

The
**Murder
Rule**

A Novel

Deborah Lagarde

The Murder Rule

Deborah Lagarde

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Cover Art: Photo of aquamarine from Museum of Natural History, Washington, D.C., taken in 2009, by Deborah Lagarde

Note: A few parts of the manuscript for this novel were originally parts of the three novels copyrighted by this author that make up The Prodigal Band Trilogy novels, but have been revised somewhat.

Also by Deborah Lagarde

Battle of the Band

The Prophesied Band

The Prodigal Band

The Prodigal Band Trilogy

Introduction

The Murder Rule is a “spin-off” of *The Prodigal Band Trilogy*, which is composed of three novels--*Battle of the Band*, *The Prophesied Band*, and *The Prodigal Band*. *The Murder Rule* is also composed of three parts, whereby the main characters as well as the narrator of each part stem from the trilogy. While *The Prodigal Band Trilogy*, based on the Biblical New Testament Gospel of Luke Chapter 15 Parable of the Prodigal Son, is primarily a novel trilogy of spiritual overtones mixed with bits of comedy, romance, mystery, tragedy, occult, drama, satire and other genres, *The Murder Rule* is focused on suspense and mystery drama that mirror conspiracy truths that exist today and have existed for many years, whereby those who choose to tie themselves to an evil agenda realize its evil and then decide to ‘leave the reservation’ so-to-speak, are punished, either by murder or a murder plot that fails in the end. Yet *The Murder Rule* also has spiritual overtones as well.

Part One, narrated by a pop culture pundit featured as narrator of *The Prodigal Band*, Lloyd Denholm, is highlighted by a rocker character featured in *Battle of the Band* named Denny Spradlin, front man of a rival band to the prodigal band, whom the media reports ‘committed suicide’ in early 1996, but was in fact murdered because he began turning against the music industry ‘narrative.’ To quote a line that opens *The Prodigal Band*, ‘If dead rock stars could talk,’ which was inspired by actual events: one, the murders of Chester Bennington and Chris Cornell for trying to expose child trafficking--the media claimed they ‘committed suicide’ by doorknob, for one thing, but there are several other instances as well--do the research. And since Spradlin supposedly committed suicide—just as several rock stars from the 60s to the 90s supposedly committed suicide when in fact they were murdered for various reasons—is why he was chosen as the victim in Part One of *The Murder Rule*.

Part Two, narrated by a fan and part-time roadie of the prodigal band Sound Unltd called Bobby Jones, deals with why he later joined the trilogy’s evil new age cult called ‘The Church of the Circle of Unity’ as well as a ‘megachurch’ pastored by a man who wanted to ban his ‘employers’ from the US because of their supposed ‘devil worship.’ When Bobby left the church he committed to the new age cult, but soon regretted that decision. The result? Leaders of that cult, one of

whom is featured in *The Prodigal Band*, tried to ‘teach Bobby a lesson,’ but failed, as Bobby survived a murder attempt (but lost his St. Bernard dog in the process). The character narrating Part Two, Bobby, was chosen not only because he ‘regretted’ partaking in an evil cult, but also because he truly accepted Christ as Savior and composed a song about Christ that would be sold to the prodigal band in Chapter Nine of *The Prodigal Band*.

Part Three is also narrated by Lloyd Denholm and features an important support character within the entire *Prodigal Band Trilogy*, prodigal band manager Joe Phillips, who is tied to a very elite and powerful family. Yet, he opposes the evil agenda of this family and refuses to take part in the evil agenda and is considered a ‘wayward son’ by these evil family members. Thus, ‘the murder rule’ could also apply to him, even though he is the son of one of the world’s most powerful individuals. Now, why would these powerful individuals seek to destroy members of their own families, or minions whom they needed to carry out their agendas but, at some point, refused to do so? The likely murder of Amschel Mayer James Rothschild, son of banker oligarch Victor Rothschild--but who lived his life as an ordinary man and loved his wife and children and refused to toe the line of his bankster oligarch lineage and who supposedly ‘committed suicide’ on a bathrobe belt!--is the proof that even sons of oligarchs or high-level oligarchy minions are not above ‘the murder rule.’ Phillips was chosen as the main character in Part Three due to his elite roots and to show that elite roots won’t necessarily prevent one from being ‘murder ruled.’

Folks, this world seems to be getting more and more consumed by evil as time goes by, and it is my ‘mission’ so-to-speak to expose this evil in fiction mirrored by the evil in the real world often clouded in mystery. Thus, a ‘mystery’ or crime novel based upon truth...with spiritual overtones, of course!

Deborah Lagarde

July, 2023

Part One

Chapter One

Afternoon, February 3, 1996

“So, ol’ man, you honestly believe my band, Wolfin, a dominant band from the mid-80s to the mid-90s, won’t be able to put together one last effort to get back into the limelight?”

Wolfin singer Denny Spradlin’s voice was as tense as it ever could be, in the midst of an argument with a friend and advisor, both sitting on couches in Denny’s large parlor at his Wistview estate south of London.

The advisor smirked as he faced the singer. “Look, Denny. Wolfin has been played out since 1994 at the latest. Your last two albums barely sold. You haven’t had a platinum since 1991. Your band took 1992 off, with you and Blake mostly partying, and then both of you were guests on various 1992 and 1993 tours, and all that partying in the meantime. So, you wonder why you didn’t get any MusicCom video deal last year when you haven’t done a bloody thing since 1991? Your bassist Art and drummer Pete wanted to get back to work but you and Blake refused. I know you have satisfied *The Pleasure Rule*, but you have not done other tasks we required of you.”

“Bollocks.”

“Have you recruited for us lately? No. Have your mentored for us lately? No. *The Pleasure Rule* isn’t just about partying and pleasure. It is also about growing our society and our message, Denny.”

Denny nearly stood up in frustration. “But I’ve stopped partying the way I used to and want to get back to work, and you know that!”

“Right. And you are supposedly cleaning yourself up.” Smile. “Too late, my friend. Too late.”

A couple of minutes later, the friend left, cleaning up his tracks, unable to find a large metal strong box that contained a letter meant for *X-Zine*, an alt-rock magazine for which I, Lloyd Denholm, freelanced.

Leaving Denny on the floor as death approached.

But not before Denny slithered on the floor to insert a hand-written note inside that same metal box under a nearby parlor cabinet. He knew Blake, Wolfin's guitarist, had a spare key.

Richmont, California, Spring, 2005

“Lloyd here,” I said into the land-line phone receiver on top of my kitchen counter, being interrupted by a call from my *X-Zine* boss. I had been making my lunch of burger and crisps.

“We just got the information you were looking for about Denny Spradlin’s demise. And you were right.”

“You mean, it wasn’t a suicide after all?”

“Not if what Blake’s hand-written letter to me says is true. And it must be, since he originally stated it was a suicide but—Look, Lloyd, I’ll mail it to you.”

“E-mail it, eh? Like, scan the pages and e-mail them.”

After eating the lunch at my dining room table, I went into my office space and proceeded to open the e-mail with my laptop. The e-mail was from cal.edit@xzine.co.uk. ‘Cal.edit’ was not the editor’s name, and in fact I did not know the editor’s name. No one who worked or wrote for *X-Zine* knew his name! Why? Because *X-Zine* had not one but several editors within a collective known as ‘cal.edit,’ men who had been musicians in the mid-1960s rock bands from Manchester, England, and the surrounding metropolitan area in eastern Lancashire. Had their names been known, they’d likely be dead by now, or so they thought.

X-Zine was truly the only truth-telling pop culture magazine on Earth. The editors had to keep their identities hidden.

For the forces of evil within the popular culture industry could not stand the truth about their ruthless occultist control of recording artists seeing the light of day. If they ever found out who ran *X-Zine*’s entire operation, they would do whatever they could to ‘put to death’ that operation!

Further, ‘Cal’s’ ‘operation’ was in its entirety over encrypted web servers and VPNs, virtual private networks. They used TOR browsers they helped create which were even more secretive than the ones that were supposedly impossible to hack. And, oh yeah, they changed passwords just about every hour using a code only

they knew about, such that figuring out the new password was a cinch. For them anyway.

“Did you open the email?” Cal rang me up as I was reading the document sent.

“Bloody hell, Cal,” I blurted into the phone, “will you let me actually read the bloody thing?”

“Okay, okay, Lloyd. I’ll ring you about it later.” Hung up.

As I, Lloyd Denholm, former *CounterCulture Magazine* freelancer and now writing, as well as investigating, for *X-Zine*, read through the email-scanned document written by Blake Fenmore, I wondered.

What caused Blake to finally open up about the truth of the likely murder of his best friend from the seventies into the nineties, Denny Spradlin, who was also his Wolfin bandmate? Guilt?

Fenmore, since the so-called suicide of Wolfin’s front man-singer in early 1996 that supposedly happened at his Wistview estate near Torquay Manor in Surrey, had promulgated the notion that Spradlin’s death was either a self-inflicted drug overdose or simply a drug overdose. After all, everyone who knew anything about Spradlin’s party-party lifestyle knew he was addicted to skuz.

But so was Fenmore, and so were many rockers they’d hung out with. So then why would Spradlin die of a skuz overdose, intentional or not, if so many of his celebrity mates hadn’t up until then?

Depression, the pop culture and tabloid media blasted on their front pages as if the singer had let them know beforehand why he would do such a thing! But they had their excuse. Though rumors abounded that Wolfin was heading back to the recording studio for one last comeback effort, the media knew that success would elude Spradlin and his mates, guitarist Blake Fenmore, bassist Art Fenton, and drummer Pete Carson. Wolfin’s time had passed. Thus spoke the consensus.

And consensus appeared to rule the roost in pop culture media. To heck with the truth.

And why did I, Lloyd Denholm, never buy into the consensus narrative? One reason and one reason only—the morning of the day of his death, 3 February, 1996, I had interviewed him at his estate.

“Denny, I’ve heard rumors from sources close to you that you have been giving away some of your prized possessions. You gave Blake your luxury sedan hood ornament and you gave away a platinum album souvenir and some prized earring

and other things.” To various friendly rival rockers of the day. “Blake told me this information, and while Blake didn’t come to any conclusion as to why you’re giving away such treasured possessions, I must ask you this question. Are you about to take your life?”

Spradlin broke into a cocked-head pose with a mouth of scorn. “Bloody hell, no! Why the bloody hell would I do that?” Threw his arms out. “We’ve started working on new tracks, new songs, and we’re going back to our original roots, hard and heavy. The music we used to do when we led the Outlaws rock genre. Art’s been on Blake and I for the last couple of years and I’m not gonna disappoint the bloke, okay?”

I sat across from him with his mahogany coffee table between us in his snooker parlor. “But then why would you—?”

“Look, Lloyd,” still with his arms out. “I gave away the razor blade earring and other icons I’m known to wear and all that other stuff because either I got better ones or because I’m kinda making meself over a bit. I knew I screwed up, eh?”

He lit a cigarette, threw the lighter onto the table. “I know Blake and I have party’d like bloody crazy,” he cussed, “and became lazy. When we didn’t get any video deal, MusicCom, eh?” Puff. “When we didn’t get any deal like all the others did, Blake and I knew it was our own fault. Had we gone back and made albums a year or two ago like Art wanted, I’m sure we would’ve gotten at least a few mil out of it.”

“Makes sense. That’s likely why the media has been saying that Wolfin is not likely to head back into the big time. No video deals.”

“Likely right, eh Lloyd?”

MusicCom, the main new rival television network to MusicTV, was handing out millions to nearly all of Wolfin’s rival recording acts, while Wolfin got zip. Consensus? Wolfin was a has-been act, washed up. The tabloid *TattleTales* called Spradlin’s band the ‘sinking ship Wolfin.’ *CounterCulture* didn’t even question why *the* band of the late 80s and premier band in the Outlaws rock genre didn’t even get consideration for a video deal. It was as if Wolfin no longer mattered even the slightest.

Yet I felt Wolfin still mattered to Denny and his band mates, and thus the singer wouldn’t even consider suicide. Perhaps he gave up his iconic crystal nose spoon, which he used to snort skuz, because he was cleaning himself up, giving up an expensive designer drug that he helped to make the rage among his wealthy rock star cohorts.

So then why would he OD on it? He was giving it up, reducing his amounts each time as others rehabbing themselves had done.

As Blake was doing. Fenmore must have known his best friend was also beating the habit. So then why would he espouse the notion that Denny OD'd? Or took his own life?

As I would learn by reading his scanned and emailed document, it was clear that Blake Fenmore had been too afraid to reveal the truth for several years. By 2005, however, he couldn't keep what he knew to be the truth to himself any longer.

Cal, or whatever your name is, the X-Zine editor,

This is Blake Fenmore, formerly of Wolfin, now living alone in the countryside in a rocky farmhouse, but I won't say where, in England. I have let go of the guilt I felt about not saying what happened to my mate Denny Spradlin. Lloyd Denholm was right. Denny did not commit suicide by OD-ing on skuz. He also did not OD on skuz or any other cocaine- or opioid-laced drug. So how do I know this? I will state what I know later in the letter, but Lloyd was right. Denny gave up his crystal nose spoon because he was giving up addiction to skuz and the other drugs as Lloyd had surmised. I knew this all along, but I could not admit this in public until I knew for sure how Denny died.

Denny had a large metal box he stored important documents within. I had originally opened it straight-away after he died as he had given me a key in case anything happened to him.

He told me he believed someone was going to hurt him. Why? He had said weeks before he died that he owed money and was in debt over an estate he had bought back then as well as another car he had bought and that he had not paid his driver in over a month due to the debt.

But then I found documents within the box, receipts, proving he paid the debts and had also paid the driver right before he died. So, since he no longer owed money, it was not the bank or outfit he owed money to that was out to hurt him.

Then I found in the box a note he left, scribbled quickly. He must have stuck the note in the box in desperation before he collapsed. Here is what the note said.

"A hooded man has forced poison up my nose, not skuz. Pray for my soul. Denny."

In other words, Denny knew he was going to die and wanted to let me know how it was done.

More proof Denny would not commit suicide: he had told a friend of his—I won't say who this friend is—that he was giving this same friend his prized razor-blade earring because he had a better one. This is true. I found an almost exact match to the old earring in this metal box, but the new one was in a gift box within the metal box.

I do not know who did this act and killed Denny, but I think I know why.

Denny was giving up the life he had led and that I and so many others in our profession led. The party-party-do-what-you-want-no-consequences-lifestyle that was leaving him empty and without meaning. That was why he wanted back into the studio, for a life purpose again. But it seemed to him anyway that there were people of influence in the business that would not let him escape the emptiness he was trying to overcome. People that wanted to continue to control him and Wolfin as a whole, who wanted Denny to continue to be the front-man he had been, to keep fulfilling their agenda. Since Denny was trying to oppose their agenda, he felt these people were out to harm him. Denny was the one they had to ruin to punish Wolfin, since we had started to refuse to carry out their wicked agenda.

Denny had taken an oath, as had I, but not Art and Pete. That oath was to Andelusia, a secret society of wealthy entertainers such as Denny and I. Part of the oath we took was to live by what is called The Pleasure Rule. But there was only so much pleasure Denny could handle. The Pleasure Rule is a core concept of Andelusia which one had to give an oath to in order to make it big in present-day show biz. Andelusia though leaves one empty and without meaning and purpose, just pleasure-living high on drugs that one could easily OD on and die. It's great for a while, but when one starts to grow up out of the party lifestyle, one realizes there is only so much pleasure one needs. One also needs meaning and purpose in life. It is my core belief someone in the Andelusia hierarchy punished Denny for giving up living by The Pleasure Rule, and killed Denny in the process. It would be my wish for X-Zine to aid me in the process of finding out who did it.

Signed, Blake Fenmore.

‘Cal’ rang me back shortly after I had read the letter.

“So, Lloyd, are you going to delve into this investigation? You’d be perfect. You even look like Sherlock Holmes! With long hair, that is.”

“Funny,” I snorted. “Yes. And X-Zine had better back me up on this!”

“Lloyd, this is *X-Zine*, not *CounterCulture*! They screwed you over,” Cal cussed, “by not publishing your article back in 2001. We’ll never pull that codswallop with you.”

Cal referred to my investigation over ‘burning’ issues plaguing one of the top bands in the entertainment world, a band Wolfin was very close to, a band Wolfin mentored in the latter 80s, a band that, for many years, defined *The Pleasure Rule* to the fullest and thus was showered with all the trappings of rock-god status—Sound Unltd, the ‘Super Six.’ As troubles piled up for each of them including alcoholism, drug addiction, heart attacks, family issues, and the realization that they had to clean up their lives and unwind as they called it, they, too, began to renege on their oaths. They, too, were punished, quite severely. But they survived tribulations, one after the other. *CounterCulture*, which had given me the assignment to investigate these events, would not publish my multi-part findings, so I quit that outfit.

“Besides, Cal, Denny and I were close for a long time. Denny was probably the one connection I had that I needed to get into the tabloid and then pop culture media business.”

“You grew up with him?”

“No, but I met him by accident while I was trying to connect with *The Scene*, my first gig. At *Dog’s Wolf Den*. I was coming out of the men’s room as he was entering and I nearly knocked him over! This was in 1985, the year before Wolfin made it big. I apologized, then he agreed to let me interview him.”

“Your first big interview?”

“It wasn’t big then, but it was Denny’s first interview that would eventually get into the media. Because that piece was what got me my gig at *The Scene*.”

Chapter Two

Dog's Wolf Den Nightclub, South London, July, 1985

Crash! Went two male bodies into each other at the lavatory door.

“Sorry about that, ol’ man!” Denny blurted as he nearly fell over backwards when I exited the men’s room.

“Didn’t see you—sorry! Are you okay?”

Denny had composed himself. “Right.” Laugh. “I reckon I’m a bit bloody sotted on cheap whiskey.” Snort.

And then I recognized him as the front man of Wolfin, which was performing at the club that evening. Long white shaggy hair, baby-faced, blue eyes, thin lips, and five-foot eleven wearing leather trousers, vest, and razor-blade earring.

“You’re the singer, eh? I saw you on stage a bit ago. Wolfin, right?”

“Right.” Giggle. “We on a bit of a break now then. And I need to take a piss.”

So, I waited for him to return into the lavatory hallway.

As he came out, I said, “I remember now. Wolfin won that North London *Battle of the Bands* contest last year, then went on a national tour—”

“Right. And we finish up that tour playing here. This is our third night here.”

And on and on.

Then I asked him, “Look, can I interview you? I’m Lloyd Denholm, freelancer, and I’m looking to get into writing for *The Scene*. I know for a fact that your manager has connections to that tabloid.”

“Yeah, he does. Shak has connections all over the country. Him and Chaddy and Dog.”

‘Shak’ was Wolfin manager Shak Lawson, bald and muscular, who wore leather suits and chains. ‘Chaddy’ was Wolfin handler Chaddy Chadwick, tall, thin, with close-cropped brown hair who wore only custom-made designer clothing lines. Bushy-blond-haired and bearded Doug ‘Dog’ Fenzig, owner of *Dog's Wolf Den* and former front man of late 70s super band Accolade, usually wore leather trousers and silk shirts. The threesome owned over seventy show halls and night

clubs throughout Britain. They were also instrumental in carrying the rock music scene through the seventies and eighties on this side of ‘the pond.’

The three men, ranging in age from mid-20s to late 40s, also founded a rock sub-genre that Wolfin would headline into the nineties called ‘the Outlaws.’

The Outlaws’ brand of music was *gangsta* rock. Sort of. Some or all of the musicians in these bands had gang affiliations, including biker gangs as well as city street gangs or drug gangs.

“Aren’t they the men who run these *Battle of the Bands* contests?”

“Right. And then after we won ours, we toured the country by playing in their night clubs. All the large cities, and a lot of biker clubs as well.”

“I heard you got banned at a couple.”

“Yeah, another reason we called ‘Outlaws.’ But I can’t help it. I do me act.”

His act? Hump the mic stand and sing, among other things, cuss words.

“Yeah, ‘Bump and Grind,’ that song of yours I heard before.”

Laugh, then lit a joint. “Yeah. Blake and I just wrote that a few weeks ago. When we get our record contract—and we will get one, soon, eh, that’s what Shak told us, right?—when we get our contract, that song’s gonna be on our first album.”

*“Bump and grind, I’m gonna bump and grind.
I’m gonna (bleep) you blind, hump and grind.
Bump you, hump you, I’m gonna, I’m gonna
(Bleep) you blind, bump and grind, and grind, and grind.”*

And that song truly launched the debauchery antics of the Outlaws movement and made Denny and company rock superstars that owned the latter eighties in the UK.

After another hour or so of Denny’s—and guitarist Blake’s—stage antics and more cussing in songs, the two of us conversed at the bar on the west side of the club.

“So, how did you and Blake Fenmore form Wolfin?”

“Easy. Blake and I had our own council housing street gang.”

In north London.

“Me and Blake and Smoky on bass and Leekey on drums. We lived in the same council estate and there were other gangs in other estates surrounding ours and

sometimes all the gangs fought and other times all the estate gangs got together to fight other estate gangs. Like most of us were doing bloody badly in school, eh?” He cussed. “So many of us formed rock bands hoping we’d make it in the biz.”

“Well,” I said, sipping a whiskey, “clearly Wolfin will make it. You blokes are definitely getting attention.”

“Right.” Denny gulped his shot glass. “Me antics, eh? And Blake helps, right?”

Fenmore was fond of jutting his guitar neck into Denny’s humped-out rear.

“Got it. Definite rave up.”

“We do what we have to do. And with Shak managing us, it’s just a matter of time before we huge. Huge, man!” Plunked the shot glass on the bar. “1986 is gonna be our year!”

He was right about that one. Just as I was right about getting *The Scene* gig.

The Executive Meeting Room, EpiGram Records, August, 1985

“Look, Colin, if EpiGram doesn’t sign Wolfin straightaway, XMedia or MediaCom will,” implored Mike D’Arcy, EpiGram’s chief recording producer and A&R man, who wore silk suits and had long brown hair down his back. “And we will lose a ton o’ loot on that one! All because you think Denny Spradlin’s stage antics will bring about lawsuits?”

Colin Heddely, EpiGram CEO and founder, shot back, “Bloody hell, Mike, they’ve already been banned at nearly a dozen of Shak’s night clubs!”

“Six, actually.” Shak Lawson lit a cigarette.

“Okay, six, not a dozen. But still. Now I like loud metal and even punk. But think, gentlemen, of the possibility of getting sued over tour antics and all that cussing in songs. We’d have to sell millions of units to make up the cost!”

“Now, Colin,” Chaddy Chadwick cocked his head with emphasis to the company owner that the mid-20s backer had helped fund, “that is precisely why we must sign Wolfin. They will sell millions of units, like, almost overnight.” The low-level aristocrat then got out of his chair to make a point, sauntering about the executive table. “This Outlaws rock genre Shak and Dog and I have initiated with our *Battle of the Bands* series? Isn’t it your company, Colin, which has greatly benefitted off of it?” He then stared down Heddely at his side. “And you do know that we intend for Wolfin to headline this movement. Which you have agreed to promote by signing our acts.”

“Now here is the deal, Colin.” Lawson immediately said, springing out of his chair. “We explained to you a few years ago about what Chaddy and Dog and I had set out to do—create a new rock genre that could compete with punk, metal and rap, called the Outlaws. This Outlaws movement would be called that precisely because they would be, well, outlaws—raunchy stage antics, cussing, rave ups. They’d get banned at a few venues. So what? That would just make them more popular, right? Young people nowadays want raunchy antics, rave ups and outrage. The days of ‘sweet and light’ are over, Colin ol’ boy. That tripe went out with the hippies. This is the 80s, not the 60s. And the big boys, eh? XMedia, Torquay’s MediaCom, EuroMedia? They set the agenda, and their agenda is youth nihilism that was only imagined in the hippie days. You think those 60s and 70s rockers were bad boys? Then you haven’t seen anything yet.” Haughty laugh. “And the agenda that you agreed to,” Shak got right in Hedgely’s face, “is an agenda that you’re afraid will get you sued out of existence? Then why the bloody hell did you sign off on it?”

Then producer D’Arcy got in Hedgely’s face. “Exactly, Colin. There are times I wonder why you even got into the business! You should have known how cut-throat it is, how only the most competitive music acts will make it through to the top, and how only the most attention-seeking acts will survive to claim super-star status. Denny, and Blake as well, are precisely the purveyors of that status we need to make EpiGram a top independent label. Their outrage alone will guarantee their huge success. Denny is the front man we’ve been looking for. We already have several potential super stars on the make within this Outlaws genre, right? Denny and Blake will put us over the top.”

D’Arcy then slammed the table. “We need to sign Wolfin. Now!”

Later, in the basement of the XanadU night club after a Hellyon ritual

D’Arcy, Shak Lawson, Chaddy Chadwick, Dog Fenzig and former rocker Connor Ellerson all stood within a red-painted pentagram on the concrete floor deep in the cavernous underground basement surrounded by dark stone rocky walls. They faced each other in a circle. Another red pentagram topped with a granite stone altar was parked less than a foot away from the edge of that circle. A ‘prayer ritual’ over a master recording disc atop the altar surrounded by the rock

band that had created the recording for EpiGram to be copied and distributed by Atlantix Media had been completed several minutes before.

The men held long-stemmed glasses of blood-red wine.

“Just don’t tell Colin about the rituals we do,” D’Arcy whispered as the ‘ritualized’ rock band exited the dungeon-like atmosphere. “He is not one of us for sure. And he never will be.” Short snarky laugh.

“For sure,” Lawson snorted. “He never should have even thought about buying Climax Records! And we never should have sold Climax to him!”

Chadwick concurred. “Had we known ol’ Colin would never fit into our agenda, we never would have sold it to him. But he had the backing and the money, right? So, I think we just assumed that because he had the backing and the money that he was one of us.”

“Freddy knew he’d never go for it, Chaddy, and he should have reminded us that he’d never go for it.” Shak sipped his wine. “And ol’ Fred isn’t quite on board with it, either. Too bad, since Wolfin’s drummer Pete is his son.”

Going back to the 1950s, Fred Carson was a handler for some very key recording acts of the day, and was in tight with Britain’s top pop singer of that era.

“Well, I’m not sure Pete is either!” Dog blurted out. “Or Art.” Wolfin’s bassist. “And I ought to know since both joined Wolf’s Bane.”

Wolf’s Bane was the band Fenzig formed after being cleared of the bollocks accusation of raping a child—and after being cleared of the even more outrageous accusation of raping Pete Carson!

“They’re fine musicians and dedicated, but they’re really not into *The Pleasure Rule*, and they never will be. But Denny and Blake are bloody willing to join our group, like straightaway. Tomorrow even.”

Conner Ellerson, formerly of the late 60s group Clarrion—the first openly satanic band in Britain, they even advertised it!—basically wrote the agenda that would flourish among rockers into the 1980s: do what you want and screw the consequences, because there are no consequences! The only rule is there are no rules. This nihilist lifestyle would fit nicely into the roles played by rockers who joined the entertainment world’s most secretive society, called Andelusia, named for a mythical pre-Noah’s-flood world of ‘god-hoods.’ The mythical ‘Atlantis’ had nothing on the even more mythical ‘Andelusia’!

This secret society, Andelusia, was commonly called ‘The Order’ by its adherents. A New Age religious cult would later adopt the name Andelusia in its religious tenets.

Ellerson responded after throwing his empty wine glass against the wall. "So, what if Art and Pete don't sign on? As long as Denny and Blake do. Front men or women must join, period. Otherwise, they can kiss their fame and fortunes good-bye. That's the way we work, right?"

"Right," the rest agreed.

So how and why did Ellerson, dirty-blond, bushy-haired, and of medium height who wore cotton or silk clothing along with the rest of Clarrion, come up with a secret order based on some unknown and unproven 'god-hood' culture thousands of years ago?

Chapter Three

Backstage, the Plasmagick Show Hall, London, Fall, 1969

“Bloody hell, I still can’t believe it!” Clarrion lead singer and front man Shane Longfellow plopped onto a couch outside of the Plasmagick Show Hall dressing room, holding a loaded roach clip. “We’re like the top rock band in the UK and they still won’t lift that ban Stateside! We’re like Britain’s version of—”

“At least!” Guitarist and band leader Conner Ellerson cut him short. “But here’s why, Shane ol’ boy. Too bloody Christian, eh? All those bloody politicians there feel like they have to appease those morality hypocrites who think they can dictate to the youth over there what to listen to. Bloody hell a real right big-time band over there just got nearly banned since its singer nearly exposed himself at a concert. That one in Florida. Some famous lady who heads some Jesus-freak group got those bastards to have us banned because we do on stage whatever the hell we want. Other top bands just play at devil worship. But we really *do* practice devil worship. Or, we will after the show.”

“So, like are we gonna sacrifice a child? Or what?” Shane laughed. Toked.

“Just a bird or something. Lord Chadwick is like head of some group called the Hellyons. It’ll be in some dungeon at Torquay Hall.”

“Now I’d love to buy that place!” Another toke, then handed the roach clip to Conner. “Or the one next door.”

“You mean Morevilla?” Toke. “They say demons live there.” Laugh.

“Bloody cool, eh? Maybe they’ll give us even more huge hits! I mean that’s how some of the world’s top bands make it huge.”

“Wait until *Free Fall* gets released. Those bloody Yanks won’t be able to resist us! Baron Torquay will make sure we make it there.”

Bassist Ron Speare, wearing an upside-down five-pointed star necklace and showing a tattoo of devil horns on his chest, stood over the couch Shane lay on.

“And you know what they say. What Baron Torquay wants, Baron Torquay gets. I actually went to one of those sacrifice rituals when I was eight, with my dad. Dad’s been friends with the baron for years. One of his investment advisers.”

“Did you drink any blood?” Shane asked.

“No. Only Hellyons, the Inner Sanctum, right? Only they get to drink blood. Now my dad did drink some, but not me. He just brought me along so I could see what they did.”

“Was it scary?” Conner asked.

“Hell no. I’d been sacrificing trapped rodents since I was a wee lad.”

Just then their manager entered the lounge. “Bloody hell, get the hell on stage, eh? The audience is about to riot! Get the hell out there!”

After the show, within Lord Chadwick’s limo headed to Torquay Hall

“This is your grand opportunity, lads, to be part of us Hellyons.” Lord Chadwick, who looked like a modern-day version of a previous Prime Minister of great reverence, sat in the midst of the members of Clarrion facing the front of the limo with his son snuggled next to him.

“Can I join too, father?” The son, called Chaddy, asked.

Father looked down smiling at the nine-year-old who had attended a recent Hellyon ritual where an infant had been sacrificed. “In a few years, yes.”

Then, to the band members he chortled, “Now I realized you boys would likely rather witness a child sacrifice to our lord Corion. But we need to make sure you are all truly willing to join us and seal your fate as rock and roll gods. We need to make sure you are worth the elite status we will assure you.”

Shane laughed with a snark. “So, I can buy Morevilla?”

“So, you can buy whatever you want, because we will make sure you can afford anything you desire. Anything!” Loud demonic laugh. Then snickered, “But sorry, Shane, you can’t buy Torquay Hall as much as I’ve heard you want to buy it.”

“That’s okay, Lord Chadwick. Morevilla is supposedly inhabited by demons. The way I want it.”

“And through those demons, young man, you will discover what our lord Corion will have you do. And he will give you songs, songs that will see your group rule rock music for years. The bands that rule rock and roll now will soon break up, and we need a replacement. That is why we chose Clarrion.”

Bassist Speare then blurted, “That’s why we called ourselves Clarrion, since it sounds like Corion.” Giggle.

“Something like that,” Ellerson retorted. “Now I could have stayed a stage actor. But the music scene over the last few years has turned toward the nihilism that I so craved growing up. When you act, you have to follow a script. With music and song writing, you can make up your own script and act on stage the bloody hell way you want. With Corion’s guidance of course.”

The others whooped and clapped hands together.

“Well, this calls for a celebration,” Chadwick called out as he removed a chilled bottle of blood red wine from a side compartment within the limo. Chaddy then took out, one by one, long-stemmed wine glasses from another compartment, handing them to the men.

The older man poured out the wine, and then the men clinked the glasses in cheer.

“To our newest members of our lord’s disciples!”

“Here, here,” the ‘disciples’ shouted.

“To our lord Corion,” Conner spoke up, “and to our god-hood status!”

After the bird sacrifice while still in the dungeon of Torquay Hall

“Now that you have committed yourselves to Corion and us Hellyons,” Lord Chadwick gathered Clarrion around him sitting atop the sacrificial altar, “I have a story and a favor to request of you all on behalf of our lord. Because it is now your sworn duty to carry our mission of nihilism and rebellion to all the youth, and to recruit other nihilist musicians and singers to our cause. Be mentors, so to speak.”

The band members listened intently, in good cheer.

“In the most ancient days of Earth was a society of gods that even pre-dates Atlantis. Even pre-dates Lemuria. The Earth was very young and was inhabited by gods, literally. The society of the gods, the society of unfettered pleasure, where these gods lived by what they called *The Pleasure Rule*.”

“What was this society called?” Shane wanted to know.

“It had several names. But we call it ‘Andelusia.’ It is a New Age name used by New Age gurus in south Asia. I am sure you have met a few.” Snide laugh.

The band members nodded their agreement.

Then Chadwick mentioned other ‘society’ names used elsewhere.

“Now you can use whatever name you choose, for we Hellyon Inner Sanctum leaders are tasking you lads with a mission of recruitment. Choose a name for your

order you will be setting up with the mission to tap into the nihilism of the various musicians and singers you will help us recruit for stardom. And I mean their nihilism. We don't want nice lads here. We want lads and ladies who want fame and fortune more than anything and will do anything to get it and keep it. We want rabid hedonists who will live by *The Pleasure Rule*—sex, drugs, spirits, slaking their desires to the fullest, and the estates, cars, private jets, clothes, jewelry, entourages, you name it."

And on and on, with Conner Ellerson and the others smiling their commitment to debauchery and evil.

Sure enough, *Free Fall* was to become the top selling album of the following year with Clarrion's new record label, Climax. The quartet were also part owners—a reward for joining the Hellyons.

Clarrion had reached their top of the pleasure pile by 1972.

But a year later Shane Longfellow, who did purchase the dark estate, Morevilla, became so demonically possessed he threw himself out of the mansion's fifth-story window having been 'messaged' by a demon that he could fly.

A year later, Ron Speare OD'd on a new designer drug laced with a poisonous plant found in America's southwest, and died, joining the so-called '27 Club.'

Clarrion then broke up, with the drummer joining a new band.

Conner Ellerson began writing the manual for *The Pleasure Rule* as Climax Records was sold to Colin Hedly.

Chapter Four

XanadU, midnight, mid-July, 1986

XanadU night club was more akin to a sex parlor. While bands-on-the-make took center stage at the celebrity hang-out that required a fifty-thousand-pound membership fee per year for all the booze and cocaine-laced drugs one could ever snort, one could engage in any number of sex orgies within any of the forty sex-rooms up a stairway from the dance floor surrounded by four bars and various tables with chairs.

In one of these sex-rooms while lying on plush couches, Dog Fenzig mentored Denny and Blake on *The Pleasure Rule* as the sex kittens left the parlor.

“Conner Ellerson wrote this manual, *The Pleasure Rule*. He’s the rocker who mentored me and the rest of Accolade.”

The band that made Dog Fenzig a star front man in the latter 70s.

“When we signed with Climax which became EpiGram Records after Colin Hedgely bought it, Conner decided he would mentor us. He had just written *The Pleasure Rule* and he wanted to try it out on us.”

“What’s it say?” Denny asked.

“Here it is in a snippet—`do what you want, when you want, how you want, where you want. Become a star, make millions, and spend it however you want on your pleasure. You must assuage your pleasure. Let pleasure, sex, drugs, booze, cars, clothes, fancy estates, and all the beautiful women you could ever want, rule your lives. Rock stardom equals fame and fortune and pleasure.”

Dog sat up for emphasis so that the newly crowned rock stars Denny and Blake, creators of the top-selling album of the summer, now a platinum, would understand its importance in their lives.

“And *The Pleasure Rule* requires this fame and especially fortune. You can’t fulfill your desires if you’re not raking in the loot, now can you? And once you achieve this fame and fortune you want more of it. You’ll want to remain at the top. But that requires you use your fame to get attention for yourselves. And to get attention, you need to be seen. In fancy cars. With gorgeous women. At luscious

events and parties in expensive designer clothing, and maybe your own clothing line. Or jewelry line.”

“Like Roxxy?”

Roxxy, *the* celebrity clothing designer, who was also bisexual, insisted that the celebrity with his clothing or jewelry brand have his way with him, sexually. Roxxy probably made more rock stars bisexual than any handler or producer could ever hope to!

“Like Roxxy, for sure. And you both *do* want a clothing or jewelry line under his label. Or both. When I made it big in the late 70s was when Roxxy was just getting started. He is now the definition of star-maker and seeker of *The Pleasure Rule*.”

Blake sat up and interrupted. “I heard he has parlors back behind his clothing store. Like a rocker gets fitted for some jacket or trousers, and then they have at each other.”

“Definitely. And I was part of that when Pete and Art were with me with Wolf’s Bane. That band was my final cut before I left the business to become a mentor and show hall owner.”

“Right,” Denny laughed. “And that’s where the name ‘Wolfin’ comes from—Wolf’s Bane. And then we got Art and Pete. Thanks, Dog!”

“And Wolf’s Bane is where I got the name for my south London show hall, *Dog’s Wolf Den*.”

Then Dog got his drug-snorting tray and his nose spoon, cut three lines of the latest designer drug, skuz—a cocaine-opium derivative—and then passed the tray around. Both Denny and Blake took their hits. Instant high and ecstasy.

Then Dog took his snort.

“So, are you two on board with *The Pleasure Rule*? The pleasure lifestyle? And will you and the rest of Wolfin do whatever it takes to achieve the fame and fortune necessary to live the pleasure rule?”

“Bloody hell, yes!” Denny shouted, fist raised.

“Totally!” Blake yelled with a cuss thrown in.

Dog then handed both of them *The Pleasure Rule* manuals. No signature oath was necessary, just a word-bond.

“Now bear in mind, both of you, that this book doesn’t say you have to be bad boys or devil worshipers or drug addicts or sex fiends. What it says is to do what you want, when and where and how you want. Conner says in the manual explicitly that if you want to be good boys or do good or give to charity or help some former gang members or set up a trust fund or pay your parents’ debts, then

do so. Be good lads if you want to. Still, seek your desires and play them out, making sure you keep on raking in the loot to support your habits and causes.”

Denny then came up with this thought. “So, we can even believe in Jesus?”
Loud laugh.

“Hmmm.” Dog cocked his head in thought. *Where did he come up with that one?* “Well, I don’t know any Jesus-freaks that have read the manual. In fact, most of Clarrion, Conner’s band, thought Christ was nonsense. Still, there’s nothing in the manual saying you can’t believe in Jesus. It’s just that I don’t know anyone in The Order that does. But,” cussed, “Jesus did do some cool things, like screw the banksters and Pharisee hypocrites. Stuff like that.”

Two months earlier at XanadU

Wolfin’s first album called *Grind* with their signature song, soon to be a megahit, ‘Bump and Grind,’ was quickly climbing the hit charts in Britain, Europe, and North America.

Dog Fenzig was on the *XanadU* office phone with his own handler, Chaddy.

Meanwhile, Denny and Blake were having their ways with two Fun Girls groupie club members, Cherilee and Magda Blue, both 16, both occultists and Wiccans. Both couples were in the midst of licentious naked sex on plush couches modeled after those of ancient Rome.

Chaddy, himself taking a break from sodomizing three future rock stars within his ten-thousand-square-foot bedroom triple-king-sized bed laced with silk pillows and diamonds about the bed’s satin curtain, asked Dog over the phone, slyly, “So Denny and Blake have been peckered?”

That is, sodomized.

“I did both last night at my townhouse. Then they did each other.” Standard operating procedure for Pleasure Rule initiates. “They had been a bit resistant, but really, Chaddy ol’ man, those two will do anything, anything man, to make it huge and be superstars. Denny actually told me he couldn’t live without it!”

“Good ol’ Denny, eh? He does indeed love attention. And keep on giving him your attention, Dog!”

“Are these the ones, Chad?”

Chadwick then slurped on one of his ‘boys.’ “With the outrage they cause, the rave-ups, I’d say so. Shak definitely says so!” Laugh. “If it wasn’t you or me in

charge, it would have to be Shak. Why do you think Shak chose them? It wasn't Pete or Art for sure. Plus, he just loves Denny's white hair."

"So, Denny is part-Albino? Like Shak's ol' lady?"

Snort. "You do know that bitch OD'd on coke back in 1975, right?"

Dog laughed. "Yes, she was a bit of a cunt. But she was totally hot."

"Yes, I had her a few times." Giggle.

"And I wanted her, eh? But Shakky put a stop to that one!"

"Too bad ol' man." Another snack on another of his 'boys.'

"But it's not just the hair," Chaddy continued. "Mostly it's Denny's and Blake's antics. Now I suspect as time moves forward the antics will get, shall we say, depraved to the point of some twit in the Ministry of Culture wanting to ban either Wolfin or whoever succeeds them."

"Which, of course, one of us Hellyons will decide. To make Wolfin or whoever even more popular."

"But of course," Chaddy slurred as one of his 'boys' slithered on top of him.

"That's the way we work, right?"

"But would it be you, or one of Torquay's people?"

"Well, Torquay has more leverage than I do for sure. And one of these days, Torquay or Marty Effingchester or X or Y will have to get with Wolfin if you know what I mean."

"That will seal the deal for sure."

A short time later—

Dog, upon returning to the sex parlor inhabited by Denny, Blake, Magda and Cherilee, brought with him four more under aged girls who were willing participants in the orgies and Wiccan rituals Fenzig had planned as well as skuz trays and nose spoons.

Denny and Blake had this conversation while Blake was driving them back to their west London flat that they shared.

"You know Den ol' boy I feel like that Magda witch put a spell on me. As we had each other, she kept on mouthing the same words over and over, like an incantation or spell. I had no idea what she said but after the sex I felt light-headed as if in a trance. Like when I woke up, I knew I had to be a part of this Order society."

"Pleasure Rule, yeah, man," Denny blurted as he lit a cigarette. "Whatever they call this club. And spell or not, I'm in it, Blake ol' man. The money, man! Shak

told us if we joined, we'd be filthy rich and mega-stars. That is all I ever wanted. Conner and Clarrion is the act that got me into this gig, right? And his *Pleasure Rule*? That is *my* rule!"

"Yeah, man, but I just hope this isn't all deception. Like, we'll be superstars and bloody rich and all, but then something happens and we get thrown overboard."

Denny puffed his cigarette. "True ol' man, but right now I really don't give a bloody hell what happens as long as we have our time at the top. Because when you at the top, no one is gonna bring you down." Laugh.

"Unless we let them." Blake then pondered that notion as Denny stared ahead, smiling.

Beginning in late July, 1986, Wolfin headlined the Outlaws movement and rock in the UK for several years, into 1991, as a reward for their service to *The Pleasure Rule* and the secret society, The Order, which lived by this Rule.

Chapter Five

Wistview Estate, Late 1990

I, Lloyd Denholm, did get a look-see inside *The Pleasure Rule* manual while at Denny's fancy thirty-room Wistview estate. Denny had to take a piss, so I got to sneak into what was in the book. And here is what I found before I heard Denny return to the snooker parlor we sat in:

While conventional religion is not condoned by those of us seeking pleasure, various spirit guides and healers and gurus or even occultist priests have been known to promote the healthy spirit-happiness-pleasures that are also essential along with the need to bask in one's desires. While Christianity is frowned upon by us pleasure seekers, keep in mind that few people on this Earth have had a more profound happiness effect on humanity than the so-called Nazarene that religion derives from. If goodness is your pleasure and desire, then Jesus is your spirit guide. Too bad other pleasure-seekers, the Romans, crucified Him.

And the Roman aristocracy did know how to live by The Pleasure Rule!

And, I might add, it is the Roman-style of pleasure that really is the most desirable for us pleasure seekers. More fun that way!

“So,” I asked Denny as he sat back down with a whiskey shot glass in one hand and a bottle of whiskey in the other, “you told me a few years ago Dog Fenzig recruited you and Blake into some rock-star secret society or something.”

“We just call it ‘The Order,’ eh? It’s got a name, but supposedly the Church of the Circle of Unity cult has already copyrighted that name.” Snort.

“Copyrighted?”

“Not really. Just a joke. It’s called Andelusia, but Swami’s church—”

“Swami Negran?”

“Yeah. Swami said Andelusia was some secret ancient society of gods or something.”

“Isn’t Andalusia in Spain?”

“It’s spelled differently. Take the ‘a’ out and put an ‘e’ in. Sounds the same but it’s A-n-d-e-l-u-s-i-a. Who knows? Maybe this society *was* in Spain!”

“Maybe it later became Atlantis. Which as far as I know was not in Spain.”

And on and on.

After Denny handed me a shot glass of bourbon, I asked him, “So it’s a club, regardless of the name of it. Why a club?”

“That way, we can mentor our fellow rockers. To *The Pleasure Rule*. That’s one of my jobs now. And what’s really bloody cool is that I’ll get a small cut of whatever that rocker earns. My ‘fee’ so to speak. I’m already part owner of all of Shak’s and Chaddy’s and Dog’s show halls.”

Sip. “Then you must be filthy rich by now. Your album *Serious Confusion* just might break every album sales record ever!”

Slug of whiskey. “Exactly! Ol’ Colin wouldn’t release the album, so we quit EpiGram and signed with Atlantix.”

“Right. Because of the ‘Lucifer’ themes I take it.”

“Yeah.” Laugh. “But we did what we had to do. Shak and Dog and Rodney Davis and Mike D’Arcy and everyone involved with us encouraged us to use devil themes. Big sellers these days.”

Rodney Davis was the new CEO of Atlantix Records, a subsidiary of XMedia, the third largest media conglomerate on the planet, behind Baron Torquay’s MediaCom and Duke Marty Effingchester’s EuroMedia. XMedia was owned by a billionaire named Paul Xavier, aka ‘Mr. X.’ As for ‘Lucifer’ themes:

*Oh, my lord (Lucifer, Lucifer—whispered)
Impart to me (Lucifer, Lucifer—whispered)
Your wisdom and knowing
Your crystal sight glowing
Burning strong delusion,
Serious confusion.*

“Speaking of devil themes, I heard you mentored Adam Raite, Blood Beast singer.”

“Yeah, in 1989. Me and others.”

Others indeed, such as Sound Unltd’s guitarist-producer, Mick Pordengreau, who would later develop a partner relationship with Raite, soon to be a superstar renamed Adam Bloodlove, Britain’s most satanic front man.

“And I take it Adam Raite completely fell in love with *The Pleasure Rule*.”

Lit a cigarette. “Adam was like the easiest to convince. He’s like Roxxy, man. He couldn’t wait for me to fuck my pecker into his ass. Like he just bent over at that chair over there.”

Pointed to a cushioned Queen Anne mahogany chair near a corner of his 2,000 square-foot snooker parlor.

“Now I’m not bisexual, eh? But giving my pecker a snit of a good time is part of my job. All of us, eh? Anyone mentoring a club initiate is required to fuck ‘im. And her, too, if that’s the case.”

Finished the whiskey. “Could that be why neither Art nor Pete have joined the club as you call it?”

“Likely. But while they aren’t official members, they pretty much go along with *The Pleasure Rule* as long as it doesn’t interfere with their work. Both are recording studio hounds.” Laugh and long drag. “Me? I’m a sex hound.”

Just then, his main squeeze sex kitten, super model-turned-movie star Suzy Pynkerton, slinked into the parlor and, totally disregarding my presence, plopped herself on top of Denny’s manly fruit and gorged on his neck.

“Excuse us, eh?”

As they exited the parlor for their bedroom upstairs, Spradlin turned his head around to face me. “I’ll be back in about an hour.” He grabbed her bum, slapped it, and then slapped it again out the door.

More like two hours. But that’s okay, since I got to read more of Denny’s *Pleasure Rule* book.

For the most part, I skimmed through the thirty-page piece until the final page where I found this final instruction:

As with any secret society, when one joins it, one is committed to it for life. As with a college club, one is a member for life whether or not one continues to be part of club gatherings. This Pleasure Rule club of pleasure-seekers does not ‘meet’ as would college clubs, yet one is still a committed member, and cannot leave the club until the day of one’s death.

Chapter Six

Early June, 1991, at Dubrea House, near a fancy London park

“Thank you, my Swami, for making me your chief adept, and for putting me in charge of our off-shoot cult membership.”

Actor Kumara, from Calcutta, grew up knowing Swami Negran, leader of the Church of the Circle of Unity new age cult. He bowed and kissed Negran’s blood red crystal through which the cult leader could control his minions to the specifications of his dark lord Corion, the arch-deceiver.

Negrana then removed Kumara’s own red crystal amulet and placed it over the horns of an alabaster goat head statue of the Andelusian god Majarah that was sculpted by avant-garde artist-of-outrage Makko, himself a Circle of Unity member as well as Hellyon. Negran, who looked like a well-known 1960s New Age maharajah guru, wore his usual dragon-covered silk robe and sandals.

“You must keep it here, Kumara, for its power to radiate even into the park. Even into the entire city. To aid in our cause for the Lord of light born in darkness.”

Laugh. “You mean the god of darkness born in light!”

“The god of our pleasure rule!”

The two slammed their right hands together in delight.

Kumara, considered by his entertainment fellows a ‘sex god’ for he was tall, dark and handsome with a smile that could entice even the gods to have his way with them, began to have a hard-on at the thought of having enormous power over some of the wealthiest rockers and rappers in the music business. And their handlers as well. And speaking of handlers—

“So, my Swami, are you putting me in charge of the Super Six?”

Snort. “No, Kumara. I am in charge of Sound Unltd. Soon, they will all wear my crystals. But you are in charge of everyone else. Adam Bloodlove. Wolfin—”

“Wolfin?” Kumara stood back in wonder. “Denny and Blake are huge! And they are touring the States in a couple of weeks! Do you want me to accompany them?

You know, Swami, Denny invited me to tour with them. I told him maybe, because I wasn't sure about your plan for me."

"Yes, Kumara. You are to tour with them. Not every day, but much of the time, as I have other tasks for you. But do not wear your crystal. Wolfin has not earned the right to its power and influence."

"But the Super Six—?"

"Our Lord Corion has tasked me with ensuring Sound Unltd wins many souls for our cause by wearing my amulets while performing their raunchy stage antics, so they are the ones chosen to rule rock music in much of the 90s. But Wolfin is too important to just step aside from. Denny and Blake mentored our six and are still aiding their cause, and benefitting from the largesse they earn by having mentored them. And both are touring as guests with them on their Stateside tour in 1993. So that, while I am in charge of the Super Six, you are in charge of Wolfin and many other big time rockers and rappers as well."

Just then, Kumara's red crystal amulet glowed blood red.

Time for Kumara and Swami to have their ways with each other.

Three hours later, Kumara had a 'tour-warming' party for Wolfin at his fancy Dubrea Townhouse down the road from one of the fanciest parks in the west end of London, attended by the foursome, Adam Bloodlove, and some of the biggest stars in the business.

Dubrea House was the location of Kumara's Circle of Unity off-shoot called the Majarah cult, which worshiped the goat-head Corionic god Majarah, considered by some Hindu denominations as a student of either Shiva or Kali, both Hindu gods of death and rebirth. Kali, the goddess of destruction, was notorious in the 1800s in British colonial India as the goddess of the infamous Thugee cult, a cult of thieves and murderers supposedly wiped out in the late 1800s but is said by many to still exist. Several movies were made about this cult. I'd say those who believed Majarah was allied with Kali were likely more correct. Majarah's role was likely the enticing of those with means into nihilist lifestyles which would then empty their lives and souls into debauched meaninglessness. Ripe for Corion's plucking.

But Kumara was not about to inform his followers of that truth!

Denny, Blake, Bloodlove—whom had just had his way with his lover, Mick Pordengreau—as well as Kumara stood together inches from that Majarah statue,

the crystal glowing warm red. They were discussing why crystal amulets were given to certain rockers and others.

Denny thought. *If Sound Unltd will soon be given crystals, why not Wolfin? We mentored them, right?*

Kumara read Denny's thought, and responded. "Only Swami can decide who can wear the crystal amulet. And those who wear it must be in his Church of the Circle of Unity. The six will all join the Circle of Unity when they realize they must in order to accomplish their goals."

"So, since Art and Pete are not in the cult and only me and Blake are, we cannot get those crystals?"

"Possibly. You would have to ask Swami that question."

Kumara smiled at Denny, then patted his shoulder. "Denny, you don't even need those crystals. Your band is already huge! Your album *Serious Confusion* has already sold close to twenty million units! Your new album *Serious Lust* has already sold five million and you just released it three months ago for your upcoming tour. All of your concerts have already sold out. I do not know what you are so concerned about! And you are in my Majarah Society, and you are in 'The Order' as you call it, and are among the club's most prominent members. You most certainly will earn—both of you—eight figures this year and for years to come."

"Yeah, the money's super, but what I want is the pleasure."

"Me, too." Blake broke in.

Just then Adam left the group as his 'lover' approached, signaling him.

And then Keelana—a sex kitten extraordinaire dressed in nothing but gold mesh teddy and six-inch-spiked pumps and swerving her hips to make a man drool—approached as the crystal glowed hot red. Then she slapped Denny's rear.

He glared at his new sex goddess and his manhood throbbed.

"I heard you want pleasure, Denny ol' man." Erotic and enticing was her honey-sweet voice.

Already living with star TV actress Suzy Pynkerton while being top tabloid items, Spradlin smoothly engulfed her mouth with his lips. "I heard you were a witch, babe."

"You heard very correctly, my man for the evening." Succulent kiss.

"Well, then," he took her arm, "bewitch me in one of the guest rooms, eh?"

As they left, he called back, "Excuse me, Kumara. I have business to attend to."

He and Blake smiled and nodded.

She was also the daughter of a billionaire arms dealer who got into that business because he craved death and destruction, drank blood at every meal to honor his god Corion, and was a member of the Novordo Club, the Hellyon's Inner Sanctum, and an advisor to several foreign governments. In wars and conflicts, he armed both sides.

The following afternoon, Denny and Blake walked out the door of Dubrea House headed toward Denny's car up the street.

"So, Den, did you really think Swami would give us those crystals? He didn't even give one to Bloodlove, who's also a Hellyon. Why would he give them to us? And you know neither Art nor Pete would accept them."

"Because I had to know." Spradlin stopped him short. "I had to know where Swami had us placed on his priorities list. We are not his priority. Sound Unltd is, and fine with me. I've said it before—"

"They're the best of the Outlaws, right?"

"Exactly. And they always will be."

Then Denny lit a cigarette. They continued to walk to the car.

"But my priority, Blake, is hauling in the loot to spend on my pleasure. *The Pleasure Rule*, eh?" Puffed on the cigarette. "And I'm buying Dillingworth Castle in Shropshire. My new party palace."

Blake then stopped him short.

"Isn't that the place where that Satanist, Riggle Wallsh, that founder of the Slake of Satan, had his magic and sacrificial rituals?"

"Yeah. So what?" Puff.

"So, like isn't that place possessed by demons then?"

"Right. The same demons that gave me *Serious Confusion* and *Serious Lust*—you know, our two megahits? Our biggest sellers ever? That made us filthy rich? Like," he cussed, "I mean, Corion or whatever made us and will continue to make us one of the biggest bands of the 90s. I figure I owe it to the bloke!" Laugh.

Blake stepped backward, startled. *He told me he made those songs up! Now he's saying demons gave him the songs?*

"So, you didn't just make up those songs! You're saying some new age god Corion simply put those songs in your head and then you automatically wrote the songs? Where have I heard that before?"

Supposedly many rock super hits were 'dictated' to various rock artists by demons or other supernatural entities, according to the artists themselves.

“Well, Blake ol’ man, I was writing a song and then it just came into my head, so I wrote it down. And Swami told me a few months ago he thought that Corion’s demons must have done it. And guess what, Blake? When he said that, his crystal glowed hot red. So that’s why I think demons or something gave *Serious Confusion* to me to have our biggest hit ever. And then I prayed, kind of, for another hit and then I got *Serious Lust*. And,” puff, “I do crave to satisfy my lusts, eh?” Laugh, then threw the cigarette onto the walkway toward the car.

“So, like, from now on, Den, you’re just gonna pray to Corion for hit songs!” Lit his own cigarette. “Now I totally fancy that!” Slapped Den on his leather-clad backside.

“So, like, you agree we should live it up in the Majarah cult and be one with Corion? Because that is exactly what we should do! Just as long as I can buy whatever the hell I want, and snort as much skuz as I want.”

“Sounds boffo, ol’ man!” Blake then raised his right fist, gang-style. “Yeah!”

Aboard Wolfin’s tour jet heading toward Richmont, California, 1991

“Swami!” Denny hugged Negran as he exited his bedroom-suite heading toward the seating cabin. “Kumara said you would be coming!”

The two then bowed, with crossed arms, toward each other Circle of Unity cult style.

“I wouldn’t miss the opportunity to party with you at Hellside Horror House with Andre` and Cheetah, and all of your guests. *The Stateside tour of the year.*”

Denny slapped Negran’s shoulder. “And I wouldn’t miss an opportunity to praise you for aiding our Wolfin cause—rock super stardom, millions in loot, and non-stop adulation and pleasure. Especially the pleasure.”

Then he whispered a connivance into Negran’s left ear. “Let’s have our way with each other, shall we? My bed suite is right here to the left.”

So, they did. When it came to sex, Spradlin could barely control himself. And Negran insisted on having his way with all of his most important followers. Every top rocker and rapper knew that Negran’s support was vital to maintain their fame and fortunes necessary to live out their nihilist pleasures.

An hour later, at the cabin whiskey bar—

“Again, you have proven, Denny my son, that you are worthy of my attention and of your superstar status.” Gay laughter. “I don’t know any in our little society that would not want to, shall we say, spend time with you.” Broad smile.

“Well, we’ll have to resume this lovely relationship another time. Tomorrow night maybe?” Sipped his whiskey, then plunked the glass on the bar.

“Maybe you and Blake both.” Kissed Denny’s forehead. “With Kumara and I. We have some very pleasurable things to tell you both.”

Denny grew excited, throwing out his arms. “Are we getting those crystals?”

“Yes. Smaller ones. But you must agree to wear them at your navels to expose them.”

That night on the jet before it landed in the Bay Area city of Richmont, Swami and Kumara stood over two tiny red crystals that glowed as the two prayed to Corion to activate the crystals.

“God of darkness born in light, our master, what would you have us do with these blessings from you? And what would you have Denny and Blake do wearing these?”

A deep dark voice emanated out of Negran’s mouth. “You are to place the crystals within the navels of my two servants Denny and Blake. When they perform wearing the crystals they will capture souls for my cause. Your cause, my sons. I will consume those souls of Wolfin’s fan base as the radiant aura surrounding their followers engulfs them. These souls will belong to me. And Wolfin will belong to me. See that Denny and Blake live according to their Pleasure Rule as I waste their debauched souls away into nothingness while their fortunes grow.” Loud haughty laugh. “These two puny beings won’t even know what to do with their vast fortunes! They will kill themselves trying!”

“And we will make sure your will is done, our Lord.” Kumara sneered in delight.

“When they have outlived their usefulness.” Swami snorted a laugh. “Which, with their drug habits, shouldn’t take too long.”

The two tiny crystals glowed blood red.

July 12, 1991, in the basement of Hellside Horror House

Both Denny and Blake lay on separate stone altars as one of Swami's adepts, a man known to pierce ears, breast nipples and belly buttons with the tiny crystals set inside gold gemstone holders, awarded the two rockers with what they craved—their assurance they would continue to be huge as their bank accounts bulged.

Both high on skuz, the two felt little pain at the jabbing. Once the crystals-set-in-gold were inserted into both navels, Denny and Blake bounded off the altars to marvel at themselves wearing beautiful red crystals above their below-the-waist leather trousers.

Blake was the first to appreciate his new prowess. "Thank you so much, Swami, for believing we can influence our fans to don our pleasure rule!" He then hugged the Indian mystic.

Denny then followed, and also hugged Kumara.

"Both of you must wear these crystals while performing. The crystals will cause you to perform longer and better, and will cause your fans to worship you. When they're not beating each other up trying to climb the stage, that is!" Laugh.

Kumara then added, "You can take them off while sleeping or whatever, as long as you perform with them, including in your recording studios and while composing songs. But, if you take your crystal off, remember where you put it and do not lose it."

"Exactly," Swami concluded. "If you lose the crystals, Corion will not approve of it. And your god will punish you if you do lose them."

The following night at the Richmont Arena, those tiny crystals loomed large over an audience of forty thousand as beefy roadies had all they could handle preventing some fans from climbing the stage or grabbing Denny, who was so high on his debauched antics with the mic stand that his leather trousers nearly slid down exposing his fruit. Blake stood in front of him, which allowed Denny to bring the trousers back to where they had been so that his manhood would not get exposed. There was already enough mayhem on stage and in the mosh pit.

Trousers back up, Denny squatted his crotch onto the outstretched mic stand as his crystal, and then Blake's, blasted a hot red aura assimilating thousands of souls who appeared to either scream until voiceless or chanted worship screeds at their lords of lust and serious confusion.

For the remainder of that summer, a newly-formed Wolfin fan cult proceeded to engage in murders of pet animals and even children within the confines of Richmont. Children went missing by the hundreds into the following year.

Not that Wolfin cared, for Kumara made sure none of the quartet ever heard anything about it. Nor did they care that these belly-button-crystal-inspired events happened at twelve other cities they performed in that year.

It wasn't until 1993 when the 'Super Six' were blamed for causing riots after their gigs that authorities and religious preachers began to try to do anything about these evil events. Caused by these crystals; not by Wolfin or Sound Unltd. Or anyone else but Swami and Kumara.

Chapter Seven

June 30, 1994, at Denny's Dillingworth Castle, Shropshire, UK

Denny woke up from sleep shortly before the evening bash would begin. He had been up all night, having sex with both Keelana, now a movie star, and his main squeeze Suzy Pynkerton in a ten-foot-by-ten-foot super-king-sized bed surrounded by diamond studded curtains that cost him three million pounds.

Why not? He was a king, right?

When he awakened, neither Suzy nor Keelana were anywhere to be found.

And the crystal he removed when he decided he needed sleep after sex-exhaustion and had placed on a lamp table beside his bed was missing.

“Bloody shit!” he shouted, noticing the crystal was not where he had put it several hours ago, around dawn.

“Suzy! Keelana!” he shouted as he scurried around looking for the crystal on the floor near the table and on the bed as well, or accidentally stuck on the curtain.

No response from the women. More looking around into his bathroom and dressing room-closet space. Nothing.

Then he excitedly rang up his personal assistant, a middle-aged man of Sikh faith who wore a turban, Kempullah, from Sri Lanka.

Kempullah arrived at Denny's room in a flash.

Denny spoke frantically. “Have you seen my crystal amulet? I had it right on my lamp table! Now it's gone!” Throwing his arms about.

The personal assistant froze. *I knew this would happen! I know that red crystal is cursed! But I cannot tell him what I know about that crystal. If I told him what I know I would be cursed myself!*

Kempullah composed himself. “I have not seen it. I have been getting everything ready for the party. Sorry, Den.”

Spradlin dropped his arms in dismay. “That's okay, Kemmy ol' man.” Looked at the man. “Just go back to doing what you were doing. I'll be okay.”

Kempullah then left.

Right! Denny thought. If Swami finds out I can't find the crystal—He did say never to lose it, right? I just hope he doesn't notice I'm not wearing it.

At the same time, Blake had awoken from his rest within one of Denny's guest rooms. He'd had sex with one of his groupies several hours before but was alone as he woke up.

"Time for a nip," the guitarist said as he sat up, naked, reaching for a glass of water. Sip.

Then off to the shower within the adjoining bathroom.

Then, drying himself off, Blake looked down at his waist and saw the gold red crystal holder at his belly button. Without the red crystal inside it.

"Oh, bloody hell. Where'd that bloody thing get off to? Not down the shower drain I hope!"

He lurched back, dropped his shoulders and rolled his eyes. "Bloody hell! But I can't worry about that now." He said to himself. "Likely that bitch o' mine stole it so she could blackmail me later!" Then a snort of a laugh. "Bloody ain't gonna work, bitch!"

He finished drying himself.

Like I know Swami said never lose the crystal. But I really can't worry about that now. Swami's not coming to the party, right?

Yet Kumara was already at the party, and would notice that both Denny and Blake weren't wearing the crystals.

A couple of hours later

Kumara comforted Denny about not having the crystal at his navel. "No big deal, Den! Don't get all into a snit over it!"

Not quite appeased, Denny still sighed relief. "Kummy, Swami told me and Blake we could never lose the crystals! Or else—"

"Yes, yes, I know what Swami said about Corion punishing you if you lose your crystal. And I also know Blake lost his, right?" Laugh. "I would not worry about Corion punishing you. But," he smiled, "the only problem is you two are not likely to get new ones."

Denny threw his head back in frustration. "Yeah, yeah, I thought so. Now I am pissed, since wearing the crystal has done so much for my career, and Blake as

well. Like, we're still a top band though we haven't produced tracks since 1991. Will not having the crystal up-end our elite status?"

Kumara assured the singer as he lit a joint. "As long as Wolfin continues to get the rave up, as you say, I would not worry one bit about your fame and fortunes. As long as you continue to apply *The Pleasure Rule*, your continued success is assured."

As Denny toked, Kumara thought. *Keep living your debaucheries, Denny ol' man. Keep partying while you produce no albums and have no tours. Keep wasting your lives as Swami's crystal consumes your useless souls for Corion's pleasure. Because you are not getting your crystal back, infidel, and neither is Blake. Swami told you the consequences of not doing Corion's will, and Corion's will be that you win souls for his cause. You can't win souls if you are not producing, eh?*

While Denny and Kumara conversed, DrakkULuh, the latest English 'gangsta rap' superstar who had just created his own Drakk-O-Sphere record label distributed by the XMedia conglomerate and was the latest filthy rich idol of that genre, pranced over to meet with them. Wearing his own belly button red crystal golden amulet.

"Well then let's give this a go, eh?" shouted the rapper clad in nothing but his hot red leather trousers from his Drakk-O-Sphere clothing line, courtesy of Roxxy. He then pulled out his manhood and pretended to climax as his crystal glowed red.

Slapped Denny on his right shoulder. "You know, mate, we need to get together one 'o these days, eh? I got some serious hard and heavy pecks we need to do!" Loud laugh, as Denny turned away and smirked.

"Whatever you say, ol' man." *Bloody show off! I'm not into that anymore. Maybe you and Kumara should go about your business!*

"You got a toke I can have, Denny ol' mate? Or can I roll my own? And where is that skuz tray?" He mock-looked around.

"And why, Den, have you stopped producing tracks? Because that's what I heard."

"Right."

"Like, you got sacked from your label deal or what? Because I'd love to sign you blokes."

"No, man, we're just taking a break. We'll be back soon enough."

Slapped Denny's shoulder again. "I do hope so." Toke. "And I was gonna sign with Foray after they lost Adam Bloodlove."

Foray was the top-notch indy label owned by the Super Six.

“Now that was a tragedy,” Kumara cut in. “Bloodlove was huge in our society and with *The Pleasure Rule*. And the Church of the Circle of Unity.”

“I’d love to know exactly how he died,” Denny blurted. “Did he really kill himself in some sewer near an Underground station? I do find that hard to believe.”

“I’d say he OD’d,” Kumara answered, “then wandered off into the station and then the sewer nearby. You know how Adam always skuzzed his brains out.”

“And speaking of skuz, where the hell is that skuz tray, Den?”

On cue, Denny motioned to Kempullah to bring over the tray.

Lines were cut with Denny’s razor-blade earring, then the three snorted the opioid-laced powder using Denny’s crystal nose spoon.

A short while later, Drakk nudged Denny. “You coming with Kummy and me to the basement mock-sacrifice, ol’ mate?”

“Mock sacrifice, eh? A bird or what?” Denny snorted sarcastically.

“Something like that,” Kumara replied.

“Sorry, mates, don’t do mock sacrifices these days.”

“Too bad, ol’ man,” Kumara laughed, then took Drakk’s arm and headed toward the basement.

To do an actual ritual sacrifice sealing DrakkULuh’s admission into the Slake of Satan cult of the Hellyons. But not on a bird. On a tiny child, at a flat rock altar on which former Dillingworth Castle owner, the Satanist Riggley Wallsh, began his Slake of Satan cult.

The Slake of Satan cult usually performed their sacrifices on birds; sacrificing children was the hallmark of the highest level of the Hellyons, the Inner Sanctum. But DrakkULuh, who was being initiated, requested a child for sacrifice instead. He had every intention of joining the Inner Sanctum to be with his rap mentor, Fozz, the rap megastar in the UK who had his finger in every pie of every English rapper and owned FozzWorld Records, the rap indy label also distributed by XMedia.

When DrakkULuh and Kumara walked into the dungeon room where Riggley Wallsh had once begun his dark occultist rituals that climaxed with members drinking warm, fresh, young blood believing they’d live forever by doing so, Fozz, as well as tech mogul Mark Besst and several other participants eagerly cheered and then began their ritual satanic chant in an ancient language. They all wore black hooded robes and red crystal amulets that glowed a beacon of fiery red.

“Lord Corion, accept our loyalty and sacrifice for your cause to own the souls of the world for your pleasure. And our own pleasure and fortunes. Corion, Corion, Novordopax, Tricameron.”

Repeated several times as the new initiate Drakk lined up with the others around that flat rock altar. When everyone was at their spots, Kumara with his sword nudged the child dosed with a sleep potion to awaken the tiny boy tied to the altar.

Who then screamed as loud as he could when the sword touched him.

Then Kumara impaled the boy.

Since all at the sacrifice preferred young blood that became charged with the child's terror to make the blood even more enticing and beneficial, the blood would only be consumed if the child screamed in terror as the sword pierced his heart.

After Kumara caught the dripping blood into a golden chalice, he passed it around for consumption. Drinking the last of it, DrakkULuh whooped and then threw the chalice against the rock wall.

Out of his hooded robe and again in his designer clothing, Fozz, wearing a 24-carot gold upside down cross and two million pounds worth of leather trousers glistened with diamonds and red silk dragon-adorned robe along with his crystal amulet, walked along a dungeon hallway with his left arm around the neck of Drakk, who wore hot red leather trousers and twelve gold chains one of which had a similar upside down cross—part of his Roxxy jewelry line.

“Well now that you’re one of us, Drakk, I’m gonna make you an offer you ain’t gonna bloody refuse, man. Come in with me on my FozzWorld label. We’ll, like, merge it with Drakk-O-Sphere. Like, both of us will own half of it, and let me say this, brother, you think you rich now? You ain’t seen nothing yet.”

“And man, that blood was bloody good, eh? Like, can we do this sacrifice shit like tomorrow night again?” Drakk took his right arm and slapped Fozz’s rump. “Because like I am totally bloody high on that shit! I cannot believe being Slake o’ Satan would give me so much of a high, man. Only I want the next child to be a girl, eh?”

“You gonna rape her, man?” Laugh.

“Yeah, man, and then gorge on her baby blood.” Another whoop.

“You know you need to eat at my new restaurant, Savage Underworld, which is right below—would you believe this?—a church!”

“Church o’ Satan?”

“No, man, a real Catholic church about ten miles outta London. It’s abandoned, so I bought it and have a restaurant under it where we eat aborted fetuses. I do a lot o’ rituals there, man, among my FozzCult followers. Fan club, but I lead it like a Corion cult. Plus, they all members of Swami’s church and lower-level Hellyons. I mean, man, you gotta join us sometime! You think you have sex at *XanadU*? You ain’t seen nothing yet!”

As they were climbing the steep steps out of the dungeon, DrakkULuh then expressed frustration.

“Would you believe Denny didn’t even want to join us? I thought he was a Hellyon, eh? That’s what a couple o’ rockers told me last year.”

Fozz cussed, then added, “They bloody lying, man. Denny ain’t one of us and he never will be. Same with Blake.”

“Yeah, and both lost their red crystal navel pieces! And like they didn’t even give a shit!” Threw his arms out as they reached the oak-paneled door to the first floor. “Like, Fozz brother, are they backing off their deal? Leaving The Order? Leaving Swami’s church?”

“I reckon so, brother Drakk.” Lit a cigarette. “Our mentors—well, two of them—are betraying our cause for Corion. When they got those crystals they were both supposed to use them to serve our Lord Corion. So, like what do they do? No albums, no tours, no recruiting for our cause, no joining the Hellyons like we have, no commitment. Which was why before I had my way with Keelana and Suzy, I took away Denny’s red crystal.”

Shock on Drakk’s face. “You just do that on your own?”

“Kumara told me to. They’re in Swami’s hands now.”

Out the door.

“And another thing, Drakk.” Fozz puffed on the cigarette. “We gonna take those crystals and make copies, eh? Create our own jewelry line, call it DrOzzY, and sell those crystals as either amulets or bracelets or nose-rings. And pray over those crystals for Corion to win souls to our cause.”

“Count me in, man! Count me in!”

“Yeah, man, we’ll be billionaires before this decade is out!”

“Eh, brother, we’ll show those Super Six how to make billions, eh?”

Laughs and cheers.

Before they split for their pleasures, Fozz whispered to DrakkULuh in his left ear, “And we also gonna take care o’ that traitor Denny. Then Blake. Then they’ll know Corion means business!”

“Yeah, when?”

“When Corion gives the word.”

Chapter Eight

At Denny's Birthday Party at Wistview, November 24, 1995

After Denny, Blake, and several other rockers and their women debated about the MusicCom video deals that Wolfin had no part in while in Denny's study, Denny and Blake left the study and met in a small food storage room near the kitchen.

"I don't think it's just that we've been lazy about making more tracks and performing and studio work." Nervous, Denny lit a cigarette. His right hand was shaking a bit.

"You mean not getting a video deal." Blake turned away from Denny, disgusted. "I don't just think it's because you and I have been lazy when Art and Pete have wanted to get back to work. It's not just us partying all the time, skuzzing all the time. That's not how it works, Den, and you know that."

"Yeah. The agenda. The Order. *The Pleasure Rule*, which states we must recruit and mentor others into the cult, not just party all the time." He looked seriously at Blake. "That's why! That's why we never got a video deal. The 'not working' part is just the excuse."

Blake nodded as Denny continued.

"I'll never forget that night back in June, 1994, at my Shropshire estate. I actually felt threatened by Kumara and Drakk and Fozz and them when I didn't go down into the basement for that Slake of Satan ritual on Drakk. After I refused, it was as if they stopped hanging out with me, with us. It was as if they were saying we've become irrelevant to them—"

"And don't forget, Den, that's the time we lost our crystals, remember? I'm sure that had something to do with not getting the deal."

Denny cocked his head and snorted as if his eyes opened wide. "Yeah. Because they told us not to lose the crystals, and we'd be punished if we did." Smirked. "And we've been punished, eh? Big time!"

Blake went into thought mode. *Hopefully, this is punishment enough! And hopefully, we can overcome this by getting back to work. Or at least try. Because I really now do want to get back to work. To hell with Kumara and them!*

“I just hope the shit is over with!” For Denny knew Blake was thinking the same thing.

Both then left the room and headed back to the party.

Neither Kumara, nor Swami Negrana, nor Drakk nor Fozz attended the party.

The following night

Denny was alone at Wistview as he wrote what would become his letter to *X-Zine*, exposing the truth about his circumstances as some alternative pop culture rags speculated on whether or not Wolfin was indeed ‘the sinking ship.’

To X-Zine and ‘Cal’

Denny Spradlin here. This letter is not about whether or not we make it back into the big time because I no longer give a shit about that. It’s as if I’ve wasted my life being some big-time rocker when I could have been living my life to the fullest and being happy. As if partying all the time and skuzzing my brains out makes me happy and fulfilled. But I signed up for it not knowing the sickness of what I signed up for. Right! Andelusia and all that ‘god-hood’ shit. Swami Church bollocks. Kumara is our savior garbage bin. You know what they say about rockers selling their souls to the devil for fame and fortune. I feel like I’ve done that and now I am reaping the curse of that. What I’m saying is this: if you don’t do what you are told (in the Andelusia Order cult there are rules like mentoring new members and wearing Corion red crystals and preaching the pleasure rule), then you suffer the consequences. Especially if you leave of the cult, it brings about your death or end of your career. I can handle an end to my rock star career. It is death that scares me. I want to salvage my life and happiness and meaning, not die. And it would be murder. They’ll say it’s suicide to cover their tracks. But those who go against the pleasure rule might meet a rule they won’t speak of. I would call it the murder rule. They’ll call it a mystery death or suicide. They did it to Adam Bloodlove last

year when he was found in a sewer connected to an Underground station. Because it wasn't suicide. What did Adam do to go against the rule? There are rumors Mick Pordengreau thinks Adam poisoned him with strychnine into his cocaine stash while Adam and Mick and the recording engineer were working on tracks. That makes no sense. Why would Adam spike the cocaine of his record label boss and lover? But who else would Mick blame for this, and why would they even put strychnine into Mick's cocaine stash—just how did Mick piss them off? Still, I don't believe Adam did it, and I think Adam was set up. By Swami Negran, or Kumara, or a puppet of theirs. I figure since Adam could easily convince Mick he didn't do it, then Adam had to be taken care of before Mick realized Adam didn't do it. So, I think Adam, who was following the Order agenda, was killed before he could reveal the truth. Finally, if it comes out that I am revealing the truth about the Order and its evil agenda, they will do to me what they did to Adam. Blake knows I am writing this and agrees with me. So, if you get this letter after I get murdered and I hope you do, ask Blake about it. Because it won't be a suicide that does me in.—Denny

Denny was about to put this letter into his strong box for Blake to read should Denny get 'suicided' when personal assistant Kempullah appeared on the scene.

"Do you need me for anything else, Den?"

Then this thought sprang into Spradlin's head and out of his mouth. "Yeah!" He got out of his chair with the letter in hand. "Make a copy of this letter on the copy machine in my recording studio. Do not read the letter, please!"

"Yes. And I will not read the letter."

"The thing is, Kemmy, I will be giving you the copy in case anything happens to the original because I know I can trust you. It is meant for X-Zine should anything happen to me."

"Yes." *Because you don't need to tell me what's in the letter. I already have an idea considering you lost that crystal last year. They are threatening you, aren't they, Den?*

"Thank you, Kemmy." *And I think you likely know what's in the letter anyway!*

For one thing, Denny knew that Kempullah knew the nature of the cult of Swami Negran, which began when Negran visited the main Sikh temple in Amritsar, a major city in the Punjab region of India, where Sikhism began in the 1500s. Kempullah, from Sri Lanka, but born in Amritsar, was a dedicated Sikh

student at that famous Golden Temple, led by its top guru, and was aware of Negran's evil doings.

Flashback: More of That Interview with Denny, February 3, 1996

My interview with Denny was about more than just prized possessions he was giving away to friendly rival rockers. The main topic of that interview was the fact that Wolfin never received any of those MusicCom video deals, even for their megahit *Serious Confusion*, which ranked number four within *CounterCulture*'s hit song rankings for the 90s so far.

I asked Denny, "Why do you think even a video of *Serious Confusion* did not get a MusicCom deal? Of all the rumors as to why Wolfin got no deal, even the sceptics regarding any comeback you make are astounded you got no deal even for that song! My American counterpart, Jay Elliot, couldn't believe it either!"

"Yeah," Denny shot back, "Jay rang me the other day about that, and he wanted to know why. All I told him was that the consensus in the pop culture media is that we are played out and likely will not return to the limelight. And you know what they say about the consensus, Jay: it rules. And Jay replied, 'Screw the consensus! That's an insult to the pop culture world, not paying Wolfin to do a video of one of the top selling songs in rock history!'"

"Interesting that Jay would defend your song like that. He is Christian, don't you know, and doesn't that song bring up Lucifer?"

"I didn't know he was Christian—"

"Not your typical Christian, though. He almost never goes to church. Just a Bible kind of guy. Christ, not religion, kind of guy."

"I can dig that. To me, Jesus was a cool lad screwing the money changers and all. Healing the sick, that sort of thing."

"I agree." And then I thought back to what the *Pleasure Rule* manual said about Christ. "That *Pleasure Rule* book of yours even says you can dig Jesus if you want. Sounds like you do, eh?"

Denny went into contemplative mode. "Hmmmm." Looked up. "I do dig Christ. I just wish Christians weren't such a load of hypocrites! That's like the one main reason I never became Christian."

He's not the only one! I thought.

“And anyway, Lloyd, I’m really not into that *Pleasure Rule* stuff anymore. Done with it. Not that I’m going all religious, but I’ve considered it. And not New Age either! It’s all a cult. A load of bollocks!”

Then another thought regarding the *Pleasure Rule* manual came into my head and out of my mouth.

“Sounds like you are leaving the Order.”

“Basically, I’ve already left it. Blake as well.”

“But doesn’t the manual state that the only way a member of the Order of Andelusia can leave the Order is through death?”

Denny shook his head up and down with sullen eyes looking straight into my soul. “Yeah. That’s what I’m afraid of. Blake, too.”

And that was why, when the news hit the television waves later that evening, saying he died of a drug overdose of skuz, I knew that was not true. I was sure Blake also knew that was not true.

Yet the following evening several national news networks got Blake Fenmore to allow them to ask him questions about his best friend’s death.

“I will have a coroner investigate this death. But honestly, I think it was either an accidental drug overdose, or, more likely knowing Denny gave up some of his more prized possessions and was living in a state of anxiety over not getting the MusicCom video deal, a suicide. But we will see from the coroner’s report.”

The coroner was a local tied to the Surrey Constabulary, and in his report less than a week later was this stated ‘cause of death’—an excessive amount of powdered skank, made from a deadly American wild desert plant that is poisonous in excessive amounts, called jimsonweed, also known as ‘devil’s weed.’ This amount stopped his heart within minutes of it being injected through the nasal passages.” The case was then closed.

Blake’s response to that report?

“It had to have been suicide, then. Denny knows how dangerous too much skank is.”

My response to his response? Blake was too bloody scared of the consequences of exposing the truth to the world to admit the truth publicly.

Within weeks, Wolfin split up and Art and Pete joined with another rock band that had medium success and did not join the ‘Order.’

Blake went into hiding. About a year later after selling his estate five miles from Denny's, he purchased a small rocky farmhouse near the Lake District in Cumberland, and disappeared from the pop culture media.

Except for *X-Zine*, of course.

Chapter Nine

In the Meantime

In the summer of 1996, I moved to Jay Elliot's neck of the woods, Richmont, California, to an apartment roughly two kilometers from the seaside area. Jay had an apartment toward the middle of the city near Divine Hope Community Church, which was led by Pastor Ike Lawson, the preacher who tried to get the Super Six banned from the US, but failed. He'd claimed they were devil worshipers with no proof of that.

The reason I moved to Richmont? To be close to Elliot, whom in my opinion was the truthiest pop culture pundit on Earth and who had an uncanny ability to get anyone he wanted to grant him interviews, including Lawson, and including Sound Unltd, who wouldn't give me the time of day. That was due to the fact that before they made it huge, I'd gotten into a short scuffle with that band's keyboard synthist, Bryan McClellan, at a pub.

Jay and I had been friends since the early 90s. Further, he wanted me to help him complete a second *CounterCulture* mag 'history of rock 'n roll' manuscript, updated to include the 90s and beyond.

But there was another reason I moved: with Denny Spradlin gone and Wolfin broken up with Blake becoming a recluse, I felt I had to get on with my own pop culture pundit life and get away from the memories of the previous pop culture pundit life.

But I couldn't get away from it completely—I had once actually interviewed Lawson, or tried to. I'd asked him why he was so dead set on trying to ban Sound Unltd, considering they were Brits, not Americans, nor had they ever claimed to be Satanists. His answer? Their singer, Erik Manning, was 'the false prophet' mentioned in the Book of Revelation, and they worshiped the false god, Corion, while wearing the Swami cult red crystal amulets. But what I had asked him was this: why them, who supposedly worshiped Corion, when there were American bands that clearly and avowedly worshiped Satan? Instead of answering the

question, he ordered me to leave. My article written for and published by *CounterCulture* was titled, “Reverend Ike’s ‘False Prophet’ Problem”.

Further, I had a funny feeling there was more to Lawson’s agenda than simply messing with the band of the 90s! As did Jay, who, in July, told me this amazing story regarding the heart attacks in February that Super Six singer Erik Manning and bassist Keith Mullock had recovered from, which caused their Asia-Pacific Island tour to be rescheduled, which caused a pop culture media ‘heart attack’!

July, 1996, at Jay’s Apartment in Richmont, California

“What the media reported about those heart attacks—caused by drug and alcohol overdose—is only partially true. According to a very reliable source, it was actually some Swami Negran crystal that caused them—”

“You know, Jay, that’s what that Divine Hope Church pastor who tried to get Sound Unltd banned from the US, Ike Lawson, told me regarding the crystals that Swami cult members wore, that the crystals caused the fans to riot. Like the 1993 Richmont riots, and riots in other places that the Super Six had just preformed in. If the crystals could cause riots, could the crystals cause heart attacks?”

“But Swami had the original crystal, which he said was going to be used to capture Erik’s and Keith’s souls for Corion, which is another name for Satan, the devil. But some old witch lady stopped it from happening—”

I stared at Jay for several seconds, then exploded. “Are you bloody serious? Why the bloody hell would Negran capture souls for the devil and some old witch—Jay, just who the hell told you that?”

“Jack Lubin, that’s who.”

The lead guitarist and band leader of the Super Six, that is. The only band member I ever had a chance to interview, back on New Year’s Day, 1990, at his estate. In the interview, Jack discredited the rumor that some ghost writer composed Sound Unltd’s songs. Then, he mentioned one hit song in particular that even I had doubts about, composition-wise, ‘Let the Night Down.’ Jack had said he and lyricist Erik often wrote songs ‘wasted.’ But not that song, which had spiritual overtones. A song Jack had no idea about that meaning of the song, which caused me to question how a song could be composed and not know the meaning of! The song mentions a statue at the north end of Victoria Park in Walltown where the six

are from, called The Tooters. Jack claimed the statue was constructed in the 1100s to protect Walltown from evil. Later he said that the song just might heal the Earth, because he believed the song that the Tooters ‘gave’ them while they slept off drugs and booze actually healed them, which caused them to wake up sober and compose the song. The song at the end mentions ‘my sweet love’ and a ‘golden crown,’ which to me almost sounded Biblical.

“And that’s not the strangest part, Lloyd. Jack also told me that old lady witch—oh, and did I mention this old lady witch and Negran just happened to show up in the hospital room at the same time, appearing out of nowhere?”

More look of shock. “Oh, bloody hell—”

“Yeah, Lloyd. That’s what he told me. And the old lady witch told him to invoke the Tooters to save Erik and Keith from death.”

“Huh?!”

“So, then Jack said that the witch didn’t tell him how to invoke the Tooters, but he figured it out on his own. Jack and the others including their women were to invoke the Tooters by singing ‘Let the Night Down.’ And it worked.”

“Bloody hell! Jack told me back in 1990 it was a healing song that he thinks the Tooters gave him and Erik while they slept off booze, back in 1989 when they went back to Walltown to get Keith back into the band.”

“Right. And get this one, Lloyd, since that’s not the craziest part. Jack later told me that Tom”—the band’s drummer—“went to visit the Tooters statue to find out why the witch told them to invoke the Tooters, as if Sound Unltd had a ‘divine purpose,’ he called it. And you know what? The Tooters answered him! Saying that they had to believe—”

“In God, eh?”

“You got it, Lloyd. Or Christ. The Holy Spirit.”

“You know, Jay, you’ve been surmising for years that that Marauders’ song about the so-called prophesied band implied that Sound Unltd was the prophesied band. If there is such a band, then they likely are. I mean, if one of ‘em can communicate with an angel statue—”

“You got it, Lloyd.”

And more.

“So why did Swami Negran try to capture their souls for, as you said that Jack told you, the devil?”

“The old ‘sold their souls to the devil’ argument, Lloyd. Only, according to Jack, he claims he literally did sell their souls to the devil, Corion—”

But before I could respond to this, Jay cut me off.

“Look, Lloyd, Jack claimed he was actually praying to the Tooters, the ‘guardian angels,’ for success. In 1986, when Sound Unltd was heading into their ‘battle of the bands’-winning nationwide tour, starting in Leeds. But he said that these so-called ‘angels’ told him that they had to want success more than anything else and that after the success happened, the angels claimed they would, as Jack said, ‘name their price.’ And Jack and the others believe that ‘price’ was Erik’s and Keith’s souls to the devil. And that was why Swami Negran tried to capture their souls in death by heart attack. Swami was working for Corion—the same Corion that the Church of the Circle of Unity worships—and the so-called ‘angels’ that answered Jack’s prayer were in fact demons. Jack also said both Erik and Keith claimed to have encountered demons while in some—void, they called it—while unconscious in their beds. In other words, their souls were in some spirit dimension while they had their heart attacks, until their hearts beat again after defibrillation. In other words, again, they unwittingly sided with the evil, for success, fortunes, fame, and god-like status—”

“Like the *Pleasure Rule* says.”

Jay looked aside in wonder. “Yeah, I’ve heard about that manual. But not from Jack or Erik or any of the others. But from their manager, Joe Phillips—”

“Who is the son of Baron Torquay-Lambourgeau.” I then looked my friend straight in the eyes and cocked my head. “Jay, is Phillips part of this evil cult? Because he actually told me once that he has nothing to do with his father and that he stands against him as well as Negran.”

“Phillips is on our side, for the most part, Lloyd. But there are times he has to pretend to go along with it, because he knows what could happen to the six if he doesn’t. Their road manager, Billy Hallslip, also has some pretense connections, and Joe claimed once that Billy came up with this slogan that rang in his ears—‘If dead rock stars could talk’.”

“So, what you are saying is, if Joe Phillips reveals to the band what the *Pleasure Rule* is really about, the evil of it, then he and the band will almost certainly pay that ‘price’ you mentioned before.”

“Exactly.”

And then this thought popped into my head and then out of my mouth. “Because believe it or not, Jay, Denny Spradlin had the same thought process, that because he and Blake, members of the Order and Swami’s cult, were leaving the cult and

the Order out of emptiness in their lives, that their lives could be in danger. And Denny told me this the morning of his death.”

Jay again looked aside in wonder. “So, you think Denny was, as they call it, ‘suicided’?”

“Yes. Blake had a local coroner examine Denny’s body and cause of death, and the immediate cause of death was too much skank, or too much jimsonweed in the skank.”

“Datura? That’s a southwest wild plant, usually in desert regions.”

“Yes. And I wonder, Jay, if it was also the presence of Swami and that abomination red crystal of Corion, trying to take Spradlin’s soul, as ‘payment’ for his success as well.”

Jay looked at me, nodding his head and steely eyes boring into mine. “Like I keep saying, Lloyd, you got it!”

I would receive from Jay confirmation of that two years later.

Chapter Ten

Summer, 1998

After receiving another ‘journalist of the year’ award and fifty-thousand-dollar payout that went with it, Jay was able to move to the seaside area as well, buying a new home in the fancy district by the Pacific Ocean, roughly a kilometer from my apartment. Jay had some incredible news to share with me as we worked on the revised rock history book, and he would hopefully answer my question as to who had Denny Spradlin murdered in 1996.

“I’m sure you heard about that earthquake in Wales,” Jay said as he served me some herbal tea while I sat on a sofa. Then he sat on his lounge chair.

“Yeah, on a Paul Harvard broadcast. But not much at all about it in the press.”

“Right, even though—seriously, earthquakes in Wales? When was the last time Wales had an earthquake?”

“That’s the first I ever heard of one!”

“Exactly, Lloyd. So, Harvard mentioned it on the radio as I was driving home. When I got home after hearing about it, I called Mick Pordengreau—”

“Who lives in Wales, eh? Craggy Mountain area.”

“Exactly. So, this is what he tells me. When the earthquake happened was when some archaeologists he sponsored were trying to dig up the bones of that Druid High Priest Mick has this obsession over—”

“Crynnwagg, eh, since he wrote a couple of songs about him, and the Druids burning his body after his Crag-Dweller cult burning of fourteen Druid-priesthood youth to oak trees—”

“And drank blood. Yeah, same Crynnwagg, though he wasn’t a Druid priest, but the High Priest of the Crag-Dweller cult, enemies of the Druids.”

Sip of tea. “So, Mick and them found his bones I take it?”

“Yes, and that earthquake helped them find the bones. That’s what Mick told me when I phoned him. He said that since the leg bones looked like long-shanks, which Crynnwagg had, they were sure the bones belonged to Crynnwagg. And

then he said this, after I mentioned some English King nicknamed ‘longshanks’— ‘and like that murdering bastard Swami Negran’.”

Now my brain went into high gear after hearing what came from a weighty source. “Hmmm. So, who did that ‘murdering bastard’ murder?”

“Why, Adam Bloodlove of course.”

Now, I had heard rumors that Negran, supposedly done in from a car crash in London a while back by some so-called ‘Christian radical,’ had a hand in Bloodlove’s demise. And those rumors came from Pordengreau himself.

“So, Mick wasn’t just making that up? He’s got proof Negran killed Bloodlove?”

“Yes, and guess who told him that Negran killed Bloodlove?”

“Who, Jay?”

Jay stared at me for a bit, then said, “Figure it out, Lloyd. Remember that conversation I had with Jack, and he told me about—”

“The witch? The old lady witch? Is that who told Mick?”

“Yes. And she told Mick the same night she supposedly told Jack and them to invoke that Tooters statue to save Erik and Keith from death in that hospital.”

And more.

“So, what I’m saying, Lloyd, is that there is a very strong possibility that Negran, who tried to kill Erik and Keith using that crystal of his, and did in fact murder Bloodlove, also murdered Denny Spradlin. They say he died of too much skank. That likely did play into it, but what if Negran and his crystal was also there, and he had someone force all that skank up Denny’s nose?”

I had my final sip of tea, then went into thought mode which caused me to remember another part of that conversation we had two years before. “So Negran kills two rock superstars, Adam and Denny. And I suppose also when Mick had his strychnine attack, it wasn’t Adam, but Negran, who pulled that off as well, nearly killing another rock superstar.” As Jay nodded in affirmation, I continued. “And then he tried to kill off rock’s top vocalist, Erik Manning, and a top bassist, Keith Mullock, as well! Which leads me back to what you said back in 1996, what their road manager Billy Hallslip said, some quote about ‘dead rock stars.’

“Yeah, Lloyd. ‘If dead rock stars could talk’.”

“And their so-called ‘Pleasure Rule’ becomes ‘the Murder Rule.’ Or at least in some cases, the threat of it. Because when they start messing with members of the Super Six, you know something is amiss here. Sound Unltd always followed the agenda, right?”

“But not completely, Lloyd. And you do know they stopped wearing those crystals after their 1994 tour was over. As far as I know, anyway. So, from then on, they’re still a top band, but when was their last album? 1995, right? So, two of them get heart attacks caused among other things by Negran’s crystal, then do their rescheduled Asia tour, then take time off, which is driving the media crazy. Well, earlier in the 90s Wolfin did the same thing, right? Take time off—only it was clear to the rulers of the industry that Wolfin was really in ‘sinking ship’ mode. But the difference is Sound Unltd is, in its own way, part of the ruling class in the industry—their Foray label is a top indy label and various ‘parent companies’ like XMedia and EuroMedia and others are dying to purchase it. Rumor has it for a billion dollars! Foray controls several top Brit and American and Canadian rock bands, or hybrids. Including D-Cord, avowed Satanists, who have, so far, the top selling album of the 90s. Mick is their producer, right? So, while the Super Six are living other lives now like husbands and fathers and vacationing and other stuff, they are still too well connected the rulers of the industry. Killing them off right now wouldn’t be a wise decision by these rulers—Torquay, whose son still managers them; Effingchester, who married Princess Tina, whom Tom was dating, to get revenge on Tom for paying off the indentured debt his own father owed; Messers X and Y, and now Mark Besst, who owns a top online music platform and also wants to buy Foray. And others. But in their own ways, the Super Six are leaving ‘the Order’ behind, for the most part. So, at some point, I hate to say, Lloyd, they will meet their own demise of sorts, lethal or not. Just like Bloodlove, just like Wolfin.”

And then—

Sure enough. Sound Unltd sold their Foray label to XMedia around the same time their truth-telling album, *New World Disorder*, was released, in 1999. The hit song, ‘Blue Division,’ referring to the United Nations army of sorts, spoke these lines:

*The global cops come in ‘peace’ to take us away.
A foot in your face, a deadly embrace.
When they inject your ‘mark,’
They eject your rights.*

*Then they'll own your soul.
And never once did you put up a fight
Against the Blue Division.*

Then I remembered Jay told me Jack and Erik were ‘given songs’ by the Tooters, a statue representing God’s angels. Were God’s angels guiding the six away from the evil they had taken a strong part in? Did these angels give them this song as well, and other truth-telling anti-New World Order songs on the album? Or did Sound Unltd realize their aiding and abetting evil was the wrong path that also led them to emptiness? At a time when Erik’s wife Ger Manilow was struggling with esophagus cancer at the same time he was becoming a worthy father of two kids? When keyboard-synthist Bryan McClellan was trying to win back his estranged wife, an important member of the Church of the Circle of Unity now led by fake healer Cole Blessing? Were they finally heading on the righteous path? After all, that song reference to the foot on face came from George Orwell’s magnum opus dystopian novel, *1984*, and that ‘mark’ referred to was clearly the ‘Mark of the Beast’ from the Biblical Book of Revelation, about the so-called ‘end times.’

Then, a year later in July, 2000, at the Walltown Music and Trade Festival, singer Erik preformed a literal miracle, holding a note ending their magnum opus song, ‘Let the Night Down,’ for over a minute. The singer told both Jay and myself this amazing message—while he held that note ending the song on the word ‘crown,’ the Tooters gave them ‘missions of God,’ to spread the Word of God in music and song and in other ways, to turn their fans and the youth in general away from evil and to accept Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior! The rest of the band verified this later. However, none of them had repented of their many sins, nor had they accepted Christ, at that time.

A year later at Keith Mullock’s ‘house-warming party’ at his new LA Hills estate that I also attended, I learned that some former roadie, Bobby Jones, had composed a Christian-rock type song that was meant for them to perform, called ‘He is The Way,’ with ‘He’ being Christ. Shortly after that, they met with Bobby at his house in the High Sierras in northern California, where Bobby, now a Christian, told them they had to do ‘missions of God’ on themselves first before they could actually do those ‘missions’ on the youth. The six still had their doubts, however.

And then a diabolical event happened shortly thereafter that changed everything.

Days after this meeting, they headed to London on their private 757 jet that, upon landing, burst into flames from a bomb planted under a seat synthist Bryan sat in. They survived, again miraculously, then spent the night at a hotel that manager Joe Phillips owned. On the following day they were to attend a meeting of ‘the Directorate,’ a meeting of the powers within the music industry. Only it wasn’t a meeting after all, but a ruse to get them to London so they could be sacrificed to Corion for failing to keep up their so-called ‘oaths’ regarding selling their souls to the devil. Mark Besst was to be the one committing the sacrifices by sword impalement.

But God had other plans. And it was too late anyway regarding the ‘oath,’ for the day before, right before the bomb went off, the six did indeed accept Christ as Lord and Savior. Further, as Erik was about to be impaled, a Force of Good stopped the sword, the six were led out of the dungeon at Torquay Manor, and were literally and spiritually saved. They also figured out the meaning of ‘Let the Night Down,’ for ‘my sweet love’ was Christ, Who would wear the ‘golden crown’ at the End.

But I never had a conversation about this with Jay, who along with myself attended that Walltown festival, heard the miraculous one-minute note, and heard from Erik and the others about those ‘missions of God.’ For when Jay arrived back in Richmont, he died in a mysterious car crash, having left all of his rock history notes at my door before I arrived home.

Did he know he was about to die? Did that ‘witch’ or the Tooters ‘message’ him about it? Or was his death ‘punishment’ for revealing truths about the evil that ran the music industry, as well as ‘punishment’ for being Christian?

Chapter Eleven

A Strange Encounter, Spring, 2002

I finally completed the work Jay and I began in 1996, a four-hundred-page documentation on the evolution of rock music into the 2000s, which I had to complete on my own as Jay had been killed in that car crash in July, 2000, upon his return from that monumental Walltown Music Festival.

But I never was able to prove what my instinctive thoughts were on this death—was the car crash another murder of another truth-teller in the pop culture media industry? After seeing Denny’s murder as a conspiracy, little by little I went into “conspiracy theorist” mode. And Jay wasn’t the only person involved with pop culture that died around that same time—and this death was even crazier!

I am not sure of the exact time of his death, but it was discerned that New Age cult leader, fake healer, and successor to Swami Negran in the Circle of Unity cult, Cole Blessing, died by his own impalement on a bed post at a Walltown hotel blocks from the Music Festival at almost the exact same time Erik Manning held that miraculous one-minute note to end the festival! Now why would the leader of a Corion-worshiping cult ‘suicide’ himself on a pointed bedpost while a former Corion-cult member signaled what would become ‘missions of God’ given to Sound Unltd, given by angels of the Almighty during that one-minute note? And why would angels of God give Sound Unltd ‘missions of God’ in the first place? Because Jay was right: Sound Unltd was the ‘Prophesied Band’ that legendary Marauders’ song was about, with these words in its refrain:

*The young will follow them
The young will follow Him*

That is, follow Christ.

And so, would they, having once ‘danced’ with Satan, having been ‘filled with lust,’ being ‘tools of the unjust’ and their minds not ‘being their own,’ repent and indeed follow Christ themselves?

Because Swami and his red crystal of Corion had control over the Super Six for nearly a decade—until he didn’t.

That Corion could not control Sound Unltd was further proven when those who plotted their ‘jet burn’ episode in July, 2001, would fail in their Hellyon-inspired conspiracy. And would fail again when, having kidnapped Sound Unltd for a Hellyon sacrifice to the devil in Baron Torquay’s manor dungeon, Corion’s new captured minion, Mark Besst, could not sword Erik’s heart though he was only a few feet away from him as God’s angels rescued the rest of the band and then Erik. Because God would not allow it! In anger, Corion, as Mark Besst, took for his ‘sacrifice’ most of the others attending this ritual, capturing their bodies and souls. But not Baron Torquay, whom Corion still needed for dirty deeds, nor a man called ‘Beast,’ whom would soon perform another ‘burning’ issue on Altuna Beach—burn the beach house of guitarist and band leader Jack Lubin—who wasn’t even there when it happened. Shortly thereafter, the estates of Erik and Keith in LA Hills were also attacked, and some important house staff members including a personal assistant were murdered by fellow Hellyon conspirators.

I wrote a seven-thousand-word article as authorized by my employer, *CounterCulture Magazine*, keynoted by what I knew to be truth about these events that tried to expose the evil forces controlling the pop music industry. But that treatise, which took nearly a year to script, would never see the light of day. Too close to the murderous truth of the forces which clearly had some control over the editors at *CounterCulture*. After that, I quit that outfit.

A week later, I signed onto the last truth-telling popular culture and entertainment industry organ, *X-Zine*. They paid me double what I made for *CounterCulture*; thus, I was able to find a nice home-away-from-home flat in the fancy London district of Knightsbridge for when I would need to work within the UK. But Richmont was still my main residence. God willed it, I surmised.

I realized this one afternoon when, while I was making my lunch, a young man I had no clue about came to my door. It was the creator of the song performed by the Super Six as part of their ‘missions of God,’ called ‘He is The Way’—Bobby Jones, a roadie of theirs on their 1993 North American tour.

He told me about the song, how he came up with the song, which Sound Unltd would change the wording of while adding to the song, yet kept the refrain Bobby wrote while giving Bobby complete composition credit, which definitely helped Bobby’s financial status! He also tried to get them to see they had to become Christians themselves, which in fact did occur. Then, a few days after the homes of

Jack, Erik and Keith were attacked by Hellyon conspirators, Bobby himself was nearly murdered while opening his mail at his mailbox nearly two miles down a rocky dirt pathway from his house. The mailbox contained a contract authored by members of Sound Unltd regarding the purchase of the song Bobby wrote. While Bobby was reading it, an unknown person or persons knifed his St. Bernard dog, Shadrach, to death, and was about to attack Bobby as the young man turned at the wailing sound of his dog. By the Will of God, the knife could not hurt Bobby, who, throwing down the contract paperwork, picked up a large boulder and tossed at the head of the attacker, who fell, then ran off with what to Bobby sounded like a second attacker. Bobby then took the contract and other mail back up to his house, then came back down and spent two hours burying Shadrach.

And why did Bobby come to me? I will never forget these words.

“That woman who told me to give Sound Unltd my song that I hadn’t even written yet?”

The notion of that ‘old lady witch’ Jack told Jay about came into my mind like a ton of bricks!

“Well, she suddenly appeared to me again a week ago, and told me to give you my story. Because the same people who tried to murder the members of Sound Unltd also tried to murder me. She also mentioned a couple of other names of those they killed. Denny Spradlin, for one.”

When I heard this young man I had never met before tell me that, I smiled broadly at him and said to him, “Thank you! I’ve known that since the beginning, and now I have authentication. Thank you, and thank that ‘lady’ for me if you ever see her again!”

And more.

“The person or people who attacked me weren’t the exact same ones that attacked Sound Unltd or Denny Spradlin or others I mentioned. But they all work for the same secret society affiliated with a cult I used to be a member of.”

“The Church of the Circle of Unity?”

“Yeah. Only the one I joined, the church that is, was run by Cole Blessing.”

“When did you join that cult church?”

“In 1993.”

“Why did you join that cult church?”

“When I got off the tour and was paid about ten thousand dollars off the books, I got a new apartment. I’d been living in my van for over a year. I bought some used

furniture as well. So, while I was doing okay financially, I still felt about as empty as I had before, as if I was on drugs when I was not even on drugs! Being a roadie had purpose, but after getting the apartment I felt I had no purpose. But then I remembered what Denny Spradlin told me about that Church of the Circle of Unity—”

Shocked. “*Denny* was the one who got you to join that cult?”

“Yeah, he told me about it at that rocker party while Sound Unltd was in Seattle on their *Second Coming* tour in July, 1993.”

**

“Lots of roadies are in Swami’s church, *Bobby*.” Denny then inhaled some skuz. “Because roadies that join that church are more likely to get hired by the top bands. And besides, it’s mostly for the pleasure. Swami provides lots of pleasure, party lifestyle, favors provided by his red crystal that those who wear it get to remain at the top of the food chain in the music business.”

**

“So, *Denny* was wearing his belly-button red crystal.”

“All the rockers at the party were. Well, pretty much all of them, the biggies. And Denny said to me that being involved in Swami’s church would provide an avenue of pleasure and money that would help me get over any emptiness I had, or would have when I left the roadie business. He didn’t say I’d get a crystal, but he did say I’d be given more of what I wanted just by being a member of his church. And then he said, ‘Spiritually, as well. Because Swami’s church goes against the hypocrisy of that *Ike Lawson* piece of excrement who wants to get Sound Unltd banned from the States.’ And when he said that, I was convinced that I should at least consider joining Swami’s church. I hated Reverend *Ike Lawson* and that *Divine Hope* ‘church’ of his!”

Bobby then heaved a sigh. “But joining that church didn’t help at all, even though they put me at a higher level than most recruits would be.”

Then *Bobby* told me about his continuing emptiness leading him to commit robberies for which he spent six months in the county jail, getting out in April, 1994.

“While I was in jail, the convict I shared the cell with convinced me to read the Bible. He was in jail for robbery, just like I was, but for a longer time. He said he was a ‘born again Christian’.”

“So that’s why you became Christian?”

“Well, Mr. Denholm—”

“Call me Lloyd.”

“Okay, Lloyd. But he didn’t really convince me at first. What happened when I got out of jail was attend Ike Lawson’s Divine Hope Community Church.”

My eyes popped out. “But you just told me you hated that church!”

Smirk and a snort. “It was the only non-denominational church in town, Lloyd. I was not about to attend some Baptist or Catholic or Pentecostal or some other denominational church because I figure what’s the point of denominations when it should just be about Jesus, right?”

“But you also said you hated Lawson.”

Hung his head. “Well, yeah, but you know what Christ said about forgive enemies and all that. I went mainly because it was non-denominational. He was like the only non-denominational preacher in Richmont, so I really had no choice.”

Then he looked me in the eyes. “And I did read that *CounterCulture* article of yours about Lawson’s ‘false prophet problem.’ But I had to try to get that out of my mind and maybe convince Lawson that Sound Unltd wasn’t what he claimed they were, devil worshipers. And I tried doing that in August, 1995, in his office. He truly believed they’d never get saved, saying even if they didn’t worship the devil, they still worshiped money and all that. So, when I left his office, I told him he was wrong. He called out to me, but I never went back to that church again.”

Which was a great idea, considering that in July, 2000, right before I left for Walltown to go to that Music Festival, I learned that Lawson was on the lam for possibly murdering a young child, whose body was underneath his altar!

“But you still attended the Circle of Unity church.”

“Yeah, for a bit longer, even though I really wasn’t committed to them anymore. One time two members berated me for my attending Lawson’s church, but I told them I was just infiltrating Lawson’s church trying to get some members to join the Circle of Unity. It was when I left the Circle of Unity in May, 1996, that they started hounding me, which was why I felt I had to leave Richmont, in the fall of 1996. Which was also around the time Cole Blessing completed the work on his St. Xenos Ashram project. I had found a job off the books working for some

apartment neighbor who attended Lawson's church who had bought property outside of the Bay Area and I helped him build a wooden house. He said this house would be a refuge in case what he called 'the end times' would happen, and, in 1998, when Richmont went crazy—”

“Yeah, I remember that.” Which was why Jay bought the seaside area house he did a short distance from my apartment.

“Well, I took the money I earned and bought my own piece of land in the Sierras where I live now. Land was still cheap back then.”

“And you built your own house I take it.”

“Yep. And everything was fine until July, 2001, when my dog was killed and I was attacked.” Hung his head again. “And now I'll probably have to move again.”

I put my hands on his shoulders. “Bobby, if the same people who attacked Denny and probably also the Super Six and Bloodlove and others also attacked you, I will try to get to the bottom of it. I just need a reason to go about this investigation that I would love to take part in.”

When Bobby left my apartment, he said he'd let me know where I could find him in the future if, indeed, he moved away from his home in the Sierras, which he did, moving back with his folks in Dallas, Texas, a couple of weeks later.

But I had to wait until 2005 to undertake this investigation—for Blake and *X-Zine*.

And I also knew that I would have to get in touch with Denny's personal assistant, Kempullah, at some point. That finally happened in 2005 as I was also preparing to visit Blake.

Chapter Twelve

Spring, 2005, at a Sikh Temple in a northwest England community

I was finally on the way to visit Blake Fenmore in beginning my assignment to try to track down who killed Denny as the guitarist had requested that I do, but first I had to track down the only person who may have witnessed the deadly event—Kempullah, Denny's personal assistant, a Sikh from Sri Lanka. I met with him at the entrance to the Sikh Temple he prayed at within a small and rural Sikh community near the Lake District area of northwest England. He was dressed as a Sikh teacher, with a turban that had a white crystal within it.

“I came here in the late 1980s, from Sri Lanka, but I am originally from India, Punjab State.”

“That's where Sikhism was founded, right?”

“Yes, and the main holy temple, the Golden Temple, is in Amritsar, in Punjab. That is where I was born.”

“So why did you move to Sri Lanka?”

“Because a man that my uncle mentored into Sikhism—or thought he did—murdered my uncle, a head guru at the temple. Or we think he did, because after we found my uncle's body impaled, we were told by the guards that found the body first that this man ran away from the temple. So, we think he did it. All of the other students whom my uncle taught were still there, but not this student.”

“Did the authorities ever find this killer?”

“No. But we know whom he was, because he came to this country around the time that I did, and set up his own cult.”

“A Sikh cult? Where?”

“No.” Kempullah then acted agitated and spoke with anxiety. “It was not a Sikh cult. It was—was—a demonic cult. The Church of the Circle of Unity.”

I nearly fell over backwards in shock, eyes bulging open.

“You mean the man who killed your uncle was Swami Negrant?”

“Yes. And—and—he was possessed when he founded it.”

And who was Kempullah's uncle? The head guru of the Golden Temple!

Swami Rashnish Negran, a leading teacher within a large Calcutta Hindu temple, was tasked to try to convert Muslims within the Punjab and other northern regions of India in 1976 to Hinduism. Along the way he began to doubt his pantheistic faith, and, when he arrived in Amritsar near the Golden Temple, he, handing out pamphlets to Sikhs and Muslims both, encountered this leading guru.

Instead of converting the guru to Hinduism, the guru converted Negran to Sikhism, convincing a man who couldn't keep track of all the Hindu gods and goddesses that there was only one god.

One day a short time later the guru, Kempullah's uncle, took Swami into a room housing Sikh artifacts, holy books and works, and way up at the top of a series of shelves was a red crystal amulet surrounded by gold. For Negran was telling him that his life was in danger, and he was being followed by fellows from his Hindu temple.

"If my wealthy parents ever find out I have converted to Sikhism they will disown me! They will completely cut me off. I was supposed to be on a mission to convert Muslims and Sikhs, and this morning I saw some Hindu watchers outside the temple here. I think they have been following me! What should I do, teacher?"

The Sikh guru brought Swami to the red crystal on a shelf above both heads. The crystal stood facing them. "That red crystal can help you, I hope."

Swami noticed how large and beautiful it was, on a shiny gold medallion. "Is that a ruby?"

"Honestly, I do not know if it is or not. All I know about this crystal was that it is very old. Older than Sikhi." A religion founded in the late 1500s in India. "A guru was given this as a gift, and he used it to heal someone, and it worked. But one day this guru died suddenly, and then his body disappeared. No one knows how. But the head guru at the time decided the red crystal was cursed somehow, so he put it in this spot."

"Can I touch it?" Swami asked the guru.

"No. I was only showing you this because while you cannot wear it, you can ask it something and it will be granted."

So, Swami asked the crystal, "Will you protect me from my Hindu persecutors following me to punish me for wanting to be Sikhi?"

The red crystal glowed bright.

“This means you are protected from the Hindus, and your wish is granted.” Then the guru said urgently, “But you must not put that thing around your neck. You must not. You will be cursed!”

“I won’t,” Swami answered.

But he was lying, for that night while the guru slept, Swami sneaked into the Temple and stole the crystal.

Put it around his neck. It glowed. Swami suddenly felt its power and even its godhood. He looked inside the crystal and saw what he believed was himself inside it, glowing in godhood, as if he was elevated even above the Brahman caste, and his reincarnation journey would soon be over to rest with Shiva and the other gods.

The spirit within and controlling the crystal told him. “I am now within you. I am Corion, god of all gods. Like the Most High. I now control you, as I controlled the ancient Celtic Crag-Dweller priest, Crynnwagg, of the Craggy Mountains of Wales, in the United Kingdom. You will soon change physically and be taller than you are, with long tibias as Crynnwagg had. My spirit will guide you. I am the god of light, born in darkness. I rebelled against the Most High God, but I repented, and He made me like Him, a most high god. I am now your god, and feel my godhood in you!”

When he was seen by his Sikh guru mentor wearing the ‘cursed’ crystal, the guru angrily shouted at him to remove the crystal immediately. When he wouldn’t take it off, Swami used the power of the crystal to strangle and then impale the guru. Then left India and settled in the United States where he set up cult churches in the mid-west in order to burn the churches with the members burning inside them. Sacrifices to Corion, as Corion wished. In 1987, at the behest of Corion, he moved to England to serve the Luciferian agenda of Torquay, the Novordos, and the Hellyons. The Church of the Circle of Unity was founded in 1987 in London, in a refurbished former church next door to the headquarters of The Order of Andelusia—the two cults worked in lockstep with each other.

A week later at Blake Fenmore’s country cottage near a lake

“Glad you finally arrived,” Blake smiled as he nodded while shaking my hand, then ushered me into his stone cottage. “I reckon you visited Kemmy.”

“Yes, and what he told me was a shock.” I headed straight for a living room couch. “But I’ll get to that later.”

Blake stood amidst the room. “Brew? Whiskey? Tea? Water”? “I’ll take water for now.” “And I’ll drink a brew,” as he headed toward the wooden bar. “Because I’m gonna need one.” Laugh.

The last time I saw Blake was on television being interviewed over Denny’s death from ‘too much skank,’ that is, too much nasal ingestion of a wild American southwest desert plant, jimsonweed, which could be deadly in large amounts. Blake had said that it had to be suicide since Denny knew how dangerous skank could be in large amounts; I suspected that it had to be murder, since Denny had told me the morning of his death that he would never commit suicide; I also suspected Blake knew the truth, but was too afraid to admit it publicly.

But that was then and this is now.

“Let me guess,” I looked at Blake, sitting in a lounge chair directly opposite my position on the couch. “You told the press Denny committed suicide, but in truth you had always believed he was ‘murder-ruled’.”

Fenmore threw his head back in despair, and then snorted loudly. “He was.” Then hung his head in shame. “And I knew it all along, but was too bloody much of a coward to admit it to the media.”

I thought, *Coward? No! Blake, had you admitted murder to the press, you would have been next on the ‘death list,’ and you know it! I understand why you said what you said.*

“Look, Blake, had you told the media you thought Denny was murdered without knowing exactly who did it, you would have been hounded in any way possible for many months, without mercy. And you would have been living in fear for your own life—”

He stood up, shaking. “I did live in fear for my own life! Why do you think I moved all the way up here? They—”

“They? Who is ‘they’?”

Shouted at me. “You know bloody well who ‘they’ are! The ones who run ‘the Order’.”

“The ones who wrote ‘*The Pleasure Rule*,’ which, if you turn against this so-called ‘rule,’ they throw ‘the murder rule’ at you. Didn’t that Pleasure Rule manual claim the only way you can leave ‘the Order’ is by death?”

“That’s what scared me and Denny.” Slug of brew as he sat back down. “But we had to leave it. We were pretty much has-beens by then anyway, so we figured it

wouldn't matter to them if we left anyway. No video deal, right? But we wanted to get back to work and get some kind of meaning in our lives again, successful album and videos or not. We figured 'the no video deal' was the punishment for not continuing to serve 'the Order.' Yet, not a one of us actually thought *the Pleasure Rule* would become the murder rule."

As I sipped more water, I went into thought mode. *You said the ones who run 'the Order' ordered Denny's killing. Well, Swami Negran died in early 1996 right after he tried supposedly to kill two members of Sound Unltd by heart attacks, and two years before that, he killed Adam Bloodlove. So, it had to be someone who Negran trusted at the time, associated with him here in Britain. Negran likely had a hand in the death but he too is dead now. So, his second-in-command likely planned it. But who else?*

"Likely, Swami Negran had something to do with it," I responded. "He's gone now, however, so he cannot be brought to justice—"

"I'm sure he has been! Justice, eh? He's likely roasting in hell for eternity." Laugh.

Has Blake gone Christian like the Super Six? "So, you now believe all that Bible stuff, 'weeping and gnashing of teeth' stuff?"

Snort. "That's in the Matthew Gospel, right?"

"Matthew 8:12. Christ said the wicked would be cast into the 'outer darkness,' that is, hell, where there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth. And several other verses as well."

Finished my water. "Blake, are you Christian now?"

Smile. "Yes, but I'm not some church-goer. I really do want to stay out of the limelight. I was such a mess I just wanted to, you know, confess my sins and repent and all. And I suspect Denny did as well like right before he died." Moved forward. "He left me a note telling me someone had poisoned him, and for me to—he actually wrote this—pray for my soul."

"Yes. That was stated in your letter to *X-Zine* which Cal.Edit emailed me."

"Now why would he write that if he didn't even think anything about praying? Like, he writes the note really fast—I don't even know where he would have gotten the pen and paper, eh? So, he writes the note and as he is writing it he is asking Jesus to forgive him or something, like, praying for forgiveness. Then he puts the note into the strong box I had the key to, and then dies. Like, he accepts

Christ as Savior and then God's happy he did, so then God takes him if you know what I mean."

"Wow!"

"Well. That's my take. I've had that idea in my head for years now. And then all the sinister events happening to Jack and Erik and them"—that is, Sound Unltd—"and I figure if they can go ahead and become Christians as well after all they went through, then why not me? Nothing bad has happened to them since 2001, right? And nothing bad has happened to me either."

"Are you doing any missionary stuff?"

"Not yet. I want to get this murder of Denny solved before I do."

And on and on.

"So, who do you think, besides Negran, took part in Denny's murder?"

"Kumara, the Bollywood actor from India, an associate of Negran's for years. I am sure he was involved. Denny had told me beforehand that Kumara was visiting him the day he died. So, I figure Kumara and Swami did the deed, but there may have been support actors involved as well."

"Do you have any idea whom those so-called support actors could be?"

Blake turned his head, looked up, and smirked. "All I know is, that the night Denny and I lost the crystals Swami said we could not lose, Kumara as well as Fozz and Drakk did not like the fact that Denny would not take part in some Hellyon ritual to initiate Drakk into a higher level Hellyon cult. And maybe that's another reason they wanted Denny to be punished the way he was—and me too."

I nodded. "How do you know this? And why didn't they invite you to the ritual?"

"I have no idea. But I think Denny was invited since it was at his estate."

"And you are sure Fozz and Drakk were involved."

"If Swami and Kumara had accomplices, they are the most likely. They were perfectly willing to sell their souls for the huge fortune and fame they were given."

Which, in 2003, they lost almost completely, as their record label partnership was sued out of existence. Maybe they too were punished for some reason!

Chapter Thirteen

The Plot to Murder Denny: Mid-January, 1996, at Dubrea House

Rap megastar and music mogul Fozz had told fellow rap superstar Drakk at a party at Denny's eerie estate in Shropshire in late June, 1994, that Denny, a 'traitor' to the Order of Andelusia and *the Pleasure Rule*, would be 'taken care of' when Corion gave 'the word.' And it would be Corion's main minion, Swami Negran, who would be given 'the word.'

On the 12th of January, 1996, Corion messaged Negran with these words as the Swami sat in his typical meditative position on the floor of the living room within Dubrea House right below the alabaster goat-head statue of Majarah, one of the gods of Andelusia and the Church of the Circle of Unity Majarah sub-cult led by Kumara.

I am Corion, your god of your Circle of Unity faith that will ascend to the Most High shortly, the ruler of your red crystal. You and your associates Kumara, Fozz, and Drakk have wanted to know when my order to have that traitor to our cause, Denny Spradlin, know the consequences of not fulfilling his oath to our cause and our Order. I will guide you and your fellows, Swami Negran, as to how this order will be carried out.

Swami Negran heard Corion's voice within him, and with his own voice in his mind, answered back. *My Lord Corion, how will I know Denny had betrayed us? Word is going around that Wolfin is getting back to work on a new album. Has he truly betrayed us?*

Corion answered back to Swami's mind. *He has composed a letter to X-Zine stating he is leaving the Order and no longer believes in the Pleasure Rule, and also stating he believes Adam Bloodlove did not poison Mick Pordengreau, but that you and Kumara set Adam up as a patsy to be done away with on my order, which you accomplished. You, or the one you choose to do so, must find this letter to X-Zine before he sends the letter to X-Zine. And once you find the letter, kill the traitor. He is a skuz addict. He also imbibes skank, which is far more dangerous in*

large amounts. Force a large amount of skank into Denny's nasal passage, enough to cause his body and heart to shut down as quickly as possible. And then leave post haste after accomplishing that task.

Then Swami shuddered as he heard in his mind Corion's final words: *Or I will gnaw on your bones forever.*

Shortly thereafter, Swami met with Kumara, Fozz and Drakk in chairs near the Majarah statue that also held Swami's red crystal amulet. He told them what Corion had ordered.

"I have already arranged with Denny to meet him at Wistview the 3rd of February," Kumara said. "Why? Because I sense Denny is in a precarious state due mostly to not getting those MusicCom video deals. He knows he has reneged somewhat on his duty and oath to practice his role in the Order, especially the mentoring part. He's been in this state little by little since he lost his red crystal navel amulet—"

"Which you took, right?" Fozz laughed and then sneered for affect.

"Well, of course! On the orders of Corion. That was the beginning of the plot to punish Denny as well as Blake for not completely keeping their oaths to Corion. And now we must finish it!"

"So, Denny still trusts you, Kummy?" Drakk snorted some skuz. "I hope so."

"Denny," Kumara said as he sipped blood red wine, "Denny is in the state he is in because while he wants to leave the Order, he really, really, doesn't. He feels betrayed by his superiors in not getting that video deal, and he knows if he leaves the Order his career is finished, so then what does he do? He's been wasted now, for how long? Party-party-party is all he knows, and he knows being in the Order has made him the filthy rich rocker he wanted to be and knows no other life. It's as if he's in a life-quandary he knows he cannot escape."

Drakk immediately interceded. "I've heard from several rockers that he's giving away his so-called prized possessions, like his crystal nose spoon and his earrings and other stuff. One of these rockers—I won't say who, eh?—thinks he's gonna commit suicide—"

"Exactly," Swami interrupted. "That is why it needs to be done now. When he supposedly OD's, the press will believe he did commit suicide, because that has happened so often before among rock stars, right? So, because we know that the media will never uncover what caused Denny's death because they will be, shall I say, 'ordered' not to, this is the perfect time to carry out the will of our Lord Corion. Early February, the latest."

The red crystal hanging from Majarah glowed blood red.

“When I meet with Denny the 3rd of February, I will convince him that I am there to advise him as to getting back on board with the Order and not to punish him. I am sure he will have some alcohol served, and that will give me the opportunity to slip a small vial consisting of a tasteless sleep potion into his drink so as to knock him out as one of you—” looking at Fozz and Drakk—“shoves an entire packet of skank up his nose, while the other one of you holds him down and holds his nose shut so he can’t sneeze out the skank. While you do that, I will make sure his assistant, Kempullah, stays out of the scene by leading him away from that scene using a distraction. I’ll find some excuse. As soon as Denny falls to the floor, both of you sneak out of the house, and I will follow soon, after I find that letter which is in some metal box. I will find the box and remove it, and will have the box when the three of us leave the estate. If necessary, I will take care of Kempullah as well.”

And on and on, until Fozz asked a very important question. “How are Drakk and I supposed to sneak into the house with all that staff there?”

“As far as I know, only Kempullah and one or two others comprise of house staff. I think he has a cleaning maid and some kitchen maid who also cooks most of the food, and Kempullah, and some chauffeur who does not live there and is only part time. Supposedly Denny hasn’t paid him in a while so likely he’s not Denny’s chauffeur full time anymore. So how do you sneak into the house? Go to the garage, which at its south side has a door to the kitchen. Wait at the door until no one is in the kitchen. Go to the kitchen and listen for voices or footsteps into the hallway. When you hear no voices or footsteps, go into Denny’s parlor three doors on your left, and hide in the closet a couple of feet from the door on your right.”

“For how long?” Drakk asked.

“You need to get there around noon. The staff will likely be eating lunch in the dining room then. The dining room is next to the kitchen, but is on the other side from the garage. In other words, dining room to kitchen to hallway. Denny never eats there anyway. He eats in his parlor. It’s just for house staff. Since they’ll be eating, they won’t know you are there if you enter quietly. I am meeting Denny around 1 p.m.—”

“But won’t he be in his parlor?”

“No,” Kumara answered. “He told me he would be at the recording studio until around 1 p.m. The studio is a couple of miles away. So, when he arrives at

Wistview, I will already be there for the meeting. He will not know you will be in the closet of his parlor.”

“And where is the metal box?”

“Behind the bar in his parlor, as far as I know. That’s where it was when he had his party in November, according to someone who attended the party.”

“Who?”

“I will let you know later, Fozz.” Kumara then stood up. “When Denny looks as if he is about to fall asleep from the potion, I will knock on the closet door, you both will come out, and do what I have told you to do.”

Thus, that was the plan, and they carried it out—except for one thing. Kumara never did find that metal box behind the bar. Because it wasn’t behind the bar!

And another thing—neither Fozz nor Drakk actually did the killing.

Kempullah, who knew that Kumara, the minion of the man who murdered his uncle, the head Guru of the Sikh Golden Temple in Amritsar, in Punjab, India, could be a danger to Denny, removed the box from behind the bar and placed it under Denny’s parlor cabinet the night before the meeting.

In doing so he informed Denny as he made sure Denny’s bed was ready for sleep.

“Denny, I need to tell you I moved your metal box where that letter to *X-Zine* is located.”

About to enter his bed, Denny swiftly turned around in shock. “Why? I didn’t tell you to do that!”

“Because Den, Kumara—a man I do not trust—is coming tomorrow and we both know your letter to *X-Zine* is in that box. What if Kumara already suspects you have left that Order of yours and what if he suspects you will inform *X-Zine* of that? Because that is why Kumara is coming to meet you, to convince you to fulfill your so-called oath to the Order. And if you don’t, he and Swami Negran will punish you. You know that, right?”

“I get what you are saying.” Denny’s head hung down. In fear.

“And don’t forget. They still haven’t forgotten you lost your crystal.”

“Yeah, you right.”

“That letter of yours must get to *X-Zine*. That is why I moved the box.”

“Yeah. What you said makes sense.” Denny then smiled and got under his bed covers. “Good night, Kemmy.”

“You too, Den.”

And, since they never found the box or the letter, Corion did indeed punish the murder plotters.

Negran was supposedly killed in a car crash by some ‘Christian radical.’ For that is what the powers-that-be told the press to report. Negran in fact was taken by Corion, using that crystal.

A short time after that, Kumara, knowing he was likely next for failing to carry out Corion’s wish, returned to India to act in an up-and-coming ‘Bollywood’ movie. Well, not quite. After he got into a private taxi at the airport, the taxi blew up. An employee of Mark Besst’s new online music streaming outfit, Hipster, planted a bomb in the trunk of the taxi as the jet landed. The employee was a lower-level Hellyon—as well as the driver of the taxi, who, standing outside the taxi as Kumara entered it, pushed a button on the explosion device. He was called Trenchcoat—the same Trenchcoat that exploded a bomb on the private jet of the Super Six in July, 2001, which burned the jet right after it landed, harming no one.

Fozz and Drakk were also punished a few years later, as they refused to carry out their tasks to do the dirty deed to Denny. Their record label was sued in 2003 by a new rap music mogul who took over that genre the year before, the lawsuit backed by Mark Besst, and both Fozz and Drakk lost nearly their entire wealth assets over it, losing at least a billion. Rumor had it they suicided each other.

So, who actually killed Denny?
It wouldn’t take me long to find out.

Chapter Fourteen

Enter Music Mogul Kiddo, 2003

“So Fozz, so Drakk—you not gonna pay me the royalty amount you owe me? You not gonna abide by the contract I signed with you?”

Kiddo, a twenty-three-year-old rapper who was becoming the new megastar in that music genre with his first album selling nearly ten million copies in just under five months, stood in fighting mode at the desk in an office behind which sat the head of FozzWorld Media Group, the number one rap music label on Earth, with assets over ten billion pounds. Fozz, that is. Drakk stood behind him with hand on his pecker that was about to explode out of his trousers.

“You even said I could join your label! You even wanted me to be one of your partners!” Kiddo then pounded his fist on the desk. “You even wanted me to—”

Fozz laughed with the arrogance of someone who believed he was a god as his Corion red crystal amulet glowed fire on a gold chain around his neck. “Is that right? Then you didn’t read the whole bloody contract, Kiddo ol’ man. You think the contract said you’d own ten percent of FozzWorld. Bollocks, man. What it really said was you’d get paid ten percent in royalties after paying for production, distribution, and Drakk and I took our share of the take, which is ninety percent of what’s left over.”

“So, like,” Drakk interceded, “that means that if the royalties totaled ten million pounds and the production cost was one million pounds and the distribution fee was three million pounds, which leaves six million pounds, eh, and Fozz and I get our ninety percent cut of 5.4 million pounds, then you get the rest, eh, six-hundred-thousand pounds. Do the math, Kiddo!” Then he laughed.

Kiddo kicked the desk, then bounded out of the office, yelling, “See you in court!” as he cussed on his way out the door.

For Kiddo’s actual contract signed with FozzWorld stated he would earn at least one million pounds for every ten million in royalties on his recordings. But behind

his back, Fozz and Drakk and their lawyers changed the contract without contacting Kiddo or any of his lawyers or administrative staff.

The lawsuit was adjudicated in late 2003, and Kiddo won the suit, basically winning control over FozzWorld Records.

In order to assure himself that he would win the lawsuit, Kiddo not only joined the Novordo Club—he was already a member of the Hellyons, the Order of Andelusia and the Church of the Circle of Unity now run by Mark Besst—but in short time moved up the Hellyon ladder. Right before the lawsuit was adjudicated, he joined the Inner Sanctum as he drank the blood of a three-year-old impaled by Besst. Kiddo, upon Inner Sanctum initiation, was assured by Besst that his side would win the suit—after bribing the judge with a hefty amount of graft and promising the judge that his son’s life would not be sacrificed if he sided with Kiddo.

If Mark Besst sided with Kiddo, then so did Corion, which soon sent agents to take care of Fozz, using Besst’s leading red crystal, just as Swami Negran took care of Adam Bloodlove. His body was found in his bathtub, soaked in his blood.

Drakk went into hiding.

Needing to visit him to get the lowdown on the possibility that Kiddo might have been the killer of Denny, in the summer of 2005, I finally found out where he was in hiding.

The only person on Earth who knew where Drakk hid was the lawyer he’d hired in the suit brought by Kiddo in 2003. Not knowing that only he knew, I scheduled an appointment with him in June.

On the hunt for Drakk, 2005

“I really do not think making this appointment with me, Mr. Denholm, will solve your problem of finding Drakk, as I cannot reveal to you where he is.”

So said Avery Wilmont, Solicitor, who was now retired and basically living off the largesse paid to him by Drakk, who, while losing his label and well over a billion pounds, was still wealthy enough to keep paying off this secret partner whom had vowed to not reveal where Drakk lived.

“Is Drakk still in danger for his life over the lawsuit?”

Wilmont lit a cigarette and sat at his desk in his home-office. "Not over the lawsuit. Over the fact that he knows who killed a number of former Order of Andelusia members who quit the 'club' so to speak. Dead men tell no tales, as the saying goes."

I just happened to bring with me Denny's copy of *The Pleasure Rule* manual which Kempullah had given to me to aid in my quest to find Denny's killer.

"Yes, it's in this book." I showed Wilmont the manual.

"Yes, it is. Drakk told me all about it."

I then told him what Blake had told me about his suspicion that Drakk as well as Fozz had a part in the murder of Denny Spradlin.

"But neither one really did have a part in it, Mr. Denholm."

"Call me Lloyd."

"Fine. Lloyd, while Fozz and Drakk may have been called to take part in Spradlin's and other killings for breaking the rules so to speak, neither one actually took part. You will have to ask Drakk why—"

"Why? When you can't even tell me where he is so that I can talk with him?"

Wilmont's face went flush with the truth of it, which led to some verbal judo on my part.

"Because, Mr. Wilmont, when I am interviewing anybody, I need to see their face, facial expressions, their body language, which reveals to me their truth or their half-truths or their lies. Body language, Mr. Wilmont, body language. Anyone can say anything, true or false. But it is their body language that lets me know whether or not the person I am interviewing is being truthful or not. I cannot see their body language over the phone. Nor can I see their body language through e-mail or cell phone texting. The interview must happen face-to-face. That means I must meet with him. In secret. Maybe if you rang him up—he does have a phone, right?"

"So, you want me to ring him and ask him if you can meet him face-to-face?"

"Yes. And hopefully, he agrees to meet me, in secret. Alone, at his house or wherever."

And so, it was to be. On a tiny island off the coast of Scotland, where he rented a cottage from the lord of the island under his real name seldom revealed in any pop culture magazine or other media, that real name being Percy Whitewell.

Two weeks later

“You won’t reveal my real name, will you?”

So said Percy ‘Drakk’ Whitewell after greeting me at his door. He wore blue jeans, a white t-shirt, slippers, and held a pistol in his right hand.

“I will not reveal your real name.”

As I entered through the door I whispered, “You can put that gun away now.”

Drakk stuck it in a drawer near a couch made of leather, then sat down, as I sat in a similar chair.

“So, you had nothing to do with Denny Spradlin’s death, which was not a suicide.”

“I didn’t do it. And Fozz didn’t either.” He lit a cigarette, then held it out to me. “Smoke?”

“No thanks, but a glass of water would help.”

“Sorry, man.” He got up and brought me a bottle.

“Thanks,” I said, then continued. “So, do you know who did kill Denny?”

Heavy breathing. “Yes.” He then nodded with apprehension written all over his face.

“Is the killer still alive?” Sip.

“Yes. Which is why I’m in hiding and only Wilmont—and now you—know where I am.”

“I will not reveal your place of residence, believe me. And I will also not reveal that it was Wilmont who set up the interview. He is retired, so I doubt anyone still thinks he has anything to do with you.” Another sip.

Drakk then sat back a bit more relaxed. “This killer is very powerful now in the music biz. He’s on the Directorate. He’s at the top of the Novordo Club—”

“Mark Besst?”

“Supposedly Mark Besst died or something last year. I mean the man he recruited—”

I cut Drakk short. “So let me go through my head then as to who did not have anything to do with it, or who has died since the death. Just give me a minute, eh?”

It could have been Swami Negran, but he got car-crashed, supposedly. And Kumara, but he got bombed, supposedly. Cole Blessing? Likely not—he was in the US at the time, and he got impaled around the time of Erik Manning’s one-minute-miracle-song-note event. I doubt if Torquay and his Luciferian minions had anything to do with it, and most of them died mysteriously anyway. Drakk said not

Mark Besst, either, who supposedly died. It must be someone among the new set of Novordos. Was Kiddo, a Novordo and Directorate leader, among them?

“Okay, Drakk, I’m finished considering who could have been involved but has passed on, as well as whom likely would not have had a part in Denny’s murder.” Sip of water. “You said Mark Besst recruited someone into the Novordo Club and is on the Directorate as well. By that I reckon you mean the Directorate that rules the music industry.”

“Yes.”

“You also said this killer is powerful in the music biz, which is likely why he’s on their Directorate. And you do know this person.”

“Yes.”

“So that,” another sip, “you know this person, and you know he is powerful in the industry, was recruited by a man who headed the Novordos—that is, Mark Besst—and is likely that powerful in the business because he now controls the record label that you and Fozz once controlled after he won that lawsuit in 2003, likely because Mark Besst backed him and likely he won because Besst bribed the judge, or maybe even threatened the judge.”

“Yes.” Drakk then hung his head in apprehension.

“So then I know who you believe or even know who committed the dirty deed.”

“And that is—”

“I don’t need to say his name, and his celebrity name is not his real name of course, but his ‘stage name’ so-to-speak. All I have to do is look up his real name on some search engine using his stage name. And you know of whom I speak, so I will not have to even mention his name. And he is the one who did it, correct?”

“Yes.” Still hung his head. *Guilty feeling?*

“But the thing is, Drakk, was you-know-who originally part of the plot? Or did you or Fozz or both of you recruit you-know-who to do the killing instead, offering him some reward for doing so?”

“Yes.”

And what was that reward? Being signed to the FozzWorld rap label a short time later—for at the time he was only fifteen-years-old and was just getting his rap career started—and his sex partner ‘career’ started with former Hellyon Inner Sanctum member, tech guru Mark Besst.

And then Drakk revealed to me how it all went down.

Chapter Fifteen

Kiddo's Disturbing Beginnings

What I am about to say is almost too disturbing to even consider saying, and then reporting to anyone, including *X-Zine* and Blake Fenmore, but as many truth-tellers claim these days, *who could possibly make this stuff up?*

Kiddo—not his real name, of course—was born in 1980. His father? Twenty-year-old Chaddy Chadwick! His mother? Some sixteen-year-old prostitute whom Chaddy sacrificed on his stone altar at his thirty-million-dollar estate in Hereford right after Kiddo was born. Since his Hellyon Inner Sanctum leader and father, Lord Chadwick, had ordered Chaddy to sacrifice either his newborn son or the whore, he chose to impale the woman and drink her blood. He drank blood at every meal—a requirement for Inner Sanctum Hellyons.

While at his father Lord Chadwick's hundred-thousand-square-meter-estate just kilometers from Baron Torquay-Lambourgeau's manor, Chaddy made a complaint.

“Look father, I really think I should have sacrificed that baby. His blood is fresher, more nourishing, and to me, the little brat is just a nuisance. Constantly crying to the point where his nanny can barely deal with him! And I need fresh blood, bloody hell!”

The lord bounded out of his chair and stomped toward Chaddy. “NO! Corion, our lord whom we serve, dammit, will not allow it! How many times have we called on Corion during our weekly sacrifices to tell us what to do, and how many times has our lord told us to keep the child?”

“But father—”

Lord Chadwick calmed down. “We have been told to give the child away to one of our lessers, one of our minions. Corion would prefer parents who are members of the Outer Hellyons but whom would never qualify for Inner Sanctum membership.”

Why? Because while they served the elites, they were not of noble birth and were not affiliated in any way with the ruling families, dynasties, that have ruled over the Earth since ancient times.

“Actually, Chad, Baron Torquay-Lamourgeau has suggested a possible parent, the friend of a friend at Broton Academy, a young man younger than you that you may have met, mentored by Drew Hallsey-Foxworth—”

“Well of course I knew ol’ Drew!” blurred Chaddy, whom was getting a hard-on at the thought of a possible ‘relationship’ with Drew that evening within a sex-room at the *XanadU* night club. “I am meeting with him tonight.”

Just then the butler brought a gold tray carrying two flasks of fresh blood for the duo. He put it on a sandalwood table, then bowed at the lord and his son, then left.

Lord Chadwick picked up a flask, handed it to Chaddy, then picked up his own; then they banged flasks in cheers, then both imbibed the blood.

“I needed that,” Chaddy said. “So, Drew knows a recruit who wants this son-of-a-whore?”

“Well, the recruit is perhaps a bit too young at this time. He’s only fourteen, but Drew is mentoring him into adopting this child when he finishes school, in four years. In four years, son, this young man will be accepted into a top university. His parents are definitely not of our type.” That is, they are not aristocrats by any means and could barely afford their son’s education at Broton. “But they are Outer Hellyon members. Both parents work for the Ministry of Culture as aids. His father also serves Duke Marty Effingchester. Marty got them both into the Hellyons so as to serve him more effectively.”

“Would these parents be able to hold the child until this recruit is able to adopt him?”

“That is precisely the way Baron and Marty want it, and Drew is certainly amenable to that scenario. Legally, these followers of ours would make perfect so-called ‘parents’ on a legal document. But when this young man does reach age, he will take over as—” laughs haughtily “—father.”

“Groomer, you mean!” Both laughed and then finished their flasks of blood, then threw the flasks into the fireplace.

And the name of this ‘groomer’? Mark Besst!

The information I was able to gather about Mark Besst was just as disturbing as the information on Kiddo, but this information made it clear that Besst would make a perfect mentor for a young child being groomed to become a scion of the Evil.

In 1984 at Cambridge University at a frat party filled with scions of the elites and the wealthy—for one had to be such to join this fraternity—Mark Besst, a freshman initiate to the frat, and a senior frat member named Drew Hallsey-Foxworth, who belonged to one of Britain’s prominent banking families, cornered a female student at night, 3 a.m., as part of Mark’s initiation rite. Drew Hallsey-Foxworth, Mark’s mentor, told Mark to rape the student.

“Before you can ‘do what thou wilt,’ Mark, you have to prove you can ‘do what I wilt,’ and, you know.”

The girl was short and skinny, hardly one who could fight off two stronger male students that she knew were performing a frat initiation—but she didn’t know Mark was supposed to rape her. As Mark held her, she yelled, “Okay, Mark, you can have me for the night, okay? Just let go of me!”

But Mark refused, ripped her clothes off, and got her to the ground and simply raped her.

When he was finished, she could not move.

“Get up, will you?” Mark screamed at her. “Get the hell up!”

But she could not move.

“Um, Mark, maybe we should pick her up and bring her to the frat house basement? We can’t leave her here.”

So they did so. But she still could not move. And when the two checked her out the next morning after classes, she still could not move.

Because she was dead. No pulse, no breathing.

Mark panicked. “I killed her Drew! I can’t believe it! Is that what—” he got on Drew—“thou wilt?”

“N-no, Mark! It was an accident! No one planned this! No one wanted this!”

Still on Drew, Mark shouted at him, “But I’m still going to get expelled and go to prison for this!”

Got off Drew. “My family doesn’t have your connections, Drew! My family doesn’t have your family’s money, Drew! I can’t just buy my way out of this, Drew!”

“Look, Mark,” shouted an exasperated Drew, “it was an accident and I’m the one who told you to rape her. I’ll get my family to do what’s necessary. If it is necessary! That girl isn’t from a leading family, either, so I doubt if anyone will even notice that she’s missing.”

“So,” Mark said more upbeat now, “no one was around when it happened? You didn’t see anyone?”

“No one. It was 3 a.m. No one was about, Mark. She yelled, but this is college, right? Girls yell all the time, even at 3 a.m. I didn’t see anyone, did you?”

“Not when it happened, no. But did anyone see us carrying her?”

“I saw no one on the streets or sidewalks. It was very dark, no moonlight, Mark. No one would even have noticed who she was or who we were. And not even a frat member knows what happened. I haven’t told anyone. Have you?”

“No. I had a feeling when she wouldn’t move that it would go down badly, so no, I didn’t tell anyone.”

“Well, then, it’s settled. Nothing happened, and nothing will happen.”

“But—there must be a stipulation somewhere.” *That’s how moneyed families work, right?*

Drew went up to Mark and put his right arm around Mark’s shoulder. “Yeah, Mark, there is. You’ve known me, and who I belong to, for a while. That’s the way we work. We in the moneyed families. The elites. And the way we work, Mark—” Drew said so arrogantly knowing Mark now had no choice, “—is a quid pro quo. I keep this a secret, and you follow me into the Outer Ring of the Hellyons.”

“You mean, Satanists?”

“Baron Aston Torquay-Lambourgeau, a student of the spirituality of Satanism, founded the Hellyons in 1947. When Torquay founded the Hellyons, many men of our group founded many groupings of their own, here, the States, Europe, and Asia. You name it. We’re what the Temple of Satan is to the US. But its leader there pretty much just plays at Satanism. I don’t even think he even performs human sacrifices like we do.”

“We? Who is we? And are you in the Hellyons?”

“Outer Ring, Mark. Most of this fraternity are Outer Ring members, and most of our parents are Inner Sanctum members.”

“Do you actually worship the devil?”

“Lucifer, Mark. Lucifer is often called Satan by the hypocrites who say they worship God, but in fact Lucifer is good. Lucifer has freed mankind from the laws of God that simply cannot be upheld. That’s because no one is perfect, which is what God expects. But humans simply are not perfect, so we can never hope to actually reach God’s perfection. But we can reach Lucifer’s perfection! We can reach a sort of godhood just by worshiping Lucifer, sacrificing to Lucifer once or twice a year, in blood, a totally inferior person who could never hope to achieve what we can, a godhood.”

“Yeah, an inferior person, like my parents, who never thought I would amount to anything! I’m already a top music student at one of the world’s top universities,

and they think I'm worthless!" Mark faced Drew with passion as well as anger. "I would have no problem if either or even both of my parents were sacrificed in blood to Lucifer, or even Satan!"

Never mind that Besst's parents were lower level Hellyons themselves!

"That's the idea, Mark! But when sacrificing to Lucifer it's always a very young boy or girl. Lucifer prefers boys." He got in Mark's face with excitement. "But as Outer Ring members, we only get to watch, not drink the blood. We have to prove our loyalty first. As for sacrificing adults, that's rare, but when that happens it's usually a sacrifice to Corion, the god of the pagan Crag-Dwellers of ancient Wales. Corion prefers adults, or at least older children. In the year 50 AD, Crynnwagg, High Priest of the Crag-Dwellers, sacrificed fourteen Druid children, mostly teens, to Corion. All at once, and then all the Crag-Dwellers drank their blood. Then they burned the bodies. Some of Lucifer's other minion gods prefer very young girls, however, so it all depends on which god we're sacrificing to. And, after we watch the ritual, most of the time, we want to really get into the Inner Sanctum."

"Where members take part in the sacrifice?"

"Yeah. Now I'm sure it will be hard to watch a two-year-old boy get stabbed with a sword. But it's nothing more than an abortion—how many fetuses get aborted each day, Mark? Thousands! What's the big deal? These fetuses are unwanted, right? And these boys that are sacrificed? They're orphans. Nobody wants them! They're inferior humans! Nobody wants them! So, Mark, we're actually doing these children a favor by taking their lives so they don't have to spend their lives in poverty and misery and utter uselessness and hopelessness. These children will always be hungry, always be in debt, and even enslaved! If that were me, I'd rather be dead than a slave, Mark! So that, while it seems cruel, we're actually doing these children a huge favor!"

Mark considered this and said, "You're right, Drew! It's like we're helping this world by reducing the number of miserable people who are hopeless." Then this popped into Mark's head. "It's as if—no, it is, truly—that Lucifer, and only Lucifer, wants these poor hopeless children, and that Lucifer will love them and take care of them." Then he turned angry. "Unlike that stupid God of those stupid Christians! Like they really care about those poor kids!"

"Exactly, Mark. So. Are you with us Hellyons, or not?"

"Count me in, Drew. Count me in!"

Never mind that Drew never mentioned that Lucifer, Corion, and Satan were one and the same—the Evil.

When Kiddo was ten years old in 1990, his ‘father’ Mark Besst, aged twenty-four, watching from a dining room window to the yard grass where Kiddo had just caught a rat in a trap, saw his ‘son’ then place the dead rat into a similarly structured much larger trap meant for cats. The ‘cat trap’ was placed on a cement walkway directly across the window from where Besst was viewing.

For Kiddo knew a scruffy cat belonging to a neighbor loved to invade the Besst estate looking for rats and mice that inhabited the way into the dungeon in the stony sixteenth-century mansion. Not satisfied with just seeing rats and mice get mauled by the traps he made, Kiddo believed that by tricking a cat into taking the bait, he was doing the will of the god he was groomed by Besst to serve, Corion. For Corion needed to feast on sacrificed creatures, animal or human.

Besst then saw the cat approach the trap as Kiddo hid behind a large clay vase several feet from the trap.

“If it be your will, my lord Corion, accept my son’s gift to your feasting in glory as you ascend to victory over your enemy, that so-called ‘Creator.’ And may that ‘Creator’ submit himself to you, my lord! So you can gnaw on his bones, forever.” And then a loud and arrogance-filled laugh as the cat’s head was crushed by the trap.

Kiddo then came out of hiding, grabbed the dead cat, and proceeded to knife its head off with an axe. And then drank the blood of the cat.

After running into the mansion to grab a golden goblet at the dining room door, Kiddo then filled the cup full of blood from the heart of the cat—squeezing as much as possible with his hands.

“I hope I have enough for tonight’s supper,” Kiddo said with a nervous tongue.

Later—

“You did well, Kiddo,” Besst gloated after snacking on the remainder of blood in his golden cup. “So well, that I believe you should be initiated into our Hellyon order—”

Excited, Kiddo, wearing a t-shirt hosting the Corion cross as well as the words ‘Andelusia, the Society of the Gods’, and having a small red crystal of Corion within his belly button—a very trendy status symbol at that time of the early 90s—yelled, “Thank Lucifer for that! Yes, I want to be a Hellyon more than anything—”

“I thought,” Besst interrupted him, “you wanted to be a rap star more than anything. You know, like Fozz.”

“Yes, father, I do. I want both. I want *The Pleasure Rule* as well. Filthy rich rapper. I want blood at every meal. I want to take part in sacrifices to our lord. I’d love to knife a screaming baby!”

Besst laughed, then got out of his chair and slapped Kiddo on his left shoulder. “Tomorrow night, my son. You will become, as a child is sacrificed, by myself, with Drew and even Baron Torquay present—”

“And Fozz?”

Besst looked up in wonder. “Perhaps. Fozz is now in the Slake of Satan, just initiated a month ago, which will allow him to begin setting up his rap record label. He will soon be in the Inner Sanctum with myself, Torquay and many others of our kind.” He then looked down at Kiddo. “We do not normally allow Slake members to take part in our sacrifices, just Inner Sanctum fellows. But Torquay does indeed desire for Fozz to rule the rap world here in Britain—Fozz is our chosen leader of the youth following rap music. I do believe Fozz will be part of your initiation, my son.”

“Please, father! And I want him to mentor me in rap as well.”

“Yes, Kiddo. And when required should Fozz renege on his oath to Corion—if he does, that is, or softens his stance in any way—then you, Kiddo, will take his place.”

Kiddo, taking one last sip of blood, got out of his chair, hugged Besst, and proclaimed, “I would never renege on my oath! And if Fozz or anyone else does renege, I’ll deal with him myself!”

“That’s my boy!”

Minutes later, they sodomized each other, then slept in the same bed.

The following night—

“I vow to you my lord Corion, whom will ascend to be the Most High shortly, that I will do your will. Or may you gnaw on my bones forever. I will not betray you, my lord.”

When Kiddo finished his chant, Besst knifed the baby as he screamed in agony which released the adrenalin that created enriched young blood for imbibing, and Drew collected the child’s fresh blood. Ten-year-old Kiddo drank first, then Torquay, Effingchester, Drew, his sister Ally Hallsey-Foxworth, Rodney Davis, Fozz, Swami Negran, Besst, and a couple of others.

A couple of hours later, Fozz, now a rap superstar having had his previous two albums hit several platinums, walked up to Kiddo.

“Your dad said you wanted to be a rap star.”

“I do, just like you, Fozz! And thanks for attending my initiation! You’re like my music idol. I heard you perform getting hard-ons, grabbing your crotch—”

“You damned bloody right! It’s like I’m having sex with my lord Lucifer—”
“Corion.”

“You can call our god either one, eh? I prefer Lucifer, the light-bearer.”

“And I prefer Corion, the god of light born in darkness, as Swami says. And I am in Swami’s church as well. And I am joining the Order of Andelusia. I want my bloody *Pleasure Rule!*” Raised his right fist. “Yeah!”

“And I want you on my record label I’m creating thanks to all that loot I now bank. Chaddy and a few others are going to help me set it up. I plan to rule over rap. But you can join me in that, Kiddo.”

“Boffo, man!” Then laugh. “We can drink baby blood together. And like, right now, can we do each other?”

Which they did in an upstairs bedroom.

Six years later, at a large venue owned by Fozz and Drakk—himself now a rap megastar—Kiddo, wearing a red crystal Corionic amulet around his neck which also featured an upside-down cross, as well as wearing nothing but hot red skivvies to where his pecker was nearly exposed as he partially grabbed it in exhalation and rapping his allegiance to his ‘god’ as the screaming mostly teenaged-audience roared their approval, then placed his hands in a diamond-shaped channeling formation. “Lord Corion, I capture these lovely souls for your pleasure! And for their pleasure!” Kiddo shouted into his mic. “And all of you here, place your hands as I have and allow the god of pleasure into your lives!”

And the audience did as he commanded, and allowed the devil into their souls—for their ‘pleasure.’ For that was why, in the Spring of 1996, Kiddo was their rap god, their idol. At sixteen-years-old, Kiddo was rapidly on his way to rap god status.

And a Slake of Satan initiate the following evening. Then, two years later, a FozzWorld record label deal to make him a partner—or so he thought—was commenced with label owners Fozz and Drakk singing off on it. Ten percent of all take—so he thought.

FozzWorld Records signed Kiddo to his first record recording contract in mid-February, 1996, with his first rap album hitting platinum a month later, which led to his gig at that Fozz-and-Drakk-owned venue. And his initiation into the Slake the following evening. Then a partner with the label in 1998. Why, when prior to his first album and large venue concert, Kiddo was barely known as a rapper?

I had actually asked Drakk this question as he revealed to me the role Kiddo had played in Denny's murder, and this is exactly what Drakk replied.

"We promised Kiddo—Fozz mentored Kiddo into the rap industry beginning in 1990 just as Fozz was becoming huge, and around the time Drew Hallsey-Foxworth introduced me to Fozz and Mark Besst as well—and Mark Besst was Kiddo's father, eh? So Fozz and Mark and Drew, all Hellyons, right, mentored Kiddo into doing rap songs and rapping. Fozz even got Kiddo on a couple of children's TV shows along with Fozz and me, with Mark Besst's and Drew's sponsorship. Shows controlled by Marty Effingchester and the Novordos and Hellyons. Anyway, Fozz and I promised Kiddo we'd sign him to our label and make sure he became a rap star if he did what we told him to do—"

"And what you told him to do was take your place and Fozz's place and do the dirty deed on Denny—"

"Because it turned out the day Swami and Kumara wanted to kill Denny was a day that Fozz and I got sick with the flu."

"Seriously?" I cocked my head in doubt, thinking, *Isn't that a coincidence!*

"So then you both suddenly got sick on the day you plotted with Swami Negan and Kumara to murder Denny Spradlin. Really?"

"Yes, really, and I know that sounds like we were making excuses for not doing what we said we'd do since we didn't actually want to do it." Heavy smirk. "Well, in fact, we actually would have preferred to not do it, since Denny had once been a fellow member of the Order and helped Fozz to become a member when Fozz was just starting out." Then Drakk looked up in wonder. "Maybe, just maybe, the true God intervened on our behalf by making us sick so we wouldn't be able to kill Denny. Maybe God knew that I, at least, would turn my back on this whole satanic bollocks eventually."

I myself was taken aback when Drakk mentioned God, and thought. *Sounds like what happened to Blake and likely even Denny—and the Super Six as well. So did Drakk, too, repent and accept Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior?*

“You just said you turned your back on Satanism. When?”

“In 2003, when Fozz was found dead in his bathtub full of blood. I still don’t know if it was suicide or murder, because when we lost the lawsuit Kiddo filed against us, Fozz pretty much lost it. Deep depression, as if he felt betrayed by his lord Corion and couldn’t handle it. After that, I realized either they, the Hellyons and them, could come after me as well, or that I made the worst decision ever by siding with the Hellyons and the Satanists. I took whatever funds I had and bought this place under my actual name, which you now know. Then I found out Baron Torquay died a short time after he supposedly—and I still can’t believe he did it, but his son—”

“Joe Phillips, right?”

“Yeah, on some conspiracy website it was reported by Joe Phillips that his father accepted Christ as Savior.”

“Was it *X-Zine*?”

“I don’t remember because it was such a shock.” Laugh. “But I reckon that if the supposedly most evil man on Earth could do it—so, yeah, I repented of Satanism and all that New Age crap and became a believer in Christ. When I did that, I asked Christ to protect me from those I knew were coming after me.” Smile. “And He has, man! Thanks to Christ and Wilmont, I have been totally safe here.”

I joked, “Well, if Baron Torquay could do it!”

But then I brought the conversation back to its original footing.

“So then you and Fozz got Kiddo to kill Denny, and I guess Kumara and Swami agreed to have him do it. So, it was just Kumara and Kiddo in Denny’s house along with Kempullah and the rest of the staff.”

“Yes.”

“So, while Kumara is distracting Kempullah which was part of the plan, Kiddo sneaked into where Denny was, having been given a sleep potion by Kumara, and stuffed some skank laced with a deadly amount of Datura or jimsonweed mixed into the skank, enough to kill Denny. Then he sneaked back out of the house.”

“Exactly. I don’t know exactly how Kiddo got in since he had no clue about Denny’s place. Maybe Kumara drew him a map or something.”

“But Denny didn’t die right away. He managed to scribble a note on paper about Kiddo wearing a hood. Of course, Denny did not know Kiddo like he knew you and Fozz.”

“True.”

“I think that, even though Denny was in dire straits, if he knew that you or Fozz did it, I think he would have said so on that note he wrote. The note he left for

Blake said a hooded man poisoned him. He made it to that box Kumara was looking for and somehow slipped the note into the box. The collapsed in death.”

“Yes. And while Blake said he thought it was suicide, I’ve suspected all along Blake knew the truth, and knew we’d come after him next, which is why he went into hiding like I have.”

And on and on for about an hour discussing details and how I should report this to *X-Zine* and Blake.

“Just don’t mention my name, my real name or what I go by, Drakk. You can mention Fozz and Kumara and Swami since they’re dead, and, likely, in Hell for eternity.”

“Weeping and gnashing of teeth, eh?” Which is told in a number of Gospel passages by Christ Himself.

“Yeah, I know that passage. Another reason I accepted Jesus. I really don’t want Satan’s teeth gnawing on my bones or soul or whatever—forever.”

And when I told Blake all about this, I asked him if he was going to get some sort of revenge on Kiddo, who was, in 2005, one of the richest folks on Earth.

“You going after Kiddo, then, Blake?”

“I’d love to, but he’s got so much power and money he’d be able to weasel his way out or have me jailed or murdered for even considering it.”

Then Blake sighed relief or sorts. “Besides, Lloyd, I figure in the Bible it says a verse that goes—I do not remember where—‘Vengeance is mine, sayeth the Lord.’ So then I reckon I’ll let God and Christ—and ultimately, the devil—deal out the justice or vengeance they deserve.”

Justice, indeed, in the Outer Darkness, the Lake of Fire.

Part Two

Chapter One

Foggy Memories

Bobby Jones is my name.

Well, I think it is.

That is what my parents told me it was. Over the phone.

There I was in the middle of Richmont, California. Talking to my parents over a pay phone at a phone booth two blocks from the Richmont Church of the Circle of Unity where something had just happened to me, but I cannot remember what.

Funny, that I could remember my parents' phone number, but not my name, and not what I had been doing the previous several hours in the basement of a church after being in a basement at the occultist Hellside Horror House in the fancy section near the beach by Richmont. And it took me hours to remember even that.

I had dialed my parents' phone number. Rotary dial? Push button dial? Couldn't remember. But I knew the phone number. Collect call. I had no money on me. Was my money stolen? I can't remember.

My dad, a Dallas dentist, answered the phone.

“Hello?”

I responded, “Dad?”

“Bobby?”

“Um—who?”

“Bobby? Is that you?”

“Bobby?” I turned my head in wonder, then asked my dad, “Bobby? Who's Bobby?”

Mr. Jones, on the other end of the line two hours ahead in Dallas, Texas, turned his head around to my mother. His wife.

“Is that Bobby?” she asked, nervous. It was 7 a.m.

“Yes, dear.” Voice shaking. “It's Bobby, but—but—”

“But what?”

Turned to his wife. “It’s Bobby, all right! I know it, but he doesn’t!”

I heard what my dad was telling my mom.

“Is my name Bobby?” I shouted into the phone hoping dad would hear my shouts and tell me.

Nothing on the other end, so I shouted louder. “Dad! Mom! Why are you calling me ‘Bobby’?”

Dad whispered to his wife, “Bobby is shouting, asking me if his name is Bobby.”

“Well—”

Jones then shouted back into the phone, “Yes! Your name is Bobby!”

“Bobby is my name? Is that you, dad?”

“Yes! Bobby, why did you forget your name? What happened?”

While Jones spoke into the phone, he thought, *Are you on drugs, son? How else could you forget your name? And where are you?*

“Uh, dad, it’s gonna take a while to tell it, and anyway, I don’t remember all the details—”

“Well, Bobby, come on home and tell us what happened.” Short laugh. “If you can remember where you live—”

“Uh, no I can’t come home, dad. Because I’m not where you think I am.”

“Well then, Bobby, where are you?”

“Um—”

“You are in Dallas, I take it?”

“Um—No dad. Not Dallas. Richmont.”

“Richmont?” Taken aback, Dad shouted a whine. “You’re in California?”

“California?” Mom nearly screamed. “How in the blue blazes—”

I heard my mother’s scream. “Uh—yeah, Richmont, California. Sorry I never told you but I’ve been here since last year—”

Mortified. “Last—year? Bobby—last year?” Anger built up inside Dad. “Why in the devil didn’t you tell us you—what? Hitch-hiked? To California? Why the devil—California?” Livid now. “Why you—!”

My dad cussed at me over the phone. Meaning, he was mad as hell.

And on and on.

The path to Richmont

Yep. I did in fact hitch-hike to California a couple of months after telling my folks I dropped out of high school in April, 1992, in order to work full time as a recording studio musician locally, a guitarist. I was fourteen at the time; my guitar skills were adequate.

But then something weird happened a month later at a party given by a well-known local night club venue owner in whose house I was renting a room along with Lee, who hailed from some hole-in-the-wall in far west Texas.

Lee had given me to eat psilocybin mushroom, which caused me to hallucinate, then a snort of a designer drug called skank which cost about 500 dollars an ounce and which he had stolen from some party goer from some Permian Basin oil baron family.

After the skank—which caused me to see visions of a scene from a horror TV channel I loved to watch, visions of Andre' Cool and Cheetah Nightshade's *Hellside Horror House* horror and occult television channel—I packed a few clothes and things and, yep, hitch-hiked to Richmont, California. With the 500 dollars I managed to steal from my roommate Lee—who stole that money from that same rich kid party goer—I was able to buy a beat-up VW van-bus.

Where I proceeded to live, parked in an alley across from an RV dealer. The dealer actually thought that my VW was an RV for sale!

Then in July, 1992, I worked as a roadie for a top American rock band.

About ten minutes into the call, my dad finally got over his anger at me.

“You don’t need to be living in a van, Bobby!” Dad now sounded calm and happy. *At least Bobby’s living the life he wants to live and is supporting himself*, dad thought. “Look, son, if you need money, we’ll send you some, okay? You need to find a decent apartment—”

And on and on.

And I really, really did do roadie work for some top rock bands in 1992 and 1993. I wasn’t lying about that one. And when these rockers I worked for partied at Andre’ and Cheetah’s—there wasn’t a top American or Brit or whatever band that

didn't party at Andre' and Cheetah's!—I had managed to sneak into these horror house bashes with all the sex and drugs one could ever want.

Free skank. And free hallucinations.

My first 1993 Hellside party crash

That phone call to home was at about 5 a.m. in mid-June, 1993. In the previous hours, I had snuck into a party for one of America's top rock bands, Strait Jacket, through a backside wall of hedge-bushes facing a pond at the north end of the Hellside Horror House estate of pop culture-TV stars Andre' Cool and Cheetah Nightshade, owners of that cable and satellite television horror and occultist channel. The place was a little over a mile from the beach.

Since I had done a few hours of roadie 'work' for this same band the previous fall—I had crashed the 1992 Hellside bash for them as well—and a full-time roadie for this band recognized me, I had no trouble fitting in and found myself involved in some occultist ritual in the Hellside Horror House basement.

Among nearly a hundred wasted rockers, groupies, roadies, and others touring with the group as well as friends of the Hellside owners from the nearby Church of the Circle of Unity run by Cole Blessing, I found myself snorting several hits of skank—which, I found out later, was laced with jimsonweed, a poisonous leafy green plant that grew wild in the Southwest.

Jimsonweed, also called Datura, if eaten even in small amounts, could send a person into fits and seizures and even death. But, ground up into dollops in tiny amounts, jimsonweed was a hallucinogenic added to the cocaine-opioid drug known as skuz, to form skank.

Several snorts of a drug I had only used once or twice before sent me into a crash in the basement on the tiled floor in a room with what looked like a sacrificial altar. Don't know when I woke up, but around 3 a.m., I found myself on another floor in another basement—at the local Church of the Circle of Unity roughly two miles from Hellside. I have no idea how I got there.

And I still don't know to this day, years later.

There was an altar in this basement as well—a flat stone about three feet off the ground, black, made to look like polished obsidian.

I sat leaning at the altar wondering what had been happening to me, and who I was. That was the crazy thing—I could not remember my name.

And, trying to find out my name on my driver's license, I found that my wallet that contained the driver's license was missing from my left-side pants pocket. Along with over one hundred dollars.

That I could not remember my name, and that I had money stolen from me, was why I phoned my parents.

How did I remember their phone number but not my own name?

I was good at math. Numbers.

Back to my phone call with dad.

“Yeah, dad, I could use some money since someone either stole my wallet or I lost the money that was in it—”

“So, you lost your driver's license too?”

“Yeah, and about that apartment, dad. If I'm gonna get a new license I need an address, right?”

Dad was curious as well as nervous. “You do have a post office box, I hope.”

“Yeah, I do. Thank God, since you couldn't send me any money if I didn't.”

“Now I don't know about California, Bobby, but in Texas you need a home address to get a driver's license since you have to have a local address.”

“Speaking of Texas,” I laughed into the phone, “my driver's license is a Texas driver's license.”

“With a California license plate? I wonder how the cops—”

Laugh again. “Speaking of cops, look dad, I've never been stopped by any cops.”

“Then I guess you're not in Texas—” Chuckle.

“But I guess losing my old driver's license is not such a bad thing, then.”

And on and on about getting a new license and a new apartment.

A week later, I got the money in the mail. Cash. Enough to get the new license—I used the home address of a new friend of mine I called fat Ralph.

Who lived in his own parents' basement.

Until about a month later, I continued to live in the van. Parked at Ralph's parents' driveway.

Chapter Two

From fan to roadie for the band known as the Super Six

In early July, 1993, while still living in the van, a miracle of sorts happened, as one event led to another, which led to another.

Though I had done some roadie work for a couple of American rock bands including a top group from Los Angeles called Strait Jacket during the 1992 *MonstersRock* summer series, the band with which I really wanted to connect hailed from northern England. Sound Unltd had a singer, Erik Manning, considered rock's number one front man but with operatic training, and had five other musicians all considered tops in their games. The 60s had the 'Fab Four' while the 90s had the 'Super Six.'

Their concert tickets were 'to die for,' many claimed, and, so as to get discounts on their gig tickets at Richmont Stadium and other venues, I joined their 'official fan club' that spring. In April, 1993, Rona Schwartz, head of their local fan club as well as Manning's main American groupie—never mind that he had married a gorgeous super-model-actress the year before—held a contest at the local night club, Forkyz, giving away four tickets to their stadium gig on Friday the 13th in July.

I won the contest. Then, knowing I'd be seeing them perform on stage, I wanted to also see them back stage as a roadie, a 'walk-on' so to speak. It was a well-known fact among fan club members nationwide that the 'Super Six' had no issues with fans being part-time roadies paid off the books during a few gigs. So much the better if they were bikers—most of their roadies were gang bikers, and their keyboard-synthist, Bryan McClellan, was a MotorDuke riding biker himself. Since I was not a biker, how would I get myself to the various west-coast gigs I imagined I'd be working at?

Why, finagle my way onto the crew and hopefully into riding between gigs in one of their limos! But that would take a bit of conniving.

So, I did what I had done before with those other bands—sneaked onto the Hellside Horror House estate of Andre' and Cheetah at the bash I just knew they'd

be holding for ‘the band of the nineties’ the night of July 12, the night before the Richmont Stadium concert.

And wouldn’t you know it, but at the moment I walked out of the bushes unnoticed into the shadows cast by dimmed outdoor poolside lamps, a throng of party-goers whooped and hollered rushing toward the north end of the small fish and frog pond where trees abounded. I joined the throng as if I was a guest at the party, just walking into the crowd, nonchalant.

But then I heard a voice behind me after I joined in.

“What’s he doing here?” Puzzled.

Another young man answered, surprised. “I know that guy. He’s probably a roadie. I remember him from last year.”

I did not turn around, but I did recognize the second voice, from a fellow Strait Jacket roadie. I then assumed the puzzled voice was also.

The puzzled first roadie then came up and walked beside me. “You a roadie? For Sound Unltd?”

“Yeah. My name’s Bobby.” I spoke with confidence.

“Never seen you before.”

“I’m new, just hired. But I’m not sure what I’m supposed to do yet. Cart stuff around? Help with stage set up? Not sure.”

“Well,” he looked at me, head cocked, “you could be the guy—I heard Tom say this before—that he needed a roadie to sit with him while he’s on the road.”

Besides the fact that drummer Tom Cornsby was well known to hang out with jet-setting celebrities and to ‘channel’ various occultist spirits using his red crystal given to him by Church of the Circle of Unity leader Swami Negrana, another thing I knew about him was that he tended to arrive at gigs late unless someone was with him to assure that he wouldn’t.

And then I knew I could use that excuse to finagle my way into riding with him in his limo!

Sure enough. The short, blond, curly-haired percussionist snuck up behind me and that roadie, calling to the guy.

“You going to Forkyz tomorrow night?”

“Yeah, likely. You still need a baby sitter?”

“Baby sitter?” Chuckle. “Cute, eh?”

The one I would be ‘babysitting’—actually, rock star sitting—then trotted to the head of the throng that soon caught up with his so-called ‘antagonist,’ guitar-synthist and recording producer Mick Pordengreau.

The two were antagonists in more ways than just verbally: whereas Tom was short, Mick was six-foot-three; whereas Tom was curly blond, Mick was dark-brown haired with loose ringlets and a bird-beak-like-nose; whereas Tom dressed in cotton or leather usually with flat canvas shoes, Mick dressed in silk robes, often with dragon designs, with silk skivvies underneath and sandals; whereas Tom was the ‘philosopher,’ Mick was the ‘occultist’ whom some claimed was a wizard.

What happened next was based on a set of songs Pordengreau had written for the current tour album, *Second Coming*, about a cultist high priest being sacrificed by Druids, then the cultists getting revenge by tying fourteen Druid children to oak trees, draining their blood and then burning them and eating their burnt bodies.

Tom and someone who had brought rope twine, and the entire throng, got Pordengreau and his bisexual lover, shock rock singer Adam Bloodlove, as well as Andre’ Cool, nearly stripped naked, placed against an oak tree and then tied by twine to the tree. Cornsby then got out his cigarette lighter and torched some grass under the tree, mocking the Druid ritual, mocking his band mate as he was wont to do. As he poked Mick with his finger, the drummer shouted, “Burn the beastly Druids! Skin them alive!” as the tied trio began to break free.

And where was I? Helping tie up Bloodlove, an avowed Satanist.

And it in no way fazed me at all that I was tying up shock rock’s number one icon. I tied him up as if he was just another person. Later it dawned on me that I actually got to touch a huge super star, but never mind, a couple of days later I’d be limo riding with the biggest mega-star in the business!

At the Super Six Richmont Stadium gig

Then came the concert the following night at Richmont Stadium, newly built because the city was considering the possibility of hosting the current Los Angeles team of the NFL whom were considering moving back to the Bay Area.

Since I won the ticket contest at Forkyz, getting four free tickets, I decided to bring fat Ralph and two other fan club members, Natalie and her blonde friend whose name I never learned—they called her ‘blondie.’ Neither one was particularly good looking in my opinion though Natalie claimed to know Rona

Schwartz and claimed she wanted to be in Rona's Fun Girls Groupie Club. Fat chance, I thought!

We sat in the eighth row, center, waiting for the right moment to head for the mosh pit that would be 'serviced' by three-hundred-pound brawny biker stage security crew body-throwers. After the four of us discussed which NFL team we wanted playing in Richmont—the recent powerhouse Niners were preferred by the consensus; I wanted the Dallas team, another powerhouse at the time—suddenly the stage went dark.

Mosh pit time, as fat Ralph nearly got mauled by a band of fanatics wearing gig t-shirts costing about fifty dollars that had the Sound Unltd logo featuring a symbol that looked like the Corionic cross, and as Natalie and blondie kept getting pushed forward and shoved backward as I nearly got blinded when two chicks standing next to me accidentally poked close to my right eye. Less than a minute later, lights showing a glowing obsidian triangular set of monoliths caused the throng to begin a slow, deafening roar that reached fever pitch as drummer Tom walked through the obsidian way up the steps to his drum set, which he proceeded to bash in introduction for the rest of the six, some holding their guitars, and then front man Erik.

At the singer's appearance at his fabled mic stand, the roar got so loud I could not even hear my own cheering. Since I could barely hear his spoken introduction, all I could do was look at his body which I assumed was being literally worshiped by the screaming chicks nearby. He wore hot red leather pants exposing his naval which had a small diamond pierced into it, with the right thumb down his pants and the rest of the hand out front at his crotch. No wonder the girls nearby went crazy, maybe thinking their 'rock god' wanted to have his way with each one! And then I noticed his solid gold upper arm bracelets, and then his red crystal amulet positioned above his heart. Skinny, with long dark brown hair down his back half-way, and those sensuous bangs—two streaks of hair reaching over his blue eyes.

And then he suddenly out-stretched his arms toward guitarist Jack Lubin on his left and bassist Keith Mullock on his right; that is, he was signaling them to fire up the rave-up music, the intro to the first song of the night. I don't know what got my own rave-up going more. Lubin, dressed in tight below-the-waist black leather pants and matching boots also wearing a red crystal, acting as if he was trying to fry one of his amps as roadies fired 'bombs' of colored smoke onto the stage from above. Or Mullock, either literally riding his bass as it looked as if his black leather star-studded pants were dying to drop, and as he crashed the bass into more smoke

bombs. Eventually he'd smash the worn-out bass to smithereens and then be handed another one, and Lubin would set one of his amps on fire!

For the duo would not allow singer Manning to completely hog the show, neither stage antics nor sexually—both Jack and Keith possessed hot bods, thin but muscular and both around six foot tall, with Jack's side-shaved and dirty-blond wavy-topped hair rivaling Keith's bushy-black hair matching his dark skin—being part-Afro made him an instant sex object, and he reveled in it!

With the audience going bonkers a couple of minutes into the gig, the entire band plied their ways through the first song, *Rise Up!*, which opened for the next one, *Burning Malls*, which nearly brought the house down and, some claimed, led to actual mall riots only days after the concert.

So as not to completely wear out the audience or themselves, the middle part of the show offered more orchestral, more melodial, more classical music and virtuoso vocals which included the two Druidic songs Pordengreau wrote, to not only calm the audience before the final rave ups to end the show, but to enhance the experience with glowing red crystals.

What with the riots some claimed the sextet fomented the following week, maybe it was a good thing keyboard-synthist Bryan McClellan, at six-two and fiery red wavy hair and beard—Redbeard was his band nickname—with a bit of a beer belly look, did not yet wear the crystal.

For had he done so along with his five cohorts, the reach of the red crystal could have influenced the entire sixty-thousand-plus audience.

Toward the end of the show—and I don't even remember what song they were playing, but it was a prelude to another rousing rave up to end the gig—I felt the crystal, being close but not right up against the stage where Ralph and the two girls were. I became light headed, almost dazed and entranced by the red beaming glow, a warm but soul-sucking-out-of-my-body feeling. It had to be the glow of the crystal. It had to be! The dizziness, the light headedness, nearly in a catatonic state to where I couldn't even hear the music anymore.

And then I got hit with an empty bottle of bourbon.

That returned me to normal!

After the gig

After the show, as I was pretending to head to my van accompanied by my three friends, they explained to me what led to me getting hit with the bottle.

“So, you didn’t even see Jack throw the bottle, Bobby?” Ralph said, incredulous.

“No. It was as if I was entranced by the glow of the red crystals. I didn’t even know he had the bottle.”

The two girls mumbled something snarky and then the blonde smirked. “So like you didn’t even see Rona come out with the bottle? So she hands it to Erik, who drinks some—”

“A real whiskey-head, he is.” Natalie then cut in. “And then he douses some fans as they were trying to climb the stage—”

“Yeah,” Ralph laughed, “you shoulda seen the security guys throw them into the mosh pit, Bobby. Now that was cool! Glad I didn’t get hit by anyone!”

“So then,” Natalie continued, “he hands it to Jack, who puts it at his butt like he’s blow-jobbing himself, and then throws it into the mosh pit.”

“And you got hit with it, Bobby.” Ralph laughed again. “I guess that’s what you get for winning free tickets!”

We continued to walk to where Ralph’s 1982 Ford pick-up was parked, at least a mile from the entrance to the stadium.

“You still got a bump on your head?”

“Yeah, Ralph. I still got the bump—and the bottle. My dad’s a dentist, eh? I’ll get him to make a plaster cast of the bump, then I’ll give it to you, okay?”

And on and on.

“But did you see the crystals around their necks?” I finally got a word in edge-wise.

“Yeah!” Natalie shouted. “The things were red. I saw them.”

“Did you see them glow?”

“Yeah, right, Bobby!” snickered Ralph. “That was just the lights hitting them!”

I stopped, annoyed, and they stopped also a foot ahead of me. “Uh-uh. I saw the crystals glow by themselves. When the light was shining on the crystals it looked different from when they glowed. A bright, bright red radiating out. Like a shining sun. When the crystals glowed, I felt lighter. Right before I got hit with the bottle. I felt like I was going to be sucked out of my body. A force.”

They kidded me, sneering and snickering at me while standing in a circle.

“It’s true! Like a force grabbed me. A wonderful, warm force wanting to pull me out of my body.”

The blonde said, “Sure! Maybe the devil was trying to claim your soul.”

Natalie jumped in. “That could be! I’ve read about how Sound Unltd is involved with the occult. That’s why they’re the top band in the world right now. They’re really devil worshipers.”

I waved my arms and I shouted in their defense. “They are not!” *But naturally she’d say that!* “They follow a guy named Swami Negran. That’s who gave ‘em the crystals.”

Ralph agreed. “Yeah. Nothing wrong in that. If the Fab Four could follow some guru, why can’t Sound Unltd follow the Swami?”

“Fine,” Natalie responded in a huff. “I still think they’re devil worshipers. But that’s cool.”

Of course she’d say that. Both Natalie and the blonde were wannabe wiccans and wanted to join Rona’s groupie club—and witch’s coven besides.

Chapter Three

Bobby Jones, ‘rock star sitter’

When my three friends got to Ralph’s pick-up, I then pretended to head toward my own van several yards away. I was really headed toward the back stage entrance where the band’s limos were parked and where the tunnel to back stage was located. I had done stadium surveillance hours before so I could sneak onto their road crew.

And not just to rub elbows with the band of the nineties. I was intrigued also by the possibility that they really could have been devil worshipers, or at least tied to the occult. A double fascination for me—the occult and my ‘rock and roll gods’ tied to the occult. For Swami Negran and his Church of the Circle of Unity was definitely New Age and was known to worship the Celtic god Corion. Further, Mick Pordengreau was known to study the occult practices.

Then there was the one thing I never told my Methodist parents—I was also into the occult. Perhaps the guitar-synthist would give me some pointers about becoming a wizard or Druidic priest as I assumed he was.

I was skinny enough to fit through the space between the fence-way and the pole to which it was attached, as I could not just walk past the gate to where the limos were parked. Surely one of the roadies assigned to drive the limos would have seen me. Everything had to be done in the shadows as I, in dark clothing, attached myself to the stadium wall. It was a risky proposition with several security roadies also walking about. As I approached the tunnel-way to back stage, I heard some brawny beast in biker garb with what I knew was a Cockney-like accent call to another security guy, but I had no idea what he said, or the other guard.

And then I saw the big man head toward me. I had to think fast.

“Hey what the ‘ell,’ then cussed, “you doing ‘ere? Who the ‘ell—“?

I stopped cold in my tracks. “I’m a roadie, just came on. I was told I was—”

“Well who the ‘ell told you anything? ‘Cos I wasn’t told!” Sneer.

“Some guy at the party last night. I don’t remember his name but he said he was on the crew.”

Looked up, wondering. “Yeah, okay, I think I might know something about this.” Headed toward the tunnel. “You coming?”

I followed the brawn. *I haven’t even told him what I’m doing here. Amazing!*

When we’d gotten through the tunnel to the back stage area, I then heard an accent I’d never heard before. Scottish-like, as if one of the band was heading my way. *Calm down, Bobby!* I kept telling myself.

It was synthist Bryan McClellan, who sensed my nervousness as I then told him ‘why’ I was there.

“I heard Tom needed a baby-sitter.”

“Is that a bump on your forehead?”

With me sitting on the seat behind the front limo driver compartment, facing drummer Tom Cornsby, he looked at me quizzically as he faced me, lighting a blunt. We had just pulled out of the stadium back parking lot, heading to Forkyz.

“Yeah. Someone around the mosh pit threw it in the air and I got hit with it.” I was not about to tell Tom that his closest band mate, Jack Lubin, had thrown the bottle into the audience. Telling him that could lead to an embarrassing situation. It’s not as if the guitarist intended to hurt me.

He then handed me the blunt. “This should help the pain, eh?”

“Well, it doesn’t really hurt. I don’t think the guy who threw it—” Toked.

“You got the bottle with you?” He then took the joint from me, and I showed him the bottle.

“Huh,” was all the curly blond would utter, at which I realized that the label, a bourbon brand, might clue him into who threw the bottle. Rolled his dull blue eyes, and smirked. “Some guy, eh?” Snort, but he left it at that.

For he sensed I wasn’t a typical roadie, but a fan, and when he’d seen me feign utter awe after he’d entered the limo, what he said immediately calmed me down. “I’m just a guy,” he’d said.

‘Just a guy’ came out of the mouth of another of this illustrious band the following morning in another limo headed up to Portland, Oregon on an eight-hour drive. This same ‘just a guy,’ when I entered his limo around 7 a.m., was sleeping covered with a soft blanket with head on pillow and body turned toward the back end.

After I sat down on the plush leather seat as the driver shut the door, the interruptions spurred the sleepy occupant to squirm himself into a forceful awakening. As the limo hit the exit ramp onto the boulevard, he slowly positioned his body and face toward me, and was taken aback.

“Uh, sorry, eh?”

All I could do was glare at him and smile, wanting to excitedly cheer.

Facing me was the biggest rock super star on planet Earth. Erik Manning, with his streaks of bangs raised to the right side and his dark brown long straight back-length hair a wad of a straggly mess contrasted with a light-skinned Nordic complexion.

Cocked his head sitting straight up. “Yeh, Tom said you’d be riding with me.” Moved the pillow and blanket to the side. “And—” Then he noticed that I looked mesmerized by his presence and said in mock annoyance, “like, relax, eh? ‘Cos I’m gonna tell you what Tom did, since you looking at me like I’m some kinda bloody god or something. I’m just a guy, eh?”

That woke me out of entrancement! “That’s what Tom said!”

“Right. ‘Cos it’s true.” Screwed his deep blue eyes on me. “You a fan, eh?”

“Uh, yeah.”

“Well, you a roadie now, so get over the fan persona. Just think of me as one of the guys, eh?”

Nodded my head and blinked. “Uh, yeah, okay. That’s cool.”

After leaving Richmont, the two of us took a three-hour nap, then the driver got us all coffee as we headed toward the Oregon border.

Then the issue of Swami Negran and the red crystal came up.

“I saw you at the bash the other night. You were with the crowd that came after me and Rona.”

“Sorry about that. I guess we interrupted your love-making.”

Coffee sip. “You tie anyone up?”

“Adam Bloodlove. Now that was weird!”

Smirk. “They all weird.”

And then the effect of the red crystals had on me.

“It was as if I was in a trance when your crystals glowed red. Then Jack threw the bottle—”

The singer cocked his head, peeved. “So like Jack threw the bottle at you?” Cussed. Then smirked. “I was wondering what he did with it!”

Both of us sipped coffee.

“Like I don’t think he intended to hit me with it. And in fact, it got me out of the trance I was in.”

Erik *hummmmm’d*, looked away, then up, then back at me. “So, you think the crystal put a spell on you, eh?”

“I wouldn’t call it a ‘spell,’ but like a moment when I felt like I was in another dimension. I couldn’t hear the music anymore. I really can’t describe it.”

Honestly, I just couldn’t reveal to my rock idol that what he wore around his neck might have sucked out my soul, or something. I don’t think he wore the amulet to do such a thing!

“‘Cos the only reason we even wear those things is ‘cos it helps us perform the way we should, the way you fans want us to.” Sip. “We’re not out to cast spells or anything like that. And, like, when Swami’s not around, we don’t even wear the bloody things!”

“Is that why Swami gave you those crystals? To make your concerts the best on Earth?” I smiled and chortled. “Because they are, no doubt about it.”

Snorted. “No. He gave us those crystals to get us into his cult. I mean, not a one of us believes his New Age crap!” Cussed. “And all he wants to do is suck up to us. He figures if we have the crystals, then every other big-time rocker will join his cult as well. He’s just using us, eh? The thing is, we using him as well.”

Exactly, I thought. To remain the top rock band on Earth.

At the Portland gig

That night at the arena where the NBA Portland team played, I was helping ‘cart stuff around’ for a different monolithic set up this time with lasers instead of smoke bombs, carrying amp mini-platforms to the right side of the stage toward the front, where bassist Keith Mullock had his set up. And then I heard murmurs near the main mic.

“Is that the guy who rode with you, eh bro?”

“Yeh. Name’s Bobby, eh? Plus, he helped tie up Mick and them at the Hellside bash.” Chuckle from the singer.

“Too bad I missed that one!” Snort.

And then I heard a heavy footfall approaching me. Mullock was a strapping and muscular, hairy-chested, dark-skinned and bushy-black haired, leather-clad hunk with a much thicker accent than the others.

“Bobby, eh?”

If I hadn’t noticed the six-footer coming my way, I likely would have dropped the amp platforms in startling surprise.

Remember, Bobby, just one of the guys, I put inside my head.

“Yeah, that’s me.” I put the platforms on the floor.

“Glad you here, eh?” He stood in front of me. “‘Cos Ron, the roadie that helps me set up, eh, ain’t feeling well, so like, could you like take his place tonight, eh?”

Wow! I thought. “Uh, yeah! I’d love to!”

So that not only did I help set up the bass amps on the platforms and hand him whatever he needed during the gig—he was getting better known for bashing ‘worn-out’ bass’s during rave up antics by then—but I also got to converse a bit as he took short breaks and water guzzles.

And I did such a good job that during the next gig in Seattle at the NFL Seattle team’s stadium venue, I got to assist lead guitarist Jack Lubin as well. As tall as Keith but with dirty-blond side-shaved wavy-haired head and lighter-skinned of course, he too was muscular, but skinnier. And a hunk as well. He, Keith and Erik were the ‘sex hounds’ as well as front men of the show.

Chapter Four

At the Seattle bash for the six

But the most interesting conversation I had with any of the sextet was with the other guitarist, tall, dark-brown ringlet-haired, beak-nosed and robe-wearing Mick Pordengreau, who was bi-sexual and mostly hung out with fellow rock icon Adam Bloodlove, like him, an occultist.

This occurred at another bash for the six, given by one of America's top front men of an early 90s megahit band who just happened to live in the ritzy section on Puget Sound near Seattle. Being a roadie afforded me the chance to attend this sex-and-drug-laden party at a ten-thousand-square-foot mansion even bigger than Andre' and Cheetah's place, with leather and suede and satin upholstered lounges and cushy chairs everywhere, with a band-on-the-make regaling the six and the guests—Sound Unltd would sign this northern California quartet the following year to their record label, Foray.

I just happened to walk past Pordengreau and Bloodlove, both laying on a silk futon, when I heard a loud voice calling to me a few feet away.

“Hey, aren’t you the bloke who tied me up at Andre’s?”

He had a north England accent, but not the same as Mick and the others. It was Adam Bloodlove who called me. I had helped tie him to that oak tree near the pond at Hellside as Tom, Jack and others tied up Mick.

I turned to the voice.

“Yeah, I was one of ‘em.”

“Well get the hell over here, eh? ‘Cos I want to ask you a question.”

So, I went to them, and sat squat on the Persian rug. And thrilled I was no longer entranced by the presence of rock super stars. Relaxed, expecting his question.

“So, like, how the hell did you sneak into the party?”

“Um, it wasn’t the—”

Mick nudged his ‘partner.’ “Eh, man, he’s one of our roadies, eh? Do not be screwing him over.” Only he didn’t say ‘screwing.’

Bloodlove smirked at his ‘lover.’ “Uh, yeah, sorry man. I was just—”

“That’s okay, Mr. Bloodlove.”

“Call me Adam, eh?”

“Okay, Adam, but that was not the first Hellside party I crashed. The first one I crashed was last year when I crashed the party for Strait Jacket, and then Mike Mendoza”—its front man—“invited me onto the road crew. So,” I looked directly at Mick, smiling, “I figured since it worked then, maybe I could get with Sound Unltd, because you guys are my favorite rock band.”

Mick and Adam smirked and snorted at each other as Adam picked up a skuz tray and began cutting up lines for snorting as nose spoons rolled on the tray.

“Well, eh, that calls for a bit o’ celebration, eh?” After all, Bloodlove was doing his damned-est to get himself a Foray label contract.

“Right, eh? Like both Jack and Keith think you one bloody good roadie, eh?” A high-pitched laugh. “Skuz your bloody brains out!”

Only he didn’t say ‘bloody.’ I’d heard more cuss words out of the mouths of this illustrious band in four days than I’d heard in all the months I’d lived in my van in Richmont. And Bloodlove wasn’t far behind them.

After apologizing to Adam for helping to tie him up, I then explained to them why I did it.

“Because of that song of yours, Mick, the one—sorry, the two songs you wrote for the *Seccond Coming* album, the ones about Crynnwagg.”

“Yeh. I was inspired to write them. And,” after he snorted a line of skuz with a crystal nose spoon, “I didn’t just make that up. Crynnwagg was the high priest of the Crag-Dwellers, a Celtic sect that worshiped Corion—”

“Which is the same god, I guess, that Swami Negran worships!” And then feeling queasy about interrupting someone I idolized, I then said, “Sorry. I didn’t mean to interrupt you.”

The guitarist cocked his stringy-haired head and nearly sneered. “Don’t bloody worry about it, eh?” Shook his head as he rolled his blue eyes.

“Because you’re—as Tom and Erik and Keith and Jack have already told me—you’re ‘just a guy,’ right?”

“Yeh,” he chortled as Adam laughed, “but not like they are, eh? Like they were all in the same street gang back home in Walltown, getting drunk or whatever every Saturday night and having their ways with chics. I’m a bit more—”

Adam threw his right hand out and down, limp-wristed, and laughed, “Refined.”

Mick, who then flushed Bloodlove's long, straight dark-haired bangs away from his mouth, then moved to gorge on the singer's lips and tongue. Then uttered softly, "Exactly. Be refined with me, Adam ol' boy."

And then they fell on top of each other, writhing on the futon as lovers. And then Mick glanced my way. "Come join us, eh?"

Taken aback, I then uttered, "No, that's okay. I'll just watch."

Not that I wanted to watch two bisexuals 'love' each other, but I did want to ask Mick more about this Crynnwagg dude.

Later—

"So why does Swami Negran, who's from India, right, worship the same god as some Roman-era Celtic high priest?"

Mick answered, "I really can't answer that, eh? All I can say is that when Swami was learning the Sikh religion in Punjab in the mid-70s, he prayed to some red crystal. And it answered his prayer."

Hmmmm, I thought. "Red crystal? The same kind of red crystal you all wore at the concerts at Richmont and Portland and here in Seattle?"

"Yeh, and I don't know if it's the same one he prayed to, or if he made copies of it. Because those crystals *do* have some kind of spiritual powers on us when we wear them. Like they help us to perform better and longer so we don't wear out as fast as we used to."

It was a well-known fact that the six performed a minimum or two hours on stage, whereas most bands didn't last more than 90 minutes.

"Yeah," Bloodlove broke in, "I remember Swami told us all about it at that Hallowe'en bash o' yours two years ago."

Which Mick then began to relate to me, about when Negran, at Mick's Holyhope Castle party, near the Craggy Mountains of Wales—and near Crynnwagg's supposed burial site—told him and Bloodlove and others this story.

About that Swami Negran

"So, you were a Hindu, Swami—or do you prefer to be called Rashnish?" For that was Swami Negran's first name.

"I prefer Swami. Only my parents call me Rashnish."

“Okay, Swami.” Neville Banner—the new head the World Community Artists Foundation, sponsored by the United Nations body known as the World Youth Cultural Council—which was more of a non-governmental organization than anything else that oversaw the ‘proper ways’ of youth-upbringing for the sake of cultural conformity—had begun the conversation on how Swami began his own church that believed in only one god.

“And Hindus, right, believe in many gods.” Banner continued. “So how did you reach the conclusion that there was only one god?”

Negran answered. “I was born in Kolkata.” That is, Calcutta. “I became a leader in my Hindu temple, and I was given the task of traveling northwestward so that I could help convert the Muslims there. There were many Muslims there, and I wanted to do this because the Muslims there were being persecuted. I did not agree with persecution of anyone, and, further, I was even starting to question my pantheism.” Belief in many gods. “I was starting to think maybe the Muslims were right and there was only one god. So I travelled through New Delhi and followed the Ganges up near Amritsar near the west coast of India. Now this is Sikh country. The most holy temple of the Sikhs, the Golden Temple, is near Amritsar. And naturally I met a Sikh guru on my mission, and he—I forget his name—convinced me that there was only one god. It was as if he could read my mind and he knew I was questioning my belief in many gods—”

Mark Besst, a pianist who was then working with others to set up a computer-friendly digital technology outfit called CompuTel to compete with similar companies, cut Swami short. “Why does Hinduism teach about many gods? And can you even keep track of them all?”

“It’s in the Bhagavad Gita. There are many gods because there are many aspects to life, such as life and death and good and bad and birth and destruction. Each has a god over it. Like Shiva, the god of destruction as well as reincarnation. And you are right about keeping track of all these gods. And it was precisely this that led me to question pantheism. Honestly, here I am a leader in my temple, and I can’t even keep track of them all!”

Laughs.

“So I began to believe this Sikh guru was right, so I let him mentor me. But as I expected, I was being followed by another leader of my temple. So I asked my Sikh guide to help me get out of this situation of being found out and punished by my own Hindu group. This happened in 1976 and I was only twenty-five, and I was afraid my wealthy parents would completely cut me off financially if I

betrayed Hinduism. So I did not want to be found out. Then my Sikh mentor brought me into the Golden Temple and he led me to a large red crystal.”

Swami then related his story.

The Sikh guru brought Swami to the red crystal laying on a shelf above both heads. “This red crystal can help you, I hope.”

Swami noticed how large and beautiful it was, on a shiny gold medallion. “Is that a ruby?”

“Honestly I do not know if it is or not. All I know about this crystal is that it is very old. Older than Sikhi.” A religion founded in the late 1500s in India, the Punjab region, where Amritsar was located. “A guru was given this as a gift, and he used it to heal someone, and it worked. But one day this guru died suddenly, and then his body disappeared. No one knows how. But the head guru at the time decided the red crystal was cursed somehow, so he put it in this spot.”

“Can I touch it?” Swami asked the guru.

“No. I was only showing you this because while you cannot wear it, you can ask it something and it will be granted.”

So, Swami asked the crystal, “Will you protect me from my Hindu persecutors following me to punish me for wanting to be Sikhi?”

The red crystal glowed bright.

“This means you are protected from the Hindus, and your wish is granted.” Then the guru said urgently, “But you must not put this thing around your neck. You must not. You will be cursed!”

“I won’t,” Swami answered.

But he was lying, for that night while the guru slept, Swami sneaked into the Temple and stole the crystal.

And put it around his neck. And it glowed. Swami suddenly felt its power and even its godhood. He looked inside the crystal and saw what he believed was himself inside it, glowing in godhood, as if he was elevated even above the Brahman caste, and his reincarnation journey would soon be over to rest with Shiva and the other gods.

The spirit within and controlling the crystal told him. “I am now within you. I am Corion, god of all gods. Like the Most High. I now control you, as I controlled the Celtic Crag-Dweller priest, Crynnwagg, of the Craggy Mountains of Wales, in the United Kingdom. You will soon change physically and be taller than you are, with long tibias like Crynnwagg had. My spirit will guide you. I am the god of

light, born in darkness. I rebelled against the Most High God, but I repented and He made me like him, a most high god. I am now your god, and feel my godhood in you!"

This revelation shocked Mick, who had studied the Crag-Dwellers of Wales and their Druid enemies along with other occult practices. "That's what the archeologist, Simon Pedigrew, found out in his Craggy Mountain digs—that the Crag-Dwellers worshiped Corion, and about Crynnwagg. He then became an occult fiction author, Simon Pedigrew Badlove, and wrote fiction about the Crag-Dwellers, but called them Stone-Dwellers. And he mentioned the Red Crystal of Corion. The Crag-Dwellers worshiped Corion as god, and they believed that the red crystal did have godly powers. So is the crystal you wear the same red crystal, Swami?"

"Yes. You and your band mates—well, except for Bryan—all wear red crystals derived by me from this crystal I wear."

"So your crystal controls our crystals?"

"No. The godhood within each of you controls the crystals. That is why when your crystal glows it is revealing more and more godly powers to you, and is why I insist you wear them when performing. Your own collective godhoods will reach out into your fans and enlighten them as well. It will make your perform better, and longer, and make your stage antics and pyrotechnics supreme. As long as you wear those crystals, none of your rival rock bands will succeed you. I guarantee it."

But what he wouldn't 'guarantee' was the end of his story. When he was seen by his Sikh guru mentor wearing the 'cursed' crystal, the guru angrily shouted at him to remove the crystal immediately. Swami wouldn't. He used the power of the crystal to strangle the guru. Then left India and settled in the United States where he set up cult churches in the mid-west in order to burn the churches with the members burning inside them. Sacrifices to Corion, as Corion wished. In 1987, he set up his primary cult sect attended by ruling bankers, oligarchs, politicians, media moguls, and entertainment celebrities, in Britain. His 'church' was housed in a former Anglican seminary in a wealthy district near central London.

Back to the bash

“So Crynnwagg was a Celtic—sorry, Crag-Dweller High Priest—in the Craggy Mountains of Wales when the Romans conquered Britain around 50 AD.” I bore my head toward the rug as if in thought. “Crynnwagg and the Crag-Dwellers worshiped Corion. It sounds to me as if Crynnwagg wore the red crystal, just like Swami Negran does now.”

I then lifted my head up and faced Mick quizzically. “So, if Crynnwagg, who lived in Wales, wore the same crystal as Swami Negran, who lived in India almost two thousand years later, then how did this crystal get all the way from Wales to India? Do you know, Mick? Did Swami ever tell you how?”

Pordengreau had just snorted another line of skuz so he was a bit fazed by my question, asking me to repeat the question more slowly.

“I have no bloody idea, eh? Swami told us the Sikh guru told him that some guru hundreds of years ago disappeared after—I reckon this is what he said—after putting the crystal around his neck. So some temple guru thought it was cursed so he put it on a shelf where no one else could grab it. As for how it got to India in the first place,” Pordengreau smirked, “you *do know*, Bobby, that India was once a British colony, eh? Maybe some East India Company official got a hold of it, and gave it to the first guru as a gift for some favor or something.” Chuckle. “I have no bloody idea. Things happen.”

Then Bloodlove cut in. “Like maybe you should ask Swami, eh?”

Now that was a great idea! But I also figured one of the most celebrated New Age leaders wouldn’t even consider trying to recruit a ‘nobody’ like me. Swami’s main mission seemed to be to recruit the biggest names in popular culture—he would get Bryan McClellan into his cult later in 1993 so the keyboard-synthist could get his McClellan-Lewis Synthesizer marketed by a major music instrument distributer. And what entertainment star wouldn’t join in the same cult that—some claimed—caused Sound Unltd to be the hugest band of the day?

So, if Swami Negran wouldn’t recruit me, perhaps his head Richmont disciple, natural herbal healer Cole Blessing, would.

But first I had to find an apartment on the cheap side of town. What New Age ‘guru’ would recruit a guy living in a van?

No problem. By working about a week with the Super Six, I was paid about ten thousand dollars cash—off the books.

Chapter Five

Conniving my way into the Swami cult, late July, 1993

Two weeks after the Seattle gigs, I got my new apartment on the cheap side of Richmont. Had I possessed a passport, I would have been able to continue my roadie job in Canada for another couple of weeks.

My life, though, was even emptier than the apartment-without-furniture was. Could Cole Blessing ‘fulfill’ me like no other religion could?

The Richmont Church of the Circle of Unity headquarters was definitely not on the ‘cheap side of town,’ but in the most affluent. Of course. After all, the Circle of Unity sought most of all to bring aboard wealthy celebrities and others of independent means as well as influence. But while other cults tended to recruit movie stars and others seeking a clearer state of being, this cult wanted entertainment stars with a more occultist bent, attracting rock stars first and foremost. Again, Sound Unltd was a key factor.

And, since I was one of their ‘favorite’ roadies—

So, I walked a couple of miles on a cloudy day in late July to a building that looked more like the Taj Mahal than the nearby non-denominational Divine Hope Community Church looked like the Dallas Theological Seminary!

I stood outside that ‘temple,’ musing in thought. *Since I'm a ‘nobody,’ I probably won't get a crystal and I'll probably never meet Swami. But surely someone higher up in this church knows something.* I entered the building with a strong desire for *some* knowledge that would help me straighten out my life. Plus, perhaps, get in with an influential group I could take advantage of.

A woman greeted me as I walked into the lobby where ‘greeters’ were assigned, at literature tables. “Welcome, friend! To our Church of Unity, blessing Mother Nature.” Then she proceeded to hand me pamphlets. “You came at the right time.” It was one p.m., July 27th. “We are having a study session shortly which I strongly think you should attend, for free.”

Figures I have to jump through hoops to get into this church. I'm a 'rock star sitter,' not a rock star! "So I have to go to this study session before I can join the Church?"

"Well, yes, in fact, several sessions."

"And do I have to get—therapied—like they do for—"

"No, but you do have to—"

"Good, because I'm not a fan of that actor of theirs."

"He's a good actor, though. And if he wanted to join us—"

I was getting peeved. "So then, it's the old 'it's not what you know, it's who you know?'"

"Well—"

"Because I do know some big-time member—"

"Who?" *Sure you do*, she thought.

"Erik Manning, I'm sure you've heard of him." Smirk.

At the mere mention of the singer's name, she nearly fell backwards. Covered her mouth in awe. "Oh my God! Are you—?"

"Serious? Hell yeah! I'm a Sound Unltd roadie!" Smiled. "I'm not with them right now because they're in Canada and I don't have my passport yet for some reason, but they'll be back in a week or so and I'll probably be with them again when they do." *Keep it up Bobby!*

"Oh my God! Wow! What do you do?"

"Whatever they ask me to. Set up stage stuff. Cart stuff around. Ride with 'em. Whatever."

"But you are so young!"

"Well, it's mainly a summer job. Their head road crew guy, Chet Lesley, recruited me a while back. But I do live here in Richmont." *In a cheapo apartment. Keep it up!*

"And when I was riding with him to Portland, Oregon, Erik explained about why I needed to join this church. Personal power and godhood stuff."

"Then you are light years ahead of where I would have assumed you'd be, just walking into this building like you did. At this point—" Turned to me. "So, he actually recruited you into the church. Amazing! He must have really liked you a lot, and that definitely counts for something!" Then she remembered what she was about to tell me. "At this point—what's your name?"

"Bobby Jones." *And she might like this as well.* "My dad is a dentist and is a Secret Society member, high degree. He's actually tried to get me into that group as well. You know, world unity."

“We do have Secret Society members with us as well. Usually high degree, 32nd and above.”

“I don’t know what degree my dad is, but it’s pretty high.” *Keep it up!*

“Anyway, like I was saying, Bobby. You are, at this point, beyond even middle-level knowledge, and do not need beginner sessions, for sure. That would hold you back. And,” she smiled at me, “not everyone can just walk in and say they work for Sound Unltd. I know that for a fact because my cousin, who’s into sound engineering, couldn’t even get any kind of work with them. And he had roadie experience with some very top American rock bands! But Sound Unltd only recruits the very best.”

“Because they *are* the very best!”

She nodded profusely. “And because of that, you are likely to be at level twenty. But come this way and I will introduce you to Cole Blessing, a homeopathic healer who is head of this church, and is at level thirty so far. He will test your knowledge and personal power. But I will recommend level twenty. I am his personal assistant here.”

I didn’t even have to connive my way in—she connived herself, and then Blessing! Later, in Cole Blessing’s office—

“Definitely level twenty, Bobby. And that is because there must be some high level of personal power in you for you to just show up at one of their gigs and immediately get a job with the most important rock band in the world right now! And to have Erik Manning—I mean, I’m a huge fan of his and I never even met the guy! To have him recruit you is—well, stunning, He must have sensed your personal power. Must have.”

“Do I get a crystal? Because when I was at the Richmont gig, that crystal he wore did something to me, like reached into my soul or something, and that maybe is what he sensed.”

Then Blessing cocked his head. “You were likely gone with them the week of the riots here. It is possible some of the rioters—some in the media and that Ike Lawson preacher guy blamed Sound Unltd for the riots, I have no idea why—well, if the crystals did influence these kids it was likely because they had evil inside them already, and were rejecting the crystal’s positive affect on them. Because that is what the crystals are meant to do. Get rid of all negativity.” Looked at me. “The crystal you are talking about likely had a positive effect on you and also increased

your personal power. But you are not at the level yet to get a crystal. Heck, I don't even have one yet!"

But he'd get one soon enough.

So I, more by wiles than anything else, joined Swami's church without even having to go to sessions or lessons. All I had to do was show up at special meetings four times a year.

I never did tell my friends or my family I had joined.

And at the first meeting I went to, at Andre' and Cheetah's Hellside Horror House party for burgeoning upper-level members, a sacrifice of several birds highlighted the event in their basement. Sacrificed to Corion. Led by Blessing.

Swami Negran, looking from an overhead virtual reality screen, in another basement room, approved.

My empty life

This meeting, in early August, truly turned me onto 'personal power,' all right. But the wrong kind. Now I didn't care if I ever had a real job or steady income. Or love, even. After that ritual, I felt I could do no wrong. If I wanted money, all I needed to do was rob a convenience store, for instance.

Again, my life was empty—at age seventeen.

But what did I expect, when all the other occultist practices I had done behind my Christian parents' back ushered in the same empty result?

For instance, at age nine while watching the movie *Halloween: Witch Season* at home with friends—on Hallowe'en, of course—I cast a phony spell on a boy who had mocked me because I did not know about Hallowe'en's occultist origins.

"You are such an idiot, Bobby," the friend shouted out as the movie showed the owner of the Hallowe'en costume company, standing near a mock-up of Stonehenge, telling the captured police investigator about the ritual sacrifice to Satan. And the masks, configured to destroy anyone wearing them, were designed to offer this sacrifice. "Don't you know Hallowe'en is a satanic holiday?"

So then why do Catholic schools allow students to wear Halloween costumes to classes? I thought. I turned to this friend.

“If Hallowe’en is Satanic, then why do our Christian parents allow us to go ‘trick or treating’? You *do know* that tomorrow is All Saints Day! So, like, all Hallowe’en is, is a fun day before the serious day of All Saints. Kinda like the fun day of Mardi Gras is the day before Ash Wednesday! Idiot!”

The friend sat up, fighting mad.

“You’re the idiot, Bobby! You *do know* the Catholic Church—”

I returned the fire. “Cut the Seventh Day Adventist crap! *You do know* that Catholics are just as Christian as you are!”

“Are you calling me a Seventh Day Adventist?” The friend, whose folks went to church on Sunday, not Saturday, stood up itching for a brawl.

“No, I’m calling you a dumb-ass!”

And then I spoke the words of Andre’ and Cheetah from one of their so-called ‘spells’ they’d cast on some snake-puppet character on one of their witchy shows, while pointing to him.

“I cast a spell on you, which you will be cursed to the dogs, and that dogs will partake of your flesh and you will see curses for three days.”

On the show, the snake-puppet suddenly became consumed by a dog puppet character.

My friend, upon leaving my house, was attacked by a neighbor’s Doberman Pincher! He had to go to the hospital for three days.

He should have had his folks sue the crap out of me, but instead, he apologized to me for ‘insulting’ my beliefs, and, in fact, encouraged the both of us to form a mock ‘secret society’ of wizards.

By the time both of us were eleven, we had cast at least eleven spells on fellow classmates who wouldn’t even dare to say anything to us but pleasant things—we had scared the living daylights out of them!

When we entered high school, he and I and two other ‘wizard’ recruits formed our own shock rock band that split up soon after—since all of our parents were Christians, they would not allow us to perform ‘Satanic’ music!

One of us wanted to cast a spell on all of our parents, but we just couldn’t do that.

Then, while I was fourteen, a recording studio engineer who had heard our band play once at a local night club right before we split up offered me a studio musician job—helping to over-dub for several country-western artists.

My parents approved—country music was ‘Christian,’ they thought.

Which was why they let me drop out of school. Even though I hated country music!

It was my desire, using occultist practices, to get away from my folks—who loved me regardless of what music I played or movies I watched—and get on with my imagined life of playing in and being around rock bands, that drove me to drugs and parties and hitch-hiking to Richmont, California.

Where, in September, 1993, in my now-furnished apartment, my life continued on empty.

Full apartment, emptier life

“You are such a couch potato, Bobby boy,” snickered Ralph, my fat friend, over the phone.

By September, my brown-haired, close-cropped, punk-styled persona became more ‘emo’ by the day. I laid on the dingy, moth-eaten couch which faced a dusty, 21-inch-screened television that was left on in my room all day and all evening, whether I viewed it or not.

“And you are such a fat know-it-all, Ralphie. What the hell else do you think I should be doing?”

Ralph, a self-styled computer-geek and Goth with black eye make-up and clothes—also a couch potato when he wasn’t playing some violent video game—nineteen, never been kissed, and also jobless and prospect-less, muffled into the phone that was turned sideways on a moth-eaten carpet, “Uh-uh, maybe partying with your Sound Unltd buddies?” Loud laugh.

“Funny, fat boy, funny!”

Ralph laughed even louder.

“That was in July! And, naturally, you don’t believe me! Neither does Natalie and her blonde friend.”

“Oh, yeah, man, the girl who said she knew Rona Schwartz!” More laughs.
“What a bimbo!”

“Rona Schwartz? I’d like to hear you tell Erik Manning that!”

“No, idiot!” The excited corpulent teen screamed into the phone. “I was talking about Natalie! She is such a bleach-blonde bimbo!”

And you’re a bleach-black gay little prick! “So, why the hell did you call, anyway?”

“Just wanna see what you doing,” the fat one answered. “Word is, you just got hired at McDonald's.”

I could hear snickering in the background of Ralph's end of the conversation. “I didn't even apply at McDonald's! I don't need no stinkin' job at McDonald's!”

“Well, then, you gonna spend your life in front of the TV watching reruns of ‘Fun Girls at Midnight’ on MusicTV?”

“No, stupid, ‘Fun Girls at Midnight’ on PublicTV!”

The howling from Ralph assaulted my ears.

“I think I'm gonna hang up now!”

“No wait, wait,” Ralph called out. “I'm sorry, Bobby.”

“Yes, Ralph, you are sorry!”

That comment flew past Ralph, who suddenly discovered why he called me. “Actually, the word is out, seriously, that you wanna knock off that convenience store across from the stadium.” Richmont Stadium, that is.

And the ‘word’ out was correct.

It was now early October, late at night. The store was about to close.

I assumed that the surveillance equipment within the store, which had been out for a couple of months, was still out.

Without checking the equipment, I entered the store and merely shoplifted a can of beer—never mind that I was still under the age-limit!

After leaving the store with the beer can in the inside pocket of a light jacket, I went right back into the store after guzzling the beer and, bearing a .380 backup pistol I stole from Ralph's parents, pointed it at the man behind the counter.

I did not notice that an off-duty cop had just entered the store. In fact I was so nervous about holding this pistol I didn't even notice that the door had even been opened, not hearing the clinging bells.

Nor did I notice that anyone, let alone a cop, sneaked up behind me. But I sure felt the karate chop to my arm holding the pistol!

The gun crashed to the floor—thank God it wasn't loaded!

Then the cop grabbed my arms and handcuffed my wrists. He was making a citizen's arrest of sorts.

I spent six months at the county jail. My cell mate was a born-again Christian. He possessed a Bible, which was one of the few books I was allowed to read—the jail had a very paltry ‘library.’

My first ray of hope, at the county jail

“You know, Chris, when you get outta jail in a year, right?”

“Yeah, that’s what they tell me.”

Chris, a large tattoo-ed black man also in jail for robbery, serving his final year of a five-year sentence, held his Bible open at John 3:16.

“Well, when you get outta jail, you need to get a preaching job. I bet you’d be better than Pastor Ike Lawson.”

“Now that’s funny!” *Right. Some white church is gonna hire a black man with a criminal record! What you been smoking lately, Bobby?*

“I mean—and I’ve seen this on TV—Lawson does Bible verses, and then gets all hateful and negative about, well, whoever he damned well pleases!”

Chris, still holding the Bible, got his large frame off the cell chair. “Oh, you mean that dumb-ass rock band o’ yours. Crap Unltd, right?”

I’d heard Chris’s tirades about my idols before. “Yeah.” *I mean, maybe he’s right about them.*

“Now you know I’m right. But yeah, Lawson does get all pissed off sometimes. But they ain’t no worse than those stupid rap guys. You know, Fozz and Drakk and them. They all bad.”

“Yeah. And I’d like to see you preach to them, Chris.”

“I don’t preach to no dumb-ass Brits, Bobby.”

I then sat on my bed. “Well, Chris, keep preaching the Bible to me. Maybe someday I can preach it to them.”

Chris laughed as he handed me the Bible. “Well good luck with that, Bobby!”

Chapter Six

After Jail Time

I got out of jail in late April, 1994—another thing I never told my parents about! Why would I tell them I robbed a convenience store, spent six months in the county jail over it, knowing that there was no way they'd support me if they found *that one* out after I ran away in 1992 and then waited an entire year to tell them? And by support, I meant financial support.

When one has a jail record, it isn't exactly easy to find a job!

I had told Chris that I had ‘converted’ to Christianity though I really hadn’t. But if I could finagle my way into Cole Blessing’s church for spiritual guidance, I then figured I could con my way into Reverend Ike Lawson’s Divine Hope Community Church in order to perhaps get some work. That is, income.

A week after getting out of jail I saw a ‘help wanted’ ad for the church in the Richmont newspaper. So, I figured, I needed to join that church.

Even though I could not stand Reverend Lawson!

I’ll never forget tuning in to some televangelist TV channel last September since I was tired of stupid news channels, and watching Lawson on the *777 Club* show spew his rancid garbage against a rock band that had just paid me ten thousand dollars to cart stuff around and sit with them on the road—the easiest ten thousand anyone could ever earn!

About that Reverend Ike Lawson

“News! Nothing but stupid news!” I yelled at the television which I usually left on all day and night. “I think I’ll put on the *777 Club* and see what the hypocrites are doing.”

And, after changing the channel to the Christian talk show—“Oh, God! Not that Reverend Ike Lawson piece of crap!”

“Three million dollars!” exclaimed the show host. “That’s quite a blessing for your anti-abortion campaign, pastor!”

“Well, not all of it is going to the anti-abortion campaign. Some of it is earmarked for the effort to try, city-by-city, or nationwide, to get Sound Unltd banned from the United States, or at least in some states or municipalities.”

“Wow!”

“Now some of your listening audience may find that a bit extreme.”

Or highway robbery I thought, as Lawson continued his con.

“But the facts are these—one, this rock and roll abomination has caused riots in several cities. Including Richmont, where my flock is located. Two, they are in hip deep with the Novordos, the Satanic think tank that is trying to run the world and set up a one world government that will usher in the Anti-Christ! They are also in tight with the New Age cult of the Church of the Circle of Unity led by that internationalist power guru, Swami Negran—who has set up his own cult mission in Richmont, led by Cole Blessing. And I’ve had regular attendees to my church, the Divine Hope Community Church, tell me that their children’s classmates have heard the calling cry of the New World Order, ‘Novordopax, Tricameron, Corion,’ out of that foul-mouthed singer of theirs at one of the concerts.”

The show’s host faced Lawson, open mouthed. Stunned.

“That’s right. That spawn of Satan actually sang that! Do you know what those words mean?”

“Well, Ike, I don’t. What do they mean?”

“They mean ‘New World Order Peace,’ and ‘Tricameron’ stands for the unholy trinity of Satan, the Beast, and the False Prophet. So that singer is actually advocating for the coming of Satan sitting as the Most High God in the Temple in Jerusalem in the middle of the seven-year Great Tribulation, right at the mid-point of it, when the peace treaty with Israel is broken, and then the troubles really start!”

“Well, that’s okay, Ike. We’ll all be raptured by then! Thank God!”

“Oh shut up, you stupid cock-sucking hypocrite!”

I turned off the TV in disgust when what I really wanted to do was kick it in! But since I couldn’t afford a new one—

I could not begin to measure my consideration at just how full of crap Lawson was!

This is what Ralph—who had witnessed a mall riot when I was in Seattle—told me when we both went into the mall two weeks after the riots. We stood opposite of where a Video Game store had been—after the riots, the shop was closed permanently.

“I stood right over there,” Ralph told me, pointing to the southeast corner of the food court. “Me and Mike.” That is, a friend of his. “We just stood there as a bunch o’ kids invaded that video game store. You know, the one going out of business anyway.”

“Because it was going out of business?”

“Probably. That way, they could steal all the games they wanted since they figured it’s going out of business and the cops were trying to stop all those black kids invading the gangsta rap CD kiosks—”

Really? I thought. “So, a whole bunch of ghetto kids riot in this mall over gangsta rap CDs? The news said they rioted over being evicted from the projects or something—”

“Well, man, that’s what me and Mike saw. Most of the black kids rioting were at the CD kiosks. They had this huge sale of Bossy Bling CDs—”

“Bossy Bling? I thought the Jesus freaks blamed Sound Unltd—”

“Yeah, like that Reverend Ike guy! Heck if the San Andreas Fault cracked tomorrow, he’d blame that on Sound Unltd too!”

We laughed.

The local TV news channel even interviewed some of the teens at the mall and even a couple of rioters, and none of them believed Sound Unltd had anything to do with it.

I figured, if Sound Unltd caused the riots, then these mall riots would have occurred in several other cities where they had performed the song *Burning Malls*, but no other mall riots occurred anywhere else. Thus, Lawson was lying when he made such a claim on that *777 Club* show.

Another lie was his saying Sound Unltd were members of some secret society called the Novordo Club—which I then had no idea about. While they were members of Swami Negran’s outfit, so were likely half of all rock stars on the planet! As for singing ‘Novordopax, Tricameron, Corion,’ they surely didn’t sing that at the Richmont gig!

In fact, the only time anyone said that at any Sound Unltd concert was in July, 1994, in San Antonio, a ‘World Unity Day’ special concert for something called the World Community Artists Foundation, of which the six were members. But the

band didn't say it—many of their fans did, however, according to a pop culture mag called *X-Zine*.

Finally, why would their 'foul-mouthed singer' advocate for the coming of the devil? As I had told Ralph and the girls, they were not devil worshipers. And did this band even know anything about some so-called 'Great Tribulation'? Clearly, Lawson just wanted an excuse to ban what many considered the 'band of the nineties,' for his own nefarious purposes.

What purposes? To find out, I figured I'd infiltrate his church, and make money doing so!

At the Divine Hope Community Church

By summer, 1995, I was earning money from both churches and figured I had it made. Who would believe I was a member of a Christ-worshiping church at the same time I was a member of a Corion-worshiping one?

Until the end of July, when I was seen by two members of the Swami church walking into the Divine Hope church. When I came out it was nearly evening.

I did not notice that when they saw me, they immediately turned their backs away from me. When I passed them not knowing who they were, they called out, "Bobby! What are you doing in that church?"

I froze, not knowing they were Swami cult members, until I faced them.

"Well, hello. I did not know you guys were here."

"Bobby," the taller one said, "are you also a member of this church?"

Had to think fast. "As an infiltrator, yeah. I don't take Reverend Ike seriously." *Which I really kinda didn't!*

"So you are trying to talk to people about our church?" the other one said.

"Yeah, but it ain't easy. Reverend Ike is dead set against the Circle of Unity. What I do is try to tell them there is almost no difference between the two, other than who gets worshiped."

They protested.

"Well, heck, you know the Circle is about personal power, right? And I've heard it said by many higher ups in this organization that Jesus Christ had a great deal of personal power. You know, doing what Cole does. Healing people. Just by touching them."

The two could not and would not argue with that.

I didn't get into trouble with Swami's church, but nearly did with Lawson's, when one of the Divine Hope Church elders, in early August, saw me leave the Swami church, also toward evening. He stood in the parking lot, looked straight at me not ever turning his back like the others did.

"Why Bobby Jones! What in the Lake of Fire are you doing coming out of that evil institution?"

I headed to the elder, thinking fast of my response.

"Telling these folks about Jesus, that's what!" Standing across from the elder. "Reverend Ike talked to me last year about me being on a mission to turn these people away from Corion worship, and the only way I can do that is to infiltrate this church. It's not like these folks do what Harikrishna folks do, handing out pamphlets everywhere and all I have to do is talk to them on the streets. So, to do my mission, I have to get inside this group to do it. I mean, these folks are totally brainwashed. It'll take a while before I can convince any of them."

The elder then apologized. "Well, if that is what you are doing Bobby, then keep it up."

Knowing Sound Unltd would be coming soon to perform at Richmont Speedway, I had to try to get with them again. Could I convince Pastor Ike Lawson that even these so-called 'devil worshipers' could be redeemed by the blood of Christ? I met with him in his office.

I had to be careful about how I phrased his question.

"Hey, Reverend, you know what would really be cool? If I could get backstage when Sound Unltd—"

Lawson then screamed, "NO! You are to have nothing to do with those sons of the demons!"

"But—" I pleaded sincerely. "Doesn't the Bible say that, in 1 Timothy 2 verse 4, that 'God will have all mankind to be saved'? And didn't Christ come to Earth as flesh to save the sinner and say, 'hate the sin but love the sinner'?"

Lawson got out of his desk chair and stormed up to me. "Going into that Swami church where most of the people in it are brainwashed by New Age dogma is one thing. But, Bobby! Come on now! Going back stage at one of their concerts is tantamount to entering Hell itself! And neither you nor anyone else will ever convince them to turn to Jesus Christ!"

"Well how do you know?" Defiant.

“Because even if they don’t worship Corion or Satan, they *do* worship money, they *do* worship their own Godless image, and they are simply some of the most debauched people on this planet. They will corrupt you. They corrupted you before when you were a fan of theirs, and they will do it again. Bobby,” he calmed down, “they are beyond being saved. Don’t waste your time trying.”

That’s not what the Bible says! “You’re wrong, Reverend Ike! If I have to spend the next couple of years writing some song or other that will convince them to accept Jesus Christ as their Savior, then so be it. With or without your permission!”

I walked out of that church—screw the job!—never to return.

Unfortunately, I was also unable to ‘get with’ Sound Unltd again—for the time being.

Chapter Seven

Flashback: At the Swami Church meeting at Hellside, August, 1993

I must have done a good job at convincing Richmont Church of the Circle Unity head, Cole Blessing, that I was a New Age wunderkind. He started me off at level twenty. Most initiates start at level one, needing classes on the doctrines of the Swami church, until they reach level twenty. And, of course, they pay for the classes! Had Blessing not initiated me at level twenty, I could not have afforded the classes and could not have joined this cult.

I also would not have witnessed, in August, a sacrifice of several vultures at Andre' and Cheetah's Hellside Horror House basement—the same basement where I collapsed in mid-June, 1993, before I found myself at an altar in the basement of the very cultist church I now serviced.

At this bird sacrifice to Corion, the god of this cult, Blessing stood at the head of the altar where twelve 'adepts,' full of 'wisdom' as to the occultist practices of the reincarnation of life from the birds to themselves and Blessing, stood as they chanted something that sounded Celtic. The rest of us—about forty in all, including several Hollywood celebrities, a few rock stars including Forkyz owner Rossy Rosario and 'Ax' of the Axmen, one or two major rap stars, and several tech business leaders including Mark Besst, assistant CEO of CompuTel, from Silicon Valley—I was likely the only 'poor' person attending this meeting!—stood surrounding the people at the altar. Opposite Blessing hung a ten-foot-by-ten-foot viewing screen showing the face of cult leader Swami Negrana, witnessing the event, witnessing who attended the event so he could bestow favors onto the attendees later.

"How would you like to come work for us, Bobby?" Mark Besst, in silk grey business suit and a Corion cross around his neck, stood to my left.

"Well," I faced him dressed in jeans and upside-down-cross t-shirt celebrating a nationally-known death metal band I had also worked for the previous year, "I'm not much of a gamer or computer expert. But I am good at math—"

“I don’t mean anything technical, Bobby. I mean being a public relations team member for teens like yourself. I mean, you are likely the youngest person at this meeting. And Cole told me before that you have been instrumental in bringing in young members of this church.” His facial expression showed a hint of snark.

“Really?” Because I don’t know anyone that I have ‘brought into this church’!

“He said that, Bobby. And besides, what organization wouldn’t want to hire a kid who knows Sound Unltd?” He slapped me on my back. “I don’t even know Sound Unltd!”

Just then the man on my right, top rapper Bossy Bling, nudged my right arm. “You know Sound Unltd?”

I turned to Besst, then Bling, saying, “I worked for them as a roadie last month.”

Besst smiled broadly. “No wonder you are at this ritual!” Slapped me on my back. “Cole must have really been impressed that you actually know some of Swami’s most important disciples.”

“Yeah, and Mick suggested I join this church as well. That’s likely why I am at level twenty.”

Bossy then spoke up. “I heard it was Erik—”

“Yeah, he suggested it first. Then at a party after the Seattle gig, Mick also suggested it. Adam Bloodlove, too.”

“Well, Bobby,” Besst tapped me on my right shoulder, “you really do need to join our public relations team. Talk about our Church of the Circle of Unity to teens your age. I think they’ll listen to a member who is in deep with the band of the 90s.”

“You mean Sound Unltd.”

“Yes. That aspect alone will help us gather up the youth. It is the youth of this world we are seeking to join our church. That’s why Swami gave the Super Six their red crystal amulets—so the crystals can influence their fans to join our church. And it works, believe me.”

“I don’t have a crystal.”

“You don’t need one, Bobby,” Besst implored. “Youth who come to our church for initiation to join the church have experienced those crystals and made their decision. We need you to guide these youth. That’s why I want you on our public relations team.”

So it went, for two thousand dollars a month, plus health benefits. Not a lot of money, but at least now I was not totally dependent on my parents—whom I never told about joining that New Age church.

Early Winter, 1995, in a class at the Richmont Circle of Unity Church

“So why should you commit to joining the Church of the Circle of Unity, class?”

Leaving the blackboard where I had just explained the meaning of the Corion Cross, I then walked up and down the rows of students sitting at their desks in the classroom.

“Notice the Corion Cross is shaped like a rose, a flower. Flowers bloom, right? Roses smell wonderful, right? And why is the Cross of Corion shaped like a rose or flower? Because Corion is the flower of our blooming into light from darkness. Corion was born in darkness and after repenting of his sins against God, became an angel, so to speak, of light. His crystal is the blooming light for all who witness it. A godhood born into light. Same with Swami Negran and Cole Blessing, and other famous and influential people who have the crystal—”

An initiate named Del who went by the nickname ‘Cordian’ then interrupted me.

“So if you are teaching and initiating us, Bobby, who don’t you have one of those crystals?”

I had to think fast. “Because I am only at level twenty. Only Swami’s inner circle members at level thirty-three or higher get crystals.”

“Like Fozz.”

“Right. And you had said previously when I recruited you that you went to a Fozz concert and he wore his crystal and it influenced you to join the Church of the Circle of Unity.”

‘Cordian’ then turned snarky. “You got it! And my fave death metal band—”

“Discord.” Which was about to sign with Sound Unltd’s Foray record label.

“They called D-Cord now.”

“Okay. But D-Cord is why you call yourself ‘Cordian’.”

“Yeah. Your Sound Unltd buddies have nothing on D-Cord. They gonna get every damned teenager into this church! They will become true rock gods, and man, they worth worshiping! Corion made flesh, man!”

Some in the room cheered ‘Cordian’s’ stance. At least half of my so-called initiates were death metal and D-Cord fans. In 1996, D-Cord would create a totally satanic album ‘In Service to Satan.’ Which got me thinking—is Corion just a Celtic name for the devil?

At a meeting of all level twenty members, discussing Negran's 'death'

Supposedly, in February, 1996, Swami Negran was killed in a car crash in London by some supposedly 'Christian militia' member—in a country that to my knowledge had no 'Christian militias' and in a country where Christianity was dying anyway. And not just because of immigration from Muslim nations or India or Africa; mostly, it was because Christianity was no longer 'trendy' among young people in Britain and church pews were getting emptier and emptier. That was why I questioned the media's narrative that Negran had been killed by a Christian militia member. And 'Cordian' and others bullied me about it; it didn't take long for this death metal and Satan-loving 'initiate' to reach level twenty!

"Look, Bobby," 'Cordian' shot two fingers at me, "Cole Blessing has taken over the Church of the Circle of Unity, and he says Swami died in a car crash by some" cussed "Christian! Like who the hell do you think you are? You're not even Mark Besst, let alone Blessing, who is a healer, and, if Blessing had been there, he'd have healed Swami! All of the media is saying it. Not one media person said Swami was killed in any other way. So who died and made you Corion?" Laugh.

"But," I responded as gently as I could, "if Swami was like a god, then why would he even die at all? He's in the godhood, right? So what did he do to piss off Corion, our god of light born in darkness?"

'Cordian' really had no answer, nor did those who had the same mindset. So, he and his fellows all got out of their chairs at the discussion table and then he yelled, "I am reporting you to Cole! You have blasphemed the truth of Swami's death! You have gone against the godhood!"

He and his buddies left the room and supposedly reported me to Mark Besst—who came back into the room with the 'reporters' and told the discussion group, "Bobby has done nothing wrong and is just expressing an opinion. The media doesn't always get it correct, and you all know that! So," as the others sat back down and some even apologized to me in the process, "since Bobby initiated those who complained for the most part, leave him alone and believe what you want. But do not attack your mentor again! I too think he is incorrect, but that is his opinion. An opinion is not fact, so leave Bobby alone!"

Besst left the room, and shortly, the discussion was over. But it was the beginning of my awakening to the ultimate purpose of this church—really a cult—now led by Cole Blessing, with tech mogul Mark Besst second-in-command.

May 1, 1996, at a Cole Blessing sacrifice ritual to Corion

This took place at Cole Blessing's new 'center' for the Church of the Circle of Unity, called the St. Xenos Ashram that Negran had built a couple of years ago. With Swami's supposed death by car crash, Blessing now headed the church and ran the entire cult from this Ashram, which was made up of four buildings: Blessing's thirty-thousand-square-foot palace, which included a ballroom, apartments for his most important members and adepts, and a series of tunnels with hidden rooms; the tunnels led to three other buildings, including one marked 'A' for Ashram.

Thirteen high-level 'adepts' in black hooded robes, led by Blessing at the head, surrounded a rock altar where the sacrifice would take place. I and at least fifty level twenty 'future adepts' surrounded the adepts.

The adepts chanted something sounding like gibberish, then, through a side door that could not be seen since the room was dark except for a few candles held by new adepts, came one adept in a red robe that willingly laid on the altar facing Blessing—this adept was the sacrifice! Willingly!

Waiting for the sword held by Blessing to impale him, he 'prayed' to Corion. "God of light born in darkness, my lord Corion, take me. I am yours, and will be with you in the light within your crystal for eternity. Corion, Corion, Novordopax Tricameron."

As the others chanted, Blessing raised his sword and impaled the adept's chest. The other adepts and most of the level twenty folks surrounding me 'sang' what sounded like some New Age 'Oooooommm' chant.

Me? I said nothing, chanted nothing, too horrified by the experience. When I left the room with the others, I stared ahead expressionless, as if in a trance. Traumatized.

The following day I made my plan to leave this evil cult that I had believed was enlightened, led by a healer who also ran something called 'the Eternal Life

Institute' in eastern Florida—Cole Blessing, who had the title of 'MD' but was a fake, as his cult was fake.

Glad I 'ran into' Mark Besst as I was leaving the Ashram area.

"Hey, Mark," I said to him, "I have to go back to visit my parents in Dallas. Dad's birthday is coming up and I haven't seen my folks in a few years."

"Fine with me, Bobby. Let me know when you are going to return to Richmont. After all, you will have initiates to tend to."

Besst smiled, and then he asked me, "What did you think of the sacrifice last night?"

"Oh yeah," I jerked my head, "that. Interesting." Looked straight at Besst. "So now that adept is in heaven so-to-speak with our lord?"

"Hmmm. Heaven, yes—so to speak." Slight laugh. "Which is where you and I shall be if we continue to commit to the god of light born in darkness, our lord Corion."

Then Besst showed his red crystal from under his shirt. "But you won't get to be with our lord unless you fully commit, Bobby, reach level thirty-three or higher, and receive from Cole Blessing one of these crystals."

All I could say to that was this: "I'll have to remember that. Thanks."

"You're welcome. See you in a few weeks, Bobby."

I never saw Mark Besst again.

But I would see 'Cordian' and others that Besst or Blessing would send out to get me back into the cult. Or use as a sacrifice to Corion as punishment for leaving.

Further, I did not return to my parents like I said I would.

Nor did I return to my apartment in Richmont other than to collect clothing and other things I would need, putting them in my van.

For I was heading to the high Sierras. Someone that attended Lawson's church at the same time I did hired me to help him build his small wood house, his 'redoubt' several hundred miles outside the Bay Area, in northeast California.

Chapter Eight

The aftermath of leaving the cult

Pointing to the incomplete lumbered structure a few yards away as we ate sandwiches during a lunch break, my employer then faced me.

“This will be my refuge, Bobby, when we head into the End Times and Richmont goes crazy.”

“The End Times? Didn’t Pastor Lawson say we’d be ‘raptured’ or something?”

“Yeah, but Richmont will likely go crazy before that happens. And maybe, Bobby, you should consider buying your own redoubt if you know what I mean.”

That job, where I learned some house-building skills, would in fact turn out to be a form of ‘divine intervention.’ I knew at some point some cult members, on Blessing’s or Besst’s orders, would ‘persuade’ me to rejoin that Circle of Unity, which was no different than other cults, especially religious ones.

It took a few years, but in July, 2001, I knew I had made the right decision, moving to the high Sierras. Further, my ‘employer’ who trained me in house-building gave me a hand so-to-speak in building my own cabin—up a steep rocky dirt pathway nearly two miles from the highway where my van was parked. To get from the cabin to the van, I got myself an ATV I’d drive up and down that pathway.

Then I got myself a very large St. Bernard Dog that would bark on the porch to warn me if those I thought were ‘out to get me’ were indeed coming to get me! I named him Shadrach, one of the three Israelites under Babylonian captivity that King Nebuchadnezzar tried to sacrifice in a furnace, to no avail—thanks be to ‘the Son of God,’ as told in the Biblical Book of Daniel, Daniel 3:20-30.

The Bible? Yes, the Bible, which to comfort me as I assumed the evil was coming to ‘get me,’ I read daily. If God could protect someone named Shadrach as He did according to the Book of Daniel, I figured it would be prophetic in a way to name my new ‘protector’ that name. By the time I worked out that song ‘the witch’

told me to give Sound Unltd, I had become a ‘child’ of that ‘Son of God,’ Christ—which that song was about, called *He is the Way*.

In July, 2001, Sound Unltd agreed to buy the song along with giving me full composer credit, though they did add to the lyric. In mid-July, I was sent the contract by postal mail.

It was then that cult members attacked me.

The attack, July 18, 2001, at the bottom of the path to my cabin

“Let’s go, Shadrach!”

My dog and I were nearly to the bottom of the rocky dirt path, a two-mile walk, when Shadrach, having been St. Bernard-style barking for the last five minutes, suddenly stopped, seemed to sniff, and whine, then scurried off to the left of the path for a bit, then stopped.

I whistled for Shadrach as I waved my left arm telling him to come back.

So he did, but whining as he kept turning his head toward the left.

Hugged around his big head. “That’s my boy.”

But he whined again, turned left, and barked.

I squatted down to look him in the eyes. “What’s wrong, Shad?”

Again, he whined, turned his head left and barked. And I wondered, *is this going to be when they try to punish me?* The cult, that is.

I walked quickly, waving for Shad to come along. He was right behind me, panting.

We got to the mailbox, and inside was my paperwork authorized by Sound Unltd’s Mick Pordengreau granting me the rights to the song I had prepared for them and their ‘mission of God,’ called ‘He Is the Way,’ and a check for fifteen thousand dollars, with song royalties to come later. The song would make it to their next album as the keynote of that ‘mission.’ The album was called *The Way*, which would be released in late August, 2002, on their new record label formed earlier that year, Righteous Rebel Records—they had sold their previous label, Foray, in 1999 for a billion dollars.

I opened the paperwork, saw the check, and began reading the contract.

Then I heard a swoosh sound, then Shadrach howled.

Threw down the paperwork as I knew what was coming, as Shadrach wailed with injury by long knife.

Which was about to pierce my heart.

I lunged down knowing a large boulder was practically attached to the mailbox, picked up the boulder in a split second, and flashed it right into the knife at its sharp tip, then at the assailant, who I knew was ‘Cordian.’ The boulder landed straight on ‘Cordian’s face, at his nose and his mouth and teeth, causing him to fall over backwards while his two cohorts quickly ran off.

Before I could throw down the boulder onto ‘Cordian’s head, he was able to get up nearly straight, cried out, “Don’t!” Meaning don’t hit me again with the boulder. Then as best as he could, he ran off behind the others.

“And don’t come back!” I shouted at him. “None of you!”

Meaning, none of the cult ‘punishers.’

I saw a car half-a-mile down the highway, and I saw the three of them get into it, do a U-turn, and left the area.

I was sure they’d head back to the cult ashram or cult building in Richmont. And I was also sure Besst or someone would quickly send out another crew of ‘punishers.’

And there lay my guardian, Shadrach. And the paperwork, the envelope it came in and the check.

I put the paperwork and check back into the envelope, then took out the rest of the mail in the box. Put all the mail inside my t-shirt.

Then felt Shad’s fur and where I assumed his heartbeat would be, and looked for his breathing signs. Saw the blood near his ribs toward the head. Not a sign of life.

“My wonderful Shad,” I cried out. Kissed his head. “See you in doggie heaven.” If there was such a place!

I then got what I needed to dig a large pit a short distance away near the path, to bury my ‘man’s best friend.’

Two hours later after burying him, I knew then I had to ‘vacate the premises.’ I had told Besst I was heading back to see my parents in Dallas in 1996.

Six years later, 2002, I would indeed partake of that visit—moving back home.

But not before I met with a man around my age, a former cult member as I was, who gave me the information I’d wanted for months surrounding the cult plot to ‘punish’ me for leaving the cult. After all, I was authoring a book that would expose the evil of this cult and the plot to do me in.

Chapter Nine

The Plot to 'Punish' Me Revealed, March, 2002

After losing my buddy Shadrach to a knife-wielding psychopathic cultist and his crew, henceforth when I travelled down to my mailbox twice-a-week, I carried a 9mm pistol with me. Just in case, as my former employer, whom I helped to build a residence, trained me a bit on its use right after that 'punishment' event. He'd visited me, for protective purposes, for a month.

It was late February in 2002 when I opened the mailbox and noticed a letter from a guy I knew while I was in the Swami cult, named Pete. The sight of this made me anxious, for Pete seemed to be friends with 'Cordian' and his death-metal-loving crew. And how did Pete know my address?

My heart beat ramped up several notches as I opened the envelope. Took out the short letter. Unfolded it. Read it.

Dear Bobby

I know about the plan to kill, or at least, injure you last July. But I wanted nothing to do with it. I pretended all along to be allied with 'Cordian' and his gang, and in fact I infiltrated the Church of the Circle of Unity from the start, never buying into their New Age evil beliefs. If you want to know the details, please meet with me in a location of your choosing as soon as possible. Let me know when and where by getting hold of me at this phone number.

He signed it 'Pete,' and he also listed the phone number. But could I actually trust him, or did he want contact with me so he himself could accomplish the dirty deed?

I did contact him by phone and he did answer. I told him meet me at the nearby park a mile down the highway, and gave the time and date, which would be when 'spring break' occurred, in March. I also told him—after planning with my former

employer-turned-gun-shooting-instructor—that this former employer would accompany me at this meeting.

Just in case, right?

“So how did you get my address?” I asked Pete, who kept on looking at my employer in a nervous way.

“Look, Pete, this man will not hurt you. He’s here to make sure nothing bad happens. After all, maybe a cult member has—”

Pete faced me hard and clear. “Look, Bobby, I’m not with the cult anymore, okay? Once I found out they were gonna do you in, I left the cult.” Then backed off a bit. “Well, not right then, but around the time of the event.”

Cocked my head as the three of us sat on a park bench, with me facing Pete. “So you knew the plan, but how did you know the plan unless you were part of it?”

As if he anticipated that question, he responded immediately. “I was supposed to be part of it, one of ‘Cordian’s henchmen. But I pretended to be sick, with a summer flu and diarrhea, on the day it would happen, and in order to make sure they believed that falsehood, the week or so before I kept fake sneezing and coughing, to the point where even ‘Cordian’ kept on asking if I’m okay. Even Mark Besst was concerned for me. Finally, the day before the event, as ‘Cordian’ and the others got their stuff together to perform the killing, Besst told me not to worry if I couldn’t be part of the plot, just get well.”

I looked at him, smiling. “Have you ever done any Hollywood acting? Because you sure fooled them!”

Laughs. And then Pete explained the plot as I took notes, and as my former employer ‘had my back’ so-to-speak. Just in case, right?

“My parents, both college professors in Psychology in a nearby university, while agreeing with much of what Swami Negrana and Cole Blessing preached—the whole Andelusia ‘Society of the Gods’ narrative—both believed it was a New Age cult, and, therefore, they wouldn’t become part of it. My mother’s Ph.D. dissertation was about the study of psychology within cults, and what she discovered was that all cults, New Age or not, introduced mental disorders and even schizophrenia into cult members through cult leaders.”

“Evil behaviors, right?” I replied.

“They both grew up in the 60s and hung out with hippies just for the heck of it to see how hippies behaved, and even once met some members of that cult of murderers that lived on some ranch and in Death Valley.”

I then mentioned the leader of that cult, who will likely spend the rest of his life in prison.

“Exactly. Which is why neither my mother nor father would ever join the so-called Church of the Circle of Unity. They both sensed danger.”

“So then why did you join it, Pete?” my former employer then asked.

“To find out if this cult was indeed dangerous, that’s why. In other words, I infiltrated the cult and pretended to go along with it. That was the easy part,” Pete smiled, then laughed. “It turned out Blessing had once met my father at a lecture my dad gave on the history of Andelusia, which my dad claimed was in fact the ancient society of Atlantis. Only Blessing thought it was Lemuria.”

“Which is where?” the employer asked with much skepticism.

“Either in the Atlantic or Pacific Ocean. My dad isn’t sure.” Smirk. “And you’re not the only skeptic either about that. But my dad said likely it was destroyed during Noah’s Flood.”

My employer, a Bible believer, brightened at the notion of the Bible being historically accurate.

“Anyway, because of this Andelusia lecture, Blessing had a short conversation with my father, and asked my dad if he’d be interested in joining the cult. My dad said something like ‘I’ll think about it.’ So that when Blessing heard my father’s son, in other words, myself, was interested in joining, Blessing immediately made me level twenty—”

I was shocked and wide-eyed. “Me too! Because I did roadie work for—”

“Sound Unltd. Yeah, I heard about that, which was why I wanted to join your lesson classes—”

The employer laughed. “You know I’ve never met anyone of your ages who wasn’t a huge fan of Sound Unltd!” Clapped his hands. “So you joined this cult because of them? And that Corion nonsense of theirs?”

Clearly, my former employer was not enamored of the Super Six!

And on and on.

“So, I was in your classes, Bobby, and then Cordian starts bringing up challenges to your lectures on the fact that Swami was not killed by some Christian dude. So, I figure, Cordian is challenging you just because. He did it to lead his own little sub-cult is what I figured. Now, Bobby, I think your lessons were truthful, but since I was infiltrating the cult, I figured the best way to find out what this cult was all about, why so many world leaders and celebrities and media people were in this cult, was to pretend to support the most discordian side of it, all

that Corion stuff. And, since Cordian acted like his own little cult leader, I decided to become one of his followers.”

And then Pete explained how.

“I went up to Cordian right after he had that Swami argument in class with you, acting as if he wanted you tossed aside for another lesson leader, and told him these exact words: ‘I think you are right, Cordian. Bobby is wrong about how Swami died.’ And then he said, ‘So?’ It was as if he was trying to intimidate me into joining his gang or something, that smirk of his. Then I said, ‘Seriously, can I be part of the plan to dump Bobby—for you, maybe?’ Then he smiled and said, ‘Definitely, man. And I heard your folks are major fund-raisers for the church!’ So I said, ‘I know my dad and Cole Blessing are friends for sure.’ Then nodded a bunch. Then he said, ‘Welcome to the Cordian Club.’ Or something like that.”

Then, after further discussion, Pete moved into the plot against me.

“The plot didn’t really take off until well after Cole Blessing died and Mark Besst took over later in 2000. Or, I should say, 2001, when it was clear that you, Bobby, had left the Church of the Circle of Unity for good. And, of course, Cordian insisted you be punished for leaving. Mark Besst approved of the ‘punishment,’ but he really didn’t get involved in the plot. He had bigger fish to fry—”

“Sound Unltd, right? They also left the cult. And, further, Bry McClellan’s wife Mo, supposedly an adept, left the cult as well, and then Besst had some minions kidnap her when the band’s jet was bombed or something on the way to that Directorate meeting of theirs—”

“Exactly,” Pete continued. “Which is why Besst had Cordian and his little cult I was in plan your demise.”

“So how did Cordian and them know where I lived?”

“The internet, of course. Cordian had some gang member of his with tech skills search some address search site under the name ‘Bobby Jones,’ which was full of people named ‘Bobby Jones.’ But he knew your folks were living in Dallas, so that info was also used. You were born in Dallas, right?”

“Yes.”

“So that info was used to track you down. I don’t know if he contacted your parents or not, but he found your address and how to get there.”

“I know one thing, Pete. My parents were not contacted.”

“Okay. So about a week or so before the attack, Cordian and his gang including me, as well as Mark Besst, met in some lesson room as to how to carry out the plot. It was then that I began to pretend to have a cold or sinus issue. No way was I going to take part in this plot! I’d sneeze and cough and even pretended to have a fever a few days before the event.”

“Did they want to see the thermometer? To make sure you were supposedly sick?” the employer asked.

“I took care of that by making sure the thermometer was cleansed in hot water.” Laugh. “They never even had a clue of my doing that!”

“So,” the employer then asked, “when were you kicked off the plot?”

Laugh. “While Cordian had some doubts as to my ‘sickness,’ Mark Besst made sure Cordian understood I was not to take part in the actual event. Besst actually told Cordian to his face, ‘Do you really think it’s a good idea to have someone involved in the plot who will likely clue Bobby in when Bobby hears a sneeze or a cough out of nowhere at his mailbox? I don’t think so!’”

Then I said, “So then, case closed. You knew the plot but couldn’t be part of it. Brilliant!”

The employer then asked, “So, how the event happened was the plot’s plan? It would happen at Bobby’s mail box?”

“Yes,” Pete responded.

“And did Cordian or whoever took part in it—did they know Bobby had a very aware St. Bernard dog?”

“I think so, but I don’t know who knew of Shadrach’s existence there. I think, however, some surveillance was afoot. There had to be for anyone in on the plan to believe it would work. I think,” Pete then hung his head in remorse, “I think whoever surveilled the place likely heard dog barking, and St. Bernard dog barks—well, they sound like St. Bernard dog barks. I don’t know of any other dog breed that barks like a St. Bernard.”

Then Pete hugged me. “I am so sorry those bastards took Shadrach’s life!”

Smiling but with eyes of tears. “Me too, Pete. Shad really was my best friend!”

Then the employer hugged me as well.

Thus, not only did I survive the plot, but now I knew the exact details of the plot.

A few weeks later, I visited *X-Zine* freelancer Lloyd Denholm at his apartment in Richmont to reveal to him the plot. Why Lloyd Denholm? Because several of his *X-Zine* articles revealed the evil within the Church of the Circle of Unity and

his well-known article from 1993 about Divine Hope Community Church pastor Reverend Ike Lawson, called “Ike Lawson’s False Prophet Problem.” For Lawson, not Erik Manning or Sound Unltd—which he tried to have banned in the US—was truly the ‘false prophet’!

After that, I moved back to Dallas to live with my folks, and began writing my non-fiction book about the plot and about the evil of the Church of the Circle of Unity, which was published in 2005 and co-authored by Lloyd Denholm.

The name of the book? “The Church of the Circle of Evil.”

It was published after Mark Besst suddenly disappeared, nowhere to be found. Then the cult disappeared, and a new one took its place.

It was called ‘BloodX.’

Part Three

Chapter One

‘Cal.edit’ Strikes Again! April, 2023

“We have another assignment for you, Lloyd.”

That was the subject line of an email over an encrypted server from *X-Zine*’s ‘Cal.edit’s’ latest head of their privacy ‘division’—the guy who changed *X-Zine*’s passwords ever hour. Only now, he changed the passwords every half-hour! Oh, and by the way, he was at one time in charge of changing encrypted server passwords at some secret division of British Intelligence! He left that job by faking his own death!

This is what ‘Cal’ told me a year ago when he was hired. “I cannot give you his name, Lloyd, but we call him ‘Agent P’. He faked his death so Intelligence couldn’t locate his whereabouts. Why? Because he hated betraying the people of his country.

“And remember I told you about how these moles tried to take down Joe Phillips in 2001?”

How could I forget that one! “Right. At his hotel he owned near Buckingham Palace. The night Mark Besst and some Hellyons kidnapped Sound Unltd, but couldn’t kill them. Angels, or something, prevented it.”

“Yes, and when Agent P found out what almost happened to his favorite rock band, he hacked into some Intelligence servers and discovered that the band, and Phillips as well, were being spied upon. On the orders of Baron Torquay-Lamourgeau.”

“Right. Phillips’ own father.”

“Exactly. And how may Brits even know that?”

One thing I knew about Phillips, having ‘interviewed’ him during the beginning of Sound Unltd’s tour of the US in the summer of 1990, was that the band’s

manager was the son of this banking oligarch, a leader of the ruling elites, head of the world-ruling Novordo Club, and head also of the satanic Hellyons. Phillips had even told me that he kept his relationship with his father a secret so that only the elites, the Super Six, their women and a few other rival rockers and rappers knew about it. The common man of the United Kingdom had no clue at all. Not even *X-Zine* would reveal it—on Phillips' orders. After all, his millions of pounds or dollars or euros in donations to keep them going required this secrecy.

So, what was this next assignment from 'Cal.edit' at *X-Zine*? This is what appeared below the email subject line:

I cannot reveal to you the assignment over this email. I will send you a document by certified mail from an address that does not exist, sent by a post office mail courier who works for me clandestinely inside the City of London. This document will tell you all the details as to your new assignment. It concerns another person who, as with myself, has faked his own death. This person, a very key person in the fight against the elites, will be referred to as Agent R. You should get the document in a couple of days, after the 'death' of this person is announced on British TV in a day or so. Signed, Agent P.

Actually, it was announced that evening on British TV nightly news. The man Agent P referred to was Joe Phillips!

Two days later, I received by mail the document stating what my 'assignment' was. The document read—

Mr. Denholm:

Joe Phillips here. By now you likely have been informed by the state media that I have died, with the narrative that my 'death' was caused by 'catching' the so-called 'plague' that the followers of Corion had unleashed on this world back in 2020, the 'plague' that really was a bio-weapon created by evil mad scientists in the employ of the Novordos, Hellyons and others, the so-called 'rulers of this world' led by the Evil. There is a reason I had to fake my death, the news of which was reported by my personal assistant and former butler to my father, Swinton—the man who helped my father finally see the light, repent of his evil, as he helped my father accept Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior on his death bed. Swinton was

essential in having a fake body for viewing purposes placed in what will be my so-called casket to ‘prove’ I am dead. The lying media that is controlled by those who took nearly all of my father’s insane wealth away from him, the late infamous Mark Besst having been among them. But now I am living in a flat that Swinton rents (using salary I pay him) in Camden. Being my legal ‘heir,’ Swinton now controls my bank accounts.

I have dyed my hair purple and have had melanin therapy to somewhat darken my skin color so that I no longer look anything like the old Joe Phillips, and only close confidants will know who I am now. In other words, I am hiding. Why? Because I am working on a project to reveal all the evil plots and plans the so-called rulers of this world are working tirelessly to turn the Earth into a true Hell over the next seven years as their 2030 Agenda calls for. It is a follow up of sorts to that expose’ book I wrote in 2011, but much more detailed. As a believer in Christ and an insider who is really an outsider, it is my duty to inform the people of this world what the Evil had planned for them, and hopefully, as with myself, my father, my ‘boys’—that is, Sound Unltd—the elites, too, will do the right thing and turn to Christ and repent as well. Hopefully, by exposing their evil deeds, these villains, too, will repent and not spend eternity in the Abyss with Corion gnawing their bones forever, as the saying goes.

Here is your assignment, to be reported in X-Zine: to ‘verify’ my ‘death’ by exposing the doers of this ‘death,’ their bogus plague and the so-called ‘injection’ that not only does not cure the ‘plague’ but is a medical toxin as you may have already surmised, and their various plans to enslave the people of Earth for their evil so-called ‘god’ who controls them. You are not to inform anyone that I am still alive. If we need to meet for the sake of your assignment, Agent P will inform you of when and where we will meet. Please accept the assignment for X-Zine—Joe Phillips, Agent R.

The mailed envelope also contained various documents Agent P knew I would need to explore Philipps’ ‘death’ and the agenda behind it. Some were hacked from servers of British Intelligence as well as CIA and others. Some were hacked emails from various members of the elites including various members of royal families and other aristocrats. Whether from Intelligence or emails, one ‘name’ kept popping up in nearly all of these papers—Foxx.

Though I had known some information about who ‘Foxx’ was at the time, I would learn soon enough that he was, in the year 2023, the ‘new’ Mark Besst—the new Swami Negran, the new Cole Blessing, the new Kiddo. His true name was

Ewen Coledge-Foxworth, the head of the World Forum Summit, an organization whose agenda would bring about the New Order that Torquay and the elites have been trying to finalize for decades.

I took the assignment. My first ‘interview’ with Joe Phillips, which was more akin to a friendly conversation, convinced me Phillips was a good guy. A good guy born into an evil agenda, an insider who was really an outsider.

Chapter Two

While interviewing Joe Phillips in Central Park, New York City, during Sound Unltd's US tour in 1990

One thing about managers of big-name recording acts—unlike their charges, they will do whatever they have to do to stay out of the limelight. Phillips wanted to do this interview in a venue no one would suspect, and thus go unnoticed by passers-by on a bike path in the midst of the park in June, 1990; Sound Unltd was playing that night at a local arena. The interview officially concerned reports that their supposedly lewd behavior the previous year at the Music Hall in London would possibly lead to banning them in the United Kingdom for good, but the fact was that I really couldn't care less—and I told Phillips this—if they were banned or not in the UK.

“I mean,” I said arms flailed out in front of Phillips as we sat on a park bench, “as long as they’re not banned in the US, I just don’t care, but it might be bloody good for them.”

“Really?” Joe was shocked. “I thought you gave a shit about my boys!”

His cuss word made me cringe. *I mean, do aristocrats really cuss?* “Joe, it’s not that I don’t give a ‘shit’ as you say. I meant that when a group or act is banned it often leads to them becoming even more popular. You know, rebels. For instance—”

“I know, I know,” he reneged. “Those punk bands, right? That ban on one of them did make them more popular.”

“Exactly,” I replied. “I can see it all now: their next album gets banned, and folks in Walltown, in that gang they used to be in, set up a smuggling operation that the local authorities totally ignore because, well, after all, what local authority in Walltown will put someone in jail for supporting a band that basically supports Walltown’s economy? Doesn’t Keith have some kind of foundation that helps former gang members and unemployed ship yard workers and other supports for those in need, and isn’t he related to about half the city anyway?”

Joe, in thought, then made this claim. “True, and Keith once told me that if one

of his cousins—he's only got about a thousand of them you know!—married someone's son or daughter, I forget which, on the City Council, then everyone in Walltown would be related to everyone else!" Then he turned to me. "Bloody hell everyone in Tyneside would get involved, and that means some shipping outfit—Warwicke's maybe—would get involved in the smuggling effort!"

"But if the 'suits' as they call them really want to punish Sound Unltd, I could think of better ways to do that than to make them even more popular."

Joe then went into thought mode, staring into open space. "That's the weird thing about those 'suits.' Any so-called punishment would be vendetta for some personal offense or something." He took out a cigarette and lit it. "While 'suits' might be offended, I guarantee it those who control the 'suits' couldn't care less. They know that a ban would have the opposite effect—which is why they'd do this thing. Part of the Plan, my father said."

Then before I could muster a 'what plan' scenario, Phillips looked at me hard, puffed the cigarette, then said, "What I am about to tell you is NOT to be repeated, reported, or spoken of to anyone, including my six and anyone associated with them! Understand?" Two eyes bored into my soul.

"If you are revealing your father's plan or whoever's plan, then I agree. In one ear, out the other." Meaning, of course, it'll stick into my mind before it goes out the other. I had heard conspiracy theories before about some nebulous 'new world order' plot to enslave mankind by 'the Novordo Club.' What Joe went on to tell me just blew my socks off. Only an insider that was really an outsider could reveal such stuff, because he was as opposed to this plan as one could be, and he literally hated his father, who to him was the epitome of evil.

"But before I say anything, Lloyd, let me say that I haven't even told my boys about it. I will reveal information to them, when necessary, but because I know them like I do, any revelation to them would probably make them just want to get out of the business, it is that evil! I would never do that to them. Why? Because dammit, these boys need the money! Tom has either repaid the Hovels debt of his indentured folks and the rest, or is going to. This debt is millions of pounds over an 800-year-period. Someone has to repay it and it might as well be Tom. Then you have Tom's Hovels Foundation literally paying off millions in indentured servant debts worldwide, as well as some of that going to buying slaves and then freeing them—"

Shocked.

"Then you have Keith and his foundation. Then you have Erik supporting his mother and nine siblings so they are never poor again. Same with Jarris. Then you

have business interests with Jack and especially Mick with their new Foray label. Bry's biker charities. And on and on. So that, putting them in the position where they'd want to give up all that money just won't do it, Lloyd. Then you have one helluva huge ego crash! I just couldn't do it to them. Period. I'm like a father to some of these boys, even though I'm barely older than they are! They tell me stuff they don't even tell their women or each other."

The wooden bench being hard as it was, Phillips shifted to his other hip and I sat on his other side. He continued. "So that is why I will be telling them things as they start to realize what's going on, or, say, if they ask me directly. Now a few months ago Mick asked me if my father was a Satanist, and what I told him was, 'Maybe, but he says he's not into any religion.' And honestly, I have never seen or heard my father worshiping Satan—but the thing is, I am sure he does. Like I said, the man is evil."

I looked hard at him. "Has he ever done evil to you?"

"No. He's not allowed to. Hellyons—"

"You mean the Hellyon Club?"

"Yes. Founded by—"

"A Satanist?"

"Someone like that, yes." *Should I tell him it was founded by my grandfather?*

Joe continued. "But anyway, he's head of the Hellyons, and I daresay just about any other occultic or satanic group one can think of. And the reason he cannot hurt me is because I am his son. Hellyons are not allowed to do harm to their children as long as they are indeed their children by a true wife, not some sex slave or concubine or adopted—"

"Sex slave?" *Evil indeed!*

"Oh yes, my father has probably hundreds of children through bought-and-paid-for women, unless they've been sacrificed of course."

My eyes popped out and I screamed, "What!?"

Joe just nodded his head, up and down.

"Then I guess you have no idea about the rituals of Walpurgis Night, Beltane—"

"Yeah, I've heard something about 'em, but what you're saying is your father as head of the Hellyons sacrifices babies or children as if he's cooking on a grill or something! And I suppose he also drinks their blood as well?"

"That's the idea, Lloyd. That's the idea. It's a sacrifice to Satan, and in return my father just about runs this planet Earth. He and about a hundred others, including the man that indentured Tom's family and the rest of the Hovels folks, the fifteenth Duke of Effingchester, called Marty. His ancestor, the fourth Duke, is

the man who invoked the Demons to burn Walltown to the ground in the year 1136. There's a statue—”

“The Tooters, right?”

“Yes, the people there, believe it or not, actually pray to the Tooters for protection against the return of these Demons.” Smirk. “That's like Catholics praying to Mary the mother of Christ or something. But Walltown has not had a major fire since.”

And here's the not-so-funny thing: Joe never did tell Tom that this Marty Effingchester is the one who indentured his family.

“The fact is, Lloyd, that Tom needs to find out on his own who did it. And he's going to find out, because of the sons and daughters of the elites that he hangs out with. Jet setters, Lloyd.”

Then Joe looked at me hard, boring into my mind. “My father has a Plan for them. But here is *my* plan for them—let them mingle with the evil, ‘dance with Satan,’ so to speak, so that they know for themselves what they are up against, and then make their own decisions. I refuse to make their decisions for them! They must make their decisions themselves, and, since I believe they are good boys at heart, I believe they will decide for good.”

“Yeah, but I went to that party at Jack's last New Year's Eve, and if they weren't high on smack or skuz, they were flat out drunk. And womanizing as well.”

But Joe cut me off, as I expected from a father-figure. “Gee, who would have thought that would happen on New Year's Eve!” Cocked his head and smirked wise-guy style. “And being rock stars, no less!”

When I asked him why his father, Baron Torquay-Lamborgeau, was a leader of all these occult-Satanic groups, he said that since his father was one of the rulers of the world, it was expected he would be.

“With all the evil in the world, it needs an evil and very wealthy and powerful person to be one of its rulers. While there is some good in the world as well as good people, the world is overwhelmingly evil. Not one government is a force for good and nearly all government leaders, even local ones, commune with evil. Since the 1970s in Britain, many Cabinet Ministers and Members of Parliament and even Royal Family members have engaged in pedophilia, child sex. Naturally entertainers are also involved. I have told the boys that if any of them engage in child sex, I am done with them. But that does not include groupies who are sixteen or seventeen that fully agree to sex. I mean mainly young children.”

“But you said that he told you he does not believe in Satan.”

“No,” Joe smirked, “I said he doesn’t believe in religion. Satanism is not a religion, but a cult.”

“But isn’t there a Temple of Satan led by—”

“Yeah. But I said it was a cult because religions have doctrines that the members of the religion follow based on various books such as the Bible or the Koran. There is no book Satanists follow, or doctrine, except for phony screeds like the so-called Satanic Bible which I think that Temple leader wrote, which was given to him by some demonic spirit. Satanists mainly do rituals that stem from the many pagan cults that have been passed down since the time before Noah’s Flood. The Bible mentions a ‘mighty man’ called Nimrod, who built the Tower of Babel. Nimrod was able to get that going because of arcane knowledge that somehow made it through the Flood. Maybe his grandfather Ham brought it with him. Who knows?”

That a man whose father was a Satanist knew about someone mentioned in the Biblical Book of Genesis impressed me.

“So that, when my father says he doesn’t do religion, he’s telling the truth. And while I have never seen him sacrifice anyone, I have sources, you know, that claim he has. Do not ask me who these sources are, okay? I won’t risk their lives if the word got out.”

“No problem.”

A short time later in a nearby eatery

After a while we both got hungry, so we stepped into a small local sandwich shop and sat at a small table away from the food counter. I couldn’t wait to hear the rest of what he had to tell me, which was “the Plan” for the band.

But first, he told me that his father, as head of a secret society of the world’s elites known as the Novordo Club—Novordo means ‘new order’ and is closely allied with other ‘new world order’ secret organizations—created plans to set up a so-called ‘one world government’ through the United Nations and other NGOs and international groupings, with a single currency, legislature, economic union, and religion based on New Age spiritualism which at this time was led, among others, by Swami Rashnish Negran and his Church of the Circle of Unity.

“Now I found out about all this one day when I was sneaking into my house through underground tunnels. That way, no servant or anyone would see or hear

me sneaking in. I did not want my father to know I was in the house. I was about twenty-five or so and this happened in 1987. I rarely even stayed at the house anymore. I had a flat in Chelsea, a small flat, three rooms—hell I don't need a huge estate, eh?—that I mainly stayed in. But on this day, I just had a feeling I had to go back to the house. Glad I did.”

The food was then served—sandwiches and fries.

“Anyway, when I got there, I heard voices in my father’s library. I was behind the bookcase. My father mentioned Corion and ‘our Lord Lucifer’. Now that should tell you my father indeed worships Satan. Corion, according to Roman scholars, is a Romano-Celtic name for Satan, and was worshiped by a Celtic sect in the days of the Roman Empire. I’m not going to go into all those details. Ask Mick about those people, called Crag-Dwellers, and their Druid enemies. He’s into studying these folks anyway. But I will say this. Negran supposedly has a red crystal that sometimes glows and supposedly he uses it to channel Corion. The man is just flat out dangerous, and I hope my six never have anything to do with him. But I guarantee they likely will. You see, Negran and his crystal are part of the Plan.”

“How?”

“I will tell you how, but first I have to tell you why. I do not have all the details and some of this is speculation based on what I heard behind that book case. The Novordo Club was looking for, number one, a band of ill-repute, one that can be assumed to be rebellious, which attracts a lot of attention and thus garners fans. You know how teenagers and youth in general like rockers who stir the pot, so to speak.”

I nodded. Basically, I just let him do the talking.

“A controversial band not only sells albums and tickets but sells media time. Kids don’t want boring, but exciting, titillating, a band with a good level of charisma. And that requires a charismatic front man, but one who can actually sing well.”

“Agreed,” I interrupted.

Then Joe continued. “A lead singer who is not only talented but does good stage antics. Maybe not ‘the Hall’ stuff, but a guy like Erik more than fits the bill.”

“Oh, yeah!”

“I heard Effingchester say the band—and he clearly said a band was needed because it defined rock culture as well as the need for a megastar ‘band-of-the-nineties’—the band must cause what he called ‘soul destruction’ of the young. That’s because they think the anti-Christ is coming.”

I stopped eating, stunned. “They actually mentioned the anti-Christ?”

“Well, okay, they said ‘Our Lord Lucifer’, not ‘anti-Christ,’ but that is who they meant, I think. My father said ‘Lucifer’ is coming and they needed ‘the next super-band’ which they would completely control. And if this band wouldn’t be controlled, they’d be ‘broken’ so to speak. Their words were ‘we will make them, and if they forget who controls them, we will break them.’”

After finishing the sandwich, I replied in a mused fashion. “So, what you are saying the plan is, is to make a very talented and very controversial and charismatic band into rock gods, so to speak, to debauch the young, who would then accept the anti-Christ.”

Phillips beamed. “Now that’s as good a summary as I have ever heard! Bravo!”
“Summaries are part of my job, I guess.” Laugh.

“But that’s not the best part, Lloyd. After I left from behind the book case I went to *Dog’s Wolf Den*, which is in south London and was a place I went to almost every week. Only top bands played there, and they usually had recording contracts. And Sound Unltd was there, in some sort of ‘battle of the bands’ with White Metal. There was Erik, challenging Roger Pelham with that refrain from the song ‘You Ain’t Better Than Me.’ And some punky looking guy came up to me and announced to me that Sound Untld was the ‘band of the nineties’.”

“Really? How’d he know?”

Laugh. “It turned out he was a roadie and knew the road crew which, as now, was made up of a biker gang led by Chet Lesley. I asked the roadie guy if they were local or on tour and he said they were from Tyneside, and right then and there Erik started on the song ‘Slums of Tyneside.’ Then a short time later, knowing that for sure this band would make it big what with all that talent, I went up to the crew and the guy I thought was their manager, Billy Hallslip. Well, I knew Billy’s dad Gordie, who was famous for managing bands in the mid- and late-60s. Basically I wanted to get connected to the band, by letting them know that the son of Baron Torquay-Lamborgeau would make sure that they’d make it big. When they found out who I was,” laugh, “they were speechless. Since Billy was their road manager, I just pretty much stepped right in as manager.”

“Have you ever—”

“Managed a band before? Hell no! But I had, you know, serious connections, and I made sure Billy, the crew, and the band knew I had those connections. EpiGram Records was considering giving them a contract. In fact, they were dying to sign Erik solo, but he wouldn’t do solo. So, to get Erik, they had to get the rest of the band.”

Joe finished his food, and then revealed the kicker. “Well, it didn’t take long for me to figure out I chose precisely the band they were looking for. A few days later I was in my flat and then Negran shows up. I had no idea he knew where I lived. Like I said, the guy is dangerous, and spooky too. So, I answer the door and he comes right out and says, ‘You chose the right band.’ I stood there at the door and forced him to stay outside. ‘What the hell do you mean, Negran?’ I shouted at him. ‘They are the band we are looking for which you know since you eavesdropped on our meeting.’ So, I shouted, ‘How do you know they are?’ And he said, ‘Because they are from Walltown.’ And guess what I said next? ‘Is that where your phony god Corion told you they’d be from?’ And then he said, ‘Yes.’ And that was the kicker. Knowing they really were the band those evil SOBs were looking for, I knew I had to protect them, but I also knew they had to make it big. After all, it was up to them to decide whether they’d lead the young to evil, or to good.”

“I think they’ll choose good. They are into a lot of that New Age crap, but there is a genuine-ness about them, a truthiness to them. Their roots.”

“And the fact that they made up a song that actually healed them of drunkenness the night they made up the song, ‘Let the Night Down.’ It has to do with the Tooters, that protect Walltown, and I suspect will protect them as well.”

“Well, that’s the why. What’s the how? How is Negran and the red crystal part of the Plan your father has come up with to turn the youth to Satan?”

“I heard my father and Negran say that Negran would keep the band together and make sure they don’t oppose the Plan, and not only that, but completely go along with the Plan. Another reason Sound Unltd was chosen for this was that each of the six, according to my father, wouldn’t possibly refuse to be part of it for selfish or altruistic reasons. Not that my father knew the six—and they weren’t even six then!—but he had some kind of intel on them from God-knows-who. But what,” he laughed, clapping his hands, “my father did not know is that their drummer is related to one of Marty Effingchester’s indentured families. According to legend—and this is from Tom himself—if the Hovels debt is ever paid off—and Tom intends to pay it off—then those Demons, which burned Walltown to the ground, will get to gnaw on Marty Effingchester as well as his ancestors’ bones and soul forever in Hell. Tom believes it, and so do I.”

“Does Effingchester know this?”

“No. In fact, I think he believes these folks think his agent Smith is the owner. Smith is the guy who they pay any money that they can pay because he runs Effingchester’s bank, but no one there has paid a penny in many years. I think

Marty thinks he's gotten away with his own deception and the Demons will be fooled by it.”

But then I remembered the “how” part of this. “So then how is Negran—”

“Right. Negran’s role is to keep the band together, I guess by nudging them into his Church and other means, his philosophy, New Age. I mean Mick’s already there so to speak. The red crystal is a controlling device but I don’t know how, and Negran gives all his important followers a red crystal that is controlled by his red crystal.”

“One crystal to rule them all, eh?”

“Yes. It’ll be Negran’s crystals, as well as the money, fame, sex, drugs, and even power that, my father believes, will drive the band to drive the young to evil. I truly believe they will understand this fairly soon. Despite their antics, they are good people. The only question I have is will they also understand how a song or other can help them counteract this influence? Neither Jack nor Erik know how or why they came up with ‘Let the Night Down.’ A dream, they said. My father has a Plan. Maybe God has a counter-plan?”

Hmmmm, I thought. A member of a very elite and very evil family dynasty believes in God? He really is an outsider!

In fact, he's been an ‘outsider’ since his childhood days. Why? Because unlike most children born into elite families, Phillips witnessed the epitome of evil at a very young age at his grandfather's behest.

Chapter Three

May 1, 1966, in the sacrificial dungeon at Torquay Manor

“What is that rock, grandfather?” Joseph Phillip Torquay-Lamourgeau, aged three, asked as the seventeenth Baron Torquay-Lamourgeau, named Aston, walked him while holding his left hand into a dark but candle-lit rock-wall dungeon-like room. Then the boy pointed to a six-foot-long and three-foot-wide flat rock altar set upon large and flat cornerstones weighing hundreds of pounds.

Short laugh. “An altar, Joseph. And you will witness an event upon it shortly.”

“What event, grandfather?” The child, who would presumably become the nineteenth baron within the next two decades, asked nervously with right hand quivering. The dark-haired, tall for his age lad could not smile around his grandfather whom he had never seen with a smile or any loving facial expression.

“You will soon see. And a boy almost your age will also take part.” Laugh.

Joe thought. *I do not want to be a part of this. Will this boy be—? What's the word? Because grandfather drinks blood.*

Joe wanted to let go of grandfather’s hand, but knew he couldn’t disobey the man. His own father would not approve if he did.

Soon, Aston rang the sacrificial bell, a call for his fellows to enter the room, carrying the boy drugged into sleep, placing the boy onto the altar, to be awakened before the sword impaled his heart. Among the partakers in the sacrifice were various aristocrats, including the fourteenth Duke of Effingchester, Lord Chadwick and Lord Coledge, distant cousin to Aston and uncle of Lord Chadwick, and a few members of various royal families.

When the naked toddler boy, having just awakened and making sounds, was placed on the stone altar, the partakers chanted what Joe considered gibberish. Joe had no idea who or what Corion was, the object of the uniform chanting. Phillips, standing behind Aston but able to view the event, wanted to go up to the boy to play with him, so he tried to intervene.

Aston turned to him. “Stand away, my grandson! You can see, but not partake.” Looked straight into Joe’s eyes. “Your time to partake will come, but our rules state you must first witness our handling of the child.”

Joe moved back into place. *So, he will—!* The trauma began to take hold. *Oh God, no!*

As the sword was driven downward by Effingchester, Joe closed his eyes and placed his hand over his mouth. The toddler screamed. Then bled to death.

As Aston, holding a gold chalice, began to collect the young blood enhanced by the adrenal terror that took hold of the toddler. For the partakers believed that young blood would keep them alive nearly forever, as willed by Corion. Lucifer. Satan. The devil. Their god, as they themselves believed they, too, were gods.

Joe’s father, named Baron, was not among the partakers, nor was his mother, who was a daughter of the Duke of Effingchester, via a concubine, to inhibit inbreeding, the bane of aristocracy which often led to mentally deficient offspring.

That night at Joe’s bed

In his mother’s arms, Joe cried in anguish.

“I can’t sleep, mother!” Repeated over and over as tears covered his face.

Hugs. “This never should have happened, Joe. Your father would never have forced you to witness such a monstrosity!” More hugs.

“But why, mother? Why did grandfather force me—”

“He did the same to your father.” Looked lovingly into Joe’s eyes. “You must forget this event. Try to forget.”

“I did not see it, mother, but I heard the boy scream.”

Mother got into his face. “Joe, you must try to imagine something else happened.” Kiss. “Pretend the boy was playing at screaming.”

“But—” Joe faced his mother with anxiety.

“Joe,” she kissed him again, “you did not cause this monstrous event. You are innocent, as innocent as that sweet young child that your evil grandfather sacrificed—”

“But why, mother?” he implored. “I know he drinks blood, but—why?”

Another hug as she moved to lay next to him. “Your grandfather—whom your grandmother hates, and wants nothing to do with his evil ways—your grandfather

believes that by drinking the blood of young children he will live forever and escape the wrath of God.”

God, Joe thought. I pleaded with God not to let this happen. But it happened.

“But then why did God let this happen?” Joe grabbed his mother’s arms. “Is God for real?”

She then grabbed his hands. “Yes. Your father and I believe in God, even if your grandfather worships the devil.”

“The devil is the bad one.”

“Yes. And the reason your father believes in God is because the man who raised your father, the man who also served your grandfather—”

“Boris Goodinov—”

“Yes, who allied with your grandmother, who he called ‘Natalia’.”

“Like the cartoon.” Joe smiled, for he loved that cartoon show.

“Boris and your grandmother called ‘Natalia’ raised your father to *not* be as your grandfather.”

Joe smiled and kissed his mother.

“And we will raise you to not be as your grandfather.”

“Thank you, mother.”

“Now, go to sleep and forget what happened in that evil, dark room. You did not see it. You heard something, but pretend what you heard was just playing.”

“I will try, mother.”

Yet, a few years later, after Aston had died having drank blood from an orphan diagnosed with septicemia, so did Joe’s mother.

Having lost the woman he truly loved, Baron Torquay-Lamourgeau blamed her death on God and turned against the One he had worshiped. Further, with vengeance, Baron turned to the devil his father worshiped, joined the Hellyons his father had created, became leader of the secret new order society, the Novordo Club, and took over his father’s banking dynasty.

From good to evil literally overnight.

Joe could sense the change in his father as he entered his teen years, knowing that he too would be enticed to partake of the evil, beginning with the fraternity initiation he knew his now evil father would demand he be a part of, as a ‘legacy.’

The Evil tries to ensnare Joe Phillips at Broton Academy, 1977

Broton Academy, located in southeast Surrey thirty miles from Torquay Manor, was the most expensive private boarding school in all of the United Kingdom, and where one must attend to maintain the status of the elite families they were born into. It was attended only by males; its female counterpart, Swarton, was five miles down the same tree-lined road. Of course, a scion of Broton had to pass subject tests to be admitted, but since most of these boys had private tutors while growing up, these tutors, who knew the educational ropes of Broton, made sure their charges could easily pass the subject tests.

Besides, anyone with any knowledge of elite up-bringing knew that mentally deficient children of these elite families usually wound up in mental institutions located far away from the estates they came from, and completely forgotten by their parents. After all, mental deficiency was considered only operational within the common folks, never mind that inbreeding, which inhabited nearly all of the elite families since they couldn't bear to be associated with commoners, was the most likely cause of this 'deficiency.'

Another requirement for Broton students was that they must join fraternities which were really secret society recruiting platforms and had affiliate frats on the campuses of Oxford and Cambridge, the universities these Broton boys would likely attend after graduation. And upon graduation from college, they'd be headed into the elite secret societies their parents headlined, such as the Novordo Club or the Hellyons, both affiliated with the World Forum Summit organization that headlined the so-called 'new order of the world' public-private-partnership between governments and mega-corporations who had their own leading organizations. For instance, the pop-culture industry was led by the so-called Directorate, which Joe's charges, Sound Unltd, had once been a part of, in order to finalize their commitment to evil. A commitment they abandoned, and nearly died over it save for the intervention of the forces of Good.

In 1977, Phillips, in his third year at Broton, having not yet joined any of these elite fraternities, was goaded into joining 'The Young Alpha Leaders,' *the frat* for the most elite of the elite students. It was led by another distant cousin of Phillips, Ewen Coledge-Foxworth, a Broton senior who would later lead the most exclusive frat at Cambridge, and it was Ewen Coledge-Foxworth, known in the inner circles as 'Foxx,' who would try to recruit Joe into 'The Young Alpha Leaders' fraternity.

Since his father, Baron Torquay-Lamourgeau, commanded Joe join this frat, he did, at the end of his third year at the school.

“You will be among our royalty as a member of the most exclusive fraternity on Earth, Joe—or should I call you Master 19?”

Ewen Coledge-Foxworth, nicknamed Foxx, placed his right hand squarely on Joe’s right shoulder, a sign of the frat in greeting before the final initiation ritual.

Then ‘Master 19’ followed suit placing his right hand on Foxx’s right shoulder.

Master 19? That was Joe’s fraternity nickname, for he would soon be in line to take the title of nineteenth baron Torquay-Lambourgeau.

One taking such a title of nobility added huge prestige to this Young Alpha Leaders frat. So much so that the initiation rites non-aristocratic young men were compelled to complete, including raping or even murdering local area commoners, were not enforced upon the choicest initiates from powerful elite bloodlines.

“Call me Joe, please. I’ll accept the frat name Master 19, but please call me Joe.” *Since I may not even accept the baronial title! But I can’t let Foxx and the others know this. Not yet anyway.*

“Fine, Joe.”

The two then dropped their hands-on-shoulders ritual.

“So, what will compose my initiation ritual?”

Laugh. “Don’t worry, Joe.” Foxx then nudged his forehead against Joe’s. “You won’t have to drink the blood of some local low-IQ idiot or rape a twelve-year-old girl.” Loud laugh.

Joe stepped back in disbelief. *I had heard these things happened, but I never believed it until now.*

Foxx sensed Joe’s hesitancy. “I’m teasing you, Joe.” *Even if I’m not.* “But all you must do to be one of us is to agree to all of the rules I will state at your initiation while you kneel before the altar within our fraternity hall. You will say, ‘I agree.’ There are ten rules I will state, and then you will say ‘I agree’ to all ten of these rules. Your Oath. Then you will get up and kiss the altar. Or,” laugh, “you can sip from our chalice of blood if you prefer.” Snarky smile. *Because, Joe, you really are not truly one of us. I hope I am wrong, but you simply do not have the killer instinct and disdain for the masses that I and all true Young Alpha Leaders are required to possess.*

Joe answered, “I’ll agree to the Oath.” Sneer. “And kiss the altar. Hopefully, it will be free of germs.” *Since I do sense, Foxx, that you’d rather see me in hospital no matter how elite my family is!*

That night—

Joe kneeled before a mahogany-made initiation altar as Foxx, surrounded by fellow frat members, all from elite families, stood on the opposite side of the altar and faced Joe, holding a chart of the rules making up the Oath Joe would agree to.

Foxx began stating the ‘rules.’

“Master 19, do you agree to owe allegiance to the Young Alpha Leaders Fraternity, from henceforth until death?”

I knew that was coming! “Yes, I agree.” *And it will only get more evil!*

Foxx then smiled. *We got you, Joe!*

Then Foxx said with a haughty voice, “Master 19, do you agree to initiate others to our cause to rule the world?”

“I agree.”

“Do you agree to condemn all those who will not comply with our rules-based order?”

“I agree.”

“Do you agree to use your fortunes for the benefit of our ownership of this world?”

“I agree.”

“Do you agree to take control of all life on Earth?”

“I agree.”

“Do you agree to a one-world-unity of all under our rulership?”

“I agree.”

“Do you agree to destroy all those who oppose us?”

“I agree.”

“Do you agree to amass as much power as is necessary to control the useless masses, and administer punishment if they do not comply?”

“I agree.”

“Do you agree to the eugenics of all inferior sub-humans?”

“I agree.”

“Do you agree that we are truly the gods of this world, under the leadership of our one true god?” *That is, our lord Lucifer?*

“I agree.” *But not to your lord Lucifer!*

“Then get off your knees, Master 19, and kiss the altar to our lord, and accept your godhood as a master of light, and uphold your godhood along with all of us worldly gods, and, if not, suffer the pain of death.”

Joe complied.

Upon returning to his boarding room, he forced himself to vomit. *I hereby vomit out those abominations of that evil oath!*

Then said to himself in private, “If there really is a God, let Him deliver me from that satanic oath while I pretend to follow it at this God-forsaken institution my father forced me to attend, and let Him let me guide my own life after I leave this place as I join the real world and the decent people who live in it. Foxx can keep his bollocks ‘rules’ until Hell takes him and his followers into the fire they deserve!”

Joe graduated from Broton in 1980. He did not go to college. He did not accept the title of baron, but he did accept a trust fund set aside for him upon graduation. The fund was worth a hundred million pounds. He bought a townhouse near Regents Park, and explored the real world of ‘the masses’ he ‘agreed’ to despise, and loved going to pubs and show halls.

In 1987, he found his cause when he ‘discovered’ Sound Unltd, a band on-the-make.

Chapter Four

During a 2011 interview at Joe's 'Hotel' near Buckingham Palace

“I didn’t want anything to do with that fraternity, Lloyd,” Joe told me during a long interview at his hotel he still owned near Buckingham Palace in 2011. “I wanted to live my own life my own way. When I graduated from Broton, I was going to try to live in the real world, the world in which the so-called commoners lived, and worked in. Ride their Underground. Visit pubs and restaurants and show hall venues. Carouse with ‘the peasants,’ so to speak. I would no longer be Joseph Phillip Torquay-Lambourgeau, but Joe Phillips.

“But my father forced me to join this frat called ‘the Young Alpha Leaders,’ which was connected to all sorts of quasi-governmental globalist groups, including the World Forum Summit which formed in the ‘70s. In other words, my father was trying to force me into an agenda that he was in charge of due to his banking oligarchy and his control over world currencies. Since he followed his own evil father, Aston, he expected me to do the same. Yet, when he realized I would refuse to go along with it, he let it be.”

“That doesn’t happen very often, from what I have learned about elite bloodlines.” Sip of water. “So, he didn’t punish you in any way?”

“No, and I think I know why.” Phillips then followed my lead and took his own sip of water. “Back in August, 2003, my father met with me and my boys—”

“Sound Unltd?”

“Yes. My father, attended by Swinton, knowing he was close to death, had a message for me and my boys—”

“That was when he accepted Christ—”

“Yes. But it wasn’t just that. My father revealed to me and them that he, too, felt forced to go along with his father’s evil agenda, and he was originally not keen on following it. But then his wife whom he loved—unlike his father and his mother, who hated each other—his wife and my mother, died. He blamed God for that, and then he hated God. Since he hated God, he felt he could get his own ‘revenge’ by

turning to Satan, or Lucifer, or Corion—call the Evil what you will. So that was when he took part in carrying out his father’s evil agenda.”

Then Phillips lit a cigarette. “But while he felt forced to carry out his father’s evil agenda, my father never forced me to do so.” Puff. “Yes, he certainly tried to convince me to do so. He would chide me, call me ‘wayward’ and such, and my cousin—”

“Duke Marty Effingchester, right?”

“Yes, the Fifteenth Duke of Effingchester—and the last Duke of Effingchester, thank God for that!”

Then Joe explained to me how that worked. On the night Phillips was clubbed coming out of his bathroom and left with a cricket-bat neck injury while lying on the floor of his bedroom, Effingchester, his father Baron Torquay-Lambourgeau, Mark Besst, and several other Inner Sanctum Hellyons tried to sacrifice the members of Sound Unltd on a rock altar, with their singer Erik Manning to be the first victim. But God interceded, saving the six. Using Mark Besst as a proxy, the evil Corion, not satisfied that his Earthly minions could not carry out their ‘assignment’—getting the Super Six to vow allegiance to Corion by signing their signatures in blood—instead took his vengeance against his Hellyon followers, except for Torquay and one other whom he still needed. Effingchester and the rest were ‘taken’ by Corion into the hellish Abyss using that accursed Red Crystal of Corion that Swami Negran had once used to ensnare Sound Unltd and others.

“So Effingchester didn’t die of an attack near Torquay’s horse stable as the media claimed. That figures.”

“My father, and also a man named ‘Beast,’ were the only survivors.”

The mention of ‘Beast’ woke up memories from 2001. “Wasn’t he the man who tried to burn down Jack Lubin’s beach house?”

Lubin was Sound Unltd’s lead guitarist and band leader.

“Yes, and he was also the man who led that bollocks ‘Christian’ cult Jack and his father were involved in, which, after leaving his father and being adopted by Billy Prestin, caused Jack to hate Christianity, until he realized Christ was his true Savior.”

“Without the religion part.” Laugh.

“Yes. To this day, none of my boys or their women, including Mo, whose own father was an Anglican pastor, have committed to a particular church. And neither have I.”

Mo was the wife of Sound Unltd keyboard-synthist Bryan McClellan.

“Nor have I.” Sip of water. “To me, the church is the literal body of believers in Christ, not some building.”

“Yes. Swinton and I watch various sermons on various video channels or do Bible studies by ourselves, using concordances and other materials.”

The conversation gradually returned to the original topic—Joe not being forced to serve evil.

“As I said before,” Joe continued, “my father tried to convince me to take part in his evil designs, knowing I had this attitude of non-conformity toward his agendas and toward those who followed it. He knew, and deep down inside he understood, that I wanted to live my own life, my way, not his way. Yet,” as he took another cigarette puff, “his agenda and my own agenda did in fact merge on the night, back in May, 1987, that I was introduced to Sound Unltd at the *Dog’s Wolf Den* nightclub, and they and road manager Billy Hallslip agreed to let me become their manager.”

Laugh. “Like that expression, ‘What a Torquay-Lamourgeau wants, a Torquay-Lamourgeau gets.’”

Joe laughed heartedly and clapped his hands. “Now how many times have I heard that expression?”

“But it’s true, right?”

“I reckon so, and I’ll never forget what Jack said when I told them I was the son of Baron Torquay-Lamourgeau. He said, ‘Don’t you people practically run the Earth?’ But here is what I told them, basically. I told them that they themselves had the talent and the will to succeed. I would simply help them do so, whether a Torquay-Lamourgeau wanted it or not!”

“In spades!”

“So then when I returned home to my father’s manor, he was inside my own bedroom there and when I turned on the light, we discussed the fact that I did listen in on the meeting my father had with Effingchester and others, including Swami Negran. He actually said to me as I entered, ‘So you found your band?’ Which alarmed me. I then accused him of wanting to control them, which of course he did. He told me Negran’s job was to keep the band intact, and not to split up.”

Then Phillips turned angry. “And then a few days later back at my own flat, Negran showed up!”

More past memories popped into my head. “Yeah! You told me about that in that first interview we had back in 1990 in New York City. He too said that you

chose the right band, the band these evildoers were looking for. You also said that Negran said they were looking for a band from Walltown because that's what the evil wanted. A band from Walltown."

"You remember that? Bloody hell—"

"How could I forget that? And when I interviewed Jack on 1990 New Year's Day, he got all spiritual about the Tooters and the song 'Let the Night Down.' So, what he said and then what you said about needing a band from Walltown—"

And then I took a final gulp of water, then continued.

"You remember Jay Elliot, right?"

"Yeah."

"It was Jay that really got me going on this spiritual stuff. He had his first interviews with most of them in their 1992 tour in California, *Monsters Rock* festival-time. And you do remember that song by the Marauders, 'Legend of the Prophesied Band,' eh?"

"Of course."

"So, this is what Jay did. He asked them pretty much one-by-one if that song pointed to them. They had the characteristics this band had in the song: they were from Walltown, they were gang members but also had non-members, they 'danced with Satan' in a way, filled with lust, the Tooters gave them songs as the song says, kind of, and the song ends with the line that 'the young will follow them.' In other words, they'd be idols to the youth, which they were, big time. The nineties version of the Fab Four if you know what I mean."

"And here is what all of the ones Jay asked that question to said, in a nutshell—it's a great song, but we're not the prophesied band and don't want to be the prophesied band. Well, except for Jack, who said that maybe they were."

Later—

"So yes, the so-called agendas of my own and my father's did merge with the six. So, as long as I managed the band to huge success and let them pretty much live the lifestyles they did, minus any pedophilia or sex trafficking or rapes, stuff like that, as long as I did what I did, my father would consider that as following his own agenda.

"My father's biggest concern was whether or not they'd 'sign the oath to Corion' deal. For years, they appeared to be doing so especially after selling their label and joining the Directorate. But when the time came to make sure they would do that and to convince them they had to—or else—is when that bollocks

Directorate meeting in July, 2001 was called, in order to force their hands on the deal. Or else. That was why a bomb was placed by a key member of the Hellyons under a seat on their jet while in Philadelphia on the way to the meeting. It was supposed to go off over the Irish Sea or right before it landed in London. Either they'd die or be seriously hurt over it, but the outcome they wanted was survival so they'd be sacrificed later if they didn't sign the oath."

"But instead of Sound Unltd getting sacrificed, the 'sacrificers' got sacrificed, red-crystal-style. Except for your father and that 'Beast' guy."

"Corion knew he could not take my father, for my father still had a purpose of Corion while Corion spiritually lived inside of Mark Besst, who proceeded to take over nearly all of my father's wealth and assets. Trillions. My father still fronted for the agenda, however, so he was allowed to live and keep Torquay Manor, yet it was Besst who Corion used to rule the world, or so he thought."

I got up from my chair to get some more water.

"Need anything, Joe?"

"Tonic water, maybe?"

"No problem. I'll just have water though."

So, I got the drinks.

As I handed Joe his drink, I said, "So your father accepted Christ before he died. I wonder," I said as I sat down in my chair, "did losing your father to Christ cause Corion to do a red-crystal-scenario on Mark Besst? Because he, too, disappeared, in August, 2004."

Phillips went into contemplative mode. "Honestly, I don't know what happened to Mark Besst. The last people to see him alive were my boys. Below the ground where Tom's old Hovels had once stood before the city tore it down, Besst tried to sacrifice Bry's wife Mo, or something. He had kidnapped her for some reason. But some spirit messenger warned the boys it was happening and where, so they rescued Mo and tied up Besst on that sacrificial altar he was using. After that, they have no idea what happened to Mark Besst."

"Spirit messenger? The Tooters?"

"Likely."

I was not about to tell Joe about that so-called 'witch' that Bobby Jones had brought up back in 2002, the one who gave him a song to give to the Super Six regarding following Christ, called 'He is the Way.'

“So, Mark Besst goes away, and then that rapper and rap mogul Kiddo comes along, and then Kiddo disappears all of a sudden in 2006. Eventually, in my opinion, the job will fall on a man I know from my days at Broton. The man who ran the fraternity I was forced to join, and the man who ran some very evil initiation rites for frat membership, which, fortunately, I did not have to take part in since I was my father’s son. Being from the elites of the elites, I avoided those evil initiation rites.”

The name of the man Joe referred to was Ewen Coledge-Foxworth, also known as ‘Foxx.’

What Joe witnessed as a member of the ‘Young Alpha Leaders,’ Fall, 1979, early in the dark morning

“Joe—sorry, Master 19,” Foxx laughed as he called Joe to his side while a new recruit to the Young Alpha Leaders fraternity stood several feet away on a corner of a street housing Swarton Academy dormitories for its female students. Swarton was the female equivalent to Broton.

“Here,” Joe responded immediately, and went to where Foxx stood. Both wore fraternity jackets.

“Look, 19, you have yet to witness an initiation ritual on a recruit. It is a requirement to maintain membership, right?”

“Yes. I forgot.” Sigh. *What satanic abomination will I have to take part in just so I can keep on pretending to do the will of the rulers of this evil frat and evil world?*

“Now you know my cousin Drew over there, right?”

That is, Drew Hallsey-Foxworth.

“Of course.”

“Now, I will direct this initiation rite, but all you have to do is witness it. You do not have to actively take part in it, 19.”

“Fine with me.”

Foxx, with Joe tagging along, went up to Drew.

Then Foxx pointed to a Swarton student of Asian ancestry coming down a grass-laden hill toward the opposite corner in order to head toward Drew; the girl was a classmate of one that Drew was dating and had once met Drew at a party.

Foxx then whispered something in Drew’s ear. Joe could not here it.

“That girl coming toward you—” Foxx began.

“I know her.”

“Is she a friend?”

“I dated her once, a month ago.”

Foxx got right into Drew’s ear for emphasis. “She is coming to you. Walk with her where she is going. Once she is comfortable, rape her. That is your initiation ritual.”

Joe could not hear the conversation.

Nor could the girl, who, when seeing Drew, smiled and easily went over to him as Foxx and Joe left.

“Joe, you must witness what Drew and that girl are doing.”

“But—we are leaving them—”

“Drew is to take the girl down the street away from the corner.” Looked directly at Joe. “In about a minute, we will return to the spot we are at before, where we will witness what Drew does to her.”

“What—”

Foxx looked hard and sternly at Joe. “You will see, Master 19.”

Then both heard a scream from the girl, then a shout of “No! Let me go!”

Foxx and Joe then moved quickly to that corner at which they’d stood before where Foxx whispered instructions in Drew’s ear.

Drew had pulled down her underpants below her uniform skirt, forced her onto the grass at the sidewalk, pulled down his trousers exposing his manhood, mounted her and raped her.

Foxx smiled at the scene ahead of him

Joe was appalled, but said nothing. Yet the memory of this brutality was set in his mind as he looked around to discover there were no other witnesses.

It was 2:00 a.m. The overhead street lamps had been dimmed.

“So,” I said to Joe after he ended his ‘description’ of ‘the event’ with a sense of remorse if not anger, “you had said your witnessing of that child sacrifice caused you to cry with anguish. How did you react to the rape by a distant cousin of yours?”

“Deep inside I was angry—the evil that lived in my family. Yet knowing I could do nothing to stop it, I was still glad I never had to partake in such savagery.”

Looked deep into Joe's tired and stressed eyes. "And that Foxx cousin of yours is— I'd say calling him savage these days would be putting it mildly."

For Foxx, who was being groomed to take over the Torquay business empire after the disappearances of Kiddo, and Mark Besst before him, was just getting started in 2011. By 2023, it seemed as if he ruled the world. To Corion's specifications.

Beginning in 2012, my research into Foxx went full swing.

And Baron Torquay-Lamourgeau had nothing on this psychopath!

Chapter Five

Foxx joins the Hellyon Inner Sanctum, Summer, 1992

“Done.” Lord Coledge then lifted the blood-soaked sword from the heart of the child sacrificed to the lord of the Hellyons. Satan. Corion. Lucifer.

Then Baron Torquay-Lamourgeau took a gold chalice from the lampstand to collect the adrenalin-rich young blood that poured out of the child’s heart into a funnel-like crevice, the blood flowing into the chalice.

The sacrificial blood chalice was then handed to Foxx, who grabbed it happily and gulped the blood as if he wanted to consume the entirety of it.

“Eh, Foxx,” scolded the man standing next to him, Chaddy Chadwick, “save some for the rest of us!”

“Sorry,” Foxx announced, then handed the cup to Chaddy who sipped, and passed on the chalice.

“But I was really hoping to drink it all, eh Chad?” Laugh.

“Don’t we all, Foxx!” Hearty laugh.

Included in the blood-lust besides Baron, Lord Colegde, Foxx and Chaddy were the Duke of Effingchester, Messrs. X and Y, both music moguls, Circle of Unity cult leader Swami Negran, record label official Rodney Davis, Chaddy’s father Lord Chadwick, Wolfin manager Shak Lawson, Allyson Hallsey-Foxworth, Foxx’s cousin as well as sister to Drew, whom Foxx initiated into the Hellyons in the mid-80s, and Melanie Ross, a Satanist and witch along with Allyson. Both hung out with rock stars and other celebrities, and convinced Mick Pordengreau to join the Hellyons in 1989, but he left the secret society a year later, to Allyson’s dismay.

The ritual over, the thirteen participants returned to the Torquay Manor ballroom to rejoin the gala surrounded by diamond-encrusted skulls, upside-down five-pointed-stars and crosses, and other occult symbols, and to be constantly waited on by house staff, including Swinton, who was secretly appalled by the atmosphere yet pretended to go along with it.

“You know, Shak,” Foxx threw his arms out in mock frustration, “I really wanted to wield the sword and plunge it into that kid myself. I really did! In fact, that’s one reason why, so soon after joining the Slake of Satan two years ago, I really wanted into the Inner Sanctum!”

“You are truly one of us then!” Laugh, then belted his glass of wine down his throat. “Cheers!”

“You know, Shak, I’m really surprised Wolfin’s not in this group. It’s as if they pretend to want to be in it—” Snort. “So are Denny and Blake just in it for the loot?”

“In a way, yes. But the fact is this, Foxx—they’ll either join the Hellyons and rise through the ranks, or their careers are over. That is the way the music industry works now. Being in Swami’s Circle of Unity isn’t enough these days.”

“Do they know that, Shak? Have you told them?”

“I have suggested it, Foxx. But Art and Pete want nothing to do with even Swami’s cult. I suspect those two have maybe convinced Denny and Blake to, let’s say, stray from their missions, so-to-speak.”

Art and Pete were Wolfin’s bassist and drummer, respectively, and were strictly musicians, not celebrity-status-oriented.

“So Wolfin will become has-beens soon.”

“Yes. That’s the way it works now.”

“Sell your soul to the devil, eh?”

“Yes.” Laugh.

“Speaking of selling soul, here comes Denny.”

Shak turned around as Spradlin walked toward him and Foxx holding a glass of wine.

Denny then yelled, “So where the hell you been, eh Shak?”

Shak said under his breath, “Where the hell is right!” Giggle.

When Denny stood next to Foxx, Shak said, “Oh, I’ve been about.”

Since Denny needed to speak with his manager, Shak left Foxx alone as Baron Torquay-Lamourgeau began heading toward Foxx.

“Ewen—”

“Call me Foxx, Baron. F-O-X-X.”

Torquay laughed haughtily. “Now that name is appropriate. Like the expression ‘the fox guarding the hen-house.’ And that is why I am offering a golden opportunity for you to use your skills in guiding our youth into our fold, so-to-speak. Our ‘club,’ our orbit. Under our influence. And your business skills—”

“My Cambridge degree was in accounting as well as psychologically surveying human resources, to see which people would serve us superior beings in the most servile way. For we are superior beings, Baron.”

“Oh, yes, we are. We are,” Baron looked up at his ballroom ten-million-pound chandelier, ‘as one could say, gods. We control the Earth and everything on it. And our wealth all told likely makes up ninety percent of all personal wealth on Earth.”

Nodded his head. “You are a trillionaire, Baron, are you not?”

“The only one, Foxx, the only one! The only person who even comes close to my own wealth is the American Rockford. You do know,” Baron looked toward Mr. Y, standing by a food table, “that Mr. Y is the major domo of Rockford, who is nearly a trillionaire.”

“I see.” Foxx smiled, thinking *And so shall I be! Whatever it takes!*

“Marty—”

“The Duke of Effingchester?”

“Yes. He is halfway there. Your own father is a billionaire, and so is Lord Chadwick, and maybe Chaddy as well. Swami Negrano—you are in his Circle of Unity, correct?”

“Yes. And I do have a copy—an amulet—of his beautiful red crystal.”

“Good. And all of our minions, our influencers to the youth—”

“Such as Sound Unltd—”

“We own them, of course. My own son is their manager.”

Shock. Foxx had no idea Joe Phillips was actually Joseph Phillip Torquay-Lambourgeau! But Foxx could not express shock over this as even he knew the baron’s son was an outsider, not the insider he was ‘born’ to be.

“Joe Phillips? Is your son?” Smirk. “But he is not one of us, Baron.”

“That is his choice. But he is one of us in a way, even if he is not a Hellyon or a Novordo member. We use him, in many ways, to control the sextet. He will not let them get out of line. They are not Hellyons either, but they might as well be what with their nihilism and stage antics. They are literally worshiped by their fans, and their red crystals that influence their fans certainly helps.”

Foxx, remembering back to when Joe was an Alpha frat member, thought with cocked head. *I don’t know, Baron. He just never seemed to be one of us in the Broton days. But I hope you are right. Because if not, I will have my way with him! Even if he is your son.*

Later—

“So, you said I would join your empire, Baron. How?”

Baron took another glass of wine off the serving tray.

“Another for you, Foxx?”

“Sure.”

So, Baron handed him a wine glass.

“What I have in mind, Foxx, is for you to oversee our clandestine money laundering operations.”

Foxx smiled broadly and sharply focused his delightful eyes. “Now that sounds kinky, Mr. Trillionaire!”

“Yes. As they say in history lessons regarding wars and revolutions, we fund both sides. Communist. Fascist. Popular revolts. In fact, every overthrow of governments since the French Revolution in the 1780s and 1790s were funded by us, which includes your family, Effingchester, various royal families, you name it, among us owners and gods of the Earth. What we do is funnel money to various revolutionary groups using charities and political fundraisers we set up, then the groups buy weapons that our arms manufacturers own—one of the biggest is a Rockford company, and the Prince and Princess of Leandro own one of the world’s largest armed vehicle conglomerates. So, we give the funding to the revolutionaries to buy our arms and whatever else they require—at our price increase, of course.”

“Of course!” Laugh.

“And then we sell arms to the counter-revolutionaries as well—at an even bigger price increase!” Laugh. “And then when the revolutionaries win, we fund their dictatorships and fancy lifestyles. But the deal is this—they then owe us this financial aid as debt due. Which they pay off by taxing the hell out of their slaves—uh, subjects.”

“I think I’m going to like being this intermediary for you, Baron. Some folks would consider this a crime, but for me it is an opportunity to help you control those insouciant masses who have no clue as to who runs the Earth—”

“At the behest of our lord Corion.”

Curious look. “I thought our lord was called Satan?”

“Satan. Corion. Lucifer. Baal. Remphan. Horus. Osiris. All the same, Foxx. Call our lord what you will. But we are his gods here on Earth. We serve Satan or Corion or Lucifer, whatever. And because of this, we are gods, we control the world, the masses are our slaves, and we own them. And there is no way they can revolt against us. And they don’t even know they are our slaves. So complacent and compliant they are, for their convenience.” Haughty snarl, then a smirk.

“Well, we’ll keep it that way. Because Baron, I have a huge contempt for most of humanity. Such animalistic idiots falling for our popular culture nihilism. Anything to keep them braindead! And totally useless!”

“Good. I second that. But another way we launder money is by drugs, including the ones young folks take or shoot up to keep them docile and addicted to, say, our sextet my son manages. We also control the syndicates, mafias, underworld, brothels, human trafficking, sex trafficking, orphanages—”

“Is that where you get your sacrificial bodies?”

“Mostly. Marty and Melanie and Allyson literally control those orphanages through our Child-Aid-Home Foundation. And, now that you are one of us, Foxx, you can get blood to drink from any of the children we own whenever you need it. Just let Allyson—”

“Or Drew—”

“Yes, and Drew will be an initiate into our Inner Sanctum next year, we hope.”

“Yes. As with myself, he cannot wait to be a part of us. And speaking of blood, is there any at the bar over there where Y is?”

“Sorry, no. Our staff would grow suspicious if Swinton or one of the others found out that there was.”

“I see.” Heavy breath.

“I really do not want our house staff to have any clue on that. Especially Swinton, who is my butler now. For one thing, he might let my son know about it. And I really don’t want to—you know—deal with my butler that way.”

Foxx gave a ‘humph’ and another smirk. “You have a good point, Baron.”

A short time later—

“So, Foxx, how does a million pounds a year sound? To run our ‘laundry’ operation?” Laugh.

“Count me in, Baron. Count me in!” Slapped Torquay on his left shoulder. “But at the next Inner Sanctum ritual for Drew, can I be the one who wields the sword?”

“I’ll have to speak with the others about that, but as far as it goes, you have my ‘yes’!”

And, a year later when Drew Hallsey-Foxworth was initiated into the Inner Sanctum, Foxx indeed performed the child sacrifice to Satan, or Corion, or Lucifer.

Then, in 1994, he performed the same money-laundering schemes for Effingchester's EuroMedia, especially its drug-trafficking operation for its sponsored recording artists' roadie-drug mules during concert tours along with its similar sex-trafficking operations on these tours. And in 1996, he performed the same job for XMedia. His salaries from both conglomerates? Five million euros from EuroMedia, headquartered in Geneva, Switzerland, and ten million dollars from XMedia, headquartered in New York.

In 1997, he became a member of the so-called Directorate, which Sound Unltd would join in 1999.

At all three corporations, his position was titled 'Assistant Treasurer for Charities and Overseas Investments.' With the 'charities' utilized to hide the money laundering for 'overseas investments' in illegal activities performed by 'freedom-loving foundations' that would be indebted to these corporations—forever.

He was also on the Boards of Directors for all three corporations.

Chapter Six

Foxx begins his mission to take over the World, 2006-2015

“I want to thank all the members of this august Board of Directors of GloboNetMedia Group, one of the most powerful corporations on the planet today—”

The several Directors cheered at CEO Stan Wildee’s pronouncement at the meeting that took place in June, 2006.

“One of the most powerful corporations today, for choosing maybe the most influential media mogul on the planet today, a man who is literally worshiped by the youth of today, Kiddo. Kiddo is to be our new CEO.”

Cheers.

Further, GloboNetMedia had just purchased FozzWorldMedia, which was controlled by Kiddo after he took control of the conglomerate from Fozz and Drakk as a result of winning his lawsuit against them.

Then Kiddo stood up and bowed to the Board members. “Thank you all.”

Wildee, formerly second-in-command to company founder Mark Besst—who suddenly disappeared in August, 2004, leaving not a trace of any whereabouts—then walked up to the thirty-year-old dark, bushy-haired man. Kiddo was dressed in nothing but a red-silk-robe adorned with occultic symbols in service to his ‘god’ Corion. The robe covered up a chest tattoo of an upside-down five-pointed-star as well as his skivvies that covered his manhood that was throbbing at the thought of controlling the pop culture music of his millions of nihilist-loving followers that sought the ‘do what you want’ way of life.

“A toast to you, Kiddo. From all of us.”

The Board members then picked up their goblets full of young child blood prepared for this occasion by the thirty-six-year-old BloodX pop-culture-fan-club ‘Queen,’ Magda Blue, a witch and a sex goddess to rockers and rappers in the 1990s who had her own short rock goddess career with Druidic, a ‘band’ of sorts led by Super Six guitarist-producer Mick Pordengreau and his then-side-kick Adam Bloodlove.

Magda led the ‘prayer’ to Corion for success for Kiddo. “Our lord Corion, guide our new leader Kiddo in the missions you give him to control the youth of this world into a new era of nihilism, as it pleases you, our lord. Thank you, our lord, for this life-giving-blood-for-your-power-for-eternal-godhood that guides us all to do your will in ruling this world for your pleasure, and ours.”

She sipped her glass of blood, and the rest followed her. Upon finishing the blood, all threw their goblets against the stone wall surrounding their meeting place, in a ritual dungeon under the offices of GloboNetMedia.

“You are now in control, Kiddo. My lovely partner, Mary Dungyon, and I, will support you in whatever you need, to aid in our cause as you rule over this company to Corion’s specifications.”

Dungyon, aged thirty-seven as with Wildee, dressed in her hot red robe garnished with diamonds in the shape of the Corion Cross, then added as she walked over to Stan and Kiddo, “We most certainly will aid your cause. Our cause! For in order for our lord to establish his godhood on Earth, a godhood we will also partake in, we must put an end to any illusion that the so-called ‘masses’ we so despise, as inferior as they are—totally useless unless they serve us completely and loving it in the process—that these inferior beings have any say at all in their destiny. We control them to our lord’s specifications. We do!”

Cheers all around as she kissed Kiddo on his ear. “We do. We must end any forms of freedom that the masses think they possess. That is why Stan and I are setting up Blabber, our social media communication outfit that will, at first, appear to be the free-est platform where anyone can say whatever they want, but which eventually will cast the enemies of our cause into the pit of hell, so to speak. They will be mocked and done away with on our platform if they continue to express freedom of thought, which we simply cannot allow. We are in control. We are!”

More cheers, as Magda kissed Kiddo’s upside-down-five-pointed-star.

“Stan and I, as well as Kiddo and all of us here, will guide the thoughts of the youth of this world to our goal of complete nihilism and destruction of morality for the sake of our lord, Corion, who will ascend into heaven and overthrow that so-called God.”

And then Magda ended the event with her call to evil. “Corion, Corion, Novordopox, Tricameron!”

The red Corionic crystals all wore glowed hot red.

After further discussions regarding goals and agendas, Kiddo got out of his now-head-CEO-chair and walked around the table with this introduction.

“I will now introduce all of you loyal Board members to a rising star in the music industry who has recently started a new record label meant primarily for online music distribution and who served as a key asset within XMedia, EuroMedia, and TorquayMedia for several years and whom has done our bidding financially since the 1990s. His record label stands for the most nihilist and rave-up music and is being set up to eventually replace the popular youth music around today. His goal is to have his rave-up and totally nihilist music take over from any form of youth culture music we have now, including death metal, rock-rap, gangsta rap, hip-hop, you name it. He is a nihilist extraordinaire. Remember D-Cord from a couple of years ago, Ace and them? He is Ace on steroids!”

Kiddo then looked at Magda and gave her a nudge-look turn of the head. She then went to the door of the room, opened it, and then a man walked in to the room.

“Fellows in Corion, I will now introduce to you a man you may recognize as he has been with us since the 90s, a Young Alpha Leaders besides, ready to serve our agenda and our lord.”

Kiddo then waved his right arm for the man to respond and stand next to him.

“Ewen Coledge-Foxworth.”

“But you can call me Foxx,” the newest member said as he smiled a crooked smile of arrogance.

“My media company will fully ally with GloboNetMedia and will even accept GloboNetMedia as a ‘parent company’ as they say in the corporate world. It is called X-S Media—”

“As in excess nihilism?” Dungyon called out as she snorted a line of skank, a designer drug laced with a toxic hallucinogenic substance derived from jimsonweed, a wild plant that grows in the American southwest and was used by mostly Mexican natives for millennia in religious rituals.

“Exactly. And my label affiliated with X-S Media is called ‘Ravage Records.’ I called it Ravage since I am also forming a more rave-up-type pop music genre that I call ‘RaveX’—”

“Excess rave?” Wildee laughed.

“Exactly. And Kiddo mentioned D-Cord before. You know that 1996-97 world tour they did—”

“It was called ‘In Service to Satan,’ right?” Wildee responded.

“Yes. Well, they gave me a clue back then as to what form of music the youth we want on our side would crave. But the recording acts I want to sign will not

give up that cause the way D-Cord did a couple of years ago. Any act I sign to my label will fully commit to our cause when, not after, but when, the deal is signed.”

Foxx then strolled around the room. “The acts I sign will drink blood at the signing, join the Hellyons and rise up the ladder to the Inner Sanctum—or else! And they will be guaranteed the top of the charts for as long as they hold true.”

Kiddo interrupted. “Tell us how you will convince your acts—our acts—to perform on stage, Foxx.”

Foxx then explained in a most graphic way the debaucheries to be expected on stage that would make the Super Six in their heydays with mic stand antics and other perversions look like choirboys. Including appearing on stage naked, sexualizing each other as well.

“What Sound Unltd was banned for in 1990, those antics of theirs, is nothing compared to what we will expect, and, further, there is no way any of our acts would be banned over it, including nakedness. Why? Because as Kiddo and Magda and Mary and Stan have been saying, this trend will rule in the short-term future as we nudge the youth and the authorities little-by-little into our nihilist plan where depravity rules and morality is crushed into nothingness as the so-called moral people hide in their cowardice. The so-called moral masses will be too fearful to oppose our agenda for the youth, because we and our minions will guide them into fear and nothingness. The youth these masses raise will turn against them. We will make sure of that! By the next decade at the latest we will have set the stage for savagery—or what I will call ‘ravagery’—that this world has never seen before. Think of the orgies of ancient Rome or Greece or the Sumerians and raunch it up a million times! For our lord Corion demands it and will place us in his godhood over it. We, with Corion, will live forever!”

But I’m not about to explain how we will live forever just yet. My fellow-in-godhood, Dr. Dorch, hasn’t quite finished his plague-plan and concocted solution yet!

Foxx gave his crooked smirk smile at the thought of controlling Earth’s billions of ‘inferior’ masses into his desired slavery to Corion’s specifications.

His crooked smile, six months later, would turn into a demonic one.

Three months later, Foxx met secretly with GloboNetMedia head Kiddo, in Kiddo’s conglomerate headquarters main office on the top floor of the building he owned within the City of London.

For rumors kept spreading within the higher-ups that Foxx's 'RaveX' nihilism which included nudity and open-sex on stage during concerts was too much even for Kiddo, a man who brought Foxx into the corporate fold because of the new RaveX genre he knew Foxx was proposing.

"Sex on stage, in the nude?" Kiddo expressed with a snarky tone. "You must be joking, Foxx!"

Foxx thrust his head back. *I thought I explained all that back in June when Kiddo brought me into GloboNetMedia! He knows I'm not kidding!*

"I thought I told all of you at that June Board meeting what RaveX was all about. Sexuality and nudity on stage, among other really rave-up activities that youth today crave. The days of Sound Unltd doing raunchy mic-stand antics are long past. The days of D-Cord ranting about Satan are long past. This is 2006, not the 90s! What they did back then was considered nihilism. Now, it would be almost saintly behavior compared to what the youth want now. Total utter rebellion and total rave-ups that make the old mosh-pit scenes look like church pews! The youth of today want true nihilism to the point where they'll even do sex in the mosh-pit! They'll even rape each other, for bloody sake!"

Kiddo stormed out of his chair toward Foxx.

"Right. And fans in the mosh-pit that get attacked by RaveX fanatics will sue the living daylights out of our corporation and the venues we own!"

Then Kiddo put his right index finger nearly touching Foxx's nose. "And what happened to the Super Six being banned in 1990 over what you call 'saintly' antics will go double-trouble for us, Foxx! They were banned for six months. We'll be banned forever!"

"No, we won't, Kiddo. Because we are in control now. Or, I should say, I am."

Foxx, wearing gloves and wielding a shiv similar to those used in prisons against fellow inmates, side-armed the instrument into the left side of Kiddo's neck, severing the carotid artery and instantly killing Kiddo. After cleaning up the blood, Foxx took Kiddo's dead body and stuffed it into a closet within the office, cleaned up his tracks, and left.

The body was discovered a week later.

Since the meeting between Foxx and Kiddo was secret and Foxx had cleaned up any evidence of the meeting, no one had a clue as to who committed the murder.

In November, 2006, Foxx conned his way into the CEO-ship of GloboNetMedia Group. Wildee and Dungyon helped Foxx convince the other Board members that

Foxx would be the most able CEO, as dedicated as he was to the coming premier youth pop music genre that would explode in 2010.

“Ewen ‘Foxx’ Coledge-Foxworth, aged 47, had just created an asset management-investment firm, RedRock, which had purchased a major stake in virtually every major media conglomerate on Earth, including Torquay MediaCom, EuroMedia, XMedia, and owned more than half of GloboNetMedia personally in 2010. What allowed the former Cambridge graduate to acquire over forty trillion dollars in assets was that he was bequeathed nearly all of the wealth accumulated by the late Mark Besst after Besst was assigned nearly fifty trillion dollars of wealth upon the passing of Baron Torquay-Lambourgeau in 2004. Some studies have concluded that ‘Foxx’ controls an amount close to forty percent of all wealth on Earth—himself. His net worth is seventy trillion dollars!

“And with RaveX music entralling most of the world’s youth, mixing pop music/rap/hip-hop and various rock genres as well, particularly a new form of death metal that makes D-Cord’s late 90s grunge sound almost nice and sweet, fans and especially teens are seemingly competing to see who can ravage the greatest number of fellow teens and children in mob attacks, whether in mosh-pits or street corners or classrooms. Foxx’s X-SMedia and music label Ravage Records—which leads the RaveX scene—is now the world’s top entertainment company.

“Several recording artists have indicated to me that in order to get a recording contract with Ravage, they are nudged into signing agreements to partake in child sacrifices and drink the adrenalized blood of these victims. This sounds hard to believe, but, if true, the pop culture music industry has gone from the myth of having to sell one’s soul to the devil to the reality of it.”—from a non-fiction book written by Joe Phillips using a pen name, exposing the rule of the Novordos and Hellyons and ‘Pleasure Rule’ and BloodX satanic cultists, published in 2011.

Flashback to that interview with Joe at his hotel, 2011

During that same 2011 interview at Joe’s hotel near Buckingham Palace, I, Lloyd Denholm, found out more about Foxx’s satanic cult minions and stakeholders. We sat in his upper floor living room.

“In your book”—which was published under a pen name a few months prior to the interview—“you state Conner Ellerson’s cult called Andelusia or ‘the Order’ set out the rules for the music industry in his ‘Pleasure Rule’ book—”

“Yes, it was the ‘rock and roll Bible’ for years.” Joe took a sip of wine. “I really think that manual set the stage for all the nihilist tendencies on- and off-stage during the 80s and 90s and into the new millennium. Rockers had to sign off on it in order to make it big in the business.”

“Your boys, as you call the Super Six, were hesitant at first—”

“Yes. And I told them they had to make their own decisions about their lifestyles, and that I was not going to make those decisions for them, unlike most handlers. So Sound Unltd was never forced to ‘sell their souls’ as one calls it. They did it on their own and reaped the consequences. And I thank God every day they renounced that cultist and devilish pathway beginning in 2001.”

“Me too!”

“They were the fortunate ones, for when they sold their Foray Records, they became billionaires and thus didn’t need to keep toeing the line to earn their keep. They no longer had to follow the agenda set for them. Unfortunately, most in the entertainment world do not have that option. To keep their status and lifestyle, they must now follow that participation in satanic sacrifice rituals and drink blood. One young man even told me he had to eat feces!”

I really felt like throwing up when he said that!

“Yes. It has gotten that bad. It was getting so bad even in the mid-2000s that even D-Cord left the fold. They, especially Ace”—their frontman—“was a big pusher of this evil. But then in 2003 or 2004 Mick Pordengreau convinced Ace and D-Cord to leave their satanic lifestyle behind.”

Sip of water. “Part of Mick’s ‘mission of God’ I guess.”

“Yes, his mission was to try to get the occultists within the death metal and other rock-based genres out of the occult practices and into belief on Christ. Some did accept, but others didn’t, yet still left the occult behind.”

“Didn’t Mick help you compose your book expose’?”

“They all did, and Tom”—drummer Tom Cornsby, that is—“worked with folks like Princess Tina”—his wife, that is—“and other royal bloodline-types to accept Christ as well. Some did, some didn’t.”

As to the other missions—singer Erik’s was to sing to the youth and others about Christ; guitarist-band leader Jack’s was to do Bible studies locally and world-wide, mostly to the youth; bassist Keith’s was to preach to gang, working

class, and disaffected youth about Christ, and keyboardist Bry's mission was to preach to fellow bikers.

"And then there was Magda Blue, who supposedly married Foxx in 2007. She conceived a child, then sacrificed it upon birth—"

"She had been a witch running some groupie club from the night club *XanadU* for years. It was really a coven of sorts, this groupie club. Her main role was to ensnare rock stars into taking part in their witchy practices. Her American counterpart was Rona Schwartz, who really ensnared Erik. He almost left his wife Ger over it! So," Phillips took a mouthful of wine, "since she couldn't get Erik, she got Ace. And then, in 1996 or so, she committed suicide. Or something."

"Are you talking about BloodX?" Referring to Magda, not Rona.

"Magda called it that a few years ago when she got heavily involved with Foxx. He basically funded that operation. Magda was the witch spirit, while Mary Dungyon was the outward leader of it. They, too, were lesbian lovers, of course. But Magda married Foxx not out of love but strictly for sex and for the rituals she knew he loved to participate in, the blood drinking and all. As with the Hellyons and others, BloodX requires participation in blood sacrifices and drinking blood. For to live forever, they say."

"Magda was born in the 1970, making her forty-one, but she looks as if she's in her twenties."

"She drinks baby blood at every meal. Kind of like my evil grandfather."
Another wine sip. "And Foxx."

And then, in 2014, enter the Perj and DevL

Fast forward to 2014, when suddenly out of nowhere a British death metal-raveX band called the Perj came along with a song, rock-rap-style with the most discordian music I had ever heard, called 'I Crave You.' Within weeks of its release on an album called '*Symphony for the Devil*'—which harkened back to a hit song from the 60s with a similar name—'I Crave You' topped the charts, for several weeks. Its single version, online or offline, sold over 20 million copies in less than a month, setting a record. Then a video appeared on various online video platforms showing every single member of this quartet naked on stage at *XanadU*,

with the band's guitarist called Xex gorging on singer DevL's private parts. On stage!

The number of views? Over four hundred million!

By 2015, the Perj became what Sound Unltd was in the 90s—the new gods of pop music. DevL and the rest were feted by kings, prime ministers, presidents, princes, and Novordo and Hellyon rulers. DevL became a Novordo and also a leader of the World Forum Summit, the lead NGO of the 'new order' Torquay tried to accomplish. And, of course, DevL and the rest drank blood at every meal. Perj drummer Siko even once complained about the possibility that if abortions didn't continue, he wouldn't have enough pure baby blood and organs to gorge on!—in a disgustingly nihilist mainstream pop culture organ called *The Rage*.

2016: Within the Abyss

"I will release you, Corion, for a short time, from the Abyss. For you are to give your crystal I have allowed you to keep as a crystal sight to that man you control."

"A short time? Why?" Corion snickered at the Creator. "Is your time of the end at hand? Am I to be—"

"That time is coming soon. But I am releasing you so that you must hand over to that man Foxx your crystal. By My will you will give Foxx the crystal so that he can do what Swami did—make copies to hand out to followers to do your will. That is, My will. For the end of time, as you call it, to happen, the evil you will unleash must happen. It is written."

"So, when I hand over the crystal," Corion sneered, "I will return here with no sight?"

"You will return here. This release is temporary. Very, very temporary."

So temporary, once Corion—who looked like a member of the Hellyons named 'Mel,' a practitioner of sorcery from a family of magicians that Foxx had once met at an occult society—gave Foxx the original crystal minutes after the Creator released him, he was pulled back into the Abyss.

"Why, Mel!" Foxx called out upon seeing the famous sorcerer at his door, having been escorted inside the estate by the doorman. "What a surprise! Come in!"

Foxx escorted 'Magic Mel,' as he was called, into his study.

“Sit down, my friend.”

They sat on cushy chairs.

“I came here, Foxx, to give you this.”

Mel pulled out a large red crystal from his coat pocket. The weather was cooling, for it was autumn.

When Foxx saw the crystal, he wondered. *This looks like the same crystal Mark Besst possessed. Cole Blessing as well. I wondered what happened to it when Besst was no longer found. Did Mel just claim it?*

“Where did you find this, Mel? No one has been able to locate it once Mark Besst disappeared.” Then Foxx got out of his chair and went over to touch the crystal.

“Mark gave it to me, Foxx.” Corion as Mel lied. “I have had it all along. But our lord Corion has ordered me to give it to you, for you are Corion’s most important agent.”

Foxx glowed with arrogance and a power he knew he would acquire once he realized he would be granted the Red Crystal of Corion. “Then what I have come to believe as to my power and influence in the world, is true! And I will use this crystal for our cause. The Cause of Corion! So that Corion will control the world.”

“Here is the crystal, Foxx. Corion has told me to tell you to do his will. Use it to lead the world’s youth to our cause. Nihilism. Such that they will do whatever they wish to do, with no consequences. That RaveX music genre, for instance. DevL and the Perj have blood sacrifices of sorts at their shows, performed by their fans, the victims of which are willing to be sacrificed for our sake so as to attain their desire to be with Corion in the Abyss. As that old Adam Bloodlove song goes, ‘Party in Hell!’ These young fans want to be sacrificed!”

Mel then jumped up and down in happiness. “Imagine! The young we are claiming as our own actually want to die! For our cause!”

Foxx concurred. “Exactly! Our cause! And we need more young people to give in to our cause of nihilism and the end of traditional morality. Self-mutilation. Rage against righteousness. Doing what one desires to the extreme, right?”

“And you Foxx, and DevL and others of his kind in the pop culture world, will bring this about by divining copies of this crystal, smaller ones of course, and having your followers handing out these crystals to all who crave our world of pleasure without limit.”

Foxx took the crystal from Mel’s hands. “How will we divine these copies?”

“Use your call to Corion. You must also say these words: ‘Corion, Corion, Novordopax, Tricameron.’ When you say those words, the deed is done and the

copies appear before you. You, DevL and the Perj, and various other Inner Sanctum members must partake of this ritual, but you are to lead it. Corion will decide how many copies are made at once. But millions will be made and distributed—you will figure out how to distribute, online and offline. They can be handed out at Perj concerts, for instance.”

Several months later, in the summer of 2017, after Foxx and the Perj had enough red crystals in bags to throw out to their fans, from concert to concert—

An overhead drone of sorts large enough to appear as a small helicopter at an outdoor venue near Richmont Speedway in California was seen by over one hundred thousand Perj concert goers.

“A gift from our lord Corion!” shouted DevL from the stage into his mic.
“Unleash the crystals!”

A road crew member pushed a button on a controlling device which sent a signal to the drone to distribute the crystals as it circled the audience.

The small red crystals showered on the fans.

Then chaos, as the fans pushed their fellows to-and-fro to grab the crystals, some grabbing more than one. And yes, some fans were sacrificed in the process, as DevL called out to the crystal-owners, “Now show your loyalty to our lord Corion!”

DevL then led the chant, “Corion, Corion, Novordopax, Tricameron!”

Those still standing with the crystals obeyed their idol.

Twenty fans were sacrificed—willingly. And not a word in the media—as Foxx and DevL and others in the Novordo Club requested of the mainstream media. And not just as to what happened in Richmont, since it happened in virtually every city the Perj performed in—worldwide.

When the media finally mentioned it due to the constant occurrences of these deaths, they claimed these deaths were ‘suicides.’ But of course!

The Perj would not tour again until 2021 and 2022.

The distribution of the crystals by the Perj and others using the same Corion-worshiping agenda would be a bit different this time around.

The coming plague would see to that.

Chapter Seven

Within a Bio-lab in Adabustan, Central Asia, 2017

“So, you have developed our weapon against the deplorable masses, those we call ‘useless eaters’ that think they can have the Earth’s precious resources that only we in the godhead deserve? The ones that deplete Mother Nature, as Cole Blessing used to call our properties?” Foxx then slapped the man in a white lab coat on his back in humor. “Well done, Doctor Dorch! I knew—well, we in the World Forum Summit knew—that you and your team would accomplish this just in time for our plans to be unleashed in a few years. After all the plans are finalized and approved by the Summit leaders.”

“Thank you, Mr. Foxworth—”

“Call me Foxx, Dr. Dorch. For we must have a program in place to cause the masses to side with us—”

“And our lord Corion—”

“Absolutely!” Foxx again slapped Dorch on his back. “Being within our Inner Sanctum Hellyons is one reason we chose you to head our, shall we say, ‘plague’ team. Our lord requires his due—blood sacrifices and death to slake his appetite for the flesh of those he has no other use for—the masses. And with your creation of a virus—or really, a bio-weapon aimed at the inferior of our species that are not fit to survive as we, minions of Corion, rule the world for our lord’s pleasure as we take deserved ownership of this world’s resources—including those among the masses that we’ll allow to survive so they can serve us forever—”

Dorch laughed with the tenor of a cruel spirit. “And they will serve is forever! And we will make sure they’ll be happy to do so!”

Dorch then picked up a lab tube containing the contagion. “Their lives will be so aimless and empty they’ll do anything to live in the virtual world we will create for their distraction. When they aren’t doing our bidding, of course.” Cackled laugh of arrogance.

The ‘plague’ organisms within the tube moved happily as if they couldn’t wait to aid the evil cause of destroying humanity. They moved like snakes wrapped in a

pool of blood, for the organisms that would be unleashed on the world were derived from the inner workings of a deadly snake found only in the Central Asian mountain nation of Adabustan.

Then Dorch, after placing the organism vile in its place, reached for another vile tube containing the ‘antidote.’ He showed Foxx, smiling broadly.

“And this, my dear Foxx, contains another virus derived from another snake—really, it contains a very small amount of venom mixed with micro-parts of other creatures as well as aborted fetuses—”

“Ah! More useless eaters!” Foxx howled a laugh imitating an Adabustan tiger. Clapped his hands.

“Well, sir, this will be developed into the, shall we say, antidote to the, shall we say, plague.”

Shortly, twelve members of Dorch’s team walked into the lab, one by one, including a young Adabustan native named Masul with purple hair and green eyes.

After cheering the team, all of whom then bowed to Foxx, the man who funded the entire operation walked over to Masul, who was a recent college graduate and the youngest—and most noble—member of the team.

“My name is—call me Foxx. And I am so glad to meet you, for you are clearly a brilliant young man being as young as you are for this project. And I love your hair!”

Masul bowed. “Thank you, sir, Foxx. And my hair thanks you too.” Smile.

Then Foxx bowed to him in supplication. “I will remember you always. But what is your name?”

“Masul.”

Foxx clasped Masul’s hands.

Then bowed to the entire team. “You will all be handsomely rewarded! For by your work, you will have saved the best of humanity.” *And, I hope, killed off the least of humanity! Finally!*

Once outside the lab, a team member approached Masul. “I wonder, Masul, does Foxx know your dad is our Prime Minister?”

“Perhaps. But I have never met Foxx before. And I am not even sure my father has, either.”

Masul turned to the other. “My father really is not part of this whole experiment though he did approve of the Bio-Lab project. I do not think—” Then the young man faced downward with concern. “I do not think my father would approve of

this experiment, even if, as Dr. Dorch claims, this experiment will help save humanity from what Dorch claims is any future viral contagion.” Looked at the other man. “My father watches contagion-type movies all the time. And he knows how these movies all play out.”

“Your father is wise. But I suspect he went along with this project due to the fact that a man Foxx likely knew, Cole Blessing, saved your father with his healing program back in the 90s.”

Masul had doubts about that ‘healing program’ from a fake healer, but he wasn’t about to reveal that to his team-mate.

“True.” Then looked the other straight in the eyes. “And please, since I do not want to get involved with politics, please do not tell Foxx I am the Prime Minister’s son!”

“If you say so.” The other men then laughed lightly. “If even Dr. Dorch doesn’t know it—”

“Good! And don’t tell anyone else on the team either. I’m just a guy, as they say in America.”

“But with purple hair!”

They high-fived each other.

The other left, which afforded Masul time for this thought that kept ringing in his mind.

Should I tell my father the true nature of this project, to serve the agenda of the Novordos and Hellyons who want to completely control the world and kill off as many ‘inferiors,’ as they are called, by these evil groups? My father has attended World Forum Summit meetings in the past after Blessing supposedly healed him. Blessing, and Mark Besst after him, were leaders of this organization, and my father deep down inside knows what these people are planning. I know he does not support most of what these people are doing, for my father is a good man. And if he does oppose this group, he will put his life—and maybe mine as well—in danger. But I have to tell someone! But who?

And then Masul remembered a truth-telling book he had read back in 2012 written by a man using a pen-name, an Englishman who had aristocratic roots and who knew the last Baron Torquay-Lamourgeau. A man Masul suspected was Joe Phillips.

Using internet search mechanisms, Masul learned where he could contact Phillips. A month later what with the project having been completed and Dorch having laid off his team, Masul made his way to London.

World Forum Summit Meeting, London, Summer, 2017

Masul wasn't the only member of his Adabustani elite family in London by the summer of 2017. With the World Forum Summit annual meeting in London having just begun within a large convention center just built near Trafalgar Square close to the royal palace, the still-Prime Minister of Adabustan, named Mulabu, was greeted in the royally decorated convention center lobby by Foxx, now head of the Summit organization.

Having made Mulabu's nation a headquarters for his nefarious plague agenda, Foxx bowed to the Prime Minister out of obsequiousness.

"Welcome, Mulabu!" Foxx bowed his head. "Without your permission to work on a possible cure for a possible up-and-coming contagion led by the renowned Dr. Dorch, our possibly life-saving project would never have been completed."

"Thank you, Mr. Foxx, for your welcome. It is an honor to serve the cause of life. And for the invitation here." Mulabu then bowed his head.

Now that I am here, Mulabu thought as Foxx guided him into the meeting hall, I can discover the real motivation for these experiments. My son claims the project is evil in nature. He infiltrated the lab having just finished his bio-medical college degree and believes he knows the plan. Now I can discover if he is correct by infiltrating the Summit again this year.

Three days later, the World Forum Summit held a special meeting with only Foxx, Dorch, Mulabu, and six other bio-medical leaders within the organization seated around a table in a small meeting room. The meeting dealt strictly with the plan known as Viral Exercise X that featured a visual presentation of a 'future scenario' of a world-wide viral plague. The plague originated from a 'natural' virus that affected snakes and other reptiles and led to world-wide panic. A 'natural' cure via a hastily developed inoculation would be the only cure of this virus for humanity. In the presentation, supposedly a quarter of humanity had caught the viral contagion. At the end of the presentation, only the hastily developed vaccine saved most of the planet.

The presentation over with, Dorch stood up out of his seat at the head of the table below the visual screen.

“This visual presentation you have just witnessed is a precursor to what will actually take place by, likely—what with the continuing development of the inoculation my team has created, including testing the developing vaccine on lab mice as well as humans as the mice tests conclude—what will likely take place within the next two or three years. As has been stated by myself, Foxx, and some of you in this meeting, it is almost a certainty that a snake- or reptile-induced virus will occur soon. Snakes, and reptiles in general, have had to deal with changes in climate cycles that likely they have not had to deal with in thousands of years. Warming then cooling, almost overnight, and cooling then warming almost overnight due to conditions snakes and reptiles have not had to deal with until recently, what with man-made disruptions in the natural order of things, such as air pollution unlike anything nature has had to adapt to, ever! The changes in the atmosphere have caused snakes and reptiles to, shall we say, sicken as never before. And, of course, snakes and reptiles, but especially snakes, pass on their afflictions to other life forms and eventually to humans, either through snake bites or through waste-product-feces and more onto plants and wildlife. That means food products for human consumption could be impacted by snake waste products. That means a vaccine that could cause immunity from snake toxicity must be fully developed, and soon.”

And on and on, until Dorch ended his speech, which hailed cheers from the others in the room.

A short time later, Foxx met with Dorch as the others were leaving, and spoke in hushed tones.

“Good talk, Dorch. I really could not have come up with a better explanation for what we are going to unleash on the unsuspecting populace in a year or so. Snake virus! What a ruse!”

Then Foxx turned down the overhead lighting.

Dorch did his best not to laugh though he wanted to. “Well, I could have come up with some bird flu scenario, but haven’t we already done that?”

“That we have!” Muted laugh.

“So, I figured if we’ve used birds in an earlier plot, why not reptiles this time? And while most reptiles are relatively harmless—”

“Except alligators and crocodiles—”

“Yes, but they are water creatures, right? We needed a land reptile that would scare the hell out of the useless masses that, shall we say, need to go into their useless graves if you know what I mean.”

“Definitely!”

“I mean, Foxx, do we really need billions of people? They make me sick, actually!”

“And we need to make them sick! Useless idiots!”

“And besides, Foxx, our lord needs his due, wouldn’t you say?”

“And we must honor our lord, Dorch. Definitely!”

“As our lord will honor us!”

For Dorch, as with Foxx and a few others that attended this meeting, was a member of the Hellyon Inner Sanctum, its leading medical ‘expert.’

At the last word out of Dorch’s mouth, the two minions of evil exited the room. But unbeknownst to them, Mulabu heard most of their conversation, having crouched unnoticed behind the cabinet shelf platform that held the video viewing screen.

My son was correct! That bio-weapon my son helped to create was made to kill perhaps billions of people. And the coming inoculation is the actual bio-weapon, not any so-called ‘snake virus’! Then the Prime Minister of Adabustan hanged his head in regret. And I let them use my country to develop this evil! May God forgive me for that! And Masul as well!

That evening, Mulabu and Masul met in a restaurant that catered to Central Asian food. They sat at a small table near the back of the venue.

“I swear, Masul, by the grace of God I was allowed to attend that secret meeting headed by that evil Dr. Dorch.”

“Father, he should be called Dr.—”

“Yes, Evil.” A short laugh, having referred to a recent series of spy movies.

“Funny, father. I’d call him Dr. Psycho.”

“Or the Grim Reaper, or something. I suspect Dorch as well as Foxx and maybe one or two others at that meeting are Hellyons, or some other satanic group.”

“Satanic indeed, whether they call the devil Satan or Lucifer or Corion or...whatever.”

“Just that fact alone suggests they are out to genocide much of humanity so that only they and the ones they enslave to them will live. Plus, I suspect they have created what I would call a bio-weapon. They are also planning to inject a chip or something into this so-called snake-virus-vaccine—”

“Inject, eh? Inject your mark. You know, mark of the beast stuff?”

Father smiled. “So, you have been reading the Bible!”

“Well, I didn’t refer to the Bible, father.” *Though I have been reading a bit of it.* “I was talking about a song from the late 90s called ‘Blue Division’.”

Mulabu cocked his head in thought. “Hmmm. I remember hearing that song back then. Sound Unltd, right?”

“Yes. The lyric goes like this: ‘When they inject their mark, they eject your rights.’ In other words, if they inject some chip or something that allows them to control you somehow, you no longer have personal rights like you used to. So, what this so-called vaccine will be about is not curing disease but giving these evil men control over you.”

“Yes.”

“And speaking of Sound Unltd, one reason I came to London a short time ago was to meet with their manager, Joe Philipps. He’s likely the person who wrote that book about the New Order and Hellyons and their evil agenda. Because he’s working on an updated version of it, and he needs to know what Foxx and Dorch and the rest are planning to unleash on humanity.”

Father took a sip of water. “So how would some rock band manager know exactly what these evil people are planning, Masul?”

“Because he’s the only son of a man who once led the evil plots—Baron Torquay-Lambourgeau. That’s how.”

The Prime Minister bore a breath of shock. “Really?”

Then Mulabu took another sip of water. “You said you would meet with him. Can I come with you?”

“Why not? I’m sure a Torquay would love to meet the head of Adabustan!”

Two days later at Joe’s Hotel upper floor living room

“I have wanted to meet you, Prime Minister, since that time Cole Blessing cured you of cancer back in the mid-90s.” Joe then handed Mulabu his herbal tea.

“Thank you, Mr. Phillips.”

“Call me Joe.” Smile.

“But you are Joe Torquay-Lambourgeau—”

“Yes, but when I went out on my own, I decided to call myself Joe Phillips. I rebranded myself as one of the common folk. That way, I could lead my own life the way I wanted to lead it without my baron father leading it.”

“So, you are not a baron?” Sip of tea.

“I am not a baron. And I am the last surviving member of the Torquay-Lamourgeau family. The way I want it.”

Joe then poured himself a whiskey at the bar opposite where Mulabu and Masul sat on a couch.

“Why?” Masul went to the bar for a whiskey shot.

“Because my family has led the evil agenda for generations. I wanted no part of it, and further, by not adding to the family, it can no longer partake of the evil, other than by relatives that I barely even know.”

“And your cousin the Duke of Effingchester has also passed.” Masul returned to his seat. “He never had any children, either, did he?”

Joe slugged his whiskey. “Not by Princess Tina. By some concubine, maybe. But even if he did, this child would not factor into the family business.”

“Business?”

“Yes, business, because only inbred children could be heirs to the fortune through the family business, and Marty—that is, the Duke—his business was owning banks and media conglomerates like EuroMedia. And Princess Tina refused to give him an heir, because that would extend that evil family line.”

“So, you and Princess Tina were friends?” Mulabu asked.

Masul answered, “Yes, father. After all, wasn’t Tina’s lover a member of Joe’s band?” Looked at Joe. “Drummer Tom Cornsby, right? And didn’t they get married?”

Laugh. “In secret, yes.”

And on and on.

“So, Mulabu, you did attend the World Forum Summit, correct?”

The Prime Minister noticed Phillips’ quizzical stare.

“Yes, and I have attended a few over the past couple of years by invitation, due to the fact that I allowed Dorch and them to use Adabustan’s only bio-lab for their purpose—which I did not realize was an evil one.”

“Bio-lab, eh?” Joe took another sip of whiskey. “Are they planning some sort of contagion? Like that movie?”

“Apparently so. And that is one reason I attended the summit.” Sip of tea.

“Infiltration.” Another sip. “Joe, I am on your side, the side of the people of this world, especially those who are aware of the evil plots of Dorch—”

“And Foxx.”

Cocked his head. “Foxx is the head of this whole plot, I suppose, being head of the Summit.”

“And if Foxx is involved,” Joe nodded while talking, “then evil is being created.”

“And, Joe,” Masul added, “since I also infiltrated Dorch’s contagion-creation team after college, I can tell you for sure that evil—both the plague they are creating and the inoculation they are finalizing—are in the final stages of being manufactured and then released, in a couple of years.”

Then Masul explained over the next hour or so the plans of Dorch and Foxx and others.

Then Mubalu, who overheard Foxx’s and Dorch’s secret conversation, verified what Masul claimed.

Then Joe told the two what he knew about Foxx from his prep-school days.

“For right now, gentlemen,” Joe finished the conversation, “let’s just keep all of this between the three of us. And another thing—keep on infiltrating the Summit and other ‘new order’ type meetings. I cannot do so, since Foxx and others would never accept that I am part of them. So, it would help our journey to truth if the both of you would take my place.”

They agreed.

As a reward for pretending to approve of the World Forum Summit agenda—and because his father could not attend the summit in 2019—Masul took Mulabu’s place. Since the meeting was held within a lavish hotel outside the capital in Adabustan, the organizers had no choice but to invite ‘the infiltrator.’

Another ‘infiltrator’ also attended the 2019 Summit meeting—as a member of the Capitol Hotel cleaning staff—having shaved off most of his brown hair and then replacing the hair with a blond short-haired wig so no one would recognize him.

That is, Joe Phillips. And it worked.

Chapter Eight

July, 2019, at the World Forum Summit Introductory Assembly

“Fellow members of this august body that will re-create from a rudderless world that will collapse upon itself, that will re-create a world to our specifications and the specifications of our supporters in governments, economies, academia, culture, and even religion—”

Foxx, purveyor of those opening words, raised his right arm pointed toward the ceiling at that moment. Several in the audience of attendees then stood and shouted in unison, “Corion, Corion, Novordopax, Tricameron!”

Which led to cheers from several others.

“Thank you, friends!”

Claps from the ‘fellows.’

“That invocation will aid in our cause, in our plans, to remake this wonderful world in our image, in the image of our lord.” That is, ‘lord’ Corion.

“A world that will not be challenged as we, the rulers of this world, will provide the conveniences the masses of this world will crave as they will reside in the sustainable cities of limitless entertainment and distractions under our control though a world of control-grid communitarianism connecting all people to the world we will create for them. Further, using virtual technology devices for their convenience, they can all live in an imagined reality to slake their desires to ease their boredom and escape into the reality we will encourage. And they will worship us for making their lives so much happier! Not a care in the world! And for that they will gladly do our bidding—in appreciation for our gift of happiness!”

More cheers, and more shouts of *Corion, Corion, Novordopax, Tricameron.*

“And now, members of our lord-ly body, in appreciation for all of you attending our meeting to reshape our world, I will gift to you all—entertainment to slake your pleasures, performed by the god-like rulers of youth culture, members themselves of this ruling assembly.”

Foxx then walked aside from the podium as four young men dressed in nothing but hot red skivvies and wearing their red crystal amulets of Corion along with dildos in erection position and bearing their musical instruments took center stage.

Foxx then announced, “To my fellows—the Perj!”

Singer and front man DevL grabbed his mic stand, as guitarist XeX, bassist NVert and drummer Siko positioned themselves, and then a group of children entered the stage to surround the band, wearing nothing but underwear.

As the band played, the children bowed to them as in worship or were poked at by the band members with their instruments.

Discordant black metal and ravaging chords, as DevL sang with a voice of demonic spirit, as was his wont.

Ravage this world to our lord's worthy

Burn to our lord's desire and glory

All of the useless purveyors of heresy

Against our lord who owns this majesty.

He will burn them to the fire!

In his raging desire!

And reward us who are inspired

To carry out his will—inspired! By fire!

Many in the audience danced in rave, others cheered or shouted ‘bravo’!

As the band left the stage, the children left with them. So that in an offstage room, the children could slit their wrists as the Perj sucked their blood, and, later, the Perj would have their way with the children.

Those children, purchased from Adabustani parents who owed much debt, were never seen again after that.

As the band left the stage, Masul, sitting in a seat within the final row of seats, thought, without clapping or cheering the performance of depravity, with eyes filled with horror. *Is this who we will become? Who we within humanity have already become? And will I partake of this evil? Can I keep up the charade of pretending to support this madness? Because I vowed to Joe Phillips I would do so in order to help expose this plot. My mission. But do I have the courage and fortitude to complete it?*

Later, at a secret meeting the following afternoon

“Next year, my colleagues,” Foxx gloated to his fellows sitting in luxury chairs surrounding a mahogany table within a room featuring symbols of demonic origin on the walls, “our plan will come to fruition, continuing over the next subsequent years leading to 2030, and later. Our plague will be released, likely in autumn when what is known as contagion season begins. Of course, a remedy will be demanded by the masses and the governments that lead them—that is, the governments we control, which is nearly all of them!”

Dr. Dorch then blurted, “The remedy, of course, is the injection we had created back in 2017. Correct, Masul?”

Masul, a bit startled by the mention of his name, answered, “Yes, at Adabustan’s only bio-lab facility. I was part of the team that developed the, as you say, Dr. Dorch, the remedy.” Masul then faced Dorch, sitting across from him. “And this remedy, doctor, has been tested on various animal subjects? And human test subjects?” *Which I am sure has not been done!*

“Of course, Masul, the injection has been tested for safety purposes.” *On rats and prison inmates, that is!* Dorch then smiled at Masul.

Foxx then responded, “Yes, it has been thoroughly tested on thousands of test subjects, including the aged, pregnant women, and even children. It is definitely effective.” *At living up to our desires to put an end to the population of the useless!*

After further discussion, Foxx laid out the contagion time-line.

“The plague will begin here, in the capital of Adabustan—”

“Well, I am glad you revealed that, Foxx,” Masul interrupted, mock smiling.

“But of course, Masul. I only wish Mulabu was here so that he would know—”

“I will inform him, Foxx,” Dorch proclaimed.

“Good. He needs to know, since the plans have been created to begin in the nation he governs. And I am sure he is fine with the plans.”

You wish! Masul gave a slight sneer at the thought.

“Yes, likely next autumn. After the media worldwide will do what we will ask them to do, releasing fear unto their followers. The injections will be ready for the masses, some of whom will die instantly and others will die later, or acquire serious health issues, which of course the media we control will then claim the health injury issues are caused by those who will refuse the injections, and the deaths are also caused by those who will not comply with our agenda. The fellows of those who die or get health injured will then, as convinced by us to do so, the

loved ones of these unfortunate individuals will turn against those not injected, who will be shunned, will lose their livelihoods, and, we hope, will take their own lives over it.”

Just then a member of the meeting clapped—DevL.

“Right on! I’d love to see these useless eaters kill themselves off! And maybe we should find a way to extract their pure blood. ‘Cos I’m not imbibing blood from an injected trash bucket!” Laugh.

Several clapped or cheered at that thought.

After the meeting, DevL met with Masul on the sly.

“You know I do hope, Masul, that you will join us at one of the Perj’s gigs either next year or 2021. I’d love for you to party with us!”

Masul lied with a vengeance. “I’d be glad to. But I might be busy. I’ll have to work my schedule around it. But don’t be disappointed if I can’t make it.”

“Yeah, I know how lives can be. And don’t worry, you won’t have to drink blood over it!” Giggles.

“I’m not really into that, Dev.”

“I understand. But one thing is for sure. While we in the Perj will demand our audiences are injected, we won’t make the same demand for you, or anyone else among us elites who intend to join us.”

Masul mock smiled. “Now that is reassuring! Thanks!”

“Really,” DevL laughed. “You really don’t expect one of us to take the shot, eh?” Another giggle. “Well, for real, that is. Of course, we in our class of elites will—well, some of us anyway—will fake the shots. How else will we convince the useless masses to follow our plans?”

“Makes sense, Dev.” Yes, Masul thought. *In a devilish sort of way.*

Later, in a closet off the hotel kitchen, after the meeting

After the ‘secret meeting,’ Masul just happened to see ‘kitchen worker’ Joe Phillips enter the employee bathroom for men. He followed likewise, but waited for the ‘employee’ to exit a toilet stall headed toward the sink.

Masul whispered to Joe as the latter washed his hands. “Can I meet you in a bit?”

“Go to the kitchen, eh, and there is a closet with a red door at the back. Meet me there.” Joe spoke into Masul’s ear, as no one else was in the bathroom.

Five minutes later—

“It is going to happen next year, Joe.” Masul had just entered the closet and spoke as he shut the door.

The twenty-five-square-meter closet was darkened but for a low-watt light bulb hanging from the ceiling in the midst of the narrow closet that held canned vegetables on shelves and not much else.

“The plague?”

“Yes, and either Foxx or Dorch—I forgot which one—claimed it would begin in autumn.”

“When the flu usually begins.”

“Yes. And another thing. It will begin here, in Adabustan.”

Joe cocked his head in shock. “At the bio-lab?”

“Likely.” Masul then snorted a short laugh. “It reminds me of some television series based on a novel by a famous horror fiction author about a deadly virus released from an American bio-lab—”

Joe then mentioned the author and the television movie series.

“Exactly what I was thinking, only here in my country. Meaning, it would have to be released from that bio-lab I worked at. How else would it begin in Adabustan?”

Joe huffed and puffed in anxiety. “But the actual contagion is in the fix. The injection. Correct?”

“Yes. But the actual disease won’t exactly be harmless either. The actual plague—which won’t really be a plague but something resembling a flu or virus that could be made to seem like a serious outbreak—will look as if, seem as if, it was deadly to most. Fake, but look real and propagated to look deadly. That way, folks will want the injection.”

“To feel safe, no doubt.”

Masul sighed in frustration. “Safe. Yeah. Right.” His fist hit a can on the shelf. “For the last almost twenty years, it’s as if safety outweighed freedom and privacy.”

Joe, though the room was dark, put his hand on Masul’s left shoulder. “Correct. And that is what happens when, due to the world improving in most people’s lives, especially in the West, people who prosper get lazy and complacent such that the liberties they’ve had for many years get thrown out of the way for the sake of—” he sneered in soft anger—“convenience.”

Joe removed his hand and he himself fisted a shelf. “Part of the cycles of history. When a nation or empire or republic or monarchy—whatever—gets to the point where all the national goals seem to be provided to the masses, complacency sets in. Like Rome with all their so-called ‘bread and circuses.’ As long as convenience reigned and everyone was entertained, the people became lazy and at the same time the national leaders became corrupted at the core of governance. And few cared or even noticed the corruption. And after a while, the whole of society collapsed. Then a rise and a fall again. Everywhere. The West and the East and the North and the South. Rome. China. Mongols. Ottomans. The European empires. African empires like Berbers and—”

“Egypt? Maybe the first one ever to collapse?”

Smile. “And even before that one. You may have heard of Noah’s Flood—”

Masul gave off a *hmmmm*. “That’s in the Bible, right?”

So, you know about the Bible? “Yes. And I am sure it really happened, likely world-wide. There is evidence of the Ark on Mount Ararat in Turkey—”

“And then that Nimrod guy. Babylon—”

“Yes, and that God ‘confounded the languages’—”

“Which is why we have all these different languages. But all the languages in Central Asia are similar—Turkic and Mongol, mixed.”

Joe laughed. “Even Japanese is Turkic! Now finding that out was a shock!”

Masul then laughed, “Well, as they say in Japan, ‘ah soo desu nee!’”

Meaning, roughly, ‘that’s the way it is!’

“And,” Joe responded, “as they say in Japan, ‘Hai!’”

After a bit more reverie—

“You referenced the Bible before, Joe,” Masul cocked his head in wonder. “I’ve read a bit of the Bible, mostly the Book of Genesis, which I find fascinating. The early history stuff. Tower of Babel stuff, the ‘confounding of speech’ stuff, because languages really are fascinating to me. I’ve been to about fifty countries, mostly to pick up some clues about the different languages. Now Japanese being Turkic is weird, even if the Mongols tried invading the place, but that tsunami that hit them—”

“Divine wind, right?”

Masul looked up and smiled. “Divine, indeed. Just like why the Mongols never invaded Adabustan. They couldn’t cross the Adabu River!”

“An act of God?”

Masul's head bobbed up and down in affirmation. "Yes, God. Only God could have prevented ol' Temujin—" Genghis Kahn, that is—"from taking over this country."

Joe then smiled broadly. "And I do believe in God."

"And Jesus Christ?"

"Yes, I do. The night my boys—"

"Sound Unltd?"

"Yes. The night they gave their revelations as to why they accepted Christ as Lord and Savior is the night I, too, did so. Their testimonies were—they just got to me. To go from supposed Coron worship to Christ—it just got to me. They could have died when that jet of theirs blew up, that bomb planted on their jet. But they didn't even get a scratch over it, because God—Christ—saved them. What happened to them was miraculous. I had always wondered if God and Christ were real. That night, I knew They were!"

Masul leaned against an empty shelf. "I too believe They exist." He looked at Joe. "Adabustan has many religions. As with most of Central Asia, Adabustan is largely Muslim, but we also have Buddhist temples, a few Jewish synagogues in the capital, a Sikh temple, and an Orthodox Christian church two blocks from here as well as some other church a mile from here—don't know the denomination."

"I don't follow a denomination, Masul. Too divisive. The Body of Christ should not be divided, in my opinion."

"I agree. That's my main problem with Islam. Why are Iran and Saudi Arabia enemies of each other even though both are Muslim? Sunni verses Shiite! Ridiculous! Here, we tend to mix the two. Still, I am not Muslim or really any religion."

"Religion's been too corrupted over time. That's why I don't do denominations. Man-made. For me it is Christ, not religion."

Masul then answered, "I'm going to have to look into that, because it seems to me that the idea of Christ-as-Savior is precisely what the evil that runs this world is most opposed to, as if the enemy of evil is Christ."

"Exactly. If any religious leader has been opposed by the Novordos, Hellyons, and the rest of the minions of evil—the World Forum Summit as well—it is Christ that tops the list."

"Which is why I will seriously look into accepting Christ. And I have a funny feeling my dad has already done so."

Hmmmm, Joe thought. If my own evil father can do it.... Hmmmmmm.

"Good, Masul. Look into it, and if you need any more inspiration, let me know."

It was getting close to dinner time, so while Joe remained in the kitchen area, Masul made his way out the kitchen door, unseen. And unheard.

That night, in Foxx's hotel suite lounge off his bedroom

"So, Dev, did Masul reply to your request for him to party with you on your tour next year?"

Foxx, holding his goblet filled with baby blood from his personal stash purchased from a local orphanage days before, asked DevL as he sat down on a plush chair opposite the Perj singer who had just imbibed his own goblet of his own baby blood stash.

"He said he might be there. He might have other plans, he said. But," as he refilled his goblet with blood, he smirked, "he said that he wasn't into drinking blood, as if he already knew that I drank blood every day. Even though I said he didn't have to drink blood! It was as if he was mocking me."

DevL then drank his goblet.

"He's not into drinking blood, Dev, because he is not really one of us, nor is his father, Mulabu, the Prime Minister of Adabustan."

DevL was caught off guard. "Really? Well, that explains why Masul was at this Summit, now wouldn't it?"

"Yes, and his father couldn't make the meeting likely because he, too, is not truly in favor of our agenda, though he pretends to be."

DevL stood up in anxious mood. "So, if he isn't one of us then why is he even a Summit member or why has he been an attendee for years?"

Wicked smile. "Because, my dear DevL, in the mid-90s he was cured of cancer by one of our leading lights of the day, Cole Blessing, and, having been healed by Cole, he allowed himself to be recruited by Cole and then Mark Besst into our Summit, which led to him being elected Adabustani leader over and over again."

Then Foxx got out of his chair and circled the room. "It was only recently that Mulabu clearly showed signs of doubt as to our agenda to rule the world to Corion's calling. One of our clandestine agents has been monitoring Mulabu's actions over the past few years, without his knowledge of course. For one thing that our agent discovered was that Mulabu has been reading the Bible."

DevL cussed loudly and threw his goblet against a wall in anger. “Then he needs to be taught a lesson!” Paced madly across the room. “Hell, I’ll take him out myself if necessary!”

Foxx went up to him, patted his shoulder to calm him down. “No need for that, for I and my staff are already planning such a scenario. When we release our plague, of course!” Loud laugh. “And that act, my dear DevL, will send a message to Masul as well.”

After a while, DevL asked Foxx, “Masul worked on Dr. Dorch’s team to develop the plague and the injection. Does Dorch know Masul is not really one of us? That he is the son of Adabustan’s Prime Minister?”

“No. And he has no reason to be told this. Dorch is not privy to all of my—excuse me, our—plans to rule the world to Corion’s specifications. Dorch is only a paid minion, Dev. Really, only myself, Stan Wildee, Mary Dungyon, and one or two others run the agenda completely as masters of this world. But you are also a key member, being pretty much in charge of turning the world’s youth to our cause, what with your nihilism, on- and off-stage.”

“Right,” DevL smirked, “as long as the Perj serves you well, eh?”

“That’s a nice way to put it.” Sarcastic laugh. *Which you and your bandmates had better accomplish, or else!*

Never mind that the reason Adabustani Prime Minister Mulabu, as reported in the national newspapers, online and offline, did not attend the World Forum Summit in 2019, was because he was obliged to attend a cabinet meeting dealing with proposals regarding lawful orders benefiting agriculture and food production.

I guess ol’ Foxx forgot about the fact that Adabustan’s Prime Minister plays a large role in running his country. But a globalist who thinks he is entitled to rule the world is going to think what a globalist who thinks he is entitled to rule the world is going to think! Even if, in my opinion, Foxx had a problem with sanity. For only insane ‘rulers’ considered themselves as gods.

And Foxx was not the only ‘god’ ruling the world. While Foxx was the self-imagined ‘god’ of the economic and political world disguised as the head of the World Forum Summit, his soul-mate DevL considered himself—along with the rest of the Perj—as the god of the world’s youth.

After all, his fans, along with all Perj fans—with or without those red crystals of Corion around their necks or attached to their exposed belly buttons—literally worshiped DevL and his bandmates. That some fans would sacrifice themselves to

Corion during concerts was all the proof that was necessary, and, by the year 2020, it became a world-wide trend. Especially in online video channel uploads.

Further, thanks to DevL's affiliation with Foxx who headed the world's most profitable television network, the satanic singer not only headlined Ravage Records, but created a satellite-TV channel, RageX, that featured Perj videos 24/7, concert takes, Ravage Record artists, satanic ritual videos, and even pornography. By the year 2021 when the planned world-wide viral plague contagion really took off, RageX was voted by pop culture pundits of the day as the top pop culture TV channel on Earth—it helped that plague lockdowns and school closures nudged teens into watching this degrading network all day long while pretending to do at home virtual classroom 'school work.'

Within the Abyss, the spirit of Corion was well-pleased.

Chapter Nine

Autumn, 2021, during the Perj concert at Richmont Stadium

This particular September day in Richmont, a few miles from my apartment while I was grocery shopping, a local newspaper headline screamed at me as I waited in the checkout line—“Richmont Stadium Will Be Jam-Packed Tonight for THE Greatest Band of the New Generation! Vaxxed Only Allowed!”

I chose to buy a copy of the paper, just to read this particular article by a local journalist I happened to know—a cousin of the late, great Jay Elliot!

“Perhaps the largest rock concert crowd in history, using ticket sales statistics over the last twenty years, will attend the most ‘rave-x’ show in Richmont Stadium history tonight,” reported Shane Hollins, the paper’s top entertainment reporter who sometimes gigged for *X-Zine* as well. “The fact that ticket buyers had to show vaccination cards proving they got at least the first plague vaccine injection did not slow down ticket sales. Further, front man DevL would not have it any other way. ‘As far as the Perj and I are concerned, if you are not vaccinated against the plague, you are most certainly not a fan of the Perj! Get vaccinated or get sick and die!’”

About five minutes after reading this post, Shane rang me at home as I was putting away the groceries.

“Hey, Lloyd, I have a proposition for you.”

Short laugh. “I know, your cousin Jay just inspired your spirit.”

Loud laugh. “Now that’s funny! But are you doing anything tonight?”

Is he inviting me to that Perj gig or what? “Not really, Shane. What’s this all about?”

“I’m covering the Perj gig for the paper. Want to join me?”

The thing is, he knew I was not vaccinated. “You do know I’m not—”

“Vaccinated. I know. Neither am I.”

“Really?” Now that was a shock considering his boss supposedly required it.

“Yes, really. Fact is, my boss would never force a vaccine on me—he knows he needs me, and knows he couldn’t do without me. So, he gave me an exemption.”

“That’s good news.” I brightened a bit. “So can you get me into the gig with no ticket?”

“No problem. If you’re with me, you don’t need a ticket, and besides, Dev knows you used to work for *CounterCulture*.”

“Does he know I now work for *X-Zine*?”

“Maybe, but I wouldn’t worry about that—”

Since X-Zine was opposed to the preponderance of satanic themes of the RaveX genre—

“Besides, Shane, I’ll go with you, but I just want to see what these gigs are about. I’m not exactly going to interview DevL or any other Perj member. I can always wait for you outside at your car.”

“Sounds good to me.”

So we’d meet at about 8 pm this evening as he came to my apartment to pick me up.

I was glad I got to attend this glorified ritual as I didn’t really pay much attention to the music, if you could call what they performed ‘music.’ More like a staged ritual to ‘the devil,’ the notion of which caused a teen named Devon Witney to call himself ‘DevL’ when he formed his band the Perj with fellow prep school frat members in 2006. What caused their meteoric rise in the music industry was the band members’ willingness to truly sell their souls to the devil, as witnessed by Stan Wildee in Wildee’s media corporation HQ. All four members of the Perj along with Wildee and Mary Dungyon celebrated the band’s signed recording contract by drinking fresh baby blood—the child, from a local orphanage Dungyon owned, was sacrificed by DevL himself within the office on a make-shift rock altar.

What I saw, standing with Shane near the front row just off the mosh pit, was a teen fan, wearing a small Corionic red crystal, begging her fellow mosh pit members to ‘send’ her to ‘be with Corion for eternity.’ I heard her scream for this outcome! So it was to be as another fan slit her throat, at which DevL screamed ‘Woo-hoo!’ into his mic while he exposed himself—at which another fan tried to climb the stage to ‘have’ DevL’s exposed manhood! Shortly after that, another fan, a teen who looked trans-gender, called to be sacrificed as well. And on and on—

After about an hour, I said to Shane as loudly as I could what with the rave noise, “I think I’ve seen enough, Shane. I think I’ll head for the car now.”

Shane wore a look of disgust—at the performances of the band and of the fans. “Me too, Lloyd. But I still have to do my job if you know what I mean.”

An hour and a half later, Shane returned, head down and feeling shamed by partaking in the press conference. “DevL and them—they’re full-fledged devil worshipers and have no shame in pushing complete and utter nihilism on today’s youth generation. Applauding sacrificial rituals of their own fans? Convincing their own fans to call for their own sacrifice to be with the devil in hell for eternity? And then telling reporters that is precisely their agenda and why they perform on tours? Disgusting, Lloyd!”

“Exactly. You may not know this, but they have their roadies collect the blood of their fans so they can drink it later.”

Shane bore a look of rage as his eyes nearly popped out. “Oh my God! You know this for sure?”

“Yes. There’s a guy I know back in London who knows a guy who actually saw DevL drink blood after a gig, and DevL told him the roadies collected the blood from the mosh pit sacrifices.”

“What guy?”

“I can’t name the guy from London, but I can name the guy who witnessed this—the son of the Prime Minister of Adabustan.”

And the ‘guy back in London’ was, of course, Joe Phillips.

Flashback: April, 2021, at a stadium in the capital of Adabustan

Masul did, indeed, live up to his ‘promise’ to attend the only Perj concert that would be held in the Central Asian nation. While he had told DevL he might not be able to attend the gig, he did anyway—on his father’s orders.

Mulabu had told Masul a month before the gig, “I know that the Perj promotes the kind of evil you and I oppose, but I want you to verify the truth of what we believe about DevL and the others, that they practice satanic rituals, off-stage even.”

“Infiltrate, father?”

“Yes. After all, son, don’t the evil forces infiltrate the good forces?”

Masul smirked while cocking his head in thought, “As long as I don’t have to drink blood or anything like that.” Then he looked at his father and smiled. “But I do remember DevL said I did not have to drink blood. So, yes, I will attend the show.”

At the concert, Masul sat in a seat as far from the stage as he could. As far from the ‘sacrificial’ mosh pit as possible, for that way, the red Corion crystals disbursed into the audience would have little effect on him. He attended alone, having been sent a free ticket by email shortly before the gig. The ticket’s code, when scanned by an attendant at the stadium gate, indicated that the holder was vaccinated against the plague, as was required.

In fact, Masul barely even witnessed any particular stage event or stage antic scene. Further, he had put devices in his ears such that he barely heard the so-called ‘music.’

But, when the show was over, he did enter back stage with a pass that was likewise emailed to him.

“So super that you took me up on my invitation, Masul!”

DevL then snorted some skank mixed with crystal meth. “Want to join me?”

Masul lightly nodded as he patted DevL’s left shoulder. “Just a hint, eh? I’m not much of a skank sniffer.”

Upon seeing a long line of the drug, Masul took DevL’s nose spoon and snorted about half of it, which sent him into an instant high.

“Woo-hoo!” Masul shouted, as if forced to do so after the high penetrated his psyche. “Now that was a hit I’ll never forget!”

“And you may have another,” DevL laughed. “But that is up to you, Masul.”

Then a short time later, Masul asked DevL, “So, from where do you get the blood which you said I could have when I met you here, even though I told you I’m not a blood drinker?”

Laugh. “Some of our fans sacrifice themselves in the mosh pit.”

“I’ve heard that.”

“After they sacrifice themselves, our roadies collect some of it for us.”

“Makes sense.”

After some further meaningless talk, Masul did indeed snort the rest of that line of skank—

Which led to a psyche that would cause Masul to partake in an act he never would have participated in otherwise—

“Look, Masul, I really need to—” DevL then wrapped himself around Masul in a love hug that would turn into a sex hug. “I need you, man. Like, now.” As DevL performed an act of masturbation on him. “I need you, man. Let me have my way with you.” Then licked and kissed Masul on his neck.

Though internally disgusted by it all, Masul remembered he was infiltrating, so he set himself up so that DevL could have his way with him.

A short time later, Masul made his way from the back stage area, having had enough of the debaucheries.

“Look, Dev, I have a headache now. Likely it was the skank that did it. Sorry about that, but I have to go home and take some aspirin or something.”

“Too bad,” DevL said as he slapped Masul’s rear. “But I do hope we get to see you again soon.”

As Masul left the scene, DevL shouted to him, “I guess you really are one of us.”

Masul lied. “Yes, I really am!” *In your dreams, Dev!*

Adabustan’s Health Minister meets with Mulabu, January, 2022

Though not officially invited to a meeting between Adabustan Prime Minister Mulabu and Health Minister Medi at the ministry offices building across from Adabustan’s Parliament building in the capital city, Masul walked into the building anyway, heading toward the office where the meeting would take place.

Getting off the elevator to said floor, Masul then heard a familiar voice calling to him.

“So, Masul, going to your father’s meeting?”

Masul quickly turned around to face a friend and team-mate that had worked on Dorch’s ‘snake venom’ vaccine injection project.

“So, Shunah, are you going to your father’s meeting?” Laugh and smile. For Shunah was the son of Medi, the Health Minister.

They shook hands and then slapped each other on their shoulder.

“Yes,” Shunah answered. “But only informally.”

“So am I. And, according to my father,” Masul replied, “the meeting will be about discussing the possibility of mandating that plague vaccine we worked on.”

“Which has barely been human-tested.” Shunah sighed. “I do not consider testing a vaccine on a few hundred older and middle-aged people while not testing

the vaccine on children or pregnant women, and only over a trial period of a month or so—I do not consider that a valid reason to mandate that injection for stopping the plague. And is it really and truly a plague, Masul?”

The Prime Minister’s son smirked. “Well, Foxx and Dorch and DevL and—”

“So I heard you actually partied with the Perj! How did that go?” Giggle.

“I did things I would not normally do and I really do not want to discuss that now, but I can say that DevL is indeed what the pop culture media says he is.”

“A pervert?”

“Definitely! And he wanted to ‘pervert’ me, and that is all I will say.”

Shunah nodded his agreement. *In other words, Masul, he had his way with you. But don’t worry, I’ll drop the subject. I get it.*

“As I was saying, Foxx and the others claim it is a dangerous plague, so that is the narrative that the world’s media is regurgitating. Because this plague narrative serves their interests, which combines with their instilling fear into the people of this world. People who live in fear will accept any form of supposed solution to the supposed problem they think they will encounter, including complete control by those who believe they have a right to control and rule the world.”

“For the benefit of the evil forces.”

Masul nodded. “There is a Bible passage, I can’t remember the Epistle it is in, but there is a Bible passage that sums this up with the evil forces trying to rule the world. Something about ‘principalities and powers’ and ‘wickedness in high places.’

‘For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.’ That is, Ephesians Chapter 6, verse 12.

“So you know the Bible?”

“Not very well, Shunah.” Looked Shunah straight in the eyes. “But my father has been reading it quite a bit lately.”

Shunah lurched back in shock. “Is he a Christian?”

“Not officially.” Masul cocked his head and looked up. “Officially, he’s still Muslim. But unofficially, yes, he is a Christ-believer. He believes the Bible, both Old and New Testaments, tie into the Koran in certain ways. Both predict an end-times scene—Mahdi in the Koran and Second Coming of Christ in the Bible, and he believes, I think, that the two might be one and the same, sort of. Saviors, end-time leaders. In a way, he is into both religions. Only not dogma, man-made type

religion. So he believes in Christ, but thinks both Islam and Christianity are righteous religions, but the Godhood supplants them both.”

Shunah then cocked his head in thought, but shortly responded to Masul’s words. “I have a strange feeling that your father just might be correct. After all, the Koran does praise Christ—”

“Peace be upon Him,’ eh?”

Laugh. “Yes, but I suspect it’s more than that. And, Masul, I also suspect that that vaccine maker we worked for—”

“Dorch.”

“Yes. I do suspect that Foxx hired Dorch who hired us to create a very evil remedy for a very evil contagion project. Even though that so-called contagion has not done very much harm to Adabustanis.”

“Sickness? Yes, but deaths as they advertised? The true Health Ministry statistics seem to say the opposite.”

For the local press had recently published actual Health Ministry stats according to age relating to the plague, and most of the deaths were to the elderly, as would be expected for flu-like sicknesses. People under the age of 60 mostly fared well and naturally recovered without a vaccine or even a flu shot.

“Yes, and my father demanded that the ministry statistics were based on truth. Which is why my father does not feel the need to mandate the vaccine, but should be a choice. Which, I hate to say, Masul, will go against the narrative our so-called world ‘leaders’ are pushing.”

“Which, I hate to say, Shunah, could be warning to my father and your father.”

A sharp look into Masul’s eyes. “A warning *shot*, maybe?”

Masul smirked. *I hope not, but national leaders that refuse to follow the rules of the folks who think they rule the world do tend to be assassinated.*

In addition to Prime Minister Mulabu and Health Minister Medi, the ministers of the military, economy, education, foreign affairs, agriculture, transportation and currency took part in the discussions at this Cabinet Ministers meeting regarding whether or not to mandate the vaccine that was really a bio-weapon developed by Dr. Dorch along with his team. Being team members, Masul and Shunah were allowed to attend the meeting but with limited voices within the discussion.

Knowing the so-called vaccine really was a bio-weapon of sorts that could be used against any enemy Adabustan might have to deal with—what with Central Asia becoming more of a focus front in the ‘new order’ the World Forum Summit

was trying to put into place—the Minister of the Military spoke out in favor of the vaccine mandates.

“Gentlemen, and lady”—the Minister of Education was female, the first female minister in this Islamic nation’s history—“while the number of plague virus cases and deaths from this virus are not overwhelming, yet, that is, it has become a worldwide practice to vaccinate the peoples of the nations, with few exceptions, and that is for a good reason. If, as Dr. Dorch claims, this vaccine does indeed prevent the spread of this viral plague that has now existed for more than a year, then I do believe it must be mandated for our citizens.”

“But not for our children,” chimed in the female minister, “whom have given up a part of a year of schooling in classrooms having had to complete that year in virtual classes—when many of our young students have no computers or access to online learning. It is not fair for them to have to be vaccinated to attend school when virtually no one below the age of thirty has come down with the plague or died from it. The elderly? Yes, it should be mandated for them, but not for our children.”

“Or to attend religious services,” called out the Agriculture Minister, a staunch Muslim whose son was an Imam at a capital city mosque. “People were not happy when forced to not attend mosques, or even churches or synagogues, and I am sure Allah was not happy about that either!”

Several nods of agreement on that response! Nearly all the ministers were strong believers in Islam.

That led to Mulabu chiming in as well. “You all here know I am not particularly religious. You know I believe the God of New Testament Christianity and traditional Old Testament Judaism are the same and both of these religions are tied together somehow. And I do believe that the Almighty of which I just referenced is in control. God, not religion. And further, not plagues or vaccines, either. I do not know if the plague was man-made, but the vaccine was man-made, thus imperfect. The natural immunity God grants to us mere mortals, creation, is for the most part more perfect than any vaccine is. While the vaccine trials seemed to work out well, I do believe, as does Medi believe, the trials should have had a longer trial period.”

“Yes,” Medi immediately cut in. “That is my main complaint about the vaccine being mandated. Trial periods generally in the past went on for at least a couple of years. To end a trial period in a couple of months, in my physician-medical opinion, is much too soon and a sign of rushed judgment.”

Then Medi looked the minister of the military straight in the eyes. “You referred to the vaccine as a bio-weapon, minister. Do you really want weapons—weapons! Do you really want weapons forced upon the citizens we are supposed to serve?”

“But—”

“No ‘buts!’ Forced weapons?” Medi then got up and walked around the discussion table. “Now, if our people want to take the vaccine, fine, and it is up to them to do so. To me, the vaccine is not the issue. It is the forced mandate of the vaccine that to me is the issue! One I strongly oppose. The taking of the injection must be voluntary, not mandatory.”

Chattering among the ministers, then Masul stood up. “People—ministers, please allow me to—using a word that was used a minute ago—to ‘butt’ in, so to speak, having been a member of the team Dr. Dorch hired to create the vaccine injection, which, some of you may not have heard, has small amounts of Adabustani snake venom within the shot.”

“Snake venom?” two of the ministers called out.

“Yes, snake venom, but in very small amounts, within the tested vaccine. But I know for a fact that the trial subjects that took injections with a higher amount of this venom did have more adverse reactions to the vaccine.”

Shunah then called out an affirmation.

“How do we know the various batches of vials of vaccine are all the same with the same tiny amount of snake venom? Could it be some vaccine recipients might get injections that contain more snake venom than other injection batches by code number?”

Medi then added, “Yes, some will get vaccines that may work, while others will get vaccines with more snake venom and likely will only make matters worse. That is why the vaccines must be given out randomly, by random batch code number, to people who voluntarily accept the vaccine. It must be voluntary, not mandatory. And I agree with our Education Minister—no plague vaccine for children or citizens under the age of thirty.”

“I second that,” called out another minister.

At a vote, only the military minister and one other voted for mandatory vaccinations. The other seven ministers voted against mandatory vaccination, and, by an executive-type order, a law was created to prevent mandatory vaccinations for all virus-related sicknesses, to immediate effect.

At a secret meeting at Foxx's Buckinghamshire manor, March, 2022

"I just heard this from Adabustan's Military Minister, Foxx, and it is not good news!" Dorch called out to Foxx, who was sitting at his office desk within his personal office at his manor in Buckinghamshire, England. Dorch had just received an encrypted email on his smart phone, so he blew into the office where he knew his boss would be drumming up more agenda plans regarding the plague that was reaching its peak.

Foxx turned his chair around to face Dorch. "In other words, Dorch, Mulabu and his Cabinet ministers voted to reject mandatory vaccinations for our plague." Laugh. "Or so they voted! As if their vote actually matters. Because, my dear doctor, they know bloody well who is in control!"

Dorch bore a look of agreement mixed with a snippet of doubt. *Yes, Foxx, we are in control, but here's the thing—can the two of us and those who work with us actually force this vaccine on millions of Adabustanis? Or have you already planned for that possible scenario?*

"True," was all Dorch would answer.

"And you have been thinking, dear doctor, how we would get Adabustan to do our bidding."

"Yes."

"You know bloody well 'how'! My uncle," —Lord Chadwick—"used to say this phrase all the time regarding how we will deal with those who will not do our bidding—'We made him, and we will break him.'"

Dorch's eyes opened wide, almost anxious. "Kill him?"

Smile and laugh. "Well, either Mulabu or his son—who, since he was part of your team, Dorch, and knew what was in the plague and vaccine we created, likely let his father in on our little secret."

Further discussion, and then Dorch asked, "So, who will do the dirty deed, Foxx?"

"DevL would be perfect. One reason I have made him one of us is due to his upbringing by parents whom have committed to our cause for years. I know this because DevL's father, a council member within Surrey for many years, was a member of the Young Alpha Leaders, as was I. And DevL's mother was a member of our sister organization at Swarton."

As soon as Dorch heard mention of Young Alpha Leaders this thought came into his head. *And so was Joe Phillips. Hmmmmmm. What does that traitor to our cause know about all this? And has he been in contact with Mulabu and Masul?*

Finally, Foxx decided that DevL would finish off Masul. “It’ll be Masul whom we take care of, Dorch. After all, Masul and DevL are, not exactly friends, but are somewhat friendly to each other, and Masul has allowed DevL to have his way with him. So Masul would never suspect DevL would do such a thing, and thus, would trust DevL not to do him in—which makes him the perfect murderer.”

“Agreed,” was all Dorch would say. But he still had doubts. *I’m beginning to think Foxx is getting out of control, thinking he can just order whatever murder he wants, for the sake of Corion or not!*

Flashback: April 30, 2005, at an abandoned church near a tiny town in Surrey

By 2005, the tiny town of Watkins Holding, population 60, was barely holding on to existence, a few miles east of Torquay Manor, containing only a tiny biscuit shop next door to a bakery, a bookstore that also sold vinyl records of long ago music stars of a much older generation that was dying off, a gift shop and a pub in some disrepair—and an abandoned Catholic church that seated fifty at most that shuttered five years earlier and was then sold to a satanic cult called the Order of Crystal Bearers. That way, they could desecrate the Christ crosses and other Christian symbols while replacing them with Baphomet and upside down five-pointed stars and goat horns.

The cult was secret but was attended by former Young Alpha Leader ‘graduates’ and the future members of the Perj—and their parents, who were ‘Alphas’ and Hellyons while being minor aristocrats, prominent lawyers and barristers and town council leaders and even Members of Parliament. Chaddy Chadwick, in his 40s, was one of its leaders.

With the 30th of April being part of a set of satanic holidays including Beltane, DevL, who then went by his true name of Devon Witney, was seated between his father, an Alpha turned barrister for the county’s legal office and Hellyon, and his mother, a niece of Chadwick, whose wife was a second cousin of Baron Torquay-Lamourgeau; his mother was also a Hellyon.

The bell was rang by Chadwick, who then upon entering the sanctuary containing an altar upon which was laid a sleeping baby goat for sacrifice, proceeded to begin the service by impaling the goat. As blood flowed out of the heart of the kid, the bell was rang again calling for all in attendance to come up to the altar to drink the blood passed around in a gold chalice.

After drinking his first sip of this blood, Devon whispered, "This tastes so good, so warm." Licked his lips and asked his father on his left, "Can I have another sip?"

"If the chalice comes around again, Devon, then yes, you can." Father slapped Devon's back softly with approval. "Because you'll be taking a lot more sips of this delicious blood. Baby blood is the best."

"And Devon," his mother then quipped, "there is nothing like drinking blood, as our lord commands." Short laugh. "We are raising you for our lord's purpose."

"To rule the world, mother?" Smile.

"But of course!" Demonic smile. "Because we will rule those who will offer their blood to us! And we will have their blood!" Short laugh.

Devon could see other children his age also smiling and drinking blood alongside their parents, and he wanted to play with them after the service.

An hour later, Devon, with Clifford, Bradley, and Stuart, managed to hunt down a bird, kill it with stones, and sacrifice the bird on a stone altar they'd made, and drink the blood of that bird. They did it behind a tree near Torquay Manor which belonged to Joe Phillips, being Baron's only heir.

"We need to do this more often," Devon said as he slurped some blood from his hand.

"I am so glad to have met you, all of you," Clifford chimed, "because all the boys in my area are nothing but bollocks. All they want to do is ride bikes and play video games. I am in it for the power of the blood, eh, the status."

"Your father is an MP, eh?" Stuart replied. "So, yes, you will get all the status you'll ever need." He then slurped blood directly from the bird.

"And your father is a lord," Bradley responded. "Like that's even more status!" Then he called to Devon, "And like can I have another slurp? Like my father's a lord as well, so like I kind of need it!"

"We all need it," Devon laughed, "because we're all in the elite club. And we'll all be powerful soon."

Then Devon stood up to twerk and shuffle around as if he was on stage. “And, like, I think we should all become a band of sorts, like make rave-up music and make all that money and have all the pleasure we could ever want. With whoever the bloody hell we want. Buy our way into the world of pleasure our lord seeks for us to have.”

“And as much blood as we desire to drink, eh?” Stuart mock shouted. “Bloody hell we’ll even get our fans to offer their blood to us!” Raging laugh.

“I’ll drink to that!” Bradley shouted, then slurped more from the bird.

The four young men, pre-teens, then made the hand sign of the cult. Horns. And those hand horns came together in a finger salute to their dark lord.

That day, the Perj was born.

That evening—

“Mother, is there any blood that I could not drink?” Devon had just drunk a sip from his father’s cup during dinner.

She considered his question after chewing on rump roast. “I’d say do not drink the blood of one you know is one of us. A Hellyon. Or some Young Alpha Leader. Or anyone you know supports our cause to rid the world of the useless masses that couldn’t even serve us even if we forced them to!” Laugh. “Which is most people. Animals is more like it.” Louder laugh. “If they are on our side, do not drink their blood, and further, do not turn against them. If a person is one of us, ally with them and do not even consider doing them harm. That is for the masses we will control. Drink all the blood from them you can get your hands on.”

“Exactly, son,” father continued. “Anyone allied with the world leaders we will recruit to our cause and hand power to. Do no harm to them. We need as much support from those we choose as we can get.”

“Sure, father.”

Father was about to continue by saying that if ‘one of us’ suddenly turns against the ‘rulers of Earth’ then the rule no longer applied, but then servants entered the dining room and so the conversation had to end.

Thus Devon, who would become DevL, never realized that a ‘traitor’ to the evil cause of the Hellyons could be sacrificed or harmed.

And he still believed Masul was on his side even if Masul didn’t drink blood.

Chapter Ten

At DevL's home on the English Channel, early April, 2022

“So,” Foxx implored to DevL while both sat on leather couches facing each other, “since Masul is the one who convinced Adabustan’s Health Minister and his father the Prime Minister to not mandate the vaccine injections that Masul helped to develop, by the way—”

DevL stared shocked at this news. “He did?”

“Yes. Now pay attention, Dev. We cannot allow this deed, this betrayal, to go unpunished.”

“I see.”

“And since you know Masul, and since he would likely trust you and would thus not suspect you of any wrongdoing, we—myself, Stan Wildee, Mary Dungyon and the rest of our team of rulers of this world—are commanding you to—”

“Kill him?”

“Yes. For that is what we do to those who betray us.”

DevL sat there in thought. *My parents would say this same thing, but not when it comes to friends, and Masul is a friend, sort of.*

“Will do, Foxx.” *Not! And I’m not hiring someone else to do this either! Not over a rule in a faraway nation that makes sense—I mean why should any so-called ‘vaccine’ that intends to inject an actual virus into people be mandated by any government? It should be voluntary. So yes, Masul did betray us in a way, but not in a bad way. Besides, most useless people will take the injection regardless.*

So DevL emailed Masul with this message: I have some important news for you. Where can we meet?—DevL.

An hour later, GMT, Masul replied: I am coming to London next week, and staying at the Palace Hotel near Buckingham Palace. When I arrive, I will email you—Masul.

The same hotel Joe Phillips owned.

April 12, 2022, at the Palace Hotel, a room on the second floor

“So Foxx wants me dead? For warning my father about Dorch’s fake vaccine?”

“Yes, and he wants me to kill you!”

Shock.

Masul then replied in disgust, “The man is insane! So he expects all the world government leaders to force all their citizens to take a fake vaccine for a fake virus?”

“Yeah.”

Turned away in disgust. “So he wants to kill most of the world’s people.”

“I’m sure not all shots will be deadly. We in the elites—”

Masul was angry now. “Elites? Really? To me the word ‘elite’ means the best. Whereas those you describe are the worst!” Turned back to DevL. “And are you among the worst, Dev?”

The Perj front man froze in anguish.

“You actually agreed to kill a man—”

“I’m not killing you, Masul! I only told Foxx I would. Would I even tell you about it if I was actually going to kill you?”

Masul calmed down. “So what are you going to do? Because if you don’t do what Foxx commands, he will murder you as well as me.”

“Of course, I have a plan, and that plan is to fake your murder in such a way as they’ll never know it was fake.”

So they plotted Masul’s fake ‘death.’

“I know a place—a cult church place near where I grew up and my parents attended this church—”

“A satanic cult?” Masul just had to interrupt DevL.

“Yes, but not just Satan. Lucifer, Corion—”

“With blood sacrifices?”

“Yes, especially young children, orphans.”

Well that explains DevL’s evil upbringing and that so-called ‘music’ genre he partook in!

“And you drank the blood?”

“Yes.” DevL then turned aside, feeling a bit disgusted by what he did. “And I am considering not doing that anymore.”

“Why?”

DevL looked up. “When Foxx told me to kill you because he said you betrayed his cause to,” he then looked at Masul in a bit of shame, “to pretty much kill most of the planet off. For really no reason other than a huge—” DevL snorted, “sacrifice to his phony god. Like I said I went along with it, but mostly to maintain my elite celebrity status.”

“Sounds familiar. I read all the time on online alternative sites about how music stars and the pop culture world, you know the saying, ‘sells their souls to the devil’.”

“Yes, and it’s only been going on like that since the advent of rock music.”

Masul nodded. “And at some point even those who continue to go along with that agenda are, shall we say, replaced. And I say that because there are a few music acts that are climbing the charts with even more outlandish lyrics and music than what your Perj does.”

“Yes, especially the Blud. I read their singer actually drinks blood on stage and sacrifices birds or whatever. And now they also wear those Corion crystals. I read that in *X-Zine*, of all magazines.”

“I didn’t know you read *X-Zine*.”

“That’s the only pop culture media mag that actually tells the truth, because they can. They say it cannot be hacked.”

Then back to the plot.

“So what we’ll do is, like I said, I know this church where they store sacrificial bodies.”

“Dead ones?”

“For years, and while they were supposed to be sacrificed, they never were, and they just died and rotted in the place. It’s a hole or something in the ground beneath the sacrifice altar. So since that church isn’t used much anymore for sacrifices, we can dig up some bodies, and have them chopped up in a machine on a farm nearby where they chop up used cow skins or whatever, and then claim the body that was chopped up was yours.”

Masul thought. *But wouldn’t Foxx want evidence it was my body? You really think a total psychopath is going to just believe what you say without proof, Dev?*

But DevL figured Masul had doubts it would work. “And the way we’ll prove it is by putting some cut up hair on the pile and maybe even a blood sample, and some doctor or mortician can verify it.”

“We’ll prove it? Just who is ‘we’?”

“My Perj mates. They’re bloody much feeling the same way I am. We all know, whether it’s the Blud or some other group, that the rulers of the music industry are planning on replacing us with an act even more outrageous. They know we’ll only go so far. We’ll get our fans to sacrifice themselves, but they know we won’t perform sacrifices on stage. That’s why they want the Blud to replace us.”

A week later the Perj members dug up an Asian-looking young man who died two years before—the body had been preserved in an ice-cooler—and then brought the body to a garbage processing machine for partial mutilation while preserving blood samples and skin and hair such that Perj drummer Siko’s father, a local doctor and mortician, ‘verified’ that the body was Masul’s on a death certificate. That way, Foxx would have reason to believe Masul had been ‘dealt with.’

A week later, a major London newspaper screamed this headline, “Son of Adabustan Prime Minister Found Mutilated in Garbage Bin Processor.” Then more media coverage. Then British TV interviews with Mulabu, and the doctor who ‘proved’ it was Masul’s body in the bin machine.

April 19, 2022, at Joe’s and Swinton’s flat in Camden

Joe Phillips, while watching this news and growing angrier over it, suddenly heard a knock on his apartment door. *Oh what the bloody hell!*

Rushed to the door and opened it.

And almost collapsed in shock and awe.

“Masul!”

“Yes, it’s me, Joe.” Smile and humorous smirk. “I faked my own death.”

“But your father said on the news interview—”

Masul nodded and nodded, replying, “My father knows I’m not dead and I faked it so that Foxx and Dorch would believe I was dead, because they blame me for my country’s unwillingness to force our people to get that fake vaccine that Foxx and Dorch know is fake. So, to protect himself and the rest of our family, he claims I

really am dead and he is supposedly having the so-called death investigated. That's what Foxx and Dorch and their minions want, right? And by going along with the fake death, my father is acting out a role in support of their evil agenda so that neither he nor anyone else in the family get punished over it."

"You mean get murdered over it."

"Yes."

Then Masul told Joe about the plot and DevL's part in it.

"So DevL? A pop star god—well, many think he is anyway—so DevL actually supported you in this?" Incredulous stare. "I thought he was a main operative in Foxx's evil narrative and was the leader in getting the youth to buy into the evil narrative."

Masul smiled. "He considered me a friend of sorts, and didn't even care that I wouldn't drink blood with him and the rest of the Perj."

"Amazing."

"Not really, Joe. While DevL and the rest acted on stage as if they were really into getting the fans to self-sacrifice with those Corion crystals guiding them to do so, and while they forced their fans to get the injections in order to purchase concert tickets and all that, I'd say they did it to keep up their status, and only for that purpose, knowing newer acts were trying to up-end their status in the industry. They knew eventually they'd be replaced with an act even more degenerate. They knew they wouldn't be able to keep up what they were doing. And I truly think DevL anyway knew that what he was doing was against his better judgment. And the rest of the Perj as well, which is why Siko had his father falsely verify my death with his certification of my death that Foxx would accept as truth."

Phillips then cocked his head and looked upward, then smiled. "Amazing. Because in my own experience I have witnessed this same scene, this same drive to maintain status, and the consequences. But with this difference—what I witnessed had nothing to do with drinking blood. Same type of actions then as now. Just not as depraved. But courting the same agenda—just not as depraved."

Short laugh. "I take it you are referring back to the 90s."

"Yes, and I'm sure you know whom I am referring to."

"Why, the Super Six, of course!"

"Of course! They did what they had to do to maintain their 'greatest band ever' status including setting up a record label. Sex, drugs, rock 'n roll. And then the consequences and then the crisis. And then the repentance aspect."

“And then the Jesus Christ aspect.”

“And not just them,” Joe reminded Masul. “Me too. And then to top all that off, my devil-worshiping father as well.”

“Me too, and as I’ve said before, I suspect my own father has repented and has been ‘born again’ so to speak.”

Then both Joe and Masul said the quiet part out loud, as they said simultaneously, “And has DevL?”

But they both shook their heads, thinking *No way. That is too far out for now!*

“I doubt if DevL or anyone else in the Perj would actually do that sort of repentance that quickly.” Joe looked Masul straight in the eyes. “It took Sound Unltd several years to come to the conclusion—aided by spiritual forces that I’ve never actually encountered, but they had. Angels—”

“The Tooters? Like in that ‘Let the Night Down’ song?”

“Yes, and others. Some ‘witch’ they kept referring to.”

That is, Morwenna, a spirit-being the Tooters used to encourage and warn the prodigal band.

Joe continued. “Well, they transitioned from 1996 to that miracle concert at the Walltown festival in 2000. Then accepted Christ in 2001, as did I. So we’re talking over five years here. First, they had to clean themselves up and drop the rock star persona and live like normal men, wealth aside. Husbands. Fathers. And their women as well. Five years.”

“I understand Joe. I can’t see an even more depraved act like the Perj transforming themselves overnight. But I have a funny feeling they are approaching that transformation.”

Joe then snapped his thumb and middle fingers on both hands. “But maybe I can help speed up that transformation.”

“How?”

“By making a visit. As a fan. As a friend of yours, since he knows you are not dead.”

“How?”

“I have a purple wig I wear outside to disguise myself. I know how Perj fans dress and their bling as they call it. Yes, I am a lot older than most Perj fans, but when he understands that I am a friend of yours, he’ll let me visit him.”

Masul nodded deliberately. “And I will let him know, secretly, that ‘one of my best friends and a Perj fan’ wants to see him. He’ll do it.”

Masul had turned away from Joe, but then turned back. “And let me go with you, Joe. That way, he’ll know we mean business.”

Sure enough.

But it would take several months for that to happen. The Perj was still on their world tour, which would turn out to be their final one.

Chapter Eleven

October, 2022, at that cult church building near Watkins Holding

Upon walking along the pathway to the former Catholic Church which was turned into a satanic cult sacrifice ‘church’ where DevL, as Devon Witney, witnessed a blood sacrifice in 2005, Masul said to Joe alongside him, “Since Dev doesn’t know you, Joe, he wanted us to meet him at this old cult church building.”

Joe nodded understanding. “As you say often, Masul, it makes sense. And is this where he and the Perj dug up that body for mutilation to supposedly prove your death?”

“Yes, and the place where the body was found is under the altar, which used to be the altar the Catholic priest ran his services on, Eucharist, all that stuff.”

Once inside—

DevL sat in one of the pews facing the altar. Joe and Masul went to the pew and DevL turned to face them.

“Look, I realize neither of you want to look at the Satanic symbols and signs that have been placed all along where the Christ cross and stuff had been.”

“True,” Joe replied.

“So let’s go into the back room, shall we? There are no satanic symbols or signs there. In fact, it’s empty except for some chairs I placed in there.”

So they followed him into the room. Other than the chairs and a table inside, the only other object was a copy of a manual called ‘*The Pleasure Rule*,’ which was written by Conner Ellerson back in the latter 70s.

While DevL hung his jacket on a hook on the back of the door, Masul sat in one of the chairs placed in circular fashion. He saw the manual on the table.

“*The Pleasure Rule*? ”

Joe saw it also. “Well, well, well. I haven’t seen that book in years.” He turned to Masul as he sat down. “My boys—”

“Sound Unltd?”

“Yes. They all had copies of this, what they called, ‘manual.’ That’s because they all joined what was called ‘the Order.’ This ‘Order’ was a secret-society-type group that, really, all rock stars who wanted to make it big had to join. That way, they’d be guaranteed success and make millions. And get Music Awards. And sell out concert venues. And sell platinums.” Turned aside. “Well, up to a point anyway. Because the bands and stars had to keep it up, keep recruiting, following the ways of the Order. Recruiting was a big deal, and not all acts were successful at recruiting.” He turned to Masul again. “You’ve heard of Wolfin?”

“Yes, Denny Spradlin and them. Their song ‘Serious Confusion’.”

“Wolfin, really Denny and Blake Fenmore, were the ones who recruited Sound Unltd among many others, in the late 80s. They reached their peak in the early 90s with ‘Serious Confusion,’ a huge hit, and their 1991 tour was huge. But after that, Denny and Blake grew lazy in a way, always wanting to party and spend all that money they made. Cars, estates, drugs, etc. That was when my boys pretty much took over, recruiting Order members using their Foray record label, which was why they were called ‘the band of the 90s.’ Well, until their crises in 1994 and then 1996. Then, well, seemingly, D-Cord took over and their outright Satanism. After that, *The Pleasure Rule* manual was modified. What started out as merely being a ‘do what you want manifesto’ for recording industry artists turned into a Satan-Lucifer-Corion worship manifesto, but without the wanton-mosh-pit nihilism we see today.”

“And which I and the Perj made dominant.” DevL smirked with a look of regret as he too sat down. “And the manual was updated again a few years ago. I was one of those who helped update it. Now, what they call ‘devil worship’ is mandatory, along with drinking blood.”

Joe and Masul hung their heads in disgust if not shock.

“But I wasn’t the leader of the team who revised it.”

Joe cocked his head and smirked at DevL. “Don’t tell me—Foxx was the leader of it, right?”

Which shocked DevL. *So how do you know Foxx?* “Uh, yes. But how do you know Foxx?” Anxiety in his voice.

“Yes, I know Foxx. We were in the same private boarding school fraternity.”

DevL then unmasked his anxiety, sensing the whole scheme would be exposed, and the consequences. “Did you attend Broton?”

“Yes.”

“So did my father, and my mother attended Swarton.”

“Well, I do not know your father, a local council member if I remember right, but I do know of him, as well as your mother. I am sure my own father knew them quite well. Hellyons, correct?”

Now DevL seemed fearful. “Are you a Hellyon?”

“No. But my father was, and a leader of it.”

Shouting now. “Just who is your father?”

“Was. My father has passed on.”

“So who was he?”

Joe smiled, knowing his answer would shake DevL to the core.

“Baron Torquay-Lambourgeau.”

Scream. “Oh my God!”

“But you can call me Joe Phillips.”

Another scream. “You managed—Oh my God!”

“Sound Unltd, yes.”

“My parents were huge fans of theirs! And they—their label, had D-Cord, and I was a fan of theirs. And my band mates as well.”

“Yes. Mick Pordengreau produced their tracks.”

“And wasn’t he an occultist?”

“Yes. He was. But he did not truly believe in the occult. He told me he explored the occult to, as he said, go down the so-called ‘rabbit hole’ to find out if the occult was spiritually evil. When he realized it was evil, he pulled himself out of that rabbit hole.”

“I heard he turned Christian.”

“They all did, and so did I.”

“Oh my God—”

“But here’s the thing, DevL, or should I say Devon Witney.”

DevL fell back into his chair, feeling a truth coming on.

“Here’s the thing.” Joe then pointed to *The Pleasure Rule* manual. “The original manual by Conner Ellerson of the first satanic band, Clarrion—and I have a copy of the original manual with me—”

Joe removed it from his shirt pocket. “Here is what the original manual says, near the beginning of it, and Conner, who was a devil worshiper by the way, actually wrote this in the original manual, and I am sure when Mark Besst or Foxx revised the manual, this passage was removed.”

Joe then read the passage:

While conventional religion is not condoned by those of us seeking pleasure, various spirit guides and healers and gurus or even occultist priests have been known to promote the healthy spirit-happiness-pleasures that are also essential along with the need to bask in one's desires. While Christianity is frowned upon by us pleasure seekers, keep in mind that few people on this Earth have had a more profound happiness effect on humanity than the so-called Nazarene that religion derives from. If goodness is your pleasure and desire, then Jesus is your spirit guide. Too bad other pleasure-seekers, the Romans, had Him crucified.

“So, DevL, what a devil worshiper said is this—if you want to be good and seeking good is your, let's say, ‘pleasure rule,’ then a Man that, as is claimed in the Bible, said to an evil spirit that tried to get His own disciples to mock him, and what Christ said was to the spirit in Apostle Peter, ‘Get behind me Satan’. So this devil worshiper actually said being inspired by Jesus Christ brings about profound happiness. That Christ is a spirit guide for good. Thus, worshiping Christ as one's pleasure does not violate *the pleasure rule*—a devil worshiper said this!”

DevL was shaking now.

“But of course, either Mark Besst, who was possessed by Corion, or Foxx, who is likely also possessed by Corion, or Satan if you choose, or Lucifer, either one of them removed that passage from *The Pleasure Rule* manual. Because, after all, popular culture today cannot feature any goodness and happiness, now can it?”

Masul, smiling throughout, slapped Joe on his left shoulder. “I second that emotion!”

Then Masul looked DevL in the eyes. “So, Dev, are you happy?”

Still shaking. “Ummm...not really. And yes, Foxx did require that any passage about anything Christian had to be removed. Or really, anything decent or normal. It was,” DevL looked up, awakening from anxiety, “It was as if one not only had to drink blood, but had to adopt a lifestyle totally against what society considers normal. It's not normal to be naked on stage or have sex on stage or show your, shall we say, private parts like we do today on stage, but that's what's in the manual. It's like it's not even a choice anymore. And you've heard of a rival rave band called the Blud—they drink blood on stage, which we never did!”

Joe then responded leaning forward in his chair. “Look, DevL, Foxx will likely have the Blud replace the Perj and you and your band will go into has-been-dom because they'll keep making the so-called pleasure rule more and more depraved until, instead of fans sacrificing themselves, band members will either sacrifice themselves or their fans, and then fans will start killing each other for blood.

Because those crystals you throw out into the audiences are causing the fans to do these things, and the bands and singers and rappers and whoever to do these things even if you don't intend to. Because the evil—Satan, Corion, Lucifer, call it what you will—desires it. Deception, death, and destruction. And right now, Foxx is the evil's main minion. So what Masul and I are saying is that no matter what you do, it'll never satisfy your false 'god' or Foxx enough. They'll always demand more depravity and evil. If you don't toe the line, they'll replace you and maybe even murder you."

Joe then held out the manual he read from. "This is *The Pleasure Rule*. But Foxx's satanic manual is called, shall we say, the murder rule. Toe the line, or else!"

DevL hung his head in shame and in fear.

"I mentioned Mick Pordengreau before. What he told me while he was explaining why he accepted Christ as Lord and Savior was this—with God and Christ you have a choice. With Satan and Corion, you do not have a choice! Like I said, either toe their line, or else. Murder rule—right? They told you to murder Masul, right? Because Masul would not toe their line."

Still with hung head. "And if Foxx finds out Masul is still alive—"

"He won't, Dev. Not unless you or Siko or another Perj member leaks it out."

Pause, as DevL—now Devon—calmed down.

"So what we're saying," Joe continued, "is you have a choice whether Foxx says you do or not. Choose good or evil—"

"Does evil make you happy?" Masul cut in.

DevL smiled a bit. "It used to, but I knew really nothing else since my parents brought me up no other way but being happy by doing evil. It's all I knew."

"But by not killing me," Masul said, "you did good. Are you happy you didn't kill me?"

"Yes, of course! I didn't want to kill you."

"Well there you go, Dev. Doing good made you happy. Maybe doing more good will make you even happier."

"You are happy because you did not do evil." Joe said. "Maybe *not doing* any more evil will make you happier. Maybe turning away from Foxx and his kind will make you happier. Maybe turning away from Satan and Corion will make you happier."

DevL cocked his head in thought. *Will turning to Christ make me happier?*

“Like I think you both are trying to get me to turn Christian, which—I mean, I’m not sure that would even work. Like I cannot just turn Christian overnight even if that might be a good idea—”

Joe answered quickly. “It took Sound Unltd over five years to even consider it, even though good spirits guided them. One can’t just accept Christ in an instant—well, okay, the apostle Paul did, but that was a miracle—”

“Like what Erik Manning did—”

“And speaking of Erik, he’s the one who said that before he accepted Christ, he had to do a mission on himself.”

“Which he did, I guess.”

“And so can you, DevL, or should I say, Devon. And so can your band mates. But you have to want to. No one will force it on you. Only Foxx and his evil god force people to do their evil will. With God, as Mick said, you have a choice.”

“And choose wisely, Devon.” Masul then slapped Devon on his right shoulder.

Three months later, the Perj announced they were taking a break from their ‘work.’ With Swinton, who helped Baron Torquay see the Light, as their guide.

Chapter Twelve

Late April, 2023, in Swinton's flat—a meeting with Joe, Swinton, myself, and Agent P, on the verification of Joe's 'death'

The four of us sat on leather chairs or couches around an eight-sided wooden coffee table in the flat's living room, with Swinton passing around a fake 'death certificate' that 'verified' that Joe Phillips was 'dead'—from the plague.

"Signed by Dr. Havelbrook, mortician and doctor in Surrey." Agent P then nodded. "And wasn't he an MP?"

"He was," Swinton answered. "He lost election a couple of years ago."

"Actually, he resigned, or he refused to run for Parliament again. Something like that." Agent P sipped his brew. "He wanted to concentrate on his medical practice, what with the plague going on. And being a mortician as well, thinking all the bodies he would have to deal with."

Joe then stood up with authority, holding his wine glass. "But here is why I wanted Dr. Havelbrook to create the fake death certificate, even though he was possibly part of the whole plague-plot narrative. And the reason is this—he's the one who created the fake death certificate for Masul." Sip of wine. "Oh, and because he's Siko's father."

"You mean, Siko of the band the Perj?"

"Yes. The same band that its front man, DevL, founded, and the same DevL that supposedly killed Masul on Foxx's orders. Knowing DevL would never kill Masul, his band mate Siko got his father to fake the certificate."

Swinton then butt in. "But why would a band or a person in a band that upholds the evil agenda of Foxx and them—"

"Because, Swinton ol' chap," Joe then butt in, "DevL and Siko and them didn't think it was right to murder Masul, whom DevL knew, and also knew that Masul was the son of Adabustan's Prime Minister, whom DevL also thought was part of the same agenda, what with Adabustan being the origin of the plague and the vaccine injection."

"Makes sense. But has DevL and them repented of their participation in evil?"

Joe smiled. “I’d say they’re on their way to that outcome. It took Sound Unltd five years to repent, and after Masul and I met with DevL, I would say it won’t take quite that long for the Perj to repent as well.”

And on and on.

A bit later, I asked, “So, we have the faked death certificate as ‘proof’ that Joe died—of the plague.”

“That’s what Dr. Havelbrook claimed, anyway.”

“So that, if Foxx or Dorch or whoever on their evil team wants this proof, all Swinton has to do is show them the certificate.”

“And I’ll make sure Dr. Havelbrook sends me a copy.” Swinton then sipped his wine. “Because with Foxx—well, you never know how he will react. Steal the certificate? Tear it up? So we need a copy.”

I then added, “Not that I know Foxx personally, but what if he went to see Havelbrook and then murdered him?”

Agent P then responded after standing up, “If that happens, if Havelbrook dies for whatever reason, I—or rather *X-Zine*—will expose this murder, and not by saying Dr. Havelbrook died of the plague—”

Joe then stood up in a heartbeat. “That’s it!” Jumped a few times in excitement. “That’s it!”

The rest of us sat still, shocked at Joe’s reaction.

“You all here know Foxx wanted me dead and that is why I had to fake my own death, blaming it on the plague. Because Foxx cannot murder someone who is already supposedly dead, even if he wanted to.”

“Go on,” Swinton snorted, having a notion of what was coming.

“Exactly.” Joe continued. “And since Foxx, and really, only Foxx, wanted me dead and would have already hired a team or individual to murder me because he has had it in for me ever since he realized years ago I would not follow the evil agenda I supposedly vowed to follow when I was initiated into the Young Alpha Leaders in the late 70s. And that is the truth, for that is part of the oath that says if one betrays the fraternity, one must be punished, including maybe death. And Foxx knows I am against any agenda he has set.”

After some quiet, Agent P spoke up. “So what you are saying is that what you want is not only proof of your so-called death, but some sort of investigation that you think might prove Foxx had some sort of conspiracy to murder you?”

Joe smiled. “That would be nice. The man needs to be put in his place, so-to-speak. He needs to understand he does not rule the world as he thinks he does. As they say, he needs to see that karmic notion of ‘what goes around comes around’.”

Murmurs of chatter.

“Well, if that’s true,” I broke in, “then who would Foxx have hired to, as you say, ‘punish’ you? Since most of those who followed him in the past are no more, and I do not think Dr. Dorch would be the wise choice of the murderer here. Too out in the open.”

More chatter, and then I added, “DevL, maybe? Since he was hired by Foxx to kill Masul?”

And more chatter, until Swinton uttered what he had uttered before, “Makes sense.”

But then Joe stood up again. “DevL can admit to *X-Zine* that Foxx hired him to murder Masul, if he so chooses—which I am sure he won’t, because then he would be implicated in a crime that never really took place. But that would not work as to my fake death, because I ‘died’ of the plague which DevL had nothing to do with, right? But who did create the plague? Why, Foxx of course.”

Joe then walked around the others sitting around the coffee table. “And which among us would have access to a vial containing the plague that could have been placed such that I would ‘die’ from the vial?”

We all turned to Agent P, formerly of British Intelligence.

“Interesting,” Agent P uttered as he got out of his chair and walked toward Joe. “So what you are saying is this—since I had worked for Intel when the plague was created and either Dorch or Foxx or both could be legitimately accused of handing me a vial of the plague which I could use against their enemies—in other words, against Joe—because only they would have access to the vial of the plague at the time. Thus *X-Zine* could be counted on to expose the reason for Joe’s supposed ‘death.’ The reason being Foxx and Dorch wanted Joe out of the way.”

“You mean *X-Zine*’s freelancer Lloyd Denholm would author the expose’.”

I then got out of my chair and went up to the both of them. “But do not worry, Agent P, I will keep your name out of it!” Laugh. “And didn’t you also fake your own death? Which inspired Joe to fake his own death?”

But I would make sure Foxx would be implicated. He was the one who ruled over the plague plot. Dorch was just one of his puppets. And who would have placed a vial of the plague in a location where Joe would have had contact with it?

‘Someone.’ No way would I mention ‘Agent P,’ who ran my freelance employer’s encryption service!

And this is the article I wrote about Joe’s ‘death’ for X-Zine

Well, parts of it, anyway...

“One can read about many sudden deaths from either the 2020 plague or from the vaccine injection mandated in 2021 and henceforth. Or watch video testimonies from victims or from loved ones. Many alternative news sites or blogs discuss the plague-and-injection ‘plot’ to victimize ordinary people as part of an agenda created by such organizations as the World Forum Summit to depopulate Earth for some ‘noble’ purpose—meaning, nefarious purpose. Why? To deal with ‘too many people’ harming ‘the environment’ or causing ‘climate change’ or being ‘useless eaters’ or some other trope that needs ‘fixing’ by those who claim ownership of this planet, who rule the planet and who consider themselves gods. They are referred to as ‘the elites,’ but in fact they are parasites. A plague—that brought about the 2020 plague!

“And where was this plague developed? In a bio-lab in Adabustan, a nation led by a man, Mulabu, who, in 1996, was cured of cancer by the new leader of the cult known as the Church of the Circle of Unity based in an Ashram not far from Richmont, California, the leader being Cole Blessing—who was later found impaled on a bedpost in a hotel a block away from the 2000 Walltown Trade and Music Festival headlined by Sound Unltd. Impaled—at the same time Erik Manning performed his ‘one minute miracle’ final note of the song ‘Let the Night Down.’

“And where did the plague begin? Adabustan. And what Central Asian nation refused to mandate the injection as the plague spread there? Adabustan. Further, Prime Minister Mulabu had a son who helped develop the ‘experimental’ plague and the so-called ‘vaccine’ that would defeat the ‘experiment’ that would secretly be unleashed onto the world. The name of this son is Masul—the same Masul who was found murdered, his body parts having been found in a waste bin nearby a former Catholic Church in Watkins Holding, Surrey, which had been transformed

into a Satanic ‘church’ where animal sacrifices took place. A Satanic cult led by Lord Chadwick and attended by the Coledge-Foxworth family related to Chadwick.

“And who is the head of the Coledge-Foxworth family today? Ewen Coledge-Foxworth, known in the business world by the nickname Foxx. Foxx, of course, heads the World Forum Summit, the GloboNetMedia Group which controls three of the world’s top media companies, and the world’s most successful asset-management firm, RedRock. He literally owns roughly ten percent of the entire assets of the entire world, making him the wealthiest man on Earth. Foxx also attended Broton Academy, the world’s most exclusive private education male boarding school. He headed a fraternity called the Young Alpha Leaders and recruited a student called Joe Phillips into this fraternity in 1977.

“Members of the Broton Young Alpha Leaders vow to serve the desires of their elite mentors and the agendas of the ruling classes that most of them are born into, whether or not they attend Oxford or Cambridge or Harvard or whatever elite university they are expected to attend. If they do not hold to their vow, they are punished. Joe Phillips, upon graduation from Broton, did not attend university and did not live the lifestyle Young Alpha Leaders were expected and mentored to partake in. Instead, he went his own way, caroused with ‘the peasants,’ or what Foxx and his ilk consider ‘useless eaters’ whom they’d prefer to see die of the plague created for this purpose. Phillips’ ‘own way’ led to his ‘discovery’ and management of the ‘band of the 90s,’ Sound Unltd, the ‘Super Six.’ The same Super Six that fell for the agenda, wore the Corion red crystals that sucked their concert fans into evil behaviors and riots until the heart attack ‘crisis’ in February, 1996, which set them onto the road to recovery and faith in Christ in 2001—and Joe Phillips joined them in that ‘mission.’ In other words, Joe Phillips ‘violated’ his ‘oath’ to serve the satanic elites—big time! And Foxx was not going to let him get away with that!”

I then posted into the article documentary proof of what I said about Foxx, as well as a copy of Joe’s ‘death certificate.’

“Phillips was not the only person on Earth to die of the plague. Foxx and his minions did not create the ‘experimental’ plague nor the fake ‘vaccine’ in order to ‘punish’ Phillips for leaving the evil ‘elite’ agenda behind. But Foxx and his

minions were the only people allowed to have access to the type of vials containing the plague that caused Phillips' death, as verified by Dr. Havelbrook's death certificate.

“Did Foxx leave this dangerous plague vial at Phillips' apartment? Did Foxx hire someone to leave the vial where it could harm Phillips? Did Foxx instruct this person to kill Phillips using the plague vial? Further investigation would be necessary to answer these questions. What I can prove though is that Foxx was the leader of the experimental plague creation and the creation of the ‘vaccine’ which is looking more and more like a bio-weapon as is the plague itself. Thus, my conclusion is that, purposefully or not, Foxx caused the death of Joe Phillips.

“Should Foxx be put on trial for murder? Until positive proof exists that the vial placed at Phillips' living quarters was placed by Foxx or someone he hired to do so, I would say ‘not at this time.’ But Foxx must be implicated in Phillips' death regardless. That is, even if he never serves a second in prison for this crime, the One Who truly does control Earth—the Creator, God, Yahweh, Jehovah...call Him what you will—will give Foxx what he deserves in the afterlife. As Christ said in Matthew 8:12—‘the outer darkness, where there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth’.”

The article was published by *X-Zine* in June, 2023, under a pen name. Of course!

Alternative media had a field day going after Foxx on and off the internet, and the legacy media had its own field day of sorts questioning Foxx's involvement in the creation of a substance that caused a major entertainment industry manager to wind up ‘dead.’ The controllers of the media outfits, unlike the masses they catered to, knew who Joe Phillips truly was—Joseph Phillip Torquay-Lamourgeau. Thus, when a person creates a disease that causes ‘death’ to a scion of the elite of the elites, this person is going to take some sort of fall over this. Foxx could deny this all he wanted to, to little effect.

A large number within ‘the masses’ saw this as evil—a man who controls much of the world’s media and industry creates something that kills a man who managed a legendary rock band that ruled much of the 90s and thus had millions of fans from Boomers to Millennials, and these millions of people were not about to forgive him for this. A good number of members of elite or royal families did not

think it was a wise thing to create a disease that would 'kill' one of their own, whether he really was or not. Even members, past or present, of the Young Alpha Leaders did not approve of this even if Phillips didn't exactly keep his vows. Some of the men who worked with Masul on these creations were angered by something they helped create 'killing' a man they thought was a good guy, for Phillips gave much of his fortune to good causes. It riled Christians, fans of 'the prodigal band' or not, as well as members of other faiths.

And then, one day a few months later, Foxx suddenly disappeared.

Like Mark Besst. Disappeared.

And I suspect Foxx 'disappeared' the same way Besst 'disappeared.' He was not 'killed in a car crash' like Swami Negran or impaled like Cole Blessing.

But he was taken by Corion, the lord of the red crystal sight that found its way into the hands of Foxx. I guess Corion got that crystal back...and just might be, as a legend claims, 'gnawing' on Foxx's 'bones—forever.' In the Abyss. Forever.

