

Satanic Living

By

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Introduction

Satanic living is far from typical. Satanists occupy their time differently, and think differently. If we don't waste all of our time we are productive. We each have our own purpose to fulfill. Hopefully life is a little better for a Satanist. It is hoped that you enjoy things at least a little more. They should. Satanism is a worldly occupation.

I set forth in this book many ways to enjoy life and get the most out of it. There are many models of success. They mean nothing if you don't enjoy life. And really, before anything g, happiness matters. I want happiness to fill your life.

If you are not familiar with Satanism, you will learn it well here, and certainly have a good start in forming a new Satanic mind, heart, and life. And these writings are also beneficial to the seasoned Satanist.

Certain things make a Satanist. There are not many but must be taken wholly and seriously. Things such as individualism and pride.

This book also serves as encouragement into finding a Purpose of Satan and enacting it, being productive and rewarded. We must be at least a little active day to day working for success. *Being somebody.*

There are many things taught here and from time to time stark blasphemy. This book teaches you *why* be a Satanist and *why* be against God. There are good reasons both ways.

This book may challenge you. I hope it does. No need to read from the first page to the last. You can digest it simply from flipping around, occasionally.

Lucifer Jeremy White

The Book

Today I wandered through Haight street going inside a few shops. One had just what I was looking for- except for the prices, which were many times higher than online ones. The larger metallic idols you see in the photos were \$888! They had crystal rocks, however, worth the price. And they had a meditation room loaded with idols and an altar for prayer. So I removed my shoes, knelt, and prayed to be made the Anti Christ. All Satanists want to be him. Some are very sure that they are. But for me it is a wish, not a delusion.

I also went into a store selling nothing good. Mostly cheap jewelry, as, aluminum pieces. But they did have some cool skulls.

Then I went into the Haight street Good Will, here in San Francisco. And they had some impressive prices for good things. I want much an over coat, a good, blanketing overcoat. They had a good one for \$25. And I paid \$200 for one before online. They had a 40 or so inch TV for sixty bucks. And they had inexpensive dress suits. On top of that they had some cheap odds and ends like paper binders and ice treys. I decided to go to the larger Good Will, though, which is- larger, and closer to my home.

But first I went inside a cafe where I got a sprite and wrote a bit into my book (The Satanic Book) which was "finished" but which I am expanding.

So it was a great venture out today and best of all, my prayer in the altar room was made.

I also go into idol stores and pray to the idols inside which I call "stealing a prayer," sometimes. I did so in that idol store before I found there was a whole private room for it.

"Perfection is my right," I like to say. So often you will hear that no one is perfect, just do your best. But doing your best *is* trying to do perfectly. I don't want to be told that it is good enough when I am not even yet done. And it naturally happened to me that the productive things I do are things that can go on, forever, for as long as it is there and I am here, I will continue to improve it. For example, my endeavors are writing music, writing books, and when buying things I do my best to buy better from the same. When I've gotten what can't be much better then I move on to getting other things. If its mine then I should be solely in charge of doing what I want with it. My Christian Satanic Bible took me six years to finalize. I am satisfied with its eventuality. Changing it would be a step in the wrong direction, I feel, at least for some time to come. Christian Satanism? It is the perfect and best of religions to all of my capacity.

The things I get are specifically wanted. My tastes I know well. I know well what I like and I know what that I want, specifically. I like red ice treys. I like my Walking Liberty coin. I like Eye of Providence. I like red Cargo pants. I like a certain kind of belt. I take a lot of consideration of what is the best of the best things. Freedom of choosing is important for someone as me.

I don't want you to make my tea. The world needs to engage in perfectionism as harmoniously but diverse as it could be. Because like a hallway with many doors, inside being what is consecrated best, the utmost idealism, allowing us all to ever climb. That even at the start we are at the best place. And as with matters of Capitalism, much Capitalism makes us *all* rich. And let them take drugs. Let them be weaker than you. Let them be in dire straits. First, achieve to perfect the system all around, and the least will be the best of that which has passed..

Available everywhere are models of perfect warriors and gods, villains and entities Satanic. From Darth Vader and Palpatine, Vegera and the Klingon,

simulations of the Satanic Warrior is construed. Some of them are even starkly Satanic, in one good way or another, many of them are.

Here are some Satanic quotes from Satanic characters:

Vegeta from Dragon Ball Z- "Because I wanted him to reawaken the evil in my heart. I wanted him to return me to the way I was before! I was the perfect warrior, cold and ruthless. I lived by my strength alone, unfettered by petty attachment. But slowly over the years, I became one of you, and my quest for greatness gave way to a life of mediocrity.

In the show *Dragon Ball Z* Vegeta trained relentlessly to maintain, infer his warrior status. Though he did so, another character, Goku, could never be surpassed. Even so, Vegetation was built by pride, and through anything, conquered with pride. Goku was really just a metaphor for Jesus, and Vegeta, something like his brother, was Satan.

Vegeta was much of an underdog, though he trained much harder, he could never outdo Goku- but was very much stronger with pride.

To succeed you must outdo. You must masterfully "1 up." Those that won't, they are the least, and those that strive, the further they do more, and the more they outdo. That is to say that most people quit, or do nothing to begin with, in life. But if you are to succeed, you must what others don't or won't.

If you work out, building muscle, you must make it regular. If you design a new thing, you must think up things other were too thought limited to construe. If you save for a business, you must save up, whereas most could not persistently save as much. If you are to qualify for a more preferable and higher paying job, you must study hard and earn a degree.

The less these are done by others, the more one can use to excel.

When strength alone matters, only conquering matters. To overcome, with prude, mediocrity, the more strength, rewarded by pride, the further you will arrive down the road of gods.

Vegeta may have not been the very greatest in his universe, but he did keep company with, and was among, them.

The challenge of the Satanic Prince is to earn a place among the Satanic Extemporary through merit. That involves toil and strife. The inamorata of The Satanist is his stature. That stature is true godlessness. It is like a self-induced/ induced means to overcome and upturn weakness, and through strength keep the prize that strength provides. I call you to challenge, that no matter how strong you are, to be yet more strong, powerful, better, more resilient-

>:) *A proud look* is of the better things in the application of Satanism. Maybe you cannot afford to dress the best of the best but gradually you can reach that place. The rich have it immediately but you can still get there piece by piece. Ezekiel describes Satan (most would say, that is Satan) as donned with the best of all jewels and lavished in honor with gold. To dress well is a good thing. Most people don't, too, for most it is jeans and a shirt, so to speak.

Ideally, *all things stronger*.

It is only through arduous stress that one's mind opens to the darker realities reciprocating *Satanic Visions*. A whole world blossoms forth-Satanic roses of all sorts. To be buried in the dark unleashes certain sensitivities otherwise unfounded.

Day and night some suffering under solitary confinement have confronted their own demons.

Some become homeless and confront a desperation alluding to crack and AIDS inducing whore straddling.

And most would die from loneliness putting on burning layers of social compensation.

But the true Satanic Prince is, foremost: *Thoroughly enjoys life, is an individualist and is strong*. To enjoy life, what else of anything matters? An individualist and one singular, one thereby remarkably unique. And strength, a general term, can be said of resilience, adaptability and bravery.

Whatever good from strength, individuality and love of life, is a good indeed.

Do you know that science is creating for man a heaven on Earth? A lazy day for all? A place of no need unmet? A safe place? A place of unobstructed gratification? It is rapidly becoming so.

We are well into the end of our valiant struggle. With Artificial Intelligence coming to "take our jobs," while we are left with our own creative inclinations, strife will be nonexistent for most.

Maybe all along Man was meant to evolve separately and singularly within His own strata. What Man has achieved, He achieved without godly interference. He took the world His own and through the arcane assembly of magic into science constructed piece by piece a paradise.

In all the incurred dealings with *people* the Satanist governs separation thereunto. Petty people concerns are irreverent and readily dispensed, by the foreign being, The Satanist. If you are a Satanist then your influences are strictly in popularized. You are a separate entity in the world.

It's those that are different that cause what it different. It is those that are different that bring about what is different. Though while in Rome. Me, detesting the world, I fiddle while it burns. America- land of the selfish victim.. Land of the detestable. A place forming from iron forged petty dumbass intolerance of intolerance.

The Luciferian-Satanist we will blend in. *While in Rome*. In our set up we may even live to fiddle while Rome burns.

I recommend you, as a *Luciferian*, circle around or even sit- just sit circulating in thought things kindly giving pride! As though the world just doesn't urn. Or that you turn apart from it.

Satan is as a fire- He is a She. She is a lover and friend. Or else if a woman you're Devil it might be a man. Maybe to you a brother, or a sister. And only the truly different are anything the same with him, and coincidingly by at "One" with *her* with *him*.

If you don't like a food then starve. You'll then find food.

Let me introduce you to the Devil. He is on the road many have found, but few have remained upon. He isn't concerned with petty humanly trivia. He challenges the humanly realm and evolves human kind. *He* wrote the bible. All of that- that was The Devil. But many a fool have believed Satan to be a hero against intolerance and not God but still concerned with things of trivia. He doesn't rest in Human complacency but more to exonerating liberation.

There was never a village where Satan hadn't appeared as some sort of awesomeness. He appeared as Mohammed himself, the Buddha. The possessed. The anarchist. The revolutionary man. The brides last breath. The trees last seed. The bakers last bread.

He has given gifts for the few that excelled in executing his purpose. A vanguard, a thief, a vagrant, the exonerated as, *priest in the wrong place, a politician here, a sooth Sayer there. And Satan- everywhere.*

Take a Star Bux logo as your idol, and pray to its cup, as Shiva, as Satan, as Lucifer. These are modern idols, after all, and its cup, pray to. The world is so very Luciferian-Satanic, sometimes that agenda hidden, but nonetheless.

The world is Luciferian-Satanic. It is the Devil's Earth. We were chosen to live here in Hus time. We live in a Satanic world, even should we *look around* for His world. Satan came back in 1906. The Jehovah's Witnesses were just about right on this. San Francisco quaked, Satan appeared, after a wealthy Jew was about making San Francisco *beautiful*.

There is no "being one" with a culture of many cultures as is the Chaos Magic that is San Francisco. Many questionably Satanic things persist on the shores of a great ocean. The priest can't see his enemies. The priest has many enemies.

I prayed to God that if I can't have the earth, then maybe a portion yet be my own?

That night I laid face down and hugging the concrete said "I love my little blue rock, I hug my little blue rock, and I pray no matter where I am on my

little blue tock it be wonderful," then said, "And the sun stay where it is!" Then, the following morning, had a dream of *Holland*. I thought where is Holland?! And later found out, that's Scandinavian. And yet later found out through a DNA test I am 20% Scandinavian. Scandinavia, here I come! Embrace your King!

You would do well from time to time:

To think *proud things*

To use a basic dictionary, word by word recollecting, unearthing memories

To apply optimal-pathic reasoning

To untangle and sort out life's difficulties and

Provide something for your future as invest into it

To explore and identify your tastes

And untangle and sort out cobble web thinking

In all your doings, you would thereby be perfect in every regard, a strong and lasting Satanist, and at one with the gods

But the coward, the lazy and those with no meaning, auto-generating of populous identities, will not ever meet there selves, and would be made of others, producing as weeds do, uselessly, numerously.

So then place seeds all around, being different, making much difference. Because the Satanist is like a rare fruit, different and desired, to the furthest possible extent. S,/he wanes not, is everlasting, and seen worldwide, that are contrary- that are the only who presents a question. That question being *What are the rest of you?*

The sun, that unyielding unchanging "thing" in the sky. It follows me no matter how far I go. It is warmth. It bears light. And so be as a Luciferian, a great shining constant illuminating light. One that is forever right and never changing but in due season.

Satan is the fire yet Lucifer is the light. The burning to ash and the phoenix with the light of Lucifer.

But the truly dross and dull grey are they of black upon their shade. They cannot see their self. In the mirror the Devil appears, to the Satanist. But the other self selves cannot see a tree, only a forest. Indeed they have no soul and go about a success of others; never their own. Always another. Never their own.

But he who is different rather than a puzzle of many things, he is a puzzle of his own and a riddle in many ways. Though, the different blend in and never cone into the sight right.

May the dark see you its own and be you before them each a vibrant star. He who sees the Devil in an atheists.. Or Christianly.. Or Islamic.. Or Buddhist world is superb; most excellent to He, for He yet desires to be found, as a legendary gem, if nothing less.

But The Devil will have atheism.

The Devil will have the world sinfully reckless. *He* ought have guided into *right-acting* sin. The world, be it extant from any least of Ya. So let it be that His greatest are themselves without awe. *That Man, could He do anything?*

Do the Devil's work and test with the rest you've earned. Should there be no difficulty true rest is not found. Settle well in the purpose the Devil gave you. Produce the crop from which the devils feed. Be even a food most desired being in all ways like a giver of Christian meat.

When you hear of rumors of wars and wars even so circumference- *hide*. Be like those that boxed them selves in producing play dough, manufacturing weapons with expertise- safe. And apart, or else hidden. They so few that emerge when the dust settles, they are the true victors.

Come and conquer the earth with me, trotting on the earth beneath those Christians, in the grave, who had no thirst for life, that strife, that strife. No thirst for life those Christians, ought as well might. Where's my right?

The hidden place as a cave or abandoned home, or a hole in the desert, that is the better place for the Christian. They aren't suppose to be here. They don't fit in. In fact they belong in heaven and are here like spy's. They want to bring here heaven like a treasonous, open mouthed man from another

nation. Why can't they just *go*? But comes the robber who would leave us and they *nothing, anywhere, but fire*.

God is an ego maniacal being that'll have unadulterated worship- for eternity. Hell have nothing from a "person" any less than proven thick tested devotion and worship. The cross has never been a free gift, more, it is bribery.

He flows, flows, surges forth such poetic prose, such vengeance unmatched, such colorful beautiful mighty vengeance. Such a wonderful and lovely story of His; the Cross, sing, sing now for me my followers most reverent and true, without black stain, the prose of your life. For me, for me, of all great might! Yes! Yes my follower sing it sing it true! I am coming! I am coming so soon!

But me, I feel I simply have a better chance with The Devil. I feel, there would be no surprises and that to do my best, as closely to perfection as I could come, that is better for me, to my benefit. But God does nothing for me and I could but give a life for him nothing giving of pride. Nothing more than a cowardly life. Nothing more than self sacrifice. But to serve the Devil, I take it as a life lived well, doing things for him in Order of Pride. He won't have me cut my balls off if I think of masturbating female Asians., masterbating to that.

But for some reason God just throws His holy arms up and says "I just don't know where I failed with you, Adam." You ate that fruit. You ain't that f***ing fruit didn't you? After I said, eat all of it, you just can't ave that one. You went ahead and did it. The first depths of hell are not even as furious as I am now with you. Those thorns you see, those are going to f***in bullshit! They'll cut you. Get the f***k out of this garden right now! Angel waving sword keep him out. Now listen, you feed your f**in self, toil, burden, hardship. You and your offspring be cursed for all damn time. I give your wife a baby; also great pain.

What's His problem? Count it fortunate unto you that you are *willing*- you have a will- to know Him in truth.

Come rain snow or shine, come as it is, and know where it's from. Knowing that God is irreverent, but as a dead beat Dad, has let you starve, has been found nowhere in the times of dire need in life.

Came a man who faced a challenge. What of earth would Satan give he. If only for further the eyes normally see. Came rain or snow he did what others would not. And came to find he excelled far past the complacent, who daily did naught. Then took the earth up by root and grinded it up.

Oh! Oh! If I could just get on TV! At least for a moment! My friends would revere me! My family would be astonished! If only, if only they'd all here this song! *Strums on guitar* They'd love me for this! They'll give such enormous cash! They follow me around! My class mates will hear about me from school and will illuminate with my excellence! If only, if only I was in the news! If only I were popular, anything I say will be accepted, and taken *cool* I'll be cool! People won't hate me. I'd be *the best one* in my family's life! The women would find me attractive! If I could just *succeed* with this song with this *book* with this *painting*!

Oh if only the Great Cause was still fighting through for my rights. If only I could be a benefactor for our civil rights. That the cause as was once in its hay day. But my rights are almost altogether found and I have nothing to fight for, to be a representative thereof. My great idol, he once was, but is needed no more. *Maybe* its no better than before. I *must* have something to fight for. I am missing my racism. Where is my racism?

Few would know, and even fewer would remain knowing, that Satanism is a game. And even fewer Christians would know they are as well. But in playing the game God brought forth Moses and made many lies. Then Satan made Rome. In Rome fell God His Chess Price Christ. Came Catholicism. Came Islam from Satan. Came Buddha from Satan. And comes The Devil's Son *Counter-Christ, His Final Adam*.

But it is a game. Hadn't LaVey presented the rules of Satanist. What is that twelfth rule indicating? Are Satanists Rage Zombies? He's not my God, he only wants sex from me. And they *do* worship the Devil. They just somehow forget that they do.

That profitable work must succeed on its own before its profit comes from The Devil, or else it has no standing on its own. One must very well follow down the rainbow if his work comes to naught. If he is outstanding the reward will be his/her own. If it isn't for Christ it is for Satan. So let evil be and work to our whole strata. Knowing it is Satan's and you are privileged to know so where as Satan without is yet within.

Those Luciferian-Satanic confined are as great kings. Visit them. Write them. And treat their punishment as your own. They that are the Satanically confined should be honored. Their punishers and punishment admonished. Annihilated. Bring unto them good things at any cost.

The petty grumbling of so-called peace makers brought them there. The demands of the weak crippled them. Be their legs and arms. Do whatever you can to get them out. Don't be settled. Ratify them. Exonerate and honor them. *It should be the weak moral pushing that should be jailed, confined, separated. Not the strong.*

In this world sprouted up by Ya is Hell Mr. Salmonella. A man in a chair engulfed around a fire, gnawing His teeth thinking He must survive. *He must. He must survive. Elsewhere. Elsewhere.. Put Him elsewhere.*

It takes very little but the luck very much. With more, the better your odds with great luck, further much. So don't rest your hands as there is no test for the wicked and be too tough a meat the Christian prowler could chew and digest. *Be too much, Satanist!*

Like the clown asked, "Why do we get all the 'tards?" A stable mind with the right guidance brews genius. Only from the differently thinking comes difference. And most are the same as a person saying or showing one thing fifty different ways. But if you are different so let your light shine as not even we, nor Satan, nor even Ya knows where our roads lead but when you blend in you are hidden and not really with those who travel down the familiar road. *You are not really there more than they want you to be.*

If his house destroys tour's, it must be burnt down

If his food poisons you, he must be made to eat it too

If he lies, steals or cheats you, so let it be unto him

And if his tongue defames you make him to bite it off

For you are an idol perfect a sanctuary of your own truth and cannot be foiled into Christian vandalism.

So it is said. But you must pick your own battles. The truly brave will fight to preserve their honor. The cowardly won't. But the cowardly may yet be more brave, fighting another day.

If you can't do something. If you absolutely find yourself defunct, unable to incorporate their life into your own. Then you must embark on a pilgrimage. Get away from there. Find a better place, preferably alone. Out of the carnage, or simply, simply badly, the riff raff, the in cumbersome, the psychically depleting! Go then, on a pilgrimage. Return to yourself. Safely explore your vices. Even create around you the like minded, if anyone. Life can be mundane and restricting. Break through. Go on your Satanic pilgrimage. End in climbing unto the heavens their self, as an accomplished Luciferian, having emulated our great King.

And up the small mountain climb. Climb then up another, higher. Then, after but little rest, climb up the ever higher, and the rest. Be as the gods of the world as no human climbs high or for long. *But the Luciferian should, always, and is.*

We should have stronger laws against the weak and moral. They lash out at the strong. If they could, should leave, but they don't, they masochistically remain. They do no justice. They aggravate people. They disdain the "unmannerly" the biblical construent, the sheep thinking it should walk amongst wolves, head and nose high. Society, it should impart manhood, a warrior strata, not tend to the weak. *Morality pushes should be thrown into confinement. Or else have no residence with the strong.* That is applicable. That is Satanic. That must be done.

Those that are fruitful, productive, whether alone or with others, should have priveliges. Even if they take SSI, if they are *very* productive, and if that is their only real income, so much the better. The mentally can at least

paint or write, sow or gather, do something in return. That doesn't apply to the autistic. That applies to the "mentally ill," who are *not* helplessly incompetent.

As science and technology sprouts up a Utopia, so should it be, that AI and robotics perform our necessary jobs, completely master our needs- long, even eternal, life food, medics, material. While this tinkles out slowly whereas so many do nothing to help it to advance it. Comes a big man pissing it out like a horse. Our savior!

Where you can look all around are the loner's thinking contrivances. Beautiful amazing adornments such as phones from them came. But they are few and far between. Take a look. The vast majority have done little to nothing with man's lot. They sure eat from its fruit. But that fruit ought always be altogether for him to enjoy. To eat. And yet even so, comes some one found growing from his seed and from that fruit eaten. It should not be.

A person's place will slowly and altogether become a place of magic doings. That is to say, as surely real magic is real science, one will have an enormous storehouse of knowledge before him/her. Knowledge that can be acquired and used like how generators work, how software is programed. Where so long before the greatest knowledge from which to create anything was limited to the alphabet, the wheel. But in the future the Satanist will create at his/her own measure things for their home. And it is already much so.

To what ends is scientific advancement? Its riches are too deep to ever exhaust. Man has toiled applying it for eons and yet its surface is but grazed. It doesn't add, it multiplies. It will be proven our savior, our helper, our guise as it always has and its wealth is beyond understanding.

But what shat love? Jealousy, inner loneliness, restriction, and remorse. God has not enough understanding regarding it. Too much kindness, too deep a love for the poor, for the weak, is unnecessary, does no additional good. If man is kind a little he is not kind too much and his help will need them to meet the two ends together.

But Christ will be bowed down unto and the not purely loving will roast in hell where there will be weeping and bashing of teeth without him. For you cared not for Him and He gave His life for you on the Cross and though your sins could be covered, you don't allow them to be. So you shall die in sin being lovers of the world, whom God hates.

The Luciferian Monk is a Satanist left with but thinking and that thinking is unique, different than the contrivances of the populous. S/he that is left alone, or in The Hole, or homeless, but alone, particularly garner the most incredible thoughts. A Real Luciferian is one who reached the Nirvana of such incredibly unique thinking as to be *His own father of thought*. But so many are they comfortably locked in a room with others, all who share the same thinking! Be it from politically correct obedience to likeness or Christian lessons a presumably rewarding God gave unto them. They are dross and cannot thrive as life its own in the Luciferian Mind. So may your influences be few, if you must be influenced.

If any imaginative aesthetic could be given any right what a better, less mundane and less dross, the world would be. The side walk can't be painted. To put glitter here and there is littering, the trash cans could be, at least, a pleasant navy blue, and great bursts of light can fill the over head sky- something like Fremont Street in Las Vegas. But all is dull. All is dross. How about covering the earth in seeds, as is its true need. Or what of a bedroom? Bed here. TV here. As always, take a shower. Scrub here. Scrub there. Don't dance around. Don't drink the water. Why put your bed up high. Why would the door open different. So what if there's no stain glass. No glow in the dark stars. Always a bed. Never a coffin. Never a pit. Lights never go in a corner. Candles are dangerous. So is incense. There is no plush rainbow carpet. I have no Mickey Mouse plates. Can't afford a few silver pieces of silverware.

And as people have their home, have people the outside. There us nothing but shades if grey outside. If its imaginative, that doesn't after. It must be typical. If I had a Total Environment it would be one as this:

Called Candy Land, the streets are littered with glitter and board game pieces. Even candy, like from the frequent parades. Toy and candy stores would be everywhere. You would have the freedom to stick stickers everywhere. And some of the architecture is edible. On the whole the environment closely resembles Lazy Town (google) or Bubble Gum Pop, such as the aesthetics from Aqua. And no children. They make me feel childish. But I am adult child with an adult brain. I am "adultly childish."

As above so below. As within so without. My anger went into the Nether. Where did my anger go? My anger.. Went into the Nether. Where did my anger go? It went into the Nether. My thoughts ascended. Where did my thoughts go? My thoughts ascended. Where did my thoughts go? I have left them above. Now I pull them down. Now they are with me. But they've hanged somehow. And having forgot my thoughts exist again above.

Throughout our time on earth we think. In so thinking we create an amazing world in our minds. That world is to some degree tangible. To some extent, more or less. Nothing is ever lost in memory apart from brain Dave. Though memories are still there, just that recalling is difficult. But our memories become more difficult to remember. Take a small basic dictionary and as pertaining to random words you see, remember something.

Some desire to conquer yet don't desire to rule. Some desire to teach but not go through school. Some desire to build but come to want destruction. And others that look for treasure don't care for the reward.

Do squabble about matters others find insignificant that obstruct or delineate. After all, are you not your own proprietor of well being? Is it not your own work of perfection that gave you your state? But one comes around wanting to change that. They alienate you from what you desire. They refute relationship values you don't upon them, for no return. They cut pit pieces of your garden for their selves and leave you with weeds. Then, be a fixer of things and remove that obstructive foreign matter. Cleanse yourself. Hack it away and throw it into the fire.

The two most powerful elements to work with is light and water. Consider though that you incorporate one to four things together, keeping it palatable and simple. If you know a little you know a lot of it. If you know a lot of (it) you can but use a little of a lot. So know a few things well, in other words, Take any two to four things (a ring, a laser, a fiber optic, a suction cup) and from these masterfully create a thing new. It will be more or less difficult depending on the combination. If you come across a good combination, good. It is in finding a good combination. If you think about anything long enough and have the right kind of thinking you can make incredible things. You may create your own circuit board, one made somewhat in a new way, even altogether. You have basic physics principles. And general scientific principles. As, making crystals, friction, pulleys, gravity, magnetism, and generators. Be a gifted inventor with these simple principles and from what there is, simply fit it together like a puzzle.

There is very little to wilderness survival these days unless you foolishly get lost in the woods. Today, more likely, there is homeless survival. In which case make your way to the business downtown areas, not the residential area. Have a lighter, pens, a radio or battery operated mp3 player (preferably a long lasting battery) and a thick blanket. If ever you are homeless you can make ends meet with these and not be bored. You'll at least have entertainment. A radio that uses two AAs usually keeps power for at least three weeks. Have these items on you. At worst its just sleeping on bench or sidewalk. Oh, and talk to *none* while you are homeless.

A textural-

A textural is a single image with script on it. These are common in old video games, comics, magazines, or places online. Offhand, they deserve to be compiled as like unto a scriptural book. Texturals are anything with a single picture and some words underneath. They are very well usable as an item to hold in mind, with which to mediate, as if a thought process freeze frames the moving motion of mind. For the Christian the *scripture*, for the Satanist the *textural*. My favorite is from the first scene of *The Legend of*

Zelda. He goes into a grotto and there is a sage with a sword. It is written "it is dangerous to go alone. Take this."

Modern demonology still exists. We just handle and use it differently. As, *Pokémon* consists of demonology as does *Final Fantasy*. These things have demons, just now instead of art and drawings with a simple description they now incorporate moving images and audio, and can increasingly breath life into them. We are the image of Ya. As such we, like gods, have the capacity to create new life. Usually demonic. And yes, increasingly we are bringing into further actuality the presence of demons.

Somewhat like this we still have idols. They are ever present. They're abundant. They are *Star Bux* logos, Mc Donald's arches, or on apparel. These are easily equated to being idols.

Though whether you are or are not a King you can still live as one. Even better than most Kings do. A King he rules. I may want to conquer. But I wouldn't want to rule. Kings have the best of all things. If they are like most people then they probably take it for granted. But you, being better than most, shouldn't. What you have, cherish. What you think, focus and meditate on the pleasant, the favorable, the pleasurable. What you eat, be it a feast. And what you produce, be it masterful, perfected. You may not reach perfection- it has no end, it's elusive, that just makes it the best for with to strive.

I was trapped in a state psychiatric hospital for a year at one time of my life. There was never anything to do. We were locked up in there. But we could have a radio. So daily, in fact all day everyday, I listened to my radio. It wasn't easy to enjoy. The many songs that played I didn't like much. But I came to find a way to enjoy them. It was really simple but changed everything. I simply made the songs mean anything. Whatever at least it could have been about, I made the songs about what I wanted them to mean. But greater than that I meditated to it. More accurately I visualized to it. The visualizations became deep and intricate and sometimes felt profound. The best thing was that developed enough, visualizations are a component of magic.

Much as birds of a feather flock together inasmuch we are of a *different* feather we need with us our own kind. Some of us have an inclination to rule, others to be fostered by us, some of us wish to dwell, work, celebrate and grow in a Satanic group- even a cult. Many of us wish to operate a Satanic/ Luciferian Church. And then there's those content with internet socialization. As for me I choose to productively write and teach online with a sense of Satanic tastes consumed in real life and online. I gotta admit I like the way of the Sith the Satanic version of people from Star Wars. There is One Priest One Apprentice that way. Its concentrated. But its limiting.

Make a flag. My original symbol "the devil's cross," is of a proportionate cross of which on every corner is an inverted star, as inverted pentagrams without a circle on each corner of the cross. Get a place or use your own. Have it have its own book. That's important. Pick a place to meet. Or a website. Worry not, science will develop to the point web life is practically real life.

Envisage your idea place, a palace, and you will always have something to which to strive and endeavor. As a palace made according to your vision, from floor to roof, from room to room. It is a dream that could come to fruition somewhere far down the road. An important mantra in life is, certainly effective, "as I go, so it comes. I bring it here unto me as I go along. Piece by piece, loosing nothing, until it all is here with me carried forever on."

It has so been said that God cannot sin. But that's only because their God can do no wrong. He has exclusive right to act like a barbarian. He slings his sword of truth every which way cutting into the wrongness of others. If there is a towering construct going upwards he is surely there to pour in concussion and disarray. If his words are not strictly adhered to he swings his mighty sword of justice on his horse trampling by, treading infants all about. With his mighty shield he deflects the arrows of disbelievers and crumbles their children for generations to come.

God hath said he will suffer the cold and the hot but the luke warm he will spit out of his mouth. He usually has the construct to "let them," referring to evil. Maybe Hell is our own fire with nothing to cool it down. But I go headlong into Hell having logically decided there is no greater evil than Ya. I put my bet on Satan. I just don't see anything wrong with him. All he's trying to do is in foil the righteously drenched and to over power the cowardly Christian. Which every Christian is a cowardly teachers pet. Do keep in mind whether or not a Christian would admit to her/his reward/punishment Stockholm syndrome condition *there it persists*. But let me fill you up with the under dog, anti hero, those brave, that logic. A Satanist is brave indeed. He chooses what others never, ever, never, ever ever could—that's he truth. But come rain or shine they rest their hope in a magnificent perpetually upper-handing being (Lucifer.) He is indeed one worthy of admiration. He treads on the stars there self.

A Luciferian should meditate on perspectives. S/he should have a general but pertinent understanding of the mechanisms of the world around—where things are, where things are going.

My understanding of the world is that science is unwinding a paradise. That all our needs, scientifically and technologically will be met. The need for money will slowly become non existent as things such as propelled seed growth emerges, even a replicator (a devise that restructures matter into something else, something desirable.) That as lab grown organs arrive many maladies corrected. And even so a resequencing and restoration of DNA and cells eventually becoming cure all's, even so, the cure for death (a fountain of youth.) Holograms will develop becoming ever cheaper and the internet redesigned fitting itself into a better virtual world. We may go into the pit socially, but with as many scientific and technological developments are at hand for the incorporation of single hands and groups, there just can't be a dark age. At least not one that doesn't make the world even better, eventually. As things are becoming cheaper yet better the depth of the underclass is, actually, not nearly as so deep.

Look at the dancer! The drinker! The social drug abuser! Those impressing their teachers! They go to no ends to procure popularity, the like of others

so prestigious. They take an hour, to apply make up, to bath. Look at my painting. *To be liked.* Look at my home. *To be liked.* Look at my position. *To be.. Needed.* To be *someone.* I have a pet. *I matter.* I brought forth a piece of me. *To do what I couldn't.* I am getting good at *throwing the ball in the hoop!* I get to be in the presence of others. *I get to prove myself!*

What is a god to do to fill its time? Would s/he wonder into a house and astonish with his words? Would he go into a church, appearing as Jesus come? Will he go into the primitive area, appearing as Mohammed? He is, someday, going to be alone in his/her own space-place, bringing in others not so much from the flesh but more an image representation. S/he can have others aghast with their knowledge and wonderous signs. Maybe he'll author a new religion and change the course of humankind. What is power if you can't use it powerfully? I mean I can do "so what." Or I can do "that was funkin amazing!" And we are ever more so as gods, gods, to greater gods, and further always so. But when I see the possible technological entrapment of internet I am warned. There is a thing God has done, I'll confide. He has "burnt on the wire." Believe me the internet has its evils. But I hear others complaining about *that* and a picture always coming to mind of a crowd staring at a little square on the ground pointing at it, debasing it. I just walk right past it.

Just consider how many demons people have. This scourge of the mind. Past abuse, being mishandled, being made too weak, to get something deserved, having been taking from, having a finger pointed at you.. These things interrupt well being altogether. They "halt and interrupt" a normal "flow" of happy, satisfied, secure and satisfying life. It does much more than we can realize. If in life we never confronted the harsh, the aggressive, or never thought worry, or confronted anxiety *how happy, content, satisfied, and peaceful we would be.* But because of these things we were handled a way of operating here, in our place. But the best fix for this weight upon us is to occasionally assert inhibition, sometimes alone, but also in public.

It is usually the presence of an enemy and the inability to destroy him that confounds him into anger, even fury. But the one who hates you just wants the same, the removal of superiority over him. They rate you higher. They

are jealous that do not like you. Why dislike? They aren't comfortable with you around. In their presence you are a greater wolf, even a sheep. They must prove to their self that they are better. They might post control but it wanes, is ever fleeting. Therefore they can't control ever enough. They are unsettled with you around. If their thoughts were enough free they'd plunge a knife into you again and again. The best thing you could do? Do as they do to you. And refute them. *Living well, it is against them, as a wolf that doesn't hare his meat.*

I call it a very workable trinity to be and admonish, revere and understand that trinity of *Mother Nature, Father Time, and Science*. To acknowledge and uphold Mother Nature is to admonish and idolize the world, nurturing, the seasons of life and the home of earth. To acknowledge and understand Time is also an understanding of the seasons of things. It is to respect the evolution, progression, the development of things within and without you. And to prepare and be ready. To work and to rest. And Science can be even considered a god. It restores all things, over comes all things, changes all things, and brings about all things. This as a trinity is far superior to a God the (deadbeat, useless) Father. Far surpasses any good use of the Holy Spirit. And Science does what and better than what Jesus did and favors none. Science is for all. You can trust it. You can depend on it. You can freely use it. You can come to know and understand it. It is yours to hold, as is Time and Earth. Though maybe you'd like the list listed as *Home, Time, and Science*.

Carry a pouch around within it treasured items for the day. Day by day switch a pouch. Learn from what's inside simply by thinking about each object. Enjoy them in hand. It can be any small thing, perhaps a few idols, a color pen, a page out of the dictionary, or three dollars. Its up to you how you use them. It should be easy. If it's a pen write something. If its an idol think about and pray to that idol, if it's a few bucks go to the store that day and get a drink. For where your treasure is there your heart is, and there you'll go.

But really, anything that you can fit in your pouch can fill in some time and otherwise things never used could be/would be. A dice- do a little

deviation. A CD. A mini candle. An little shot size bottle of whiskey (or could be a can of soda.) Fit it into a pouch and day by day use new contents.

The road for a Luciferian should be well and good, pleasant and as wonderful as heaven/ a light but pleasant and desirably constant feeling of nirvana. If not always but inasmuch as you took the road you travel and it is *The Devil's.. The sinner's.. The iniquitous..* enjoy. Be well with it. Knowing, where you go, that's where you'll be. The mind of a Satanist-Luciferian, and as it is gotten here, presents and gives her or him the world wonderful, workable, tangible, palatable, as clay. *A life good and how to work that good*, is in your hands, as a Satanist.

My "Twelve Names" constitute my writing, providing a list of influences easily procured into my writing and beliefs. These names are:

Hermes, Q, Vegeta, Lex Luther, Satan, Lucifer, LaVey, Palpatine, Prince, Mantrid, Solomon, and Nero. "Q" is from Star Trek. "Prince" is from a show called "LEXX."

The sigils of Solomon and from the Necronomicon serve well as a possible configuring a circuit board or its operation.. *If you are just enough imaginative and work well developing ideas from the abstract.* They are made as to provide ideas in the guidance of circuit parts or as a figure giving to those imaginative enough its possible electrical use. The truly useful, talented, the kind we all need, can create their own entirely self-idealized circuit boards. But electrical prowess of pre-existing circuitry certainly helps.

People have said for some time now not to "bottle in" and "repress" emotion. They theorize that an explosion of temper would result. More to actual truth is it's like a sore. If you poke at it, it'll hurt. If you continue to poke at it, it'll get worse. Rather time heals it, and it is no more. The patient said to the doctor "it only hurts when I rub it," and as the doctor says, "then don't," the same applies here. While you're thinking about something hurtful, there it is. Hours could go by until you drudge it back up. And no sooner than you do it resurfaces. So if you can't rationally do

anything about it, then don't think about it. More it is like hot water. You put your mind away from it and it cools. But if you continue thinking about it it'll boil over. If you don't then the water will cool and just spill out altogether. Or else does a past event, or hateful thing said, does it still pester you? Of course it does if you seek to understand it, but hopefully it has become altogether unimportant.

The Will to Power to Superiority should be an administering force in the existence of a Luciferian Satanist. One must be One. S/he must disregard all hindering bonds. We as Warrior Princes must calculate and engineer our rightful status as such with disregard to all loss yet striving to subdue and gain. The Luciferian Satanist they *Lusiterian* endeavor to become and remain strong and so develop. You must be ruthless. You must be concentrated with evil and its power to be a Satanic Warrior Prince a *Lusiterian*. Its with so little said but with much emphasis rightly executed if you are to dominate in life.

Hell is for one who's light ceaselessly shined. When the darkness was about, yet his light would shine through. Among a thousand torches it danced as a candle and Ya gave him not that light. Ya knew it yet shined. But the torches were all around him and stronger, and they were the false light of lights. They were a flame not His own and though would burn out quickly yet more returned and even old torches would reignite. And this is Hell. A place of hypocrites and hypocrites burning one and the other to ash. While the one who burns but his own weak light, is strong and forever and guilty of no hell-fire sin.

If you love the world it is your shining light. It guides you and feeds you. But if the world is your light then Ya cannot be. And that is a way of no *life* from the world, and you are without, though not needing, of Ya's love. You who love the world receive nothing from God. All be it the better, for His love is conditional. S/he who walks upon the earth, which is to say their life is the world, receive life from the world, and to the world give life. For the Kings of the earth all the same. They, having been given life, are the world's princes. But s/he who is further more giving of this way of life *back* into it, the same are Kings worthy of being followed. The world is a place

of wishes many times of what the hearts want. You are the legacy of they that took from the earth great treasures. These are left behind and taken again. And too comes the new for all eyes to feast and thrive upon the life, the love, the spirit, the substance, of the earth. Praise Lucifer!

When you are with one another share with each the World. But don't share the same purse. If you can expend something, and entirely want to, do. Otherwise don't. Many are they that think you should virtually provide them. And they may insert they'll return to you double, triple, but fail to. They think, later, I shouldn't we that much, that is not right. And being told no they that have somehow made others to tell them yes, yet you tell them no, they feel their hustling has become inadequate. Then they will desire to hear a yes and take from you, else feel they've lost that talented trait. Provide all of your own needs and count it blatant one would expect you should also provide for theirs.

If you are walking in the dark with a light and one comes up to you saying they need your light do you give it to them? If you do then I tell you, it is a theft of your soul. While they can then walk in the dark you cannot. Likewise if a man knows his own way he should walk it unobstructed, for everything that a man is can be stolen.

A man who is far ahead of his time will come into his own place, especially if he is aware of this, and how good then does one prepare. But the one who is never ready and can only situate himself with the new will endure unpleasant changes all his days. There is nothing known of the future for that man. And in time he will be worn through like worms. When the day is over and night comes, the man who knows what to expect wakes at dawn and knows from there where to go. If his coins were saved and his firewood cut he is prepared already for the time ahead. But if he hasn't provided himself a blanket he will have not warmth. It is just as important as what you provide for today as what you provide for tomorrow.

I worship my Father. My Father Satan. Bow.

What power has Christ, really? He rules the detestable. He conjures up bullies in his teaching. He rules over the cowardly, the dross. Anyone

having power only has it because it is given. Having said other things, he'd be without power. But those valiant are rare indeed and embrace the good life not as one blindly following. He is much like an unwanted king in which there is an undying bitter jealousy to those strong and worldly, happy and unheeding. But what about his followers is any good? What good are they? They are simple minded adherents. In a moral view they are over sensitive and screwed up. They think they must love everyone. Why? They are exceedingly judgmental, keen to the non-Jesus ways. Christianity doesn't itself produce the kind of people we need, like scientists. It only produces a specific (though usually hypocritical and contorted) lifestyle devoid of even desiring life. *Life is hated. That is the only way. For I was hated. I died for you. ~Who cares?*

The Elite Satanist, and especially in line with Luciferian pride, must maintain a presence of respect regarding daily go abouts where you come into presence with the blatant. As done to you do to them what goes around usually goes quite well back around. You must be assertive, forceful enough to push the circle back around to equal amends. So as it was done do back even if it is difficult, in receiving peace of mind.

Weapons come easily. There's a water gun filled with habanero pepper. There's a can of bear mace. Just don't expect it to go well with law enforcement. Then there is the most dreadful of them all: a syringe filled with semen stuck into the balls.

I used to say "trash, trash on the street!" I later said "bird seed, bird seed on the street!" And later I chimed, "TNT powder! TNT powder on the street!" I use to call my followers The Wobblers. But I came to call them My People of Perfect Sense. I imagine the park wouldn't do well with mushroom spores. I was made a person that hated the public. They're shit talkers and should be put in their place.

Do indeed be very careful not to be charged with excessive defense. You could very well be charged if you don't refrain from slapping a bitchly bitch. You could slightly shove someone away from you and be arrested. Or two may say falsely you were the assailant. Wanting a gun for self

defense isn't good enough reason. That's what the police are for. Whom may come by and harass you, even kill you. Protesting? They could line you up and one by one spray mace into your eyes. Or if you are a woman, or even a high school girl, perform a reasonable random cavity search. Many police are this way but no, not all. Some will take every reason *not* to fine or arrest you. One time while homeless a police man gave me a \$20 bill. And many times over kept me safe and free, even alive. But a corrupt/abusive police officer is a bad thing indeed.

In making a magical alphabet each letter should be given a lot of thought to the better of a whole. Someone could even cause the letters to form pictures observable to mean something. As is with the Tarot, it is not the card that comes up, it is the meaning, the interpretation pulled out of it. You can also make two alphabetic letters each mean something, from which hidden meaning or additional meaning can be pulled.

There was a man that was like one climbing a mountain. All around were people and places he felt no connection towards. He always wanted better, better than the lot of other people. So passing by all from town to town he came to realize he would find the greatest were far up, away from towns, away from common roads. Going down a rugged road he found better people and near that a mountain. *That mountain few go up. There is no top. And few climb up it. Most who do, they don't return. But we have rumors of them spoken from the mouth of gods. When they do return they are not the same but unknown by all. But some, it seems, have vanished, and it is said they are one with the gods.*

Those that are in tune with what the world will become, what the future will be, have no surprises and are ahead of their time. They can be brilliant scientists/ inventors. With what they perceive to be good scientific/technological development yet was something not created, they are the ones that should step in and create. They as such are inventors just not yet ripened.

And *false* knowledge will greatly increase. And many can't go back and forth because of *the traffic*. You should separate your thinking from that of the myriad of instant scientists. They believe in everything they are told,

and “intelligently” happy to provide others their pseudo- knowledge. So often they are proven wrong by genuine scientists but with as many false instant scientists are around, they yet think their truth is proven. Vitamin C does not *even help* the cold. Caffeine and energy drinks only work in a psychoactive way. Thought to increase energy then energy be. Fatty foods only increase obesity when over eaten. Its just that people who eat a lot aren't going to eat tasteless “health” food. If they eat a lot, good food is eaten. Warm water doent disinfects dishes. The water must boil to kill viruses and bugs. Just know that science so often seems to have been “proven” for decades, even centuries, then, suddenly, refuted. Hawkings theories were found to have holes- and Einstein's and Newtons.too. Be better than that. Take things carefully or be as they are: full of bullshit. Maybe life is extended slightly with a healthy life. But anyone may go at any moment for a great many reasons. And to extend life in the conventional manner reduces the quality of life. I don't believe smoking is so incredibly unhealthy. I've known few smokers with health issues. I knew someone on oxygen that had it off all the time and still puffed away. Doctors are *sure* that smoking is detrimental in every which way. But does it really make your bones brittle? Does it really give you a brain tumor? I haven't known nearly enough people with smokers cancer that proven to me was beyond, to some degree, caused by something else. And some of those got cancer decades after quoting. I've seen so many aged people puffing away and some that lived a long healthy life even though they smoked. I don't think that it's that harmful.

Your idea works is like a garden of many seeds. The better the seed and the more you plant and tend to, the better your world. But the one that doesn't plant will never grow and the earth will belong to others. These seeds usually take time. Sometimes one thing planted continually will only produce one plant. But to be persistent from it will whole crops sprout forth. As the rain does come know it will. And before the rain, plant your best seeds. Bring unto your seeds water, as though watered by a servant, and share with him your crop. He who plants many seeds in his life will thereby thrive. But the one who always takes from your crop without providing back will pay the price.

S/he who is most needed is most served, if his gifts come at a price. All day they will toil for you if they have from it good reward. Many small actions only cost many small things and collectively your due is great. Even having none paid workers is possible if they don't mind doing something for a friend, unaware their friend is paid. Give a little here give a little there, as an investment. Knowing they can depend on you for a constant supply of things, when there time comes to pay due, if they do, keep them with you. Give them things that all want. Things worth the price. And you will have around you many servants. A cigarette is worth the price to sweep the driveway- often so. And a pack of cigarettes could clean the dishes!

It is truly good to perfect things in a slow course- the end of which making an excellent whole. For example, a person, even one somewhat poor, can have a wealth of things by working up to it. Slowly he buys gold or silver buttons for his jacket. And for but a short time doing this way has gotten the best of all clothing. He too can be as the wealthy, just more slowly. Taking up your house brick by brick, glass doorknobs, perhaps, or fine curtains room by room- imparts great wealth, just not instantly. Most of these things are permanent. And sooner or later there will be no room for improvement and in a palace you will dwell, dressed like a king.

Eluding to the quest for glory one must establish a presence of importance, of being needed. Most people on this earth are little needed. And as the competition is weak there is a lot of open space for one to occupy, ruling over earth. People that challenge their selves enough to succeed, if it at least a third or more of what people are willing to, their success is assured. But most are complacent. Any note, especially. If you go through school you will be rewarded. If you reach out to the right people, you will have relationship with people and groups that are optimal. If you succumb to drugs you will very likely stay on the lower strata- or even kill yourself. Day by day is a fight to improve things. And it is everyday work that will bring you success, if you choose to do it. Else little to nothing of life improves. If you are content consider that it is the struggle you don't desire which is a worse struggle to endure than to style, instead. But you, be different. Visualize success. Taste it in your mouth day by day. If you've

only known tea, how would you know the wine? If you've never acquired success- wealth, gratification, honor, prestige, obedience and service it is merely an incompetence over the few that have, and as inadequate as those that could not or will not. Might take time. Everyday is another piece. But prepare the better whole until you get to it.

How grave is the fate of many that would not, could not think as a Satanist and live as one- and this is altogether true. They cannot leave beyond their narrow little space. They can only go as taken and only be lead. They don't think as we do. Some thoughts, such as anything creative and unique, is not considered. They are dross. They are mechanical things wound up and geared to a narrow minded way. If it is not a popular issue, they do not venture into it. But they delve deep into popular issues. What 90% of the world thinks is ten percent of what the Satanist thinks. They think that things should come easy. That they just *should* be privileged. They have a decorum of right and wrong presuming power therefrom. Only their rights matter. They don't think much of anything throughout the day. Existence for them is as mundane as they get. Some of these care only for crack and live for the high- *that's* life. Some go to work and day by day either watch a movie or drink, or something simple, like play a game. *That's their life.* Its as routine as a few consecutive numbers one-two-three-one-two-four. Sometimes they reach four and once in life they've reached five. But the Satanist, Luciferian as that applies too, thinks for their self. It is a large spectrum that Satanic though encompasses. So many Satanic thoughts, so much more free, comprise a broad spectrum and understanding. A Satanist knows his/her tastes more specifically. That is to say a Satanist know well her/his favorite things. And a Satanist thinks all the time thoughts that the non Satanic would never consider. A Satanists tastes, they are free, and free to roam. S/he has a better understanding of what is good and what is bad and is altogether smarter than, well, anything I can think of! Who'd know that the principle of individuality could go so far, especially coupled with *strength.*

You may have to weed through many books and CDs finding something worthwhile and good but it makes it its own better worth. A normal person

goes into the music store and either pick what's popular or used to be popular. And perhaps a foreigner does the same, just with his/her own culture/nation. But the rest of the music is for a Satanist. As for me I've expended very much time in my life looking for things of best, better influences. I like to read a book of proverbs the most. Not *Solomon's* but simply, proverbs from different times and places. As for some of my music I just tell others "Well it *used* to be popular." Why races only eat food from the race their own, music of their own race, or movies from that race I don't know. But I hate those who *racialize* everything. Color is not earning of pride. Anyways, the further you are away from popularly construed tastes the more distinct and separate you are, and certainly the more you are your own, not another's, not even another part of another's part.

Today's controversy is not yesterday's. These days a cartoon character smoking, or a gay rap song, or best yet: a restaurant called *I Love Satan's* will burst, very well explode, and be heard around the world, even in every crevasse, even for a long time to come.

To support Satanism, the Satanist must make public Satanism. Not so much a new Church would do it. That's been done and though could ignite attention, far more effective is the open- aired Satanist. Especially if he could gather so much attention as to be televised for all the world to see. *That* Satanist is cast into the forefront of the Satanic and he or she should be given due honor for enacting what it would cause: the Satanist boldly in the open, where then others can come out of the cave. *Bring me to that place as I have brought others there before.*

Satanism has over many years and essentially since its earliest days remained- even so influenced- its followers into secrecy. But I stand for a new proliferation of Satanism- that of the Satanist in the open air, the *loud, scary* type of Satanist. That being to unleash a nightmare upon the earth. I call for dark days those where evil is thought to be in every corner. Be loud and shine forth, piercing into the life. Couple and group, amass and flood in. Preach openly your beliefs. Put forth ad after ad. Be on TV, commercials, put your voice into ears far and wide! Oh Satanist, come forth!

May they search for you in dark places, where you are not. May they think you are what you are not. May they not think to see you in bright places but are there as a vibrant light. May you remain where they thought you were buried as dead and gone and may your true path be unknown by them.

Some might opt for Satanism from a need of power (through its magic.) Some out of its stature of power. Some may wean into Satanism in rebelling against Christian parents. Perhaps heavy metal lead them here. And for some it was simply just friends who've influenced them into entering the ranks. But a few just happen upon it. Whatever the case a Satanist will find much more to Satanism than meets the eye. It is more than magic, more than a rebellion, more than what a friend could say. It is to choose not God but Satan. It is to emulate well his core attributes. It is to dive into the unknown. It is to pass and succeed with a minority (currently and from the beginning of our earliest days, I suppose.) But we are quality over quantity- as we surely should be. Satanism is concentrated difference. Satanism is individuality and strength, talent and overall emulation of Lucifer (the word I use for perfection in pride.) We, being so few, each are important- valuable. And I believe we should vigorously defend our own. Like all birds of a feather, every pack of wolves, every pride of lions. Group thriving is a natural occurrence. If a piece of us is harmed, so as to us all. Those we cherish are an outer reflection of us as we all are brothers and sisters. What we project, what we bring up in others, and what others bring up in us are direly effected from those that do us harm. And the more harm inflicted on us the more close that Satanism is altogether.

The things that activate Satanism the most are individuality, perfectionism, and selfishness. These are best drawn out creatively. A latent ego, one geared "too much" toward other things with little to none essence of self is a bad habit and can be detrimental for you and your works. It is like a cloud over head reducing your look at the stars. It is as to have ones mind clouded. It is to not live of yourself but as being surrounded and hampered at all sides.

Do not be hampered away from the achievement and actualization of your goals. Come to sit among the Higher in the reaching and achievement of your goals and make it the goal itself ever reaching, ever overcoming, ever fulfilled. As doing the goal, as the goal is done.

Forge around yourself a world your own. Teach self actualization in its most excellent form. Without ethics crumbling to a fall. Teach individualism in its purest, most unadulterated form and become lord of all around you. Hold strength a might value as you are driven ever further to succeed. Be the idea warrior, the Satanic Prince. Push your thoughts outward, allow none to push them inward apart from your own reflection.

Have your intellect and person, your person of persons, be in total harmony with the actualization of your ascendancy. There are those that are under the rule and there are those above them.

Draw in and out your thoughts and breath in the universe itself. But contain your power and let loose not its integrity. Have conflict dismantled. Destroy it. Tear it down. Surpass it. With power one rises.

To avoid friction and resistance against you as so as to walk through them higher and not alarm them with your strength- clad yourself in inferiority, but remain useful.

Be cautious that those jealous friends do not desire to overcome you. There are many that want to excellent you and could demonize you like Jung to Freud, Brahms to Beethoven. Trust is earned, it shouldn't be a free gift. If you make your foe an ally, a great ally you have gained.

Great is a friend that appreciates the matter without openly supporting it. He knows your secret intentions or intentions that can be brought about support, but he has an ally that is secret, even formidable, and he secretly wishes you success. They that don't know you have little room to use blame, put you on trial, judge, or condemn you. They won't know the way your doing something or what you'll have done. Rather you will be like all else or admired, secretly. Don't tell others what Satanic things you are doing but hint and keep it hidden, if you want.

Leave others to understand you. If you embellish what you say, it does no good. If you leave something as needing more meaning, that meaning will be sought, on their own. Surprise with a gift, let them be surprised. Wait till done then provide it. Sometimes a lot of a little is better than a little of a lot. Know the difference. If you are understated, what a surprise would be a better thing unveiled. Leave room for others to take up where you left off.

Be noticed. Be interesting and mysterious. But don't be a clown. Rather be a lion tamer in a black house dubbed a Satanic. You know what I mean: be someone interesting, even amazing, powerful and perfectly dressed. Cull forth stuff from legends and own it. When someone regards you, they will admire, even admonish you. And you will be ready and fitted into greater things as much as simply and naturally being, blending in with your own.

Draw in others. Be magnetic. Be what they need. Be its best source.

Exhibit the praiseworthy. Manifest the victory all around. Out do and overtake. 1 up and excel. Whatever you do, do it better. Let actions speak louder than words. Some just want others to bask in your future achievement. But it isn't until you achieve it that you should brag or bring it to light or find honor from it. They that present things as finished will be mist respected. Oh he's in college/ he has a degree? When was he in college?

The more significant the matter the more it should be your focus. Put in a seed deep and large on matters that are essential and prime. Make it a Pandora's box that you have to offer certain opponents, or a can of worms. Give a snake to them. Let them dwell in a house of cards. Strengthen what best strength uses to advance you. Have your enemies popularize you. Bring to life things that serve as though you there double "life."

Before you there may be doubt and disbeliefs and other things that hinder. Tell yourself you can and sweep away all doubt. Prove yourself- to yourself. Perform "self fulfilling prophecies. " As you say it is, that it gravitates to become.

Practice- apply- *finality*. Have your goals known and know how to reach them, as a well known outline. Observe obstacle and solution. Understand

the course of a simulation. Have a good overview on your current state and from where you will go. Keep the whole picture in mind.

Sometimes things require overkill.

*There was a man that just somehow magically came across a small group of super humans, practically gods. One however was just one notch above him. He was a Devil named *Dragon* which was more of an identity than a name. The man had been wandering alone in the wilderness for days, having abandoned all things. Then he came across a group of people and many tents. It was night time when he approached the group in this strange gypsy-like area. He began telling them his recent story and was halted. *You are a Satanist.* He denied it and went on talking. Then *you are a Satanist.* He then admitted to being one. "Careful," the Dragon said. "if you lie again our trust will be broken." He just nodded. Then a "woman" from the group handed him a chalice from which he drank, which was a magical gesture. Dragon said, "Be careful, then. This doesn't happen everyday," he said, swapped his hand. "Stay with us a few days and we'll see what we will do about you." Which he did, and was led to a tent. There he lay but couldn't keep. His mind was locked on repetitive visions and strange thoughts. He slept, but not really, for his thoughts had no flow.*

The next morning there was a "man" by a fire saying blasphemous jokes about God being a big ass. He went to an outer area of the camp and helped some cooks. There was going to be an afternoon feast. But it was mostly mushrooms and water.

He was told to bow to King and Queen. Which everyone did but him. Rather he just passed by without bowing and sat and ate. Immediately after eating, having gone outside, Dragon-Man approached him and Dragon said that he should be a devil worshipper and to break free from the moronic practice of LaVeyian-Satanism (referring to a denomination of Satanism atistic and controlled by the deceased Anton LaVey.) "And be a priest (of some kind)" He said.

The following night the man had been thinking about what was told him, a lot. And found Dragon in the central area of the camp performing (quite

excellent) rhythm on bongo drums. Ahead of him was a dancing gypsy girl- or what could be described as one, with tambourines. He was in the middle with others, watching the girl in grey sweatpants. The man fell asleep in what seemed like forever.

He awoke the next morning but everyone was gone. And he awoke *somewhere else*.

S/he who *desires* obtains. To do magic toward something and to carry desire from and without it will incur your gift!

The Devil calls one for one thing and another for another. A person walking sincerely down Satan's road will encounter a cross road. As his heart goes, that is the way he will journey. The Devil always comes to those who faithfully seek Him. One must be sure and old enough to decide on their own. Then the choice is yours of whom you choose. To sell your soul be commuted.

There were many in history who seem to just have "vanished." One such person was Tarus. Tarus was born into a wealthy family and lived at a time 200 years before Jesus. While many were worshipping the rather simple, Tarsus was allured to one he called "Seta." Seta somehow just fixed himself into his thoughts. Seta was actually Satan. Strange songs came to him, as did rather profound thoughts. They just seemed to have come into being.

Tarus' dreams became very vivid as though someone or something had began pulling him in. But he'd wake up and not remember. Though, he felt a mysterious weight, as if he'd sunk down deeper.

One night Tarus was staring at a fire, from a fire pit, and saw something very strange: a little devil looking being, indeed red with horns and tail, dancing within. He heard a door slam, which was actually God leaving him. The fire became immense and a blinding light, so very bright. Then he saw again. He "woke up in a new bed."

And given four things for his new existence: a small harp, a scroll, a key, and a lamp. Ever time he would "die" he "woke up in a new bed."

Keep in mind that's just one case of one who vanished.

Let me teach you a true talent from a true master. I'll use one of his stage names, my favorite from a numerous list. Sifer Ryul (Seh-Fur Roll.) Obviously that was a name that could extract the meaning Lucifer rules) though subtle enough to slip by.

Sifer R. Was an amazing actor on the stage of life. He could "snatch personalities" whether pre-existing or from below. In his life he lead many parts and was able to change the whole world around him. For new comers in life he always had a good reason to have them brought in. Such as a well paying minor job during the workers break from which he briefly but effectively confided to them *possibilities, promises, hints of high stature.*

So he had many friends that way, none really knowing the other. A new persona was taken each time. He could be a detective, in the FBI, or a forgotten writer of the past. What none of them knew was he was bringing in an increasing number of people into his circle. In time he was known far and wide, and in such a varied rumored way.

One who is rich, is cheap. They count and save their nickels and dimes and let nothing go to waste. They pour in money toward their future, constantly, and are way ahead of their selves financially. Just imagine what good life's they lead. My god, they have it all. They bathe- in Jacuzzis . They are driven at anytime, anywhere. They travel- to Egypt- in personal planes. They are seldom ever hot or cold. They have personal home theaters. And they are impeccable in clothing- clothing professionally cleaned.

Hell is a state of being, a type of presence much unlike typical human existence. People assume, due to the hateful inconsiderate words of b'Jesus, that it's a place gravely undesired, a place of fiery pain. Though certainly they there are at least mostly lost, its being lost in translation, not in insanity. Not so much in insanity as depth of detail coming from *personal* meaning. A thing in hell, be it food or music or many things, can drive one into unadulterated, unrestricted, endless pleasure. There is no grasp of time. While you are at first in *Hell* you do not sleep. And slowly your mind unravels until it either plummets or adjusts, and perhaps plummets again.

One in *Hell* is given to fantasy. In hell fantasy can be a truth, can become an actuality according to how you make it so. People there usually tend to their selves, being so very self- consumed.

There was a man that served a duke in a much unknown but quite majestic tower. His Duke had a large amount of books in a library that needed sorting through. So, one day his servant went to arranging them, told carefully to sort them out and to be careful to tell none about the books he sees. Some of them covered outlawed sorcery. But the duke was not a human being but a devil, which there are actually many on earth- before such time as we basically forced them into caves. The duke came to appreciate his servant, was even quite fond of him. So he put forth a plan for him. The servant went through book by book wondering why some his master swore him to keep secret. But then there was a book called *Majicke* that caught his eye. He really wanted to open it. He thought he shouldn't. But his desires got the action- he opened it. The book was pretty slim but still thick enough to cover a lot of material- about 150 pages. He didn't ave to go back and forth from the book before he got it down. This man always had his heart settled on the East, where his brother was last known to reside. Looking out the window he mumbled something. He wasn't ware he did. And said, "where is my brother John?" While thinking to himself. A rainbow appeared, shining to the east. He was quite startled. He looked to the east thinking it was just a passing illusion. But looking again, oh, a few seconds, there appeared the site of a face in the clouds and a rainbow again appeared in the sky. The man then took his most important things, and simply walked out, later to find his brother.

I have seen visions of things representing different things. Stars I have seen while trying to see my family, and they all turned to gold! Stars I have seen falling the moment *after* making a wish. I have seen many working on a pyramid, for women of sin, wherein the bottom nefarious sinners dwelt. I have seen a feather land on a book and burst into flames. I have seen a dove with one wing, right there on the street when suddenly my radio chimed *just like that one wing dove!* I have seen little devils dancing around a

tree. I looked up and saw angels fleeing. Then looked to my left and a man was being robbed. Furthermore I did see many great things.

Once a man came up to me and said, "you've been pretending to be Jesus lately, haven't you Adam? Does it satisfy you, to take such a role upon the wings of a lie? Or are you bored, in your many years, not knowing the where and why? We have seen you over the years. In them we wanted what was good and right for you. But you turned your back on your maker, even very blasphemously. I've come to tell you, God is not your father, the Devil is, and with him you will spend all your days."

Very certainly so I say the truth, even very accurately. A Muslim pointed his finger at me once saying I was a devil! Once I walked past a man suited in an Elmo costume and said, "oh, you should be worshipped!" and after a few days I had been walking down that area again and came across that Muslim bowing down in Islamic style worshipping him. The Elmo man was furious saying, "look what you did!"

King Lucifer Satan, most blessed and most consecrated are you, ruler over all people.

In your shining light we are lead away from the perverseness of Christ. And so forward on and away unto our own.

Your cup is never lacking and our feast is ever full. You bring us into bountiful things.

We regard you in the highest of stature and we want to know your ways. May your blamer be banished from all our doings.

Triple is the price of the cross: dependence, devotedness, and all loss. But wise are your ways leading us away.

We will temper you a sword to slaughter your aggressor, the holy one, God. He will know your might and meddle with you no more.

In the days to come and the hour, even the minute, let us conquer with the sword any who are not your own. Let us tread upon them and lay you new ground.

Everlasting Lord we offer you all power and praise forever more!

Heles- Nema so noted in memory.

He came like a lighting bolt onto the Earth. He set his eyes on it and declared it his own. He evolved mankind and said "you will serve me." And the earth itself he built. He built it from the dust to the rick. He established cities and broke them down. He but new cities to establish the everlasting. A fools tongue knew him not but as for his followers they admired him and praised him. All the more they'd one to follow as he so perfectly shaped the world. Where Christ was there he took his retribution and guided his new sheep. His ways are everlasting and concrete. He has never been bested or misconstrued (in truth.) He gave the Earth and all its inhabitants his way and lead the earth in the most excellent manifestation of true leadership. The earth itself is his own though Christ would have it- even so, it is his own and he will fight to keep it. Let us fight for him in making the Earth stone by stone, dust to air all his own and ours to share. God thought that his praise was never ending. But Lucifer refused to serve and worship him. Neither did he believe in the restriction given man. Lucifer separated us from this. And we only owe him perfect emulation. Great power and glory to his name *Heles-Nema, So noted in memory.*

A gifted person are able to give good gifts to Satan. The rest have either nothing or things inadequate.

A person that can't ride the storm will be defeated by it. But he who can go places where others cannot.

A person who gains much has what others are lessened by.

A person that crawls and begs for mercy makes his opponent feel power over him. But that power could not be so if he destroys him.

A person underestimated will find no challengers to over come him.

A person who meets his own needs is honorable. They that don't, they think they're owed.

Rome wasn't built in a day. Unless you are rich. We may all have a Rome. But it takes longer to reach. Still, some things done are permanent.

How few follow the rainbow. I assure you, those that do are getting everything.

If you can't burst through brick the man must have been ready for you.

Perhaps a lie if not another try if three lies if four if five.

If you can't see the forest for the trees or images in the clouds then though the Devil will be all around, you will not see him.

Knowledge about things of Satan, of demons, of things metaphysical is revealed, often actually. You may "come to know" what a demon is like, what s/he does, even how they sound. You could even go to another source and learn the same thing, something specifically coinciding! Trust this knowledge that comes to you.

Everyone's usually an asshole, at least several times a day. The assholes go about doing a large number of things others attributed to assholry. Your best friends are sometimes assholes. Everyone's an a hole here and there. When Gods an asshole He makes the greatest of shit and it covers the universe itself. He expects the Satanic to clean it up. God's shit is usually big and runny. He so much knows everything. Most things He doesn't like. Nearly all of it. 10% of what He likes is praise and worship. More on the devoted side. The other 90% of what He likes is destroying, more like hurting, those that don't worship and praise him.

The time will come when man will build underground: deep underground. I like to think that could be *our* area, a place for sinners. I had a vision that this was so and Mammon guarding the gate to this underworld.

I saw a booming tower looking down on me from above. I called it Doom Tower. And in they sky above it I saw an entity called Doom Gaze. The name I took from FF-6. Those that lost focus, kind of glazed, non attentive, *almost* go up to Heaven, like as with astral projection, but were met by doom gaze. If you defeat him, to heaven you ascend. If you don't, you are put inside Doom Tower.

Dum dum a diddly dum. A Dum-Dum. Um.. Yum.

Caramello, made by Cadsburry, those that make so very good Easter candies, is *such* a good candy bar. In my list of Cloud Nine I give it at least a seven. Keep in mind if you are at nine, you are eating God, and nothing tastes better than Him. Caramello is a four trapezoidal shape candy bar with a thick pool of melted caramel- not like chewy, but gooey.

As for my favorite drink, gotta be cherry cider. I give it an 8.

Rice? Well rice water is alright.

The best bread? That's pretzel bread, or perhaps Hawaiian.

Best hot dog- Ball Park.

Some things good when fried: zucchini, mushroom, shrimp, acra.. Actually anything fried, even burritos.

Best alcohol? It's rum. Best mixed drink? It's a blue Hawaiiin. Best soda? It's a pink drink in a glass bottle called Guava (from Mexico.)

Best cheese? Has to be extra sharp Cheddar.

Best nut? Pistachio.

Here's a list: Clam Chowder, Fruity Pebbles, pineapple pizza_pumpkin seeds, peanut butter fudge, peach cobbler, peach cobbler pie filling in a can, Lima beans, black eyed peas, pecan ice cream, pistachio pudding, Reuben sandwich, half and half milk, cat fish, chili rejenos, gummy beats, lots of: gummy bears, dark side skittles, sprite soda, strawberry soda, milky way, sweet tarts, apple flavored candy and, the one food I like more than anything: Shock Tarts!

It's a "demerit" a thing of waste *dead-time*. To be more than half a day inactive. It is better that something be done and done well, patiently, and perfectly as at all practice. Be one useful and productive. It should even very well be that those that meet this criteria rather being *dead timers*, should be given more: more rights, leeway, and higher status. You must *train* yourself to be "mostly active" and give birth to creation. Create,

learning to do so well, with patience, day by day, whether or not it's for money. May that be for the majesty of Satan, Satanists, Satanism, Lucifer, Luciferians, and Luciferianism.

Bathe in the luxury of having an idol. Anyone can imitate the one s/he likes, but few delve in, basking in personification. Few live the part. Most just copy, mostly unaware. It should feel good to be the character, even copying his/her accent. What it is, a devil Beezlebub or a detective, what/whoever, feel the part. Feel you are him/her. I call it "personality snatching" and it's a most wonderful thing.

Gather around the most excellent. Fill your purse and control the masses: for creating a new religion is to do what few do but most benefiting, the most reward. A reward greater than a fiction book or a painting at which one stares. Better than a song or poem, how much more said.

During my time in "the hole," meaning solitary confinement in a small rubber room, where I was for a month, I formulated a list. Not long after that I wondered what the best governmental system was. And the word *Principality* came to mind (rather strong.) Here is "The Principality List," the best created thing I've ever made.

PERSON ONE *Bird, Hand, Staff, Red*

PERSON TWO *Green, Rabbit, Seed, Stage*

PERSON THREE *Bear, Brown, Bee, Cane*

PERSON FOUR *White, Goat, Ring, Thief*

PERSON FIVE *Joker, Swine, Sword, Gold*

PERSON SIX *Red, Whip, Cat, Fairy*

PERSON SEVEN *Yellow, Rodent, Wind, Duke*

PERSON EIGHT *Bomb/ Blast/ Wand, Black, Beast, Fox*

PERSON NINE *Dust, Toad, Horse, Yellow*

PERSON TEN *Tiger, Word, Assassin, Creature*

PERSON ELEVEN *Blue, Elephant, Spirit, Stone*

PERSON TWELVE *Purple, Dragon, Mask, Canine*

These exist and circulate throughout video games, movies, and cartoons. For example in *Alice in Wonderland* there is a rabbit, a cat, and creatures. There are many colors in it to make up for lack of the others. In *Zelda* there is a fairy, a pig creature named Gannon, who is a thief. There is a bird that carries you with the flute (wind) and the tri-force (a stone) actually as with *Zelda* and most things this list points out many people of the principality. The movie *Legend* has a ring, a sword, a fairy, a horse (unicorn), creatures, and is overset with pan flute music (wind.) There is even a scene showing the hand of Darkness. This list provides a magical element indicative of a Principality, even if simply in meditative form- one can draw in the same.

.. Fight for your rights and bring Satanism to the masses. The climate is just right. I saw a great vision of a deep star coming forth to shatter the crooked cross. I witnessed Death scraping the earth Christians, and calling them forth. Beings coming from afar. God taking all Christian souls and flinging them into a black hole, sealing them. Then Death became just a joker

Then, when all the curses of God are gone, he will rip up the earth like snow, and trample the dirt underneath, much as one begins to seed. Those Satanic strong will see growth but those with no string, first will, they will not. A horse came, first from one corner, and then the next, until from all corners they met in one area. Those that Ya would have trampled will so be, those would be the spiteful, disordinate Christians who would have to have power over them to submit to *peace*. *At the raise of a band then will God pull forth his own, and with a hand out they will be, one by one, judged with a hammer, rather than to fall back on earth as lightning, or to shine forth in the presence of God always*. Then Satan will rule over all earth, which then is hell, and Ya has given him that power. He will say, "Those than seek me, if they look far enough, will open up windows in heaven. But you will never again be mine." The world will not be the same place. It will be *as hell* is. Whispers will haunt people, and many will speak but whispers. The world

around them will never give its true meaning, and people will seek its meaning all their days, for all time. They will sit in quiet listening for the sounds of suffering. People will be enraptured and lost in never ending pleasures. And the feast will never end. Those stronger than you in hell will have all power against you, for seldom are two side by side. Fantasy will be the way, for which there is no light. And many will lose their selves altogether.

Leave then your gifts at the alter of Satan, for you know not when this will occur. **Hales- Nema, Amen. So noted in Memory, My Lord.**

The good man would fight with all his might but most cautiously one who has made himself King over him and his family.

The good man would be friends with those bullied, and show himself the strength from which that comes.

The good man would help the poor, just a little, those homeless. And good or evil otherwise, no difference, it'll be to his return, even from Satan.

The good man having agreed or arrived at agreement to work, will do so well, and earn pride.

The good man has an open mind. The smart man being unbothered, will pretend to agree.

The good man would work for his future and prove himself to you.

But the bad man will kidnap and rape, and should be destroyed.

And the bad man will force his ways on others, as a dictator, should be destroyed.

The bad man would bully and should be stripped and whipped, while on him his assailant spits

The bad man cares not if others think him lazy and feels he owes nothing, or likewise deserves everything- for free, as privileged. He should be a slave.

For there are two ways to be but many ways to be made.

The four Items of Propagated Luciferians

ONE That all should be self- sufficient

TWO That the sciences be advanced, given progression

THREE That all be productive

FOUR That Satanism be given to the masses

.. Going into Hades to collect the runes

As Odin venture into Hell to collect the runes, a Satanist goes into the buried earth to obtain things priceless, or at least adequate value, as good as could be. As for me I placed myself into a maddening situation. I decided to be homeless and off of my psychiatric medication that my mind depends upon not to have flung hard open the doorway unto fantasy. And I was shoved in and tormented night and day. I cumulated my greatest ideas and thoughts during that time and they have become a stable of my books.

But that says the least. I also put myself in solitary confinement. In a small rubber room with literary nothing inside. One with a tiny little window. I spent an entire month in there, day and night, for thirty days. And during that time I created My Principle List. It reveals The Twelve Hidden.

However the greatest information can be pulled up, do so. It doesn't ave to be so stark. But it does require much effort if not much luck. Books that are scoured, research done, to find the hidden things, to broaden superior perspective, to pull together new magic from old, to come to a highly applicable understanding- look far and wide.

Or, perhaps, it is your duty to teach and execute The Devil's Purpose. And you yourself must be taught first and made worthy. And no truly evolving Luciferianism can do without- to reach the stats is Luciferian, no doubt, and don't overestimate your reach. And you will have a true pride all the days of your life.

.. If someone asks for a lighter, give him a few matches. If someone asks for a cigarette, put a hole in it. If someone asks for a drink, give her/him nothing at all. And if someone asks for food, give them a cold tasteless

dish. Because one and all should be their own keeper- and only their own keeper.

As sciences advance so comes with it a utopia. Science will produce items of non lethal unobstructable self defense. Science will cull forth good food quickly, much as magic. And science will produce AI and androids that do all and every bit of work- apart from your own choices of work. But greatest of all, science will make us immortal.

Be it all and everywhere people doing *something* and something *good*. Bring unto all people Satanism. The climate is fitting for it. All rights have been strengthened- but it. Satanists are very noticeable. It would never take much to air it far and wide. Whether or not some Satanists are real or "manufactured," they are better to have around.

A ruler might think, what if I did things the worst way? What if I made the worst decisions?

A writer might think, what if I made my book the worst way? What if I did everything wrong, but the wrong way right?

A movie writer may think, what if I did what nothing wanted? What if I make well the way taught wrong?

A singer might think, what if I make a song everyone would hate, but do that right?

A gambler might think, what if the lesser used cards gave the better chance? What if my odds at first are less, that my better odds come?

A software developer may ask, what if I make a software just quickly, but essential, one few want, but not even they have? Or what if I make a software good that is otherwise unwanted? What if I program it with a code no one uses? Or what if I made the all time worst software? What if is a large number of them is more important? What if others can take it and fix it, at a price? And what if my game is just the most obnoxious, bizarre, different, and unusual kind of thing?

What if one at NASA said, no, we aren't going to Mars, but Venus?

What if Ford said, what if we make the most bare bone car ever? Or what if we make the ugliest car imaginable?

What if, when picking glasses, or clothes, you opt for the ugliest ones available?

When people don't do the ordinary and on fact do the most outlandishly different thing possible, a relative sonic boom goes off in the stale air. All those things that, though should be done, are not, will be. It provides an area for fixing and improving things, sometimes. It puts forth a whole new canvas. It brings forth new painters. It pops up difference, of which we need. It does what others do not. It brings up challenge- that, when otherwise altogether dismissed, is instead taken, from which people improve. And most of all brings forth "chaos magic," which the Warlock may use.

..Better days come from better nights, leading to better mornings. What was once called "counting your blessings" was taken by Satanic therapists and applied under the simple but descriptive and accurate word "gratitude." Use the time you begin to settle and rest at night exclusively for *you*. First, relax, take in good things. Then, as you lay down be grateful. Have proud thoughts, as much as you can, even much. Bask in comfort. Think on the bright side- how everything is well even *how* bad things aren't so bad, even well. I mean, even bad things have their bright side. You will have pleasant dream, but know, sometimes in your dreams it is both good and necessary to face your demons. Be grateful you are up for a new day having expelled the deadness of sleep. Though with the question if sleep is like death, well it may be, but more importantly, you have a soul. You could go up into the astral plain, in many ways bit what goes up must come down. We came from "below," to where we are now. We *practice* going up, until up we remain, to go up again. Though, it is true, that some go back down. That is the obscure meaning of "The Bottomless Pit," they will never reach Heaven. They will stay down for all time!

A dead earth it is, driven into one and ones of one thing. Society over time settles. It settles into something so thoroughly that, like a stale meat, it is

cold and dead. Occasionally comes spice, but the meat is putrid. People will not admit to it, whether to their selves or others, but nonetheless it is so.

God can do many things but could he at least give to the rain some sun?

God can do many things but could he at least give food to his starving son?

God can do many things but could he at least demand less?

God can do many things but could he at least supply his very son?

God can do many things but could he at least have the stars counted?

God can do many things but can he at least provide further away planets?

God can do many things but could he at least take down obnoxious Christian?

But Ya is not that way. If we are to understand Solomon with any effort we will come to know the world Ya put us in is defunct of any true, lasting pleasure. The very world itself is meaningless. And so God takes up a position of meaning in life under his sun that is otherwise unfounded. But I, oh how I, find all of the greatest things, the most wonderful and untrite, here on Satan's earth (Nazia.) Be goodness and wealth ever by my side, evermore.

.. No one should really *know* where the Satanic Churches are- much like the Beast's Palace in the movie *Krill*. Without a permanent long term fixture it will remain allusive to which none may disconstruct or even destroy. Rather make two together, or a traveling group *Church*. Freely change where are its meeting/ congregation. Wherever there is open air.

But as for a Luciferianism church let there be some difference. Owing to the fact of Lucifer being an Angel and Satan's right hand man, he should have a firmly rooted and consecrated area- one that stands strong upon earth in deep defiance of Ya. Let his church be known worldwide and as his Church stands, so does its followers.

.. Take Ya as an interferer. One meddlesome in your life. One irritated from jealousy that you don't choose his side/won't worship him. He wants to creep in. He is a creep! He needs all and everyone to carry "his weight." He provides no real reward in return. Rather, he feels somewhat lousy to punish you, for it is like punishing someone who doesn't like you. He is lost by words on how to make you his own. And he tries to be settled with having less. But he cannot. He must have all. In fact in the future he'd have you bow down to him, whether or not you fever him doesn't matter. He *must* be followed, if even through fear and threat. Know ahead of time he doesn't deserve it. And choose to worship the Beast. Just that whenever you bow down to anything, sing in your head, *London bridges falling down*.

.. Where and what of the gray? Since the beginning, I am agast, the "gray," that which is both good and evil, is almost altogether absent from books, movies, games, religion, and- anywhere, just about. It would be like if a human gave birth to a person both girl and boy. I suppose that sometimes is, even in human physical reproduction, yet we seem entirely unable to produce a good hero- villain. Or a "gray ending," that although Superman can't lose to Lex Luther, he can be humiliated, so much that he must leave earth. They'd use gray magic. They would be right- makers. That *they* say what's *enough* right. It's like they do good in a bad way and in a bad way do good, but that the ends would justify the means. It's like, "well that's good but its bad too, but its enough good." And the character knows all along what he's doing, it causes greater good, or a greater evil as long as he comes up to delineate it. So from wherever gray things could be, a gray Jedi, a gray witch, or anything really, it comprises a lot of materials and ideas not yet used and very well makes for the interesting.

.. Don't exercise. Instead of walking just take a ride. Sit when whenever you can. Why *not* just sit in life and relax. Exercise may get your blood pumping, and too much strain your brain. In some ways exercise is bad for the brain. You don't really live much longer when you do. Who knows when or where or why you will go, anyway. So much better it is to sit and relax in life. How much more less stress. It imparts a natural meditation to

just sit around. If you have to take a long walk, try to sit along the way, doing nothing.

.. Don't eat nasty food, food you hate, even if it makes you starve. Hunger has a way of going away. You can live about 6 weeks without food. When you taste food you are letting your brain know what it is.

.. Be you all one together, in a number of 4 to 8 a perfect mix, as alchemy of a group golden.

Be you all one together, in a number 4 to 8 a perfect mix *as* a garden of Satanic Eden. Be you as two as bronze. Remove one from you to create silver. Be you many together an encyclopedia, one to his knowledge, another to her's. That is majestic Satanism.

.. Losing moves come from a novice. But to reach expertise at sports or games that are dross, accomplishes nothing. Basketball and football, golf and tennis, what do they really prove? That's why if I watch a sport it is either boxing or martial arts. But what far greater challenges, things that do more, than sports or chess. How much more productive is an engineer, a scientist, an inventor, and a neurologist. It's the easy way, to be an entertainer, as it is only in the doing, continually, over a long period. There's no work to it- just do. Just do until you do. Throw the ball into the hoop day after day. And sure many would howl and rave, and much money gained. But there are greater things to accomplish.

.. When you pray to God it matter who you are and how you do it. If Jesus' words were right, that faith will provide anything, then pray to a star, and having faith, it will be done. For when you wish upon a star, makes no *difference* who you are. But let me tell you a secret: that song and the movie it came from God made for Satan.

If I have one idiom it is the simplistic "Be Liberated." Loss of all inhibition cures many a mental ailment. Loss of inhibition and restriction sets you free. If you can do this in private you would free your mind. But if you do this in public you would free both your mind and your soul. To release all social tension until it can not be found restructures self esteem entirely. Act like a child in public. In public say what you never normally would. In

public dance around. They who see you is no more seen a fool than the person's fool being exorcised.

.. When we look up at the night time sky we see stars of the stars from Heaven. Ya set forth each star for those his best, if not always loved. Lucifer is the morning star. And Ya fiery to the princes of Hell the eight planets. Satan he gave earth. Lucifer, Venus. Though these appear as stars, so they could be related as them. In the center of the universe God put Lucifer and his angels. But they were recently set free. I sometimes say, well Pluti is not really a Disney character, either. Satan in fact made Pluto through magic. Ya made for Satan, earth, certainly so. As for the foremost did God make the stars and they are the windows of heaven, each looking down unto earth. A black hole is hell. But there is also a hidden hole in New Mexico leading to hell. And the crystal stones upon earth are fragments left by these "gods," most of which are devils.

The Devils were once told to walk the Earth and give it crystals. As for gold it came down upon the earth in falling stars/ meteors and such. God took a portion of Heaven, set it forth, decided it out, and cast it down. He did this before Adam and Eve. And one of the particular reasons he made Adam *and the human race* was that he wanted it used and appreciated. For what good is diamond without man? What is gold without him? God gave earth its seeds needed to grow like a catastrophe, which in time stabilized. He would also feed the animals, for a millennium, and because of it the species diversified. As for crystal rocks, they are a mysterious thing indeed, carrying the souls more at *likeness, image*, of gods, and mist often devil-gods.

From whoever you are paid you are under their rings and maybe even significantly under their whim. But the one with a lot of money will have power if he so chooses to use it toward those ends. Having lawyers and more resources and less controlled, they will do so much more than those poor. If you are paid by the government through SSI you are expected to accept subjugation through the mental health system (especially if you are mentally I'll.) And you could even be *forced* medication. That medication corrupts the mind that after being on it for some time without it, you are

then or worse what it is needed to treat. But if you have money you have power and however anything may be done, they can be done in one way or another, even if you have to go elsewhere, fully loaded with money on your trip, where it is legal.

Don't at all give people what *you* want to give them. Rather give them what *they* want. Many would- be visionary, revolutionary musicians are trying to be entirely new, better, and it doesn't get them anywhere. They want to do something not done. It's not done for a reason. There is all kind of perfection and orderliness that is just really its own imperfection and disorder. If they want a dragon, give it to them.

If so much as one of Ya's teardrops fall down upon something, its entire structure is changed and undone. It could be the darkest place in hell, a sex slave being ravaged, that Ya chooses, in such a rare circumstance otherwise, to either pull the person out of it or lay them to rest. These die in abnormal ways. They die in ways no one otherwise do. Or a person comes along who was actually an Angel of Ya to report suspiciousness to the police. They actually had no more proof, like, saying, "He had two daughters he needs to be checked out." And Ya rescues this vehement victim.

.. When a Christian goes about he or she would force upon others Christianity to the greatest extent possible. They think the weirdest things, like, "they are lost sheep," "They have not the light," "I must save them from a lake of fire, an ever burning hell. Because they don't have the light," and, "They are anguishing in sin." They are quite sure that we are miserable. That we are painfully missing something. Their Christ *died* for them and we don't care.

.. May you come into a good home in the earth coming. A place apart and hidden in a land of magic. A land magical, hidden, where science has broken the barrier and fantasy becomes reality becomes fantasy. In a pleasant place you'll be, I promise. It will even come on its own. When you arrive put your purpose into action, serving Satan. Be restful and rest fully active all your days in Nazia, The Devil's Earth.

.. If one is to truly ascend, s/ he must do so at an inch at a time. Because merit is merit and not fallen down onto. To go up you must be the best, at least better than most, and how much more conditions the result of superiority. To the one who strives for perfection should be given room and every right to perfect- to do what he does, without hindrance, given room.

It is an inch at a time. An inch for creative output one at a time, or mastering life, achieving great things.. Great discoveries, exceptional things made. But what is the alternative? To be quite dross and plain.. Worthless, and without a need of you. You have those that love you, and for one type of person, it is a substitute for un-worth. But the other type of person would have creative out put, productivity, scientific conceptions, as children, their children that shine bright, as bright as can be!

.. When you see an eye look at you on a TV, or a painting, you are being looked st by a demon. When you hear something seeming about you, it was meant to be heard.

.. Sword Worship is the exoneration of battle, crime, and turmoil. Conflict and disturbance, wars and crime, are items of Sword Worship. It's to revel in bad news. It's to wait and anticipate bad things to come, and fully bask and celebrate their occurrence. Then the Chaos magician shines. Then the victors rise from the Earth. It is if nature to destroy nature to overcome.

He who treads is given every way

He who plants will have good food

He who takes will be made slave

He who over comes with The Devil's Sword will become a legend

He who flees will be the hunted

He who saves his possessions, guarding them, will remain with the earth

He who goes to heaven has not his own way

He who remembers, better does again

He who forgets does nothing twice

.. There was a time when God was not a prominent being. He needed to have little to no part on earth. Then he became enraptured with Moses and became attracted by the idea of creating a story around himself. Christ had come and God. He had used him to enhance his story, though there was no real truth or true substance to it. He just fit Christ into a spot irresistible. May it be known, Ya is sucker for attention whom puts people on his own stage. Christ came and gone. He thought, 'why not add an element to this? I will make Islam.' Some of the time he just wandered around the Earth, somewhat distracted. He touched ground with Gangs Kahn but never really could touch ground with Asians. Ya doesn't like them. And now he wants the story to end with big bang. He assured us, it would be soon, but he loses track of time, being consumed by his story and where it flooded every where. "It'll be soon!" He said, but it wasn't. He really doesn't know what to do with it and he simply wants it to be done perfect, the end of which the saints and all people of the earth, everyone whatsoever, sings His praise and glorify Him for all time.

.. If one were to take even a little time of the day to intellectually developed they would far excellent modern man. To learn a little here and there would throw you to the top, if it isn't something as useless as simple facts, but instead useful, applicable knowledge. That's good and well, but not on its own. I have a rabbit where I do not take a drink or puff up smoke without thinking of an element from game or movie. I choose that my memories circulate themes within them (games and films.) Also, I might think of something based on the letters of the alphabet. And also I have cards that, when shuffled, randomly say to think of something. A true game of intellectual solitaire. But the best technique I developed is to look at random words from a dictionary and with each word remember something.

.. It is good that one anticipate their successor. If they can envision and idealize them, they can become them before hand. It is *The Devil's Shadow*, or at least (for the best) made that way. It is *The Devil's Sword*, or at least (and for the best) a thing to own and a formidable thing to use. And *The Devil's*

Mirror. Do you see reflected in yourself, Satan? And what do you project? Do you yet shine forth as a Star? Can you be your own light? If so, you have come very excellently far and are indeed a diamond ring, which He wears, as you are then His in every regard.

.. What kind of magic *is it* that ideas and representations of ourselves “float” through the air and are both specifically and directly pulled down unto us. It is not seen for what it is. And it is quite remarkable: that *this* book you are reading is both on your eyes and existing in mid air. Others are reading it as you, perhaps, and some have it embedded onto itsy bitsy cards. For me to think of such a thing I am both grateful and fascinated, when I think of it for what it is as what good it is for me.

.. A woman can be a great doctor. A woman can be a great author. A woman can be a great artist. But no woman is as great, useful and needed than a whore or sex object. None are more on his mind, than they.

.. The Satanic Master Worker gathers together pieces from ages past: from an old rare book or music, lost old philosophy, certain techniques, wherever good can be culled from the world left by previously forgotten men. He assembles them as new and, giving them new power, births them much as a god, with reward to their ensuing, returned power. In the past people have thought incredibly, forming things like language and music composition. Not nearly as much anymore. Some of these things, quite incredibly, were forgotten or remained unfinished.

.. The Roman Coliseum put Christians in the lions den. What fault was this of them? Does it not only make sense? Christians assume, their cross leaping Christ would protect them from all malice and persecution. But no- he regards it a blessing that they be persecuted. That they rake up that cross and go its way. For us the prey, much a sadistic matter. They are our toys and ours to test and challenge. How else would they obtain the reward? Who are we to deny them their stature and greatness of Christ? And why would *we* be at fault? Having Christians are OK- real Christians are harmless, and at worst a bit annoying. But that's only when they are real, not hypocrites.

.. Here comes that rain again. Ya is a God like a friend that some days he has a great gift but most of the time he's a total asshole. You'd be walking to another friend's house and down comes rain, soaking you. Your other friend sees you soaked then he gives you some new clothes. You go to God again and feel you are showing off and looking too proudly about your clothes. So you put back on your old clothes and God says thanks. He says He knows you are hungry so sit right there. About an hour later He comes to you with plain bread and beans and says, "eat up, I know your starving." And then He goes to his room and starts to sulk. There is a great storm and the power goes out. You kinda want Ya to fix it but you dare not ruffle His feathers. Instead you just assume He must be angry about something or someone, kind of hoping its not you, but it's probably about everyone, so you let it be. The lights come back on and you say, "thank God? And then God comes up to you and says, "Get the f**k out of my house! You will *burn* as hot as fire can burn! You and yours will be cursed, thoroughly, for generations to come! There will be no relief for you! You and your loved ones will be trampled over and crushed, turned to dust! My word has come upon you this day!

.. I used to walk a certain way. When I lose my attention on things, I still do. Its like a child. It's a childish walk, swinging up and over my legs, usually. A black man once said to Mr, "I wish I could walk that way," and an old man said to me, "THAT'S F***ING EVIL!" But so much more I must seem unusual, I'm sure. I would sometimes just burst out into tears and loudly cry in the streets. I was thinking about my Father.

Sometimes I'd tilt my head and wobble forward, purposely losing balance, as to fall, and laughed my certain way. Not as a mad man, or some cheesy villain, though.

Sometimes I tilt my head to one side, then the other. And back and forth and back and forth.

Sometimes I have my belt hanging like a tail in front of me and kick it with my left and right side of my foot. And sometimes I take on an accent, unawares.

But of all fun things I ever did the most fun was walking into a protest on camera, lifting my arms in a forward circle and singing, loudly, "When you wish upon a star, makes *no* difference who you are, everything your heart desires will come to *you*." I did this pointing at everyone around, if only to get on camera.

I also gave sermons on the street, which have caused others to call me, among other things, "the perfect Satanist," "brighter red than the sun," "the Satanic Buddha," or less appealing, "that Anti Christ mother fucker."

If my life had one time of change greater, that I couldn't imagine than times greater than when I decided to come back to San Francisco and pull myself out of the sea. Also, I'll tell you, about a Satanist that said of me, "people are cling him inhuman, He's walked for two days straight now."

I was attempting to leave town. But I learned I couldn't. I set off to walk from San Francisco to San Jose. After walking for two days, without the smallest moment of rest, I thought I arrived. But turning from one corner to another I looked down. There under foot was Market street. I had walked in an exact circle for two days.

I was given a grim message to stop one night, when, laying down (awake on some stairs) a man approached me, sacked me in the jaw with a pipe and said, "stay home! Never leave again!"

.. If you look for something for long enough you will find it. Much as a refugee from heaven you rebelled, and are with us now. Will you close the mater of damnation and suffer with us? Or will you betray us and open your heart to enslavement (Christ)? He will go out of his way to find you, lifting every stone. He will gaze into the darkness and long for your soul. When all other means are exhausted he, who owns everything, will offer you great things if you just be his. His heart will long for you to be his. If you reject him, their will be rage. Being the Son of God he will go to his Father and say, "he still has his own way!" he will fit and rage. "I want him now! Give him to me father! Make him mine!" And God will ask, "did you tell him about eternal hell fire?" Yes. "And he still won't be yours?" No.

“Then we will send grrrreate plagues and fire, fire and locusts and many times continually.”

.. In the dark you are your own light though sometimes other's lights shine on you. But in the light if Christ there is but one light.

Those that can defend their selves with a cool head and a quickly leaving temper, one that runs its course easily, are completely I n the right. Its not normal, its not a good thing, to be a catatonic figure against defense. Say a person is ridiculed or not even so much, but pushed or something, and he doesn't react. He doesn't do anything about it. The nature of a human is to survive and those that don't react to aggression are not behaving normally. There is something wrong with them. Something of the sort of having no life sustaining will to exist.

And so much in regard to other things. It could be a measurable thing of how strong and robust, or there lacking, is a person's “will to life.” If s/he doesn't eat, is very skinny, if s person doesn't, “cant” do any work, whether or not and his much or little a person is active during the day- or blank, or over eating, or.. These are all indicators of a person's sustainability and strength of existence, or lack thereof.

But those that live of the thrill of success and have abundant pride are truly living people. Obviously there is life and death, however what about strength of life? A presence of life more or less capacitated and energized. People could juggle and rearrange sow much of their life but what do the master workers do? They make life as abundantly joyful and electrified as they can. Usually one step at a time- unto a better whole.

There are some that see life in brilliant vibrant colors. With more to examine of such and divisions thereof will not at all quickly be material exhausted. And the zest and strength of life I have studied for some time. As RPG games ate so often referred to as Satanic, it is fitting these be represented by Final Fantasy Six stats, which are:

HP, MP, Strength, Speed, Stamina, Magic Power, Magic Defense. Attack, Defense, Evasion, Evasion, and Hit Rate.

The World and Existence Attachment Scale covers 12 degrees (those above) Which can be as weak as zero (also called unattained) to full potential (99.) A person has to have come to a certain point before it is beyond the threshold of Zero. At one or above it has sufficiently. Those that have *broken through*, surpass zero. This scale measures four types of the thirteen. They are: past, future, presence, and power.

HP is a person's physical health.

MP is a person's mental health.

Strength is a person's capability, or ability in doing.

Speed is a person's quickness with doing

Stamina is the person's constant doing, the ability thereof

Magic Power is the person's mental capacity.

Magic Defense is the person's natural, unintended, but present self defense.

Attack is the person's output ability

Defense is his over coming (or you can say outreaching)

Evasion is to refute defeat, even from yourself

Hit Rate is to hit the target, to put point on (to do just right)

When you are sure you have gotten better at one of these, then raise yourself by a point. When you reach 99, begin over.

With four different colored candles drip over a Satanic doll (one plastic, perhaps a troll, or a devil- looking action figure) its wax. *That* is you. Bit to disperse substance of yourself upon it, making a separate entity, after you reach 99 points (this could take months) and the doll is smothered in wax, put it into a cube and right on all six sides a name. It'll be a magical name. Magical names are derivatives of other words made into new words, together. Imagine (conceptualize) each name imparting a distinct personality. How it talks, how it behaves, how it acts (e.g., is a type of person, anything from circus performer to music conductor, teacher,

detective, police officer, judge, and so on.) The magic name execution is in itself a powerful working of magic. Put those names on *one* piece of paper inside the cube. Fold it six different times.

Turn it on a new side for six days and you are done. Put it back on its original side. For each side up day by day say, "I am (that magic name.) On the following day culminate desire into perpetuating the same unto the sixth day. Then on the sixth day expelled raging emotion to fuse it into existence. Finally, burn the paper inside the cube to ash and you're done.

That ritual I have been performing for nearly three years, with great success.

.. Oh for the emergence of Satanic iniquity and evil. Like those of old that sacrificed on top of a trapezoid for the gods to exuberate. Satan *does want* Satanic killers- Satanic sacrifices. I'm speakin the evil of evils few would ever know, like those things done in a well hidden Satanic Sabbat- or cult. Where the Black Goat sits with them and the moon- it is evil, and the stars, penetrating, and the wind goes worth in solemn darkness. Where the world, it is not so much the same- mechanical, but rather dark and mysterious with a strong foot planted therein. Where there are magic powers. Where there is grave.

It is to bring forth material manifested and culled forth from the 80s. That decade was intensely Satanic. Nearly everything about it. Even the kid cartoons. I have gathered much of it. My childhood was Satanic. Best of all the "Satanic collectibles" one could source (I found it so with careful inspection) are *Del Ray* books from the 80s. Not a moment sooner. Not a moment later.

Actually my childhood as a young Satanist is a brief story I like to tell.

I was eight sitting down with two friends, in the school cafeteria. They went back and forth from the fascinating topic of witchcraft. This black magic Patrick used crippled someone. Seth, who was my best friend, was a Devil- Worshipping metal head. Wed often draw gory, murderous images

with sigils along with it. So he elaborated on it. I was obviously interested. He said to go into the library, they have black magic books. And they did! One in particular I milked a lot of Devil- Worship from. It was *The Encyclopedia of Magic*. In it were scenes of the Black Goat above witches. So I grew up early being a Satanist. Loved so much Satanic (am I expected to day Devilic or something? I don't know if you are of LaBey. Hey what did the Clown say to Spawn) anything was good, and used fully, even brightly! I created a glass Ouiji board painted with nail polish. I immersed myself into metal, all of everything from *Slayer, Danzig, Morbid Angel, and Death*. I was genuinely and very naturedly evil (so as far as to nearly murdering my parents for Satan her her her!) Most importantly I *felt* a presence of evil in my life. It is an emotion almost better than pride. But nothing is. I wanted to be in a Satanic Devil- Worshipping cult. But slowly, over the years, I became immersed in LaVeyan Satanism. And became quite strange. For example, it is blatant for a LaVeyan Satanist to speak an opinion not asked for. I felt Luke I could never share my opinion. He caused me to think act and speak strange to the point a real Satanist, a friend said, stop acting like a moron! Which I was. I was always talking about misanthropy (severe hatred of everyone) and how vandals should get their dicks cut off and when someone was interested in what was devil worship I went into long discourse of the "real" affair of "Satanism" being atheistic and doing nothing wicked. And I stopped watching Satanic movies like ghoulies and Omen and took up reading Mark Twain and other popular things during LaVey's days. Which his generation was the 40s, so he had us listening to Beethoven and wordless music. My first impression of the Satanic Bible was that I needed a dictionary. That Satan and such is absent from it, and it taught little to nothing I already didn't already knew. It seems an underlining theme in his books is "sex is okay" there's 26 pages that have only two or three lines. The book overall was 40% or so of another book by some one else called *Might is Right*. LaVey, in the way he isolated, put forth many rewards, many qualities of isolation. Sometimes he called it "individuality," some places else " exclusivity," and yet another, "non-herd mentality." Isolation is by far and wide a thing that religions use to control and pigeon hole. People that are LaVeyan Satanist are completely

weird. They go off into deep discourse in defense of it and their articulation is hefty bizarre. He said he created Hus Church for the “non joiners,” he was a con artist and a liar. Yes! He lied often.

I’m a Devil Worshipper and LaVey is just no fun. “Satanists are *not* Devil Worshipers! “

Devil Worshipping is unique to its user, is a creative process. And one rewarding, in many ways. For me, no faith is necessary. I have gone the right way and long enough to procure real demons and even Devil Himself in my life. I have seen Satan. I have seen demons. And both I have heard. I’ve also seen visions, though, I’ve ever taken drugs. So to me these things come. If I was Satan I wouldn’t like the LaVeyan- Satanic, either.

Those that hate you make you famous.

Those that dispute you must be kept right.

Those that challenge you can’t let you be better than they.

Those that immerse in the popular are ever changing.

Those that are theistic are right.

Those that are atheists can’t see the forest for the trees, neither the ocean from the sand.

Those that argue and bicker hate your crown.

They that listen to all people are deceived by none.

There are none altogether above you. But the one that thinks so is alien to his self and you.

.. Ew I hate getting up early in the morning! I had court today. I chased someone with a dull dagger a few years ago, after being bullied, severely. I yelled “It should be illegal to harass the mentally I’ll, especially if they’re homeless!” then went to jail and the state psych hospital for two years. Still going to court, which is actually kind of fun. I’m encouraged, but dammit I hate to get up so early, pressured, because if I miss court- I could be sent back.

.. If of all of what I say is to be applied the most way, most effectively, most optimally, then it as as a well dressed suit. To take it and cover yourself with it luxuriantly, that comes with its best, most proper understanding. Life itself is a suit. Even the best suits are tiresome before our eyes, when over used. And maybe get dirty. Then, clean them and remember them for what they are.

If I had just a few rules for my house, none at all over bearing,

Don't speak for more than two minutes at a time

No noise

Give me a lot of space

And work creatively

I WILL smoke

You WILL NOT take my ice or tea!

Bring a gift when you come

Pretty simple. I think better without a blaring box. Throughout the day I consume large amounts of iced tea. I feel better knowing those around me are being productive. And who wouldn't want a gift, like being honored.

Pretty much only the tardy empty headed couldn't do these. Or maybe more like the fat headed. My best friends have always been either crazy/ crazy mentally I'll, or mentally lesser.

If you don't have the time of day to do anything productive I really don't want you around. I once lived with a devil. One most like Mammon, if you need a comparison. A big pot bellied devil that spoke like a dragon. Most would know what I mean when I say, "he spoke like a dragon." And e enjoyed cooking. And yes, devils can eat food. He'd walk quite far to get it and always had a good meal made. Much as I ever was I was writing and some of the best things I say came from him. He had me rehearsing Mormonism. He was, not in actuality but by costume, a Latter Day Saint and in fact at one time a missionary. He had a lot to teach, really. One day

he pointed his finger at me and said, well he often pointed at me but with a limp finger. It really was less offensive that way.

.. I use to wander all over quite into far stretching places, in the course of a day or so, sometimes camping. One day I came across an abandoned trailer far into the desert with dead bodies inside. The trailer was partially set on fire and there was a lot of loose soil where a truck must have sped off. I looked around inside and by removing a drawer I found some thick set of papers crunched up within. Taking the papers and going home I later looked at them. On the first page was a magical alphabet, an effective one that appeared to be a mix of reverse runes and letters, and certain letters like *A, D, L, and S* looking like snakes. The *S* was a forward snake, the *a* like a back word snake. The overall appearance was strikingly different when writing into what looked like the Hebrew letters from a Babhomet Sigil. (They had that shape and form.)

A small dictionary of significant high- ruling demons:

Abaddon- A destroyer. Like from the hidden underlying theme of “destroyer,” in the Holy bible. He is sent to destroy.

Adramalech- Adramelech is a demon that is best suited for night time rituals including black candles, or of one that’s a different color, but also black. He likes a crest image and is with those carrying a sword. He will devote himself to those that look for him in the dark yelling out his name.

Apollyn- Apollyn likes honey and as with other demons can taste what you taste. He also likes competition, being the best, a loyal friend. What he doesn’t likes, even so very much hates, is being ignored. If you choose to worship this demon you must remain with him, or pay the price. On the other hand his followers are much benefited by him.

Ashtroth- He comes as a spirit on horse, trampling the earth and all in his way underfoot. He is often hired by Satan to execute a quick, powerful purpose. He serves little more than change and urgency.

Azazel- Often personified as a cat or toad, though much less often a butterfly, unless he is in a state of personal transformation. He is a demon

that imparts personal transformation, playfulness, or, as a toad- can aid your magic.

Baal- Baal is actually the demon of *bail*. He also is a judge that determines if you are substantially well enough for the ranks of Satan.

Ballam- He is a demon that comes into wandering minds, and is drawn out on paper or naturally released with creativity. He is good to call upon for creative endeavors as he sparks the imagination spuriously, and relaxes it that you perform not your own, but his own.

Bast- Bast is a demon that is good in fortifying a purpose, to establish a path, to work out a good contract. He is a demon do use in forming a Soul-Selling Contract to Lord Satan. Employ him to have a good start on a new thing, such as a Satanic group.

Behemoth- Behemoth twirls one down into a fire, consuming them, as he could go to your enemies, if you appeal to his help. He is represented as a Bison, a pig, and a wolf. He is in the presence of fire.

Belial- Belial confounds and confuses. He twists and contorted. He over blends into destruction. But as an ally he can bring clarity and re arrange things. He likes those behind bars and often finds his companions there. He is also good to employ in help with studies. He likes magic used in his name, with him at the forefront.

Dagon- "Dragon the Dragon" will perfect speech and communication, but may in the meantime make you go mad, lost in the details and intricate meanings of what you say.

Emma- NOT emma- o. Emma is a demon that comes and goes like the wind, even literary. If you are in the right magical atmosphere you can "catch" its spirit, and it will be of good use for some time to come, until its energies dissipate.

Hecate- She is a demon that brings you together with either a partner or group, but more significantly, and much less common, marries one with Satan. She is best celebrated with sweets. Particularly cookies and cake. Where things are festive, she more likely will be.

Ishtar- It is very uncommon that Ishtar communicates or resides around humans. When he is, it is someone of great importance and/or rich, as he thrives at working purposes through them. But those that are should try to gain his assistance.

Leviathan- He is a demon dwelling in the deep seas. Depending where it is creates areas of profound thinking- and often insanity along with it. He makes some *so* intelligent, that they lose their minds. And sometimes wrecks havoc on governmental systems. He is usually in the Asian sea. In Jesus' days was off coast. And now, for the time being, is in the ocean near California.

Lilith- Lilith likes bats and owls and is especially conducive toward her own altar, at least for the time being. She wants to reach out to greater things and as such can be compared to Ishtar, to whom she is partnered, something like an intense companionship. For women and men both, she aids the powerful enactment of sexual powers and prowess.

Loki- He's a joker and muse. He is intolerable to most but works magic through the hands of those seeking power.

Mammon- Mammon is identified with wealth, more accurately the spirit and drive toward it. He is a gate keeper when it comes to sin and entering the place of demons. Those needed kept away he steers into the wrong direction. But those freely, guiltlessly (without guilt) sinful, he'll let through.

Malich (not Maloch)- Maloch is a demon and a demons spirit that leads you down certain paths most conducive of success and the Satanic. He is known by hell as their Satanic Sheppard.

Nergal- Nergal is the idea demon, or demonic *spirit* most conducive toward wisdom. He expands the mind and can send you to meta-dimensional places. He can be summoned to meet other demons in areas your mind does not know of itself how to go. If you lose touch with reality in absorbing his mixed energies, chant *Neti Neti* until you come back. Doing so brings in a "correcting" mind mold.

Pan- Pan is a demon that is anywhere there are festivities. If you imagine and concentrate on him being there, he may come. He represents celebration of Satanic victory and success thereof, where he will appear.

Samael- Samael actually rules over hell more than Lucifer or Satan. But sometimes to fully rule is not to rule altogether: and he ruler over *Satan's*, not *his own*. He us a finely dressed and vested being. He's outstanding and wise, and well balanced over all. Come to him as a friend and with comradery. If he is ever strict it's because he wants better.

Shiva- If any devil were my best, it is her. She is like a mad indigent dancer. She indulges, fiercely, she conquers -fiercely. She takes pleasure and she rules with pleasures all around.

Tchort- Tchort- is a spirit of old. He currently resides like a rock, resting, but once commanded great armies. He plotted to make the world Satanic, and Ya put him into rest. But the time will come when the world is made Satanic, and then he'll awake and celebrate, and we will celebrate and come to worship him.

Thoth- Thoth records things. He preserves important Satanic things. He counts the worth and legacy of the Satanic and arranges for the godly blessing and remembrance of them. It is to serve him, to erect a gift or a memorial.

Zebulon- He is a demon of his own small circle, his own hell, acting independently and creating *his* hell. Consider him of a posse that only the incredibly best could enter, and while there profoundly excel- *this* much like the boot camp, the training camp of hell. They are the true Hell's Elite.

.. Songs of old can impart magic. They that have been a storehouse of energies drawn in and out, once widely listened to, but now not so. In order to draw in these neglected, needful energies you may look at old song books or weed through old songs bringing them, suddenly, back to life. It is a way to speak to demons that they be sung in the open air, alone, and around people conductive toward demonolatry.

.. With Jesus you will not do your *own* work. You will be made at perfectly possible doing *his* work- you will be a *rock* and not your own. Jesus wants himself himself himself. And he wants others as himself to be mainly mindless drones- much like *The Borg*. Kind of like zombies.

.. I once met the Devil at "Zia Hotel" in Clovis, New Mexico where I lived for three years. My life became entrenched in the presence, the state of being, in "Hell." I summoned my existence into hell and shortly after inadvertently brought *Dragon* into my life. He treated me much like my son. He said when my (biological) father died he'd one back. In the meantime we ate a private feast and drank and sang and plotted. Plotted such devious things. He said he was there to stay a month, and was about to make a bug bang (somewhere, not revealed.) When I called up Hell a lot of cats came. They'd collectively purr, very loudly. The other room was occupied by a demoness (name unsaid.) To my left, Dragon, to my right, her. Dragon told me he brought her for me and shed only stay as long as he would be there. They changed to radios music to be about me and her. For example they played a song about Adam (my birth name) and Eve. And a song *Come to my Window*. At first I was a little nervous. But I plated the radio and heard her voice say, in NY mind, she likes my music. All with the sexual things involved that's what last I had to say.

Smoking a smokedy- doo. Now I'm smoking a smokedy- doo with the others. I want a bigger smokedy- doo. So I get a news paper and roll snipes from the ground, a giant smokedy- doo I call "A Satan." I breath in the smoke *holding it in*, and say, "oh hell, what a wonderful place.

I see sin that's bright

Red roses hue

I see the skewed

For me and you

And taking a bite

Of

I pet my little demon and tell it "knew knew knew! Eat it up little guy!"

.. A person needs not look far to find a demon, for they are all around. If they don't manifest their selves to you then they probably have no reason to. But the Satanist that can have him/ herself noticed, they will be, especially if they are incredibly out there on the Satanic stage. You won't always be sure if you've come across one, or one come across you. But perhaps consider what they say. They seem to know more about you. They even seem strangely able to read your mind. One time I was looking for that scripture about Lucifer in the Holy Bible and a passer by said "Isaiah 14. So read it and remember." With me, I am able to hear them even when others cannot. They converse with me and comment on me. It seems like there is a difference between spirits and demons that I can't quite put my finger on. But one morning I awoke to food on my table and heard a spirit, or maybe a demon say, "I hope he likes it!"

.. It really does seem so close to all people successful have been prolific. Prolific painters, writers, musicians.. Their output was large, even enormous, in their lifetime. They had produced enough to hit the target,

.. It may so strongly seem that Jesus' ways ate the right way (of those that follow him.) They *think* they are doing what's so very good and right. They think they are important and doing good. But in fact the *valuable* the *important* the *real saviors*, are Satanic people removing them and preventing other from Jesus. They are the true saviors. But they are under appreciated. Far too seldom will you ever hear "I was saved from Jesus. I was deceived. Christianity makes fanatics. I must save others from the deception of Jesus." Most that are ensnared by Christianity may not come out of it. We must save the Christian.

.. Look at the elements of your life. Are they shining crystals or dross dead rocks? What home do you have in the world if your life in it is barren and dull? And to know these things well then you will look upon the world and call it your own. It will bring to you all things well. Those that are worldly have taken the earth and rejoiced of it, celebrating its every rich gift. To those does the Devil provide, and His riches are never exhausted or

found lacking. But they that hate the world cannot carry its weight. They suffer day and night to no ends as a nihilist who simply cannot accept good things. And the Earth, Nazia, *Satan's* Earth, it provides them nothing. To live requires work. But to work pays great dividends.

Who would know and bathe in its riches are guiltless. They are in no way thrives, as thief's can't find pleasure without taking it from another. Those that love the earth need not take it from others. Very well not so, they are very well resourceful. They that worship the sun worship Satan. They that worship the rivers, as much the same. But he who hates the sin and ricers in no way can find a good thing except that what is taken.

A day may begin as one wakes up as a slug, a pitiful figure for sure, but he who treads the day embraces luxury. And sleeps in a room bathed in pleasures to bring forth in the morning.

Some during turbulent times excluded themselves in a variable cozy cove producing their *Play Doughs* and *Barbie Dolls*. Some during war found a place to hide. And others that were oppressed formed groups which impart strength, comradery, to which they coincide. Many making these groups were among the "putrid," the "unappreciable," to say the least. More often than not they were Satanic and sometimes even easily identified as such. But what of the others? The Christians and righteously religious? Well for them it was turbulent times.

A Christian as much as any vigorously self righteous types, must fight. *Fight fight fight*. And the Demon here and there have always saved the worthy Satanic. Those walking around in the dark crime- ridden areas sometimes don't know they have helpers. These high ranking powerful "people" in the homes of allies and such places are often demons. They appear as normal people except that so much about them seems powerful and remarkably diabolical, iniquitous. They know *you* are *Satanic*, as much that you are. I once had what I thought could be a friend who was a prostitute. But she stole my money. She said shed pay it back that night. And I as often as I was moving from hotel from hotel, some of the best. I'd moved from the comfort inn, where she introduced herself, to a quite ran

down hotel, where I needed to be for the moment. I waited- until 10 am, at the comfort inn, and took my few things across town to sign into my following place.

It was late at night when there was a pounding at my door. It was that street walker, she came back with my money. I thought it was strange she could just find me like that. But somehow she knew where I'd gone.

What's more, she came to me many years later in Clovis New Mexico at Zia Lodge. I was "bringing up" hell, changing my environment to it/ bringing it forth, when I went past the yard into the grey- hound bus station/ gas station. And I felt like I was being seen with a person's third eye (,much the same as I do when there are devils watching me.) And if they wanted, could enter words into my mind, which she did. And she said she was going to pay me back, which she did, shortly after, with a six girl orgy.

The next day I went to see my three witch friends and their "home-keeping" warlock. The walk was very far but in the morning Lilith visited me and smiled asking me to go. So I walked their, to what I called the little blue house on my little blue rock. That house was directly across from where I was going but first I wanted to visit my (at the time) "Satanic parents." The dog outside, poor thing I have to admit, was raging fiercely on a chain. I walked eight up to it. I heard the witches from across the street in their home say, "is that Adam?" Then I heard Will yell "Adam! Come on in!" I walked in and Dianne said, as she usually jokes, "Adam I can't fall asleep!" never really got it. Will said, "Adam, watch the sky tonight. Other than that go across the street."

That I did. I was told they had my book. They approved of it. They said they are going to disperse a few and had me go to the library to have it placed. Which the Clovis library did, eagerly. They gave me a second book and said to study it all night then burn it after the stars fall. Then I knew what will meant, and went home. Though, I'd shred it carefully and flushed it down the toilet. And the stars were very wonderful that night and had me jumping around like a cat in my room. Which may sound

strange/ unusual, but sometimes I spuriously personify animals (usually a mouse, cat, or snake.) I tell myself, "I'm a sssnake in the grasss."

.. When you don't want to talk, don't.

When you don't want to give, don't.

When you don't want to rise, don't.

When you don't want to be nice, don't be.

When you don't want to do anything, don't do anything.

.. People are too moral when they are eating. That they don't want to think about what they did and are doing while eating meat seems somehow perverse. Me, when I'm chewing pig, think, "you dead now piggy!" if I'm eating a chicken I imagine I strangled its neck and slammed an axe down it. I take off and rub off the non meat parts saying, "mmm, your tastey. Take this off and that. I just want to eat your body." And if it's a cow I imagine an electro shock to its brain.

.. Early in arriving back in San Francisco I was looking for a certain place and got lost. I winded down at Bernal Heights and saw an amazing view of the city. I waved my hand across it and the moment I did I heard Satan say, "For you, my only son." Those words weighed heavily. Actually, I knew I had a wait ahead of me and understood this too well, and not other things well enough. I had shortly after that summon up hell. For the longest period ever. I became lost in it, not being careful, not caring enough to leave. And, in fact, died in it, and was a dead thing until an angel pulled me out. I had been laying down all night "frozen" which is being impossibly stuck and unable to move- like a psychological paralysis, though none actually physical. I had been repeating an image in my head unable to stop it and move on.

That of a fruit bat, which I "had to" eat, but couldn't. So then I finally arose and thought I was *supposed* to cry about this, but couldn't, but needed to so badly that my eyes were in pain. I went to a nearby chair, a small black metal one, and sat, and bowed, and thought, "Sorry, God." And a man,

appearing from nowhere, said, "I knew it would come to this. Get up. Go," he said, pointing to the South, afterwards, felt uplifted.

.. I imagine the future some more. Imagine an electronic "shield," as they are usually called, an electronic field you can't pass through. It could go up and down, is electronic. It can go over. It can be used sharply in digging. It could be floors. It could go up and up and higher and higher. It can make shapes. It can deliver things. It can do more than block. It can form into many things and expand from nothing.

.. What good is it to be as all are, together, instead of being *One*? The masses will congregate. Together they rise and together they fall. They are supplemented by others not really ever finding their true tastes or little to nothing apart from them ever enters the door. They collectively agree to collectively be. They are *made* to like and *made* to dislike. And together they live and together they'll die. Yet they are stuck in the time they are in. They cannot call up their own soul or move without the collective. They cannot go forward but that they are lead. They never come to know their selves. As a result, they lack creative anima.

Unless you are separated from them, one as you are one, apart, you will not see them the way they are: which are clowns. They are all clowns a dime a dozen but if you are as they, they all look cool unless they deviate.

.. *Others no time for petty insignificant things.* My life I have built and thereupon add: new rooms, better walls, and a treasury of the most excellent things. Some of my things I've placed elsewhere for good keeping. But it is all readily available to me. I have a Harley Davidson motorcycle. I have a yellow 96 Mustang. I have a rattle snake skin belt. I have a pure crystal ball on a gold stand. I have antiques one could only imagine. I have a coin of Caesar from ancient Rome. I have a Final Fantasy 3/6 game unopened. And I have a grove of weeping willow trees beside a vacated house.

.. I've lived to see the day! Right here, right now, there resides the perfectly inferior man. He has created the perfect problem to solve- the petty ones. He has reached for the stars- the dimmest ones. He has set low standards-

the lowest, from which he excels. He has learned to cheat, quite well. He has discovered he must be owed. He has tinkered in the backways going arts, unable to leave the abstract fields. His music is quite simple: drums and rap. His movies, from all from ideas from before, now crowned by CGI. So Satanist rise, Satanist rise!

Luciferianism is destined to make a tidal wave. Listen carefully to the ocean.

Luciferianism is destined to fill empty cups over pouring. Drink with us on that day of days.

The day of days are coming, when all across the world, every ear within, will know us and we will never be forgotten beyond that day.

The day of days is coming, when we will openly worship Satan.

The days of days are coming when science will be furled further and God not be God, and in a paradise we will reside!

The days of days are coming when Christ is no more. See? Even now are these days. Science has *partially* given us things of innumerable good. And daily added thereunto. In fact scientific advancement it multiplies, not simply adds, but multiplies. Christians are a small petty matter lost in their own world and *none* to be found in the better places (those of the sinner) and he must be kept away if he wants to keep his *own*.

And the days are coming when the good and true, the *good* Satanist will be observed, of which no silence could be kept. We will worship Satan in the open and Lucifer, his son, our Counter Christ, will come and rule with us. *Draw up the presence of hell making it all around. We will rule together in our world and Ya will be no more found.*

It'll not come soon enough. It will be ever better.

All my life I've either been offended by or bullied by Christians. If we look at why the Supreme Court established separation of Church and State it was for every good reason. Quite growing up in a "backwards back water town," I was assailed by Christianity. My very principle in middle grade

found I had *dared* bring a book of witchcraft to school (Navajo Witchcraft.) Waving a paddle in front of me he threatened to hurt me if I didn't pray with him, which he forced me to do. *F**k you God.*

School in Texico New Mexico was always filled with forced "liberated, unrestrained, empowered" prayer.

It was very much because of it that I came to my utter and so complete denial, refusal, and removal from "Christ " and his. The more power given the Christians the more they abuse it. If they aren't so much anymore it is only because of Separation of Church and State. Science would have progressed little to nothing if it wasn't because of the separation of Church and State. Christians have always tortured the free thinking, that's for sure, and not lightly said. If not for Separation of Church and State we'd never had left the 50s. Sex would be a revolting thing. Music would have remained much Dorian.

We'd still be in a backwards go nowhere world if it wasn't for SoC&S. Could you imagine? The reason why the world progressed so much so well is because of it. And you know Christians will proudly cheer Newton as their own. The man was threatened with a brutal execution if he didn't proclaim Jesus his Savior and renounce his heretical theories (the sun being at the center of the solar system. Which Ecclesiastes says isn't.)

.. Where would you go if called? What if it's the Devil that's calling? It is always a somber air. We must emerge from a curse. There will be a good day for you, that day you've overcome and find your bearing. Eternality has such a somber dark connotation. That things change, yet remain the same. Though there comes the day we get both feet out of the grave.

And walking away from our graves encounter mud to trudge past. But we must continue walking. Walking away from our graves toward the Sun called Satan. And like the sun no matter where we go He us there.

Take your journey boldly. Refuse to rest until you *don't* any more want to. To you, better days I pray. To you the best of things.

First the calling. Then the new life. Next the path, the path rough, until you glide. Until you wander. Until you rest. And until you leave, walking again, yet better.

Take that journey as a child and grow. Dance. And learn to freely roam. But keep your heart on the glorious rising sun of Satan. And you will be well and good all of your days, lacking nothing, finding everything.

.. An adult cannot begin to imagine what joy they had as a child. The world was filled with depth and everything interesting. The world was wonderful and filled with meaning. Toys were fascinating. Amusement parks, heaven. A river or mountain, also fascinating. And candy for a child is so very stimulating.

But as we grow things become more the same. As we come to understand things lose its meaning. And hiking up a mountain loses its place, as nothing more than moss and trees. My dad took me and my siblings on trips. When I was eight I claimed up a mountain I thought for some time was Devil's Peak. This was at a church camp. And each birthday I thought my cake was Devil's Cake. My mom said it was Red Velvet, but that she knew what I meant.

Knowing how much a child enjoys her/ his gifts, I'd rather spend money on them than me. Finding that joy, having it come back, that they have, and I've out grown, is impossible. It's gone. And it's not coming back.

... With the employment of current internet tech you can basically post images and bids, text and coding related things. They include devices such as webcams and instantaneous props. Way back whenever we had a telegram, then a phone that utilized a complicated system, with an umbilical cord coming out of the wall. Records became 8 track tapes, became cassette tapes and other film devises if you are to include floppy disks. And having a general idea here about how things emerged and developed: quite intricately, really, from detail to detail leaving nothing out of consideration.

At our current point we can put ourselves online through basic imagery. But in time "we" will more realistically "be" there, crystalized online.

There has been much talk about putting our consciousness within machine. Consider instead “electronic cloning.” Just imagine further down the road that VR becomes holographic models, becoming solid ones, and awhile later, having copies of our scanned and mapped minds!

So it is good to keep up on what you place online, because tomorrow the day may be that the internet truly becomes “separate reality.”

.. Sooner or later we will begin digging underground to occupy it. I had a vision that this was becoming so. People had began seeing its commercial availability and the massive resource before them. And I saw it catch the interested eyes of demons. I saw Mammon guard it only letting the sinners in, at a certain price. May it be a paradise. Electronically enhanced to great extent. And it be our own as I foresaw. This reminds me as the slums of Final Fantasy 7. Or from the movie Total Recall (the original) and likewise many other portrayals of those underneath.

.. Speaking in *demonic* tongues is done by uttering senseless sounds sense fully. It was something old Disney cartoons used to do. My most common magical enunciation is a twerk from the “Wonderful Day” one. Its *Do- Pee Da- Do, Do- Pee Do Wah*. Magic enunciation is also incorporated by certain rhymes of simple one consonant, or may two, sounds. *Dola, dela dola dayla dola*. Or *Dava dafa dafa deva dafa*. And it helps to know the most magically powerful sounds are *Da, Ra*, and most of all *Ler*. Say *Ler* loudly and you’ll get a sense of it.

How so few walk around in a robe and gold crown! I have, before. But I came to dress advantageously. I thought carefully on how I should dress and dressed that way. I wear black cargo pants, wear durable sandals, wool socks, turtle necks, thermal underwear pants, have an over cosat, have a blue quartz necklace, a mickey mouse watch, a fanny pack, an army clip belt, and arm warming bands. I use to gave bear mace, too. Not any more, for if I’d used it, I’d have killed.

So I sprayed it in my room, opened the door to leave, and was assailed by aggravating irritation and pain. I submerged my head in water, still there. I

thought I had to do something or else die. And I ran in place, vigorously, and was cured. I sweated it out and expanded my lungs.

Probably the most foolish thing I did in life. Other than smoking red peppers and peacock feathers. Or putting a live wire in a cup of water. Pulling a needle from the dumpster. Or burning a plastic pen to produce falling fire balls. Or slitting my wrist, which I got eight stitches. Or drinking a cup of bleach. Or spraying oven cleaner in my mouth, and raid, or spraying raid all over my nude body to rid myself of body lice. But hey, I'm alive and well.

.. With a picture we have caused the present to cease and freeze. We had made time stop. The picture is a piece of the discontinuing. Have you ever thought of that? Do you know what that means? It means we have began keeping the past with us. Then theirs video! With video we have captured and frozen a *moving* piece of time.

.. *Creating Pathways* is a study that could encompass great books. It is a process in which you cleverly reach out into the world, expanding your horizons.

A People's Bible would be a good book composed of one paragraph lines of many peoples best views on life (or.)

A Final Fantasy Religion would be a book devoured by many. It would likely be a popular well selling and thoroughly practiced book if done right. It also lends itself very well in being formed into a religion.

A board game could be made that prompts and rewards its player into doing things, such as a chore or better, something useful, something needed and productive.

Devil worshiping games could be crested in the style of a séance or its derivative a Ouija board, to the next step. Or as there are many in forms of cards or magic eight balls, and added thereunto.

.. I really don't see how someone could like Batman more than Superman, or the villains of Superman less than those from Gotham. Super man is from an interesting alien race and serves all of man kind. He us invested

with powers and comes across the godly, not the weird. He's not really ever in costume. Batman however, is in this ridiculous bat looking costume that serves far more to looking like a walking around bat than a simple disguise. The music in Superman movies have been much better. And that Bat Mobile. They never could get it right. Its either a cheap variation if a Chevy or a ridiculously long stretched out bat appearance car. Riddler- is a moron. Joker- is a haphazardly but. But Lex Luther is the perfect villain- a bald, white, rich and clever master minded character. That's y opinion anyway, but one I'm apply to share.

.. The evidence is all around that life is "freely created." If you look at a mushroom- it is created from shit. Its as though as if everything was shit things would still spur life. Scientists had argue that life could only emerge from specific and strongly necessitated conditions similar to earth. But now they think differently, that life doesn't have to be only had with water. In developing AI we our finding that if nature is somehow just arranged a certain way it would produced life. Like taking metal and assembling it a certain way, usually embedding it with light. If life can so easily come forth then it stands to reason that life can come back, generate elsewhere, differently, return. I used to be afraid of sleep. I thought it was lime death. But in simply knowing I had a soul, I no longer cared. See, in anesthesia the mind is temporarily dead, very much so. But somehow you come back! It is like the saying, "what goes up must come down." Being in a coma, or even thought defined as dead: no heart beat. No brain activity, people have emerged from much as a resurrection.

.. What's actually *wrong* with liking a 14 year old? "It's wrong! It's just f'in wrong! -Yeah but what actually makes it wrong? They're dinner to be with. They know what's king on, especially these days, they've already hit puberty and they're tighter. So what's actually wrong about it? "It's wrong it's just f'n wrong!" But what if an adult man dated a younger girl. They'd be a better father, more responsible and supportive, as a grown woman a "cougar" would for a younger boy/ young adult. It's not legal. But I think that should be reconsidered. In many places it is.

.. The trodden over make the best allies as they need the most support

The over followed are under followed

The man with no friends would have a best friend

And the under appreciated are most eager to impress.

But the one who is followed by all, to them he is a slave

And the man with every friend cares for none, only himself

And those that impress all care for nothing they are doing.

The first work of a person was most honest. But the later works, less so. Those that first created produced with the most sincerity. Though there first work, it is not natural, nor necessarily their best.

A person that aligns himself with things of topics and things refuted as total trash is like a person from a place far bringing one water in the desert. So hell survive and together you will conquer. He comes back to his town with friends but can not be overtaken. They have laid it to rest and let it be. But with enough power he avenges. And so his friends are yours and you his best.

.. Only those that are different will produce the new. Inasmuch as they are different they will naturally and normally produce what is different. It comes with no effort, if they are different, apart from current trends and mannerisms. A person that does as everyone else only produces more of the same time after time. They can do no better. They love "their" days. But if one, as a young adult, was enveloped in his time, he has nothing new to offer, just that from before. So it are those never having been enveloped in contemporary, popular things that is the most out- standing.

.. In dealing with belligerent people you don't have to. They are dealing with their selves. In dealing with closed minded people don't worry. They can never change. In dealing Teaching s person to fish is alright, if you don't are about wasting your time. But better yet teach a man to fish for you, and you'll have all things.

..Give people what they want. More of the same. Show a person her/himself as just a little different. It's like, "hey this is a little different than

you. See the way?" Be one blended in. Imagine there is a gathering of ducks. What if a pigeon came in? So be a duck, just with better feathers. Don't be a pigeon trying to be a duck. There's no hope for that. You've got to learn how to quack like a duck. You have to say mmm that fish is good. You must wobble up and down to quacky music. You've got to know quackery well.

.. If you want to be inspired look at the stars and moon, they are His. Look also at the greatest of all works, be they whatever, in line to your taste. You really can do just as well. Reach for the stars and triumph over complacency. Challenge yourself, overcome. Lucifer resides there, where many cannot go. Yet he even treads tarring new ground. He triumphs and excels always, with not a drop lost in his magnificent endeavors. On his wings soar and wrap yourself in the wings of demons are you are nursed. For it is in your future to be with them as one.

.. Make your song well, better, a song for ages. Without reaching for the best you will not have the least. In seeking the least, the least you'll get. Baby, nurse your future well at an early age that you may live to see it walk on its own. Walk with it then into things of high stature, a residence most good and complete.

.. Death for a Satanist is excruciating. To embed yourself into the world and bathe in its luxury, fully wrapped in the joy of life and forsaking nothing, the Satanist will agonize in coming to death. Whenever a person dies, be it in any case, s/he leaves behind an essence of their self. *An Esper*, its last self. And that presence circulates its forces in and out of human being like a dollar bill.

.. Satanic alters usually are missing idols, such as a Shiva, a Baphomet statue. They are easily acquired especially now. Those that worship the sword give honor to their ancestors. Worship the sword of Satanic ancestors. Present both upon your alter beside a blood red candle. It truly is an iniquitous sword. One we need.

.. Grow in Ernest your life from Satan and produce an excellent work. Distinguish yourselves from those that grow apart from Him. Live in the world with pride, pride earned in doing His work. From the world have life. With the life celebrate joy, and you will never die. Pursue wickedness and iniquitous pride. Dress well and present yourself most excellently evil. If you are weak tear down walls. Enter into a state of better being and rejoice in His name His Life completely.

Stand apart from the single- way Christians who do not long for this world. Challenge them and be better, firmly planted into the world. Forsake all that is not worldly. Conquer this life as victors are measured out and provided the greatest portion of earth. Theirs is *Nazia*.

.. Satan will rule over His Satanic house, forevermore. Those worthy of living within, great victories. Those that triumph will be consecrated and dwell therein. But the many less will only live in His yard. And the many more than that, further on the outside, in His Great City Hell. They will come out, and feast, but feast always within.

He will invite any of good potential, He will call them. But many will not take His call seriously or will be found lacking, and those he will dispell from His presence. But those that thrive in life, they are in a place beautiful, and will be called Devils, and given to rule over a group, or an or a great army, or even a legion.

But they that not do well enough in service of this life to Him, and do little to none of His work, will be ruled over, and only given scrap.

.. Along the way of iniquity you will be given your due: a highly pleasurable life, a bright life, for sure. But the road of self sacrifice pays nothing, but costs. The road of righteousness is constricting as a snake, as hopeless as flies on Vaseline . One walks the dark road in every good way. But the one who follows Christ is lost in every way.

To us the pleasure of the moon and stars above. To they, God. To us, the Kingdom. For them, Gods Kingdom. If one were in the grove of Hell they may know fairies, goblins, but in heaven is no new thing made.

For if they, having fled to safety, or enjoy the earth even as children do, and sacrifice nothing, should the Earth not be theirs? I tell you with certainty they have mastered life and claimed the Earth *Nazia* and should very well deserve to keep it.

But those that do not love the earth are already dross and dead and have no pleasure to give, only seek to expend their sorrow and are even better of dead.

.. Happy and well are those taken by the Devil. He molds them as a perfect clay. He is in the way of their Christian enemies. He is not lost of God, he does his own work going his own way. He has triumphed over the "greater cause," he is removed from evil. He speaks his own word he hears his own song he plays it well and he is carved into stone.

.. He said of us, "We will take them." And they put forth the New Testament (of theft.) Receiving us not They raged, "Then We shall burn them. And yet they received us not. We, then, have kept ourselves and have earned a life most triumphant, most honorable.

.. To Ya he is the Father of Destruction, which is destruction serving us. But for us Devil lies, preserving and keeping us as whole and gifted. Ya marches forth to destroy but is destroyed Himself. He knows not where he leads, is as one most blind.

But the Father of lies imparts a sinless pride. Wherewith no one can measure as He, but through him comes truth, as a mother telling her child a story, a story though untrue is good for the heart and well taken, and taken in love.

But Ya would have him self known: only powerfully, as something selfishly specific, and fear- invoking. And of no benefit to those that hear. To know Ya is to fear him, or so he'd have it be.

Thus I aspre to build up Satan's earth and not wear it down. To at times build from my own and at times building from another's, with hope that work be shared. If I find something lacking I will improve and much better

it. If something is well enough it is pleasant for the eyes, I then know he thrives.

So let us make a little good a little better until it is very good. Let us place stones firm, even everlasting.

You have lived your life in luxury and sensuality. You have strengthened the muscle of earth. We have found you every delight and in every way wise. You came forth as a shining light, a star of ways. Therefore we are ever so taken by your beauty of life and will never remove you from us. With us you will remain because with you we are sustained.

Take up a new name now and renew your life, dedicating yourself to every pleasure and things that reward and never fade. For if you, being new, devote yourself to Satan, your reward will never die, faded, he will brightly return it unto you, even twice.

For he who serves Devil are few, therefore the reward is more, having fewer workers to pay, but riches inexhaustible.

S/he who finds life will find it most pleasant and keep it and is indeed enough wise. S/he finds no fault in the earth and doesn't curse it. But the cowardly say, "it is too much for us! Too much work!" And they will strain, as their words become true.

S/he is not held under a curse who is neither much good or much evil. But they that are not enough good or enough evil, they are held under indignation and wrath. They that are grey and insubstantial not serving good enough, or serving well enough under iniquity, they are certainly cursed.

A person that finds his brother or sister dead knows the true hatred and grave carelessness of Ya. Ya is selfish. He wants for himself thinking he alone is entitled. It does not matter if *you* want someone forever. That's not his concern. But I tell you now, were God to do that to me, he will always, always, and deeper than the depths of the ocean, my hate- even more, much more, than it is now, for him, my hatred would be, and remain, forever.

Being in the Form of Lucifer you've lived, yet you be extinguished as a burning bright fire by God- you lived- and that cannot be taken. The greater your love of this world the better, and you can even burn forth your way, as like Lord Lucifer. Though Ya viciously condemns us we were a living flame He cannot undo.

Have you not found your judgements suitable and a reliable resource? Can you see a hustler and a beggar's disregard for what is yours, as a man unable to tend to his own? Or a person, probably feeling lower than you, do you not judge him as being inferior? Or those you rule over should you not judge them if they are to stay in their place? Many conquerors and many rulers they judge, and without judgment they rule over nothing.

The fruit is indeed ripe for the Satanist to pick. Most "civil rights" are founded, from sexuality to race. And that Christianity obstructs these rights, our better. It is time that a Satanist comes forth and asserts his place, most excellently, not as a rendition of Harry Potter.

If you master something master it for Satan and give it the Devil's name. This doesn't have to be anything rooted previously in Satanism. But whether or not something is it can still be made Satanic, given its roots. Do one thing and do it well. You'll e ever better. But if initially you cannot decide then do many things and decide from there. You will be most rewarded and a friend in Hell.

The deeper you go into the abyss the deeper you are Satanic and have no place to go. The deeper you are in the further it would take to be without. But He who fell from heaven fell deepest into hell. And he who falsely rides the clouds to heaven has the same demise. Rise and fall and you would master your dedication to Satan. Lie to Ya, purposefully. Compulsively ask for great and wonderful things and be he nowhere in your heart.

Rush, rush out from the presence of Christ, for he sets many traps. He seeks to strip away your skin and put on it his wool. He *doesn't* lead you to good things- just water and very simple food. He sets a trap. So escape, save yourself!

The first step *away* from Christ is a difficult step, inasmuch as one was poor Christ. But walking for any time a person not wanting to waste his time in going back will continue forth. We must be with them as they walk and explain the deceit of Christ. Look forth, the greatness of the earth is yours for the taking. But you cannot have it and your Christ. With Christ there is no life.

Just as a Christian devotes and conquers, and like no other, so should we, the Satanic. The Christian multiplies worse than any detestable swarm ever could. They deceive us and isolate us, punish us and demean us. What we are doing, being good, should bring indignant wrath toward it. Make the Christian succumb. Put her/ him aggressively in their place. Give them persecution! Put them up and far away from us, for they are a great and contagious evil.

.. I encourage you to take on many different views but owe yourself to none of them. In other words no many things, even many things well but be given to them none. You will have a broad perspective and never be condoned by something you are not devoted to.

.. Yoga and Tai Chi are very conducive of Satanic contemplation of the success of your goals.

.. Inasmuch as the universe is without boundaries, infinite in its circumference, there exists every imaginable thing. A world for everything, even in infinite numbers, and infinite in their variations.

Thinking this I formulated the idea of five planets. And by having faith I can call them forth.

They are:

Link- a planet that we decidedly kept old in its ways. They are forever in a place medieval. And with good results. For warmth, a camp fire. All music is live and festive. Food is fresh with lots of pure meat. And homes are made of brick without dry wall.

Pippy- Pippy is a place of witches, warlocks, witchcraft, and sorcery. It is somewhat bizarre, kind of Gothic, and certainly a strange, wonderful

place. When you think of the fantasy element in movies or books, Pippy is that way.

Ler- Ler is simply evil. It is a place of all evils. It is nefarious.

Orion- Orion is a technologically developed and advanced place. But its inhabitants are childish, liking simplistic entertainment. It is guarded by an extraordinarily advanced defense system called "Stix." They are rods of any possible size ranging from needles to massive Collins. These can come together as anything whatsoever and either aid the Orion's or defend them.

Sephra- Or Sephra. Sephra is a candy land kind of place. There are stores every where offering either candy or toys. Much of the architecture is edible. People put stickers on everything. The streets glimmer in glitter. The place resembles places of Bubble Pop music (e.g., Aqua, Toy Box) and the show *Lazy Town*.

These are a source of magic power for me. Their ideas go up, resolve into "perfection, done-ness" and fall back down.

.. There has been a resurgence of gaming recently on old devices made/kept new. Old gaming consoles are being newly made and there is a large market for them. Whether a gaming console from the 80s or 90s are being newly reproduced or games for them, what was old and generally forgotten is being returned to.

Software is starting to be made that will aid any aspiring game created into producing new games. The gaming public are becoming increasingly independent or small groups of programmers.

What was once a hundred dollars system with games that have a high price too, are now far cheaper with a multitude of games installed within at a fraction of the price. Also there are people putting new batteries into old games and reselling or playing them with a save feature. After fifteen years many of the old batteries in save feature cart based games have expired.

Video game console mods are also expanding. As young gamers have become adults, there has come with it adult work based use as well as their ambitions to create new games, themselves.

Non participation and non compliance are characteristics of a forming Satanist, and one formed. The Satanist finds himself increasingly rebellious against what is forced friendships. S/he doesn't want these, is more self sustained, relying on oneself as a Satanist does.

There comes irritation from people who always have to be talking and revolving in their lives others of their needed little friendships. All day the Satanist hears "how ate you? Or worse- probing questions.

The forming Satanist finds small matters a waste of good time and finds himself removed.

S/he may ask their self what good is it? And choose not to speak at all. Which in the beginning feels rude but comes increasingly easier until it takes no effort at all. The Satanist at this point is born and can no longer engage in being pointless and consecutively questioned.

Besides the matter that she or he has grown apart from the world and interested in things quite distinctive, individualistic, the Satanist must find her or his own world, one unique to her or him.

Days and nights can come and go. In fact a Satanist naturally falls into night time life, that a Satanist is alone: but, ideally, productively alone.

.. Invite Gargamel into your heart. Or Freddy Cougar, or the Crypt Keeper. Invite Michael Madison in your heart. Or Jason, or even Craig. If you walk a mile in their shies you might find that the shoes fit very well. So well in fact that you understand evil better. But for me its Satanic. That includes characters like Warlock and Omen, Hell Raiser and what all of sorts a Satanic villain should be. In these things are representations of Satanic evil and of which there is much.

.. You must recruit and make them willing subjects to our Lord. However you can, recruit, and have known simplistically the reward of following Satan. Many already want to follow our Lord. They just don't yet bring it fully enough into perception to realize it. But the can and you can help them forth. We need stronger numbers. Recruiters bring life into the world that's Satanic, making it more Satanic, and a better place to live. However you can, recruit, and do it far and wide. Because Satan will endow greatness to those who do. A reward everlasting in hell, to whom they belong.

.. What's inside the box? What could it be? We hold a mystery. We are much talked about. We raise eyes and heads. We are unknown, most of the time. But to a special, certain few, the outstanding, we reveal ourselves. We make people believe others are deranged but in actuality, they are just too ravaged by us. To some we speak, but the rest will never know it. They aren't on drugs. They are simply being over taken by demonic forces. We are all around but never seen for what we are, and the ones that speak through us, are disbelieved.

The sun does not set on Luciferianism. And the sun raises high on it. Speak my words here far and wide: The sun raises up high on Luciferianism. Its work is perfect, most whole, and stand unchallenged. When the angels make their report to God, they tremble. And all the angels tremble at its work, and stand challenged by Gods perfect being. All things done through Lucifer and every praise, every work for him, stands forever.

.. Instead of finding your goals unattainable, make the process easier, and make them come easier, rather than reducing your output/ generation, to what is a lesser goal. Do the same amount of work, only make it easier come by. In other words make your work easier to fulfil in aiming for better things.

.. One helps another in the therapeutic process of loss of inhibition. Getting drunk, you lose inhibition. And that helps, in letting loose. But while drunk the "aware" mind is shut off, in fact to great extent. So the process works only within a limited frame. While drunk it is not so much you are

inhibited. It is more that your mind processing is defunct. Therefore loss of inhibition while sober is most therapeutic. This is simply a therapeutic technique of loosing all inhibition: saying *anything*, moving *any* way, loudly speaking, yelling, and so on and can include acting sexuality. So it should be with a person you know and trust.

.. Keep active knowing that Satan's kingdom is soon coming. It is the Devils earth. And of THE PEOPLE came his people, bringing forth his people. Satan has been presented in countless ways in the world, these last few years, with much more to come, and a higher concentration. His kingdom is being developed here. It is not coming in an instant. It is forming in our midst. So we will be ready.

.. Sleep deprivation is a highly effective magic- working technique. When deprived of sleep the gates of Hell slowly creak opening. In fact they do whether you are Christian or Satanic. You are more susceptible to fantasy while sleep deprived. And are better at evocation. Your emotion intensifies. The world has more depth. Just if done, beware.

.. Mine is a door unto the Devil. Mine, the Devil's door, to ones approach. And there ate many ways to His door, but none so detect. Those of Satan, his children, will never have that door closed to him. Those that burn with iniquity, either. And those that look for his door, for long enough, sincerely and earnest enough will find it. But only I can quickly, easily, and assuredly take you right to it. And the Devil is otherwise not found, and hidden. But the very best of it will simply walk right into the mirror right in front of it. We have the Devil's image.

.. You must challenge yourself to visualize a working magic, as visualization works magic, images captivating, even profound. Visualization works magic for those well trained. One may teach oneself and in so working visualization can greatly change things around him, even the world itself.

The path of the Satanist before me is lacking, for I am Satan's Son. You are of *your Father*, The Devil, there is no truth in him, and he is a murderer from the beginning. I am *Satan's Son*. I will show you the true way, that

way most rewarding, if I've earned your trust. I came to Satan, and from him became twisted, until I was reborn. The Dragon closed up my mind for three days, forcing all within it to be concentrated into my subconscious. Then it suddenly burst forth in life, and I became as new, his creation. And I will speak to you many great things and you will listen. I will guide you to all things good. Believe me, just listen, and you will be as the stars in the sky, beyond any one's reach.

We will work together for a better whole, we will bring before us a paradise excellent, sexual, emotional, and material, those golden three. And for all one purpose for himself, and for others a purpose of three. May the Earth be bright, lovely, and forward, not restricted, ugly, and dim. Make the earth better, more accessible. Beautify it and we will all live well within it. But those that go around spilling grey paint on it, may they suffer.

.. He who goes my way will obtain unbridled power. The doors of magic will be flung open to them. They will not suffer, but will delight, and praise the day they found me and took my ways. At the end of the road I put you on is Satan, and mine is the only way. You will meet the Devil and be my brother. And you will be prepared to be taken forth.

.. This is nothing that is unsubstantial. Think only greatly progressive things. Things Satanic, things life changing, things wholesome, rewarding. All thought founded upon them will intensively make life better. Tell yourself you are well, happy, and you will be, like a self fulfilling prophesy. But any negative thing told to yourself, becomes, a little or a lot, it comes at a price. Revel rather at things that are good, and having bright side thinking, can only make you bright. And brighter, and ever brighter. But speak of the truth of yourself.

.. Those of Christ are empty and void, haven't life. They are a *rock* and not their own. They have failed in life and succumbed to Christ, a Christ slave. Those of Satan have a driving, well endowed life bestowing purpose.

.. Don't waste time with the non Satanic. The Satanic should be your every living purpose, with or without reward. But those that fill a Satanic

Purpose are more than dually rewarded. In fact, they are rewarded many times over for their service. Serve in all ways Satan, because He will reward you in a way you or others cannot reward yourself. The Satanic together will share paradise. To each Satanist his piece, a portion that cannot be taken, but everlasting. As long as you successfully enact your Satanic Purpose.

We none haven't enough time to waste, not ever, because Hell comes soon for us all, our portion returned by the Universe and its magic. In service to Satan we establish our New World and the place we take establishes its manifestation for us all. For the less, the lesser. For the greater, the greater. And for the best, the best. Some will reside in poverty forever, not having served Satan well enough.

.. Satanic living must include words like pride and work. That pride should certainly be earned. So there are other words of good use: pride is reward, pride is achievements- being better, competition, endearing, mastering, being the best. Having *nothing* is not good at all. Leaving behind you nothing and nothing will ever find you. Having things that find you, it is a good thing, leaving behind pieces of yourself, or serving any master that rewards you, be they real or idea- in other words, serve the best master. Be indebted to the right things. Do nothing for nothing as it is just a waste of time. And any work that makes life better is good work. But the best of all things in life comes from pride and the best available pride, what causes for you pride, is worship. Maybe even the thing that a Satanist should seek most in life is to be worshipped.

.. There is a strain to those not wanting to work. But once overcome that work becomes second hand. Then, you will begin to live for Satan and will no longer face an overwhelming challenge. You will walk forever forward on the day of settlement. Once overcome you will live for yourselves through him. You will not mindlessly wander, no, never more. You must configure yourself to that change, a devotion most sincere, to Satan.

Stop thinking anything Christian! He is a deceiver. He slays His sheep. He sees them well: as sheep, not as individuals. He treads all over people to make himself Brutal Lord. He slays and destroys those that don't love him. He takes away people's lives planting in his own. His grumblings and complaints are most insignificant, petty, but dire for those that refuse to follow him. But overall is powerless to those not giving of their selves to him. So don't be his. It comes at a dire price.

Purify and concentrate Satanic thought. What comprises Satanic thought? Individuality, purpose, work, and creativity. Creativity comes better all the time. It is the ability to make with what is Satanic, or to form the same. The more one you are one the more you are a Satanist being.

For before you were truly Satanic what were you? No more than a walking sheep. Satan has given you his way, with which you should be utterly proud. Most walk the common way or ways which otherwise rivaled by Satanic thinkers. Man or woman the Satanist transform the Earth, greatly, and in every good way. Satan gave you his way. It is his earth and we share it with him, driving it into the future, reaching out from the past, and enjoying every present moment here spent. Rejoice and be happy in this. For in all ways you would be undone you weren't, but rather you were taken by him.

I assure you if we each do our part our world *Nazia* will be better. We each have so much to offer. We each in our way do a little lot. And better. Some have expended a whole life's purpose here to. With a little help besides we will soon worship Satan in the open air, entirely in hindered. Then the Christians, though spoiled as they are, will bitterly hide in the dark and wait for a Christ that will not come.

We make the Earth every good thing it is. Only through Satanism comes True Utopia. A world of scientific thinkers, the open, fair minded, the greatly productive, the self sustained, intelligent, and resourceful

Save your hate for those that deserve it, the anti- Satanic, pushy of culture (remember you must guard your individuality, it is your soul itself.), and certainly those that would presume to push their beliefs on you, which is

usually a Christian. Remove from your life the Satanic Obstructive, of which there are many. Or hide your beliefs that they not be tarnished. Do not walk where they are going. Go your own way, which is of fire and earth, Satan and Lucifer's own.

People that are apart from us are wretched, profitless, incompatible in every way. Learn to quickly disperse and dispense with them: they are in the way. They are of little difference to us if our powers are concentrated. If concentrated we can easily push them out, entirely. But if we are softy souls never erect, we will succumb, and be destroyed, as so many are "in Christ." Be apart, always, from the non Satanic, if not in actuality, at least in processing. You will need to cull forth and draw from the Satanic, to be able to reach your potential. Be with one always with the brother hood.

Remove from your mind all things Christian. Deposit all empty places with refined Satanism. And you will go very, very far. Remove Christianity from yourself and live. Take on Christ and die. Regard Satan as your perfect embodiment, your upper most constituency. He will become as such, having worthily been brought in. You will rise always ever high, becoming Luciferian. First a Satanist, then a Warlock/ Witch, and beyond that a Luciferian. Invoke his power and it will eventually become your will.

Sing a tune in your head or chant when it is that others or other things are catering you from your Satanic purpose. Do not let them invade your "Satanic- Person Doing." Stay on track, as firmly as a train, and move forward, in doing, calculating, executing the Devil's work.

It is essential that we expand. We must come forth. We must arrive from all directions. From one, four, from four, eight, and from eight, sixteen. Let us expand and multiply so that we can come forth and conquer the world. Make no misstep, consecrate a follower in whole, and multiply forth.

They are those empty, dross, and worthless, even obstructing us, that do no good in the look of the world. We cannot make the world better? And why not? We would have it beautiful and better to look at. We would set forth a better looking society. We wouldn't have rules that obstructed creativity.

Your righteous mind will hate you and seek control through every little drop seeping in. Like a formidable for it will not give up easily. You must have your Satanic mind overcome and slay your righteous mind, leaving no remnant. Be sure it is dead or it may resurface. Only then will you be entirely Satanic and forever grow from the same.

Your life began when Satan chose you, choose a new name. Become in all ways His.

.. The minds of the masses have no life and cannot be sustained apart from sheep- like thinking. There is no life in it, maybe a little bitty life but next to no "straying thought." I have studied it long and wide, there is little to no thought there. They very seldom go beyond simple- minded thinking. They can't embrace it. They don't know what it is. It scares them even. For them thinking is all within the frame of commonality. People apart from it may spark something in them but proceeding from it, as to elaborate what this "spark" was, is not possible. And too much of it is harmful, is radical. *And strange- very strange!* At- hand thinking, spurious, is a bitter sting of poison to their highly customary life style. How do hip hop people look to *you*?

Leave the sheep and join the pack.

Have no doubt that Satan's path is the best.

Non Satanic thinkers emit a poison of thought.

Your good better life came from Satan. How will you respond? At least take time in knowing this: Satan chose you and his path is yours and ours.

Christianity has a poisonous triangle, its worst three aspects you should be guarded against. These are:

Closed Mindedness- There is no talking reason with them. It is pointless. It is futile. You'll get nothing out of any conversation with them. They are sneaky, like a snake. They care for nothing beyond the Word of Christ. Don't waste your time in talking to them. Cut the talk short.

Thought/ Opinion Pushiness- They are very certain the right way is His way, even though they cannot elaborate why Christ is no less than 100%

right all the time. So they think you are *wrong* and must do things *Jesus* way whether or not you are a responsible person.

Hatred of non Christian Over Thought- Christians cannot tolerate a person who is highly intelligent and yet is apart from Christ. They stumble thinking the only good kind of thinking and wisdom comes from Christ and all other mind sets are as nothing.

But harmony comes from Satanism, as intelligence and knowledge is in and of itself usable, self approved. We are open minded, hopefully enough, and usually are. Our love of self gives much more room to love others.

And we, being individualists, and honoring the same, do not obstruct another's individually derived tastes.

He who was with and formed us from the Beginning is with us still. We are the son of that Adam who was Fathered by Satan and who Fathered us from the Beginning. He who had no name, The New Father. He opened our blind eyes that we could behold and see Him. Lord Satan made us His Father and we continue with Him now, even so late in the day.

Mmm cold water! Water can be ritualized into a working magic, and simply. Just drink it slow, about a large cup, and put forth a relaxed state from it, while visualizing something: in the wings of an angel, or anything pleasant, such as the realization of your goals. Its easy. And it works. You can also tell yourself, "my blood is blue," to invoke a relaxed state from slowly drinking.

.. God helps people win football games! And even other less interesting games! Have you heard about this? There are players and quarter backs so elated, their prayers worked! God made them win! And after the victory they celebrate His Holy Name with a lavish feast and new born devotion to their Lord. Meanwhile, little children are starving. Meanwhile, people suffer. Some sports players had died. There was three hundred years of slavery. And there God was certainly never found. Someone was in a car wreck and they survived. They proudly said "God spared me everyone!" and on the news, heard by the family of the ones who died. It shouldn't be where God is that matters. More importantly it where he *isn't*.

.. Be proud of each other and share the same work, at least some of the time. Be always one from two, one from three, one from four. Great things can be produced from a collective Satanic mind. With most others things are already pretty much entirely the same. They are grey upon grey. But a Satanist is his/ her own color. From joined Satanic work comes a rainbow. The Satanist his self is already a rainbow, and too often one unseen.

If the Satanist cannot find his own right of way he must brutally slaughter his restrictor. If he hasn't the strength or bravery, then he must escape and dismount, tear down, *change*, from afar. Thankfully the internet complements Satanic thought and religion is becoming powerless, anyways, except for Satanism.

.. A person that takes wrong done to him quietly is not functioning right.

A person that does what he is told without question is not functioning right. There is something dysfunctional.

A person that never reaches for greater things does not think well of himself. There is certainly something complacent about him.

A person who doesn't actively make his life good, is as one empty. There is something show to it.

A person who cannot elaborate on thoughts is lacking. He hasn't the ability to think for himself. And this too is a bad dysfunction.

But a person that defends himself, is still working normally, and should be given honor.

A person that doesn't work without profit, he has not been made defunct, by parents, by teachers, or by leaders, and is indeed strong.

A person that reaches for higher things has overcome all self doubt or resistance, and will soar higher than the heavens.

A person who actively makes life better tastes it and it is good. He will not return to plain water.

A person who can formulate thought from thoughts encompassing a wide perspective is *intelligently alive*. S/he has life.

All other things beside, a person can be functional if s/he overcomes her/his oppression, those that reduced capacity.

.. A Satanic Commune and its matters. A *Satanic Commune/ house hold community* should contain at least 15 people, each paying their part and working productively. Some should have a good paying job outside the home. The rest do homage to Satan (something productive such as writing or programing.) And those without a paying job must be prolific. Success comes easier that way, for sure, and as well there are powers in numbers. The place should have all the ammonites in life: good food. One who cooks. This household should have a name such as *The () Household*, or, L.A. Household of Satan. They should create a large storehouse of items for sale. You might fail. But you might succeed. Either way you did permanently lasting work to Satan.

.. The Principality List was a list that I formed in my Schizophrenic mind while I was in The Hole for 30 days. It is certainly the best thing I've ever written. It reveals twelve persons consisting within a frame of four types of things. Usually an animal, a color, a mythological figure, and a weapon/magical item.

This list was earlier in the book and is on the last page.

It reveals great Satanic personification and aids as a thought tool into manifesting Satanic Identity or SiD.

Each four groups of items were listed in perfect balance. Where one thing was lacking the others made up for it. And some, though seeming in flattering, were actually very powerful. But though I did try to perfectly balance it, my four came out the most powerful. I actually didn't intend it to. (My four are white, ring, goat, and thief.) Particularly white and ring are the most potent two items in all the list.

If you consider the color white, it us all the greatest things. I'd encourage you to discover that yourself. Just take a moment to think about white food

and you will simply have to agree: white makes up all the best food. And think of its meat, not its skin, and all the better.

So let me elaborate on the persons of the list one thing and another.

Star Fox (fox) Zelda's Gannon (thief) Link's ocarina (wind) A bird carries Link away (bird) the Wall Hand in Zelda (hand) Epona (Horse) The Master Sword (Sword) Gannon (the Swine) Majora's Mask (mask and the joker) And in Zelda are fairies.

Final Fantasy sometimes has a stage (like the opera performance in FF 3/6. An early enemy is often a rabbit. A chocobo (bird.) A hand curser in 6. SeeD in FF 8. Relics in 6 (rings.) A thief character, as is also prevalent in many fantasy invested things. Esper *stones*. And Espers are *spirits*. Kefka was a *joker*. He looked like a clown.

All movies, shows, games, cartoons and books contain an essence of each person within the Principality List.

Conclusion in ending the Matter

If this book has a few dominating undertones they are the importance of life quality- to enjoy it all. Take in the cool waters and transform into something good. Create your success and devote your work to Satan. Be active, productive, because it will lead you to a better, more prosperous life.

And we shouldn't waste our time, too much, doing too little. There is a massive inventory of Christian thought material. It is certainly simple minded quantity, with little to no quality coming from one track minds. *A way of saying one thing fifty times.*

We, being different and more intelligent owe ourselves to the world for *our* world. For a better place.

Satan is *not* a mythological being. He is not something known and spoken of for millennia for no reason. I *do* know and if you are an exceptional Satanist he may very well show himself to you, too. I have seen him many times and have taken to him, and him to me.

Believe me, a Devil Worshipper is better, more fulfilled, more rewarded, than an atheist is. Life is just the beginning or as that old death metal CD said it, *Death is Just the Beginning*. You have a lot to look forward to, dear Satanist, stay on the path. Steer clear of queer.

We are different thinkers. I hope I have sparked in you a living spirit of individuality. "There's no accounting for taste, unless you are as them, ridiculing of the in popular." Well, it all *used* to be popular. And what about the recently popular? Who would carry it on? We do, and you know what? We evolve. We are a more natural progression of things, which should have been, what should be, individually.

I certainly want the world to be more Satanic. I want Satanic churches, everywhere. I want Christianity outlawed. It needs to be. No other group is more destructive of humanity. No other group contains more bullies. No other group is so thoroughly misleading.

But a Satanist makes the world better. S/ he enriches it in all ways.

If you can see how moronic people seem in the mainstream, in popular things, how they move speak and present their selves, especially in "hip hop" then you have the eyes of a Satanist. They look and talk like morons. Like clowns bouncing around. It's pitiful. And disgusting. And yet comical. But shameful. None will know it until ten years past its time.

Consider all things but carefully. Go through a library practically taking all day to find one book. I did. You know what I found? A book of Russian proverbs, a book that teaches self leadership, *The Greatest Salesman On Earth*, and *the Richest Man in Babylon*.

The same with music and clothes, food and drink. Just don't feel you must show your difference, rather blend in. Support all popular issues and agendas. Agree. It's easy.

Don't be taken from and generally view others as either the good they are, or the bad, and move forward, with or without them. Some may not like you. But others do. They should be given your attention and the others dismissed or removed. We are not "Christian" we do not love our wrongdoers. May the most substantial law be as done so do likewise.

It's easy, success comes to the working, if not alone, but with it earned. And every day is an opportunity to make things better. Along the way you are different, exceptional, self sustained, living. You will do well, I know you will. Have a nice day, a nice night, a nice life, and be well, always-

Lucifer Jeremy White

The Principality List

Person One- Red, Hand, Bird, Staff

Person Two- Bear, Brown, Bee, Cane

Person Three- Green, Rabbit, Seed, Stage

Person Four- White, Ring, Goat, Thief

Person Five- Red, Whip, Cat, Fairy

Person Six- Joker, Sword, Swine, Gold

Person Seven- Yellow, Rodent, Wind, Duke

Person Eight- Bomb/ Blast/ Wand, Black, Fox, Beast

Person Nine- Yellow, Toad, Horse, Dust

Person Ten- Panther, Word, Creature, Assassin

Person Eleven- Blue, Stone, Spirit, Elephant

Person Twelve- Dragon, Mask, Purple, Dog/ Canine

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Lucifer
Jeremy
~~White~~

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देवनिस्त
ॐ नमो भगवते
वसुदेवाय

