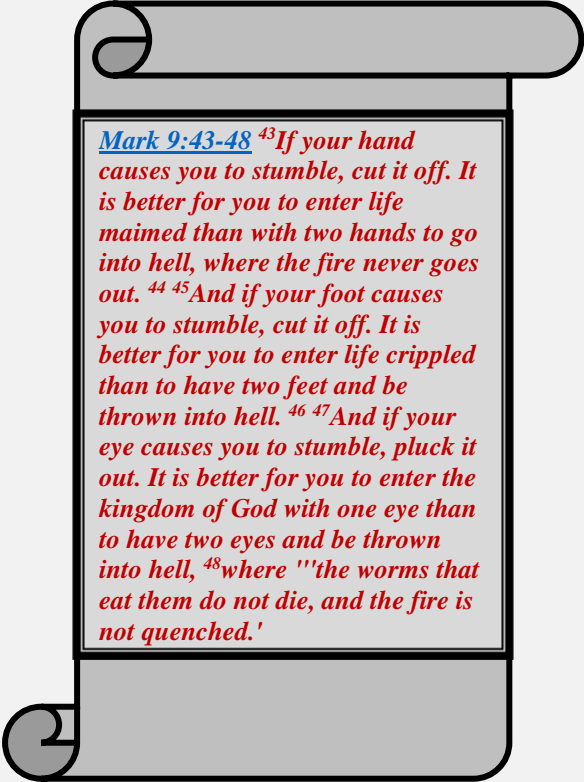


The Salutation



Mark 9:43-48 ⁴³*If your hand causes you to stumble, cut it off. It is better for you to enter life maimed than with two hands to go into hell, where the fire never goes out. ⁴⁴ ⁴⁵And if your foot causes you to stumble, cut it off. It is better for you to enter life crippled than to have two feet and be thrown into hell. ⁴⁶ ⁴⁷And if your eye causes you to stumble, pluck it out. It is better for you to enter the kingdom of God with one eye than to have two eyes and be thrown into hell, ⁴⁸where "'the worms that eat them do not die, and the fire is not quenched.'*



Descent into the Afterlife of Evildoers

Part I

Ω

The battle with this foe from the malevolent underworld, which I once thought to befriend, left the entirety of thy body and mind, as if I spent years in the trenches on the western front. We dispose ourselves to the devil. Overcome by the splendor of achievement to veritably abide within his presence, which initially we view sacred. So hurriedly I went on, as screams for mercy was all that were heard. Becoming confused, as now I tried making sense of what had been brought forth and what now taketh place. No matter whither I

look upon, I see only bloodcurdling images, but I believe I'm now able to uncover the identity of these suffocating surroundings.

Being in this place of evil, †was like having these *illusional* and beguiling drugs as if being none other than the Emperor of Rome. Yet comparth to them, I was no more than that of a mere gladiator slave. I shall now forever bear the guilt of my past sins. Without penance towards the One above, my unclean soul has now been condemned.

...I was trapped in Oblivion, a Greek word for Hell, but now I saw light. Questions of religion and reasoning were being welcomed, for it had been some time heretofore. Strange as it would come to be, thoughts of theology, how to get a potent substance exploding through my bloodstream and brain, and yet philosophy coexisting in thy mind

Higher powers of intellect seemingly uprooting me from this hell, but the devil bestows upon me a sickness of evil origins. A vial sickness of which, has no quick healing from unless...

Unless now to become hapless as I cowardly crawl on my knees, bow in honor to his false greatness, and except his potion; one of which delivers me only temporary healing powers leaving me ultimately dejected at bay in Oblivion.

As I observe other souls enter eagerly,
becoming moreover than subordinates of Satan,
the master who'll confine them to this evil
underworld, a hot and exhausted atmosphere
surrounds me. Feelings of trepidation rush through
me as I come to realize, that soon will I be
sentenced here forevermore. Nonetheless, we all
encounter a means of escape. For only the *One*
fruitful with virtue retaineth the required power to
elevate us when we have fallen this deep. Only
He's able to combine this power with His utmost
venerable divine nature.

Family and true friends may arrive, whence
assisting guidance towards Him. We must except
an offering hand, for our offers of help are rapidity
becoming extinct. For when we display ignorance
towards these offers, our sedition weighs heavily
upon us.

It was now, Satan arose. Forming a standoff
of two beings, one which was I and contestation
broke-out intensely. Upon speed no less than
which never I could match, he crushes my will-
power ostensibly with ease. But now these matters
have become altered. As now I'm granted favor to
instrument a return into this battle. For I now
possess unmatchable strength. A Sovereign Power
befalls on my side.

All with ears, shall hear me well. If others have attempted but failed to guide ye among this equivalent direction as thyself - it's an effect of something remaining incorrect and misguided, with improper reasoning in the explanation that of which you received. Because this Sovereign Power we beseech can do all, and in the whole matter of all, is all that one needs. Utterly speaking truth. "all thou ought to necessitate"

As Faith and Knowledge outlines the completeness of its reasons for us, you'll see how with our unification, we gain more into spiritual as well as our temporal lives. Through our long-suffering we cognate new wisdom. Thus, our new Omnipotent Power see's all, so muted from us, nothing will ever remain.

Its becomes unfortunate at what time once saved individuals retrogress to the destitute life full of suffering and death, for this happens with all. We had become safeguarded, yet before long we subside. I shall forever bear in mind the memories of returns to this dark world and all those many solemn hours I spent with the master of this house, one who's named Hades. Its occupants seeking improvised shelter from the elements, as the devil's long dirges forever ring in my ears.

Alas! How did I revert once more? Why am I back here, yet another time? This nature I enjoy is

nothing more than calamitous events surrounded by unholy flames. The further I travel, the hotter and more reprehensible they become. There's many people with a great variableness of personalities.

But all which my eyes perceive, is collectively one thing; a species of profligacy.

At night whilst I sleep, witchcraft celebrates as it dances in my mind. Nightmares of the most wicked abuse routinely haunt me. Laying in my bed, I awoke from the morning suns; all seven of 'em. And so very close they are, such extreme heat; rising above the already eternal flames. But what's this beside me? This creature bears no resemblance, to that which I remember from yesternite whence being impressed and attracted. This could be an effect stemming from this feeble condition which I find thyself in. On the other hand, as I attempt picturing her in thy mind's eye, I could've sworn she was nothing of the like. I want her the F#>k out of here. I want to get cleaned-up and put fresh clothes on. Only I'm lacking the energy needed to perform such basic tasks. I feel I have the flu but only 10 X's worse. My body's sore and I'm burning-up....

Perhaps this soulless behavior I so rigidly partake in, is moreover, then that of a forcibly nature. One of which I don't approbate, nor do I

enjoy. It must've been thereafter I commenced applying these substances of black magik. Intolerable suffering in this morbid condition's relentless. If this ever was to be done, it requires being done now. Therefore, I continually connive, and I plot, and I maneuver, then I repent; and now I make, yet again, another escape.

Back up on Earth there appears sources of help, and those who relate too. Yet, a myriad of sinners and liars remain presently adjacent. Notwithstanding, I immediately focus with assiduity on Him. With others in sync by my side, we conjointly fight away the demons of all of existence. Yes, we now thoroughly and relentlessly begin our cleansing of the earth. For no one can defeat us or even hide from us, with God on our side.

Beholding council from Faith & Knowledge, we gain insight with theology, sociology, and intellectual philosophy. In combination with the Holy Spirit, which does none-less than flow divine wisdom throughout our being, He'll bless all with new resolute endeavors to show others the Truth. We'll help others who've fallen victim to the antichrist and were sucked down into the underworld, to continue to protect others, and with these righteous actions we'll make a difference in our world; as we leave a positive impact on all of humanity.

The end of 1st Passage: Prevailed as Ch. 3 in the
author's Faith & Knowledge to Overcome Addiction





Confined to Oblivion

For the Hardest of men, thus remains a place of horror

Hereabout, in this underworld I was continually fighting for my life as command was kept over my will. Once mine, should I say; because ownership now belongs to the evil-one. Hitherto, thy hand wielding evil upon thee hath now caste a new spell. Thereafter, another substance within days I assigned obligatory eminence of status. For this new potion put within me was all too misleading. Superficially too weak at the commencement, but time protracts on. Was it only a matter of days, or had years now come and gone? Thee others hear me now, when abiding in Hell, we cannot tell. A substantial change here is merely nothing, for

nothing carries any meaning. Likewise, a continuity of nothingness it's not. There's no purposeful meaning to your *life*, though a firm meaning to your existence. We are to face a reiterate torturing which echoes throughout eternity; a perpetuity by no means will ever cease.

Suddenly coming upon me, Satan consummates infecting the mere inherent of my soul. Notwithstanding, he now grows with vast expansion in my mind, as if undeniably he were a trustworthy ally. Therefore, I retort, I relax and willingly I choose to inhabit this position. After all, 'twas the Light bearer who has given me what I need to feel comfortably satisfied. Whereupon, these surroundings are a bother unto thee any longer. Forgetting that most of thy time spent in this abode of ruthless torture, I view Satan as a noble friend of great importance. I position him on a pedestal high above all others.....

The commencing of this epic battle premieres within Faith & Knowledge to Overcome Addiction. (and is copied in Faith and Knowledge to Overcome Chronic Addiction Master Edition). With the Master Edition publication now entering retail stores, the following book I'll publish will be Oblivion; the full telling of the adventure to the abyss – a mere metaphor for the drug-addicted life of crime all addicts have been involved in. This book will contain many secrets: hints/metaphors relating to history, modern society, and the life of an addict. – S.P.