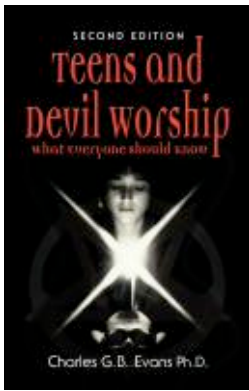


The Devil's Puppets

Be careful what you wish for...



Charles G.B. Evans



TEENS AND DEVIL WORSHIP: What Everyone Should Know considers the ongoing problem of young people involving themselves in the occult and/or satan worship. Numerous criminal cases are listed as well as warning signs to watch for and suggestions for dealing with the problem. This book is intended for parents, teachers, pastors, youth workers, social workers and, yes, the teenagers themselves.

Teens and Devil Worship

What Everyone Should Know

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THE
DEVIL'S
PUPPETS

A Novel

by Charles G.B. Evans

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CHAPTER 2

David Klien was seventeen years old and basically a good kid.

Or at least he always had been a good kid. But lately things seemed to be changing in that regard.

Having grown up in a Christian household - and that is what the Kliens considered their home to be - David generally knew right from wrong.

Ever since he was old enough to remember, David had gone to church with his parents every Sunday morning and even participated in the various youth activities the church sometimes sponsored. The Kliens said grace before their meals together and a large family Bible, with several pages of full color illustrations, permanently occupied a space on the coffee table in the den.

David fully believed in God, indeed the whole family did, but as he grew older he began to question much of what he was simply expected to believe as a good Christian kid.

His questions were nothing out of the ordinary really, the same things that most people wrestle with at some point in their lives. Why does a good God allow people to suffer? Why do babies sometimes die? Why does it so

THE DEVIL'S PUPPETS

often seem that the nonbelievers live in luxury while so many Christians are struggling?

David's problem wasn't so much his questions, but the fact that no one seemed to want to take the time to answer them.

Although he was barely past his eighth birthday at the time, David never forgot a conversation he had with his father following a Sunday morning church service.

"Daddy, how come there's so many poor people downtown?" David asked innocently.

Victor Klien wasn't prepared for such a question but he made an effort to offer a reasonable answer. "Well Son, there's only so much money in the world and there's not enough to go around to everybody. Some people have some of it and some don't. A lot of people don't have any money because they don't have jobs. They don't like to work at a job like your Daddy does."

David excitedly interrupted his father when he felt he understood, "Like that old man who always sits on the sidewalk by the drugstore? He smells funny. You know that man with no arms and the black thing over his eye? He's too lazy to work, right Dad?"

Victor quickly looked away from his son and fumbled with the newspaper he had been reading. "Well, uhh, no, he's not lazy...But, uhh, some people have a difficult time

Charles G.B. Evans

finding a job that they are able to do because they might not know how or they might not be strong enough or...."

"But why are they poor?" David insisted.

"Well Davey, if you don't have a job then you don't get any money and if you don't have money, you can't buy things."

"Yeah, but why are they poor?"

Victor had had just about enough of David's questions, "David, some people don't have jobs so they don't have money. That means they're poor. Now what don't you understand?"

"I just don't know why there's so many dirty people downtown who always say they're so cold and hungry when there's so many Christians around."

David looked up at his father with what looked like the wisdom and pain of a man ten times his age and then just walked away.

When he was ten David accompanied his dad to a meeting at the church. Pastor Harold Barnes was there along with Tony Capitano, the man who led the choir, Gerald Steele, who was the church treasurer, Gino Morse, the Sunday School superintendent, and Richard Cooper,

THE DEVIL'S PUPPETS

who didn't really have a church title but had been attending The Independent Gospel Church for twenty-six years.

The men had met at the church early one Saturday morning to discuss a large donation which had been left in the will of a long-time member.

The church mortgage had been paid off long before so Gerald suggested that the money, just under thirteen thousand dollars, be used to replace all the windows in the building and perhaps repave the parking lot.

Tony on the other hand felt that the money should be used as a down payment on a new building which would become a sister church to Independent Gospel. Mr. Cooper liked that idea and he patted Tony on the shoulder with a smile and a wink.

Victor and Gino joked with one another about how nice it would be to spend the money on a new fishing boat until Pastor Barnes shot them a serious look. He wanted a new office and he wasn't ashamed to say so.

"I think I've earned a new office, don't you?" The pastor asked as he looked around the room. "I'd like some nice dark paneling, floor to ceiling bookshelves, a nice big, padded swivel chair, and plush, plush carpeting - You know, the kind you really sink into -Oh, and a desk. A great big, beautiful mahogany desk."

Charles G.B. Evans

"The boat's a better idea Harold." Victor teased, "At least then we could all enjoy it."

The other men laughed until Gino noticed David leaving the office. "Hey, where ya goin' Sport?"

David stopped halfway through the doorway and looked back into the office. "I'm just gonna go wait on the steps. It's nice outside."

"Well, how do you think the church should spend all that money Davey?" Victor Klien was trying to make his son feel included but he didn't really expect a serious answer. He got one.

David looked at Pastor Barnes and said, "I think we should take care of all the little kids who don't got anything."

Suddenly every adult in the place felt uneasy. It seemed as though each one had the same idea at the same time as all five of them lowered their eyes and stared at the floor.

David continued, "There's a kid in my class at school, Billy Austin, his hands are always cold 'cause he don't got any gloves. Yesterday I gave him my blue ones. Billy said him and his brother and sister usually have cereal for supper. There's a lotta kids who need stuff at my school. Jeanie's like that too. I don't like her much 'cause she's a

THE DEVIL'S PUPPETS

tattle-tale but I feel sorry for her. She always wears the same dress, even when it's cold outside, 'cause she says she only has one nice one. She never has a lunch bag with her so Mrs. Turner shared her lunch with her on Wednesday and Thursday.

"I think that's where all that money should go. We should use it to buy stuff for kids like Billy and Jeanie, stuff that they need. Then we could be like Jesus, huh Dad? It'd be just like the good salamander story in the Bible."

When he finished speaking, David walked out of the office and down the hall whistling quietly. He didn't seem to realize how powerful his thoughts were.

* * * * *

It seemed to get harder and harder for David to enjoy church with each passing birthday. Everything outside was changing and growing, the local high school had just been completely revamped inside and out, the shopping mall was constructing a whole new wing with ten new stores and a cinema with eight separate theaters, and David himself was changing.

David, and all of his friends for that matter, was experiencing new thoughts and opinions and new feelings. He was beginning to look at girls differently than he had just a year or two earlier, he was beginning to rely more on

Charles G.B. Evans

friends and peers than on his parents, he even took the time to wonder about his future from time to time.

But while so much was changing in and around David Klien, The Independent Gospel Church was still very much the same. The sermons always meant a lot more to the adults than to the young people, the music was always slow and lifeless, and many of the older members seemed very uncomfortable when any sort of change was suggested.

As David entered his early teen years he began to feel the pressures and temptations that lie in wait for adolescence.

Many of his friends were beginning to plan weekend parties on a regular basis and as time went on, and each one grew a little braver, well-hidden bottles of beer came to be expected.

And then there were the kids at school; not really friends of David, but kids that he knew and hung around with from time to time. It was this group that first entertained the idea of trying marijuana and eventually began bringing a varied assortment of alcohol to the weekend get-togethers.

When all this had begun David played it smart.

THE DEVIL'S PUPPETS

In fact, he was still teased occasionally about his initial reaction to one of the parties. Jason was sharing a joint with a young girl when David arrived.

"What is that, Jason?" David asked. "What the heck are you doing?"

"Hey David! Glad you could make it...Here, ya want one?"

David couldn't believe that his best friend was smoking marijuana. He toyed with the idea of trying to act like one of the cool guys but decided he just wasn't ready to. "That stuff stinks! What if your mother finds out about it? You shouldn't be doing that kind of crap."

Jason looked around at the others and smiled. Deciding to use the opportunity to show how cool he was, he rolled his eyes as he looked toward David. "It's cool, Dave. No one's home. Besides, my mother wouldn't know what this stuff is if she smelled a truckload of it!"

Everyone laughed at his last comment and Jason felt like he fit in with the group.

It wasn't too long after that that David got stoned for the first time. And after that first time, it happened a lot.

Some of the music that David and his friends started listening to didn't help matters much either.

Charles G.B. Evans

Both Jason and David had always enjoyed the same bands and musicians, mostly top ten hits and popular songs. But with the alcohol, parties and drugs came heavier and heavier music. Jason frequently joked about the popular phrase "sex and drugs and rock and roll" and the obvious truth to it.

When he first heard grindcore and death metal David hated it. He couldn't believe that people, his own friends, actually enjoyed listening to the hard-driving, pounding rhythms with nothing but negative and depressing lyrics. But, like the drugs that he was so opposed to in the beginning, the music grew on him.

Through a natural kind of evolution of likes and dislikes, David determined that black metal music or gothic rock was his favorite.

He began buying cds of bands that seemed to sing more about death and pain and misery than anything else. And the predominant theme of such bands, expressed through their music as well as their stage sets and album covers, was Satanism.

It wasn't really the music that aroused David's interest in the occult. That is to say, the music alone couldn't be blamed for it. It was actually a combination of many influences and circumstances; the confusion and frustration of being neither a child nor an adult. The struggle to do well in school, plan for the future and still fit in with his

THE DEVIL'S PUPPETS

peers. The challenge of finding and winning the girl of his dreams.

But more than any of these, the main reason David considered involving himself in the occult at all, though he didn't realize it at the time, was his dissatisfaction with Pastor Harold Barnes and the Independent Gospel Church. This opened the door for David to look elsewhere for a meaningful religion and later, black metal music suggested an alternative.

"Do you think any of these guys are really devil worshipers?" David was talking to Jason while intently studying a rock and roll fan magazine.

"Nah, it's just a gimmick to sell records. But then....Well, I don't know. Some of 'em sure seem to know what they're talking about."

"Yah, what about Ritchie Blood, that drummer, I bet he's into it." David said. And then, without looking up and with a serious tone he asked, "Do you think maybe they have the right religion, Jason?"

Jason looked at David for a moment before answering, "What are you talking about, the right religion? What do you mean?"

David finally put down his magazine and looked at his friend, "Well church sure ain't much good is it? I mean, we

Charles G.B. Evans

both know that. I've been going to the same church all my life and I'm bored outta my skull! There's got to be more to religion than fallin' asleep in a church pew every friggin' week. If there really is a God, there must be more to knowing Him than that! There's gotta be!"

David may have been young, but he was passionate about this. He wanted a religion. He desperately wanted something powerful to believe in. Unfortunately, based on the lifeless church he had attended with his family for so long, he was concluding, without consciously trying, that Christianity couldn't be the way to find God. Whoever or whatever God was.

Less than a month after his conversation with Jason, David was watching a television movie about a haunted castle when he heard an actress use the term "astral projection." David had heard these words before in a song by one of his favorite rock bands. After hearing it in the movie he was watching, he determined to find out what it was.

After the morning service the following Sunday, David went into the church library while his parents were chatting with friends and neighbors in the vestibule.

David scanned the bookshelves but didn't notice anything that looked like it might help. Finally, he stepped closer to the shelves and began reading titles one by one. "How to Get Rich Through Positive Confession," "If

THE DEVIL'S PUPPETS

You're Sick, Are You Sure You're Saved?" "Jesus Called Us Little Gods!" "You Can Have Whatever You Claim!" "Jesus Christ-One Of Many Incarnations," "The Bible's Missing Pages," "Need More Money? Here's What to Do."

Though there were literally hundreds of books in the little library, not one of them seemed concerned with any serious topics or doctrinal matters.

David shoved his hands into his pockets and walked out the door.

He knew it wouldn't be hard to find what he was looking for at the school library the next day.

CHAPTER 3

The smell of fresh-brewed coffee filled the house.

Mrs. Klien had breakfast ready and waiting when David made his way into the kitchen after his shower. It was another Monday morning. Kids back to school, adults back to work, the futile cycle, as David called it, had begun yet again in the Klien household as it had for at least the past seventeen years.

But something wasn't entirely normal.

Although he couldn't quite figure it out, David knew deep down inside that something was going to happen. It wasn't a feeling really, nor an inner voice, but almost a precognitive suspicion that evil was approaching.

Strangely, when Mr. Klien walked into the kitchen, whistling and energetically struggling with his tie, the foreboding increased to such an extreme that David could feel a distinct discomfort within his very being. "What is going on?", David wondered half out loud, half to himself.

"What's that Dear?", asked David's mother as she busily poured coffee and orange juice and set a platter of steaming pancakes on the table.

"Huh? Oh, nothing Mom. Nothing".

THE DEVIL'S PUPPETS

"It didn't sound like 'nothing' to me David. You were mumbling about something." Mrs. Klien was not being pushy, just trying to ignite a bit of conversation at the breakfast table...

"I said it was nothing. Can't you just leave me alone?"

David's response was calm and quiet but it held a definite firmness that clearly shook Sarah Klien.

"My goodness David, I didn't mean to upset you. I was only teasing."

At this point Victor Klien stepped into the discussion, "Since when do you talk to your Mother that way? I don't know if maybe you just got up on the wrong side of the bed this morning or what, but don't you let me catch you talking to Mom that way again."

"I'm sorry Mom," David said as he stared directly at his father, "I guess I didn't get enough sleep or something. I feel so edgy..."

The next five or ten minutes around the breakfast table were uneventful. But that nagging sensation of impending disaster continued to well up within David even as he talked and joked with his parents and sister.

The talk was the same as any other week day morning. Mrs. Klien would ask Laurie if she had any up-

Charles G.B. Evans

coming tests or exams but be too busy scraping leftovers into the trash to really hear the answer. David would ask Mr. Klien if he could use the car on the weekend and hear the usual, "Dunno," muttered from behind the morning paper.

Without warning though, Victor Klien folded the newspaper and set it on the table in front of him...And David sensed that this was it.

"So Dave," began Mr. Klien, "I saw old Jason Ingle outside watering his plants this morning when I went out to get the paper."

"Yeah Dad? How's he doing lately?", David tried to control what was going on inside him as he answered.

"Oh he's fine. Just fine. A little concerned about you though. He asked me if everything was o.k. yesterday."

"Yesterday?"

"Uh huh. Seems he saw you running home from church around 10:45 and then rushing back at twelve. Funny, you know. We were all in church," Victor emphasized his point by making a circular motion around the table with his arm, "We thought you were there too."

And then it happened.

THE DEVIL'S PUPPETS

Whatever David had been feeling, whatever it was that was building up inside him, this was what it had been waiting for...

David jumped up from his chair violently thrusting himself away from the table causing his chair to slide and then fall backward while his glass fell forward, smashing on a plate and showering Laurie with orange juice. "That old man is a rotten liar!", he exclaimed as he pointed toward the door in the direction of the neighbor's house.

Sarah Klien was completely shocked by this unprecedented outburst and she couldn't help but awkwardly spit a mouthful of coffee back into her cup as she gasped at her son's startling behavior.

"You watch your mouth young man!", Victor shouted as he stood to his feet. "Maybe Jason just made a mistake...There's no reason to get all upset and start calling him a liar!"

As hard as he tried, David just could not seem to calm down or control himself. He could feel his face growing red and both hands tighten into fists. "HE IS A LIAR! AND IT'S NONE OF HIS DAMN BUSINESS WHERE I GO OR WHAT I DO!"

David had cursed occasionally and used most of the popular four-letter words that he heard so often at school,

Charles G.B. Evans

but this was the first time in his life his parents had ever heard him.

Laurie just stared at her brother, unable to believe what she was hearing. She had heard him curse many times. In fact she had often been the target of his off-handed remarks. But she thought he knew better than to use language like that within earshot of their dad.

Mr. Klien was around the table and standing face to face with his son before David had completely finished what he was saying.

Mrs. Klien sat transfixed in her chair literally shaking and beginning to cry as she hoped against hope that her husband would be able to control himself. Victor Klien was no small man and she knew what he was capable of when he was crossed.

But no harm would come to David this day. This fact became frighteningly real to Victor as he caught the glare in his son's staring eyes.

Anyone looking through the kitchen window from outside the house would have thought he was dreaming. Here was a six foot, four inch adult man weighing every ounce of two hundred and sixty pounds...and he was being obviously intimidated by a pale, thin, five foot, nine inch kid.

THE DEVIL'S PUPPETS

But this was no dream and Victor knew it. What he saw in those eyes, or rather, what he felt, was shaking him to his very core. Fear began to grow within him. A fear that he had never known before. Fear that felt worse than death. Worse than all the movies, horror novels, or nightmares could ever portray. He stepped back a pace or two from his son, suddenly feeling uncomfortable about being so close to him and, not wanting to add any fuel to his son's evident rage, he immediately calmed himself and spoke with a normal tone. "David, what is wrong with you? Why are you so upset? I think maybe all of this has been blown way out of proportion. How 'bout we just forget it for now and talk about it later."

David said nothing.

Sarah looked at her daughter with pleading eyes which seemed to be begging for some kind of an explanation. Laurie noticed her mother's expression and shrugged her shoulders. They both looked back again to David.

Mr. Klien, clearly shaken by the abnormal attitude his son was displaying, desperately tried to settle the issue. "Look Son, I guess its really not that big a deal. So you missed a church service, there's always another one next week right?"

Charles G.B. Evans

As soon as the words had left his mouth Victor knew that he had made a mistake. Instead of calming David down, that last comment threw him into a frenzy.

"I don't care if there's a service everyday! I'm not going back to church so just drop it!", David's eyes were blazing as he slammed both fists on the table for emphasis.

"But Davy," Mrs. Klien had finally found her voice, "We need to go to chur..."

"BULL! THAT'S THE LAST THING I NEED! You know as well as I do that the church is full of hypocrites and that's not what I need. Their wallets full of money, their hearts are full of greed. They tell you that they'll help you, but what they're really sayin' Jack, is 'First time that I get the chance I'll stab you in the back!' with that David spun and headed for the door. As he walked away from the house his family could hear him singing, "The first time that I get the chance, I'll stab you in the back. I'll stab you in the back."

Mrs. Klien was shaking as she reached into her pocket in search of a tissue to wipe her eyes. Although she looked right at them, she was too preoccupied with her own thoughts to notice that both her husband and daughter were quivering as well. And Laurie was crying.

Victor saw a tear appear in the corner of his daughter's left eye and after watching it roll all the way down her face

THE DEVIL'S PUPPETS

and drip onto the table in front of her, he spoke, although it was scarcely more than a whisper. "I've heard that before..."

"I couldn't hear you Daddy", Laurie said with an apologetic tone to her voice.

"What Davy said before he left. I've heard it before...But where?"

"It's a song Daddy," Laurie replied rather matter-of-factly.

"Yes, a song!", Victor exclaimed as he stood to his feet, "I knew I had heard it before! David has that song on an album doesn't he?"

"Are you kidding?", Laurie asked with a snicker, "He's got it on a cd, he's got it on a dvd and he's got the lyrics scribbled on most of his notebooks at school. It's his favorite song, Dad, he listens to it constantly."

Victor Klien seemed to become obsessed with this new information. Why would his son quote rock and roll lyrics to him in the middle of an argument? He wondered what else this song had to say.

"Laurie, what's the name of that song?"

Charles G.B. Evans

"Uh, I'm not really sure...Something like 'What's Good About It?' or 'What Good Does it do?'. I'd know it if I read the title somewhere."

Laurie's father quickly turned and left the kitchen, yelling over his shoulder almost as an afterthought, "Come with me."

Again Mrs. Klien glanced at her daughter with a questioning look in her eyes. Laurie offered a poor excuse for a smile and quickly followed her dad down the hall and into David's bedroom.

Turning the door knob and pushing the door open, Victor Klien was not at all prepared for what greeted him.

The wall farthest from the door was covered with posters of naked women, torn from the centers of various pornographic magazines. There had to be at least fourteen or fifteen pictures on display, each one a little more graphic than the one above it. Almost like a pictorial expression of how David had started to change slowly, represented by the top row of posters, to how he had gradually but steadily become completely engrossed in different aspects of perversion - sexual and otherwise.

Laurie bumped into her father when he stopped in his tracks as though he couldn't quite bring himself to enter this strange environment. With no conscious effort at all on her part, Laurie walked around him and approached the

THE DEVIL'S PUPPETS

display. Stopping a foot or two from the wall she gasped to herself as she took in the scene before her.

Some of the shots were simply attractive women without clothes. Nothing more. But the others! Laurie couldn't believe what she was seeing. Was this really her brother's room? Did he put these posters on the wall? Suddenly she shivered as she thought of how close they were to one another. They hugged often and he would often hold her when she was scared or if she had hurt herself in some way. It had always been this way and she was thankful. Thankful that she had such a close and helpful friend in her brother.

But she couldn't help feeling a bit disgusted when she thought of the hands that had hugged her close just the other day when she had received such a good grade on a test she had been worried about. The hands that tenderly wiped away her tears when she had broken up with a boyfriend after several weeks of trouble.

These same hands had arranged this filthy display. That thought bothered her. How could he be so different?

She shook her head as if to erase the thoughts that were running through her mind and surveyed the wall again. Closer to the bottom she saw a poster of two women holding one another. A different one showed one man with three women. The last one she cared to look at featured a very pretty young girl, for that is what she looked like-just

Charles G.B. Evans

a young girl, completely naked with a huge snake wrapped around her body.

Mr. Klien managed to get control of himself after the initial shock had passed. Turning his gaze to the left side of the room he immediately noticed more posters displaying men in skin-tight leather pants which left very little to the imagination. There were five posters on this wall and Victor examined each one individually.

In addition to the tight leather pants, the four men in the first photo each had hair halfway down their backs, at least two ear rings in each ear and more rings and necklaces than Victor Klien had ever seen in one place.

The tallest man of this group was provocatively licking his lips while grasping the crotch of his pants with his right hand, a hand which had a pentagram prominently tattooed on it.

Klien turned away in repulsion and considered the poster to the left of the one he had just looked at.

This one featured only three men, one of whom wore thick black make-up above his eyes and dark black lipstick which combined to give him an evil, sinister countenance.

The other two were naked from the waist up and both wore wide, studded dog collars around their necks. They were holding one another's hand.

THE DEVIL'S PUPPETS

Another of the posters caught Klien's attention before he was really finished looking at the previous one. It featured a tall thin man with dark hair and dark eyes and completely dressed in black-black knee-high boots, black pants, black jacket-all leather. Over all of this he wore a hooded robe, black on the outside, red inside. It reminded Victor of the typical cape worn by movie vampires.

The strange looking man was leaning slightly forward in the poster, obviously "hamming it up" for the camera. He held a bright red guitar in his scrawny hand. But it was what he held in his other hand that kept Victor transfixed. It was actually the first thing one noticed when looking at the poster but Klien had made himself ignore it until he had examined the rest of the picture.

Now he directed his full attention to the center of the photo.

And he could not believe what he was seeing.

This devilish-looking creature was holding a large silver crucifix up in front of his face. He was holding it upside down and lewdly flicking at it with the tip of his fully extended tongue.

Klien literally flung himself towards the wall and grasped at the top of the offensive picture, ripping it from the wall. The commotion startled Laurie who had found David's record collection and was searching for the song

Charles G.B. Evans

he had quoted earlier. She jumped up and saw the torn poster, half in her father's hands, half on the floor at his feet. "Hey, that's him!", Laurie exclaimed.

Mr. Klien didn't know what his daughter was talking about.

"What?"

"That's him. The guy on the poster. He's the one who sings the song we're looking for. I just saw his album here a second ago." Laurie turned her attention back to the boxes of cds and quickly shuffled through them. Before long she stood up again and handed her father a double album which had been recorded live in concert.

That was him alright. The man in the photograph on the back of the album cover was the one in the poster that had just been removed from David's bedroom wall.

"You're right, Honey." Victor half-smiled as he looked at his daughter. "This is the freak on the poster. But which song is it?"

"Daddy, I really have to get going. I'm going to be late for my first class as it is." Laurie began walking out the door as she spoke. "I'm sure it's on that album. Remember, it's the one called 'What's Good About It?' or something similar. You'll find it. Gotta go."

THE DEVIL'S PUPPETS

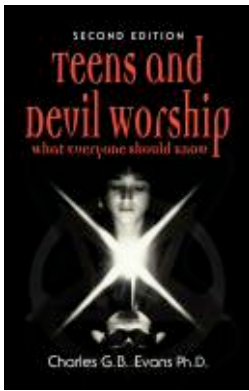
Laurie was already halfway down the hall before Victor even realized she had left. He was scanning the album jacket for a list of the songs contained on the album. As he opened the cover he found the offending song title immediately. There in blazing letters across the top of both inside panels of the album jacket he read the words,

WHAT GOOD DOES IT DO?

Live in Concert

Damion Tess!

Victor closed the cover and looked at the illustration on the front as his daughter walked back to the doorway of the room. "Dad?" she waited for him to notice her and when he did, she looked around the room as if to remind her father of their initial shock. "Dave's o.k., isn't he?"



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