. Marlon didn't pretend he was not understanding.

No, I'm from here - he answered calmly. And looking straight in my eyes:

- Do you know the ground you're willing to stand on, boy?

We both knew what was that about, and that question hurt my ego. "Who does he think he is?! I know pretty well the ground I'm willing to stand on!"

And to him:

- Of course I know! - I sad, with irony.

Marlon smiled at me, as if he was waiting for that kind of reaction. He seemed

to know me, and that bothered me a lot. I was also curious, but still I got to keep my pride. "Could someone had spied on me?..."

He, on the other hand, looked relaxed and didn't do any personal question. Sitting comfortably on his chair, he got back to his book and simply made a comment about it:

- This is not the only Base. There's another one in another part of the world. There will be many of them in some years. Besides the bases, there are many of private groups in almost all countries, Brazil included. He talked in a natural way, looking at the book and at my face, which every time was more and more astonished.

So weird that those information came in such an easy way. In fact, around eight or nine months ago I started exchanging letters with San Francisco, but, strangely three months ago they stopped answering me; at least, until that moment.

- Why are you telling me all this? - my voice sounded less aggressive, but still I wasn't really comfortable with that situation.

Well... - Marlon made a pause - It's been a year that you write asking the same questions and showing interest on acquiring this kind of knowledge. It's been a year that you receive the same answers and answer the same questions, but, when something finally happens.. You doubt!

Hard to believe. Unwittingly, my body bended forward to look better at that man. That was absolutely unbelievable!

So you are... You are a...? - I couldn't complete the phrase. Marlon kept sober, but he seemed to be amused by my reaction:

- This is just a matter of nomenclature, Eduardo!

No doubts he said the right thing. Then I made myself comfortable, minded to hear; I couldn't decide about what to ask him first.

- But how did you know that me... was me?

- You've sent us a picture, haven't you? I had your address and all of your data; it wasn't hard to find you!

- But I'm not at home now!

- Normally you find people by their addresses, but this is not the only way. Soon you'll learn that too.

I looked at him, wordless. What on earth he could had meant? How could he possibly know that I was there at that time? But I didn't do any question because I had this feeling that the answers would come even without the questions being made. I put the elbows over my back pack that was lying on the table and I didn't take off my eyes of that man any more.

Pleasant, Marlon would always smile. I think he was about 40 or 42 years old, pale complexion and traits that resemble to be a Syran-Lebanese descent. He was wearing a fine-cut, elegant, black blazer with, under, a light polo shirt and some strange golden pins in the lapel. He was also using a golden ring and a golden necklace. And I couldn't help not noticing the amazing Rolex!

After that encounter *Sui generis* we started more interesting conversations.

Summary:

Satanism is real!

There are people like you and me, in flesh and bones, that adore the devil; and many persons in the world suffer the influence of demons without knowing it.

However, adore the prince of darkness, make a pact with him and receive the hell's power is something reserved to a certain group. A strong, well organized and united group of thousands of people who know well how to use the high magic and, through it, prepare the whole society to the coming of their messiah, the Antichrist.

This is the main subject of this book. It narrates the real story of someone who was recruited by empire of darkness, who made part of the hell on earth and who was a "son of the fire".

But also it describes how this same someone was rescued from the darkness and knew the Truth, Jesus, the Christ.

We invite you to make this trip with us and get to know the highest hierarchy of the satanism, to know those who have access and are collaborators of the most tenebrous infernal princes. It will be like diving in the hell's domains itself to get to know its doctrines, strategies and secrets.

With the start of this reading, a war will begin, so take your equipment, unsheathe your sword and cry to the Lord of the Armies to accompany you in this journey.