

Short novel and study guide on spiritual warfare.

The Seraph War

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The
SERAPH
WAR

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Sariela guarded Christian's room from outside his window, aware that her shimmering white clothes and pale blonde hair were undetectable to any human eye. With her sword angled down in front of her, she knelt to pray. A breeze blew from the heavens and Sariela heard Jonas' voice along with it.

"Is everything in place?" Jonas asked.

"Yes." She opened her eyes. "But I think they're coming for him."

"Is he ready?"

"I hope so..." Sariela stopped. In the distance, she could see two dark figures emerging from the south. "Because they're here."

"You should get him out of there, Sariela."

"There's no time!" She closed her eyes again. "Lord, I need your help."

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Greed folded his wings and descended to the ground with a thud. Demons weren't exactly known for poise like their enemies. He stared in the distance with disdain.

"Why are we stopping?" Apathy asked, landing hard behind Greed.

Greed pointed a talon toward the angel who knelt only a short distance away. "There's a holy seraph guarding his bedroom."

Apathy stared at the target destination and shook his head. "It doesn't matter. We have our orders. We must go."

"Yes, but that's no ordinary guard." Greed seethed. Green pus oozed from his pores and gaping jaws. "That's one of God's elite. It looks like Sariela."

"She's no match for the two of us. He's ours." Apathy raised a clenched fist in front of his face in a mock salute.

"He's ours!" Greed mimicked and raised his fist in unison.

"Let's get her."

Greed cocked his head high. "Yes, let's!"

The two demons flapped air to the ground and their wings swirled like smoke around them. Their rotting flesh often flopped in their eyes making it hard to see, but they managed to land within inches of the shiny being.

Sariela sensed the beasts behind her. Not because of their strident approach, but because of their evil

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ambiance. Slowly, she raised her sword vertically in front of her face, and closed her eyes.

One of the foul creatures moved within inches of her back. She spun around and extended her sword at the demon's repugnant snout. "You have no power here!"

"That's where you're wrong." The demon circled her. "Let me introduce myself. Maybe then you'll know who belongs where." Tawny-colored goop oozed from his mouth and poured down his peeling chin.

Not caring to hide her repulsion, Sariela flared her nostrils and turned away. "You rancid swine."

"I'm Greed." He flicked a diaphanous wing in the direction of the other beast. "And this is Apathy."

"I don't care what sinful act you represent, you need to leave now."

Apathy bared his blackened fangs. "This human isn't worth your time."

Sariela looked from one hideous beast to the other. "You don't know what is worth my time. Remember, you sold out to the losing side."

"Ha! You're just incensed because we're winning all these people away from your master." Greed leapt close to the Sariela. He smelled of sulfur and decaying flesh.

She cringed.

"Nobody cares anymore, Sariela. Isn't it great?"

The two demons laughed an eerie chortle that sent chills through Sariela's being. She wasn't scared, just sickened. "You forget," she said. "We win in the end!"

Apathy rushed at her. His sword high. Sariela swung. The blades clashed. Greed jabbed from behind. She kicked him. Apathy swung at her chest. Sariela

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flipped over Apathy's head. He spun and thrust his sword, but missed. Sariela struck Apathy in the jaw. He plummeted to ground. Greed leapt at her, claws in the air. She turned sharply. Her sword plunged into Greed's stomach.

Unable to survive the blow from a holy sword, Greed disintegrated like ash in the wind.

Apathy flew at Sariela. His sword clanged against hers. She flipped around. The blade cut through his limb. The black blood-like substance boiled on her sword like panned butter.

He grimaced. "Now you've done it. You'll pay."

She sprang in the air and kicked his throat. He flew against a metal trashcan. She hurled her sword at him. It landed deep within his chest. He too vanished in the atmosphere.

Sariela crossed to her sword and examined it. All evidence of the attack had dissipated from the blade. Satisfied, she placed it in the sheath at her side. A soft breeze blew a deceiving serenity. She glanced back at Christian's window. His silhouette moved around the room, unaware of the war that had begun for his soul.

Oh Lord, be with him.

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