

The Devil's Puppets

Be careful what you wish for...



Charles G.B. Evans



The Devil's Puppets centers around a young teenager named David who, with some friends, decides that satanism and black magick may provide the religious thrills he seeks. Loosely based on the author's own experiences as a teenage satanist, as well as more infamous cases of heinous crimes committed by young people in the name of satan, this book offers food for thought for parents, pastors and church leaders, as well as for teenagers themselves.

The Devil's Puppets

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THE
DEVIL'S
PUPPETS

A Novel

by Charles G.B. Evans

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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?"

CHAPTER 4

Sarah Klien was wiping blood from her arm when her husband returned to the kitchen angrily clutching the offending album like some sort of gory prize, holding it away from himself as though he was afraid of catching something from it.

"Here's that sickening record David was quoting from. Let's go play it and find out what else...", Victor stopped short when he noticed the blood on Sarah's arm and down the front of her dress.

Before being asked Sarah said, "Cut myself...on the glass that broke".

"Looks like you did a good job. Are you alright?"

"Yes, yes. It's not as bad as it looks", Mrs. Klien answered as she glanced at her dress and realized just how bad it really did look. "I'll be finished here in a minute. You go put the music on and I'll be there shortly".

"I'll turn it up loud enough so that you can hear it in here", Victor offered.

Sarah quickly shook her head without looking up. "No, don't do that. I don't really know if I want to hear it at all."

THE DEVIL'S PUPPETS

Victor Klien looked at his wife thoughtfully. He knew how easily she got upset over this type of thing. "I'll just be in the den, Honey."

With that Victor turned and left the kitchen staring at the album cover as he made his way to the den.

After sliding the cd into the disk player he sat in his favorite recliner and studied the album jacket more intensely. In his haste to locate the song in question Victor hadn't really paid too much attention to the highly detailed illustration on the front cover of the album.

He analyzed it now and immediately noticed how much work and detail had gone into it. It was obvious that a very talented artist had worked long and hard on it.

After his initial admiration for the artistic merit of the painting on the cover, Victor began to frown and shake his head when he took in the various aspects of it.

In the center of the illustration was a huge, ancient-looking rock with a naked female form securely bound to it. Of course the artist had taken extra care to see that she was as strikingly beautiful as possible. Her golden blonde hair was extremely long and it fanned out at the top of the rock on which she was tied and tumbled to the dirt. Her body was perfect and it was more than obvious that the artist had only one thing in mind when he painted her, namely to sexually excite the millions of teenagers who

Charles G.B. Evans

would buy the album, many of whom would buy it simply because of the cover illustration.

Mr. Klien spoke out loud to the empty room, "How can they sell this pornographic trash to minors, why is it legal?"

Approaching the bound and helpless victim from the uppermost center of the drawing was a line of hooded individuals with long, flowing black robes. Each one held a black candle which, although lit, seemed to give off no light at all.

Victor counted the figures beginning with the one at the end of the line, "...ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen. I should have guessed."

When he came to the thirteenth figure, the one at the head of the line, Victor was again impressed by the skill of the artist for it seemed that when he stared at the face of the leader of this satanic coven, the face would alternate between that of Damion Tess...and Satan. Victor knew that at any given time he could see small horns and a hideously evil expression on the character which would just as quickly fade and be replaced by the anorexic pallor of Tess.

Klien shook his head and noticed five small words in the bottom right hand corner of the illustration - COVER ART BY DAMION TESS.

THE DEVIL'S PUPPETS

"No kidding", mumbled Victor, half surprised - half amused. "I should have known."

The illustration made it clear that Tess, or rather the painted figure of Tess, was leading the group to the woman on the rock. The black-handled knife in his skeleton-like hand made it evident that she was about to be sacrificed in a pagan ritual. But something about her puzzled Victor although he couldn't quite decide just what it was.

The bulging veins in the woman's arms and legs and the hardened blood surrounding the ropes which held her wrists and ankles made it all-too-obvious that she was tied very tightly and that she had been in this position for several hours. And yet, her face...there was something about her face. Where there should have been stark, unexplainable terror - There was desire. There was lust.

The expression on this woman's face made it look like there could be nothing more pleasurable than to die in this ungodly manner.

Victor asked again, "How can they sell this stuff..."

Leaning forward and stretching just a bit allowed Victor to push the play button on the cd player without getting up from his chair. For some reason, Victor Klien rarely bothered to use remote controls. As soon as he had settled back comfortably the music began and he quickly lurched forward and jabbed at the pause button.

Charles G.B. Evans

The screeching notes of a Fender Stratocaster and the rumbling thunder of an extra loud bass guitar had convinced Victor that there had to be a huge wad of dirt or dust in the machine.

He checked.

There wasn't.

Victor checked the speed. He had it set correctly. He watched the disk revolve for several seconds looking for warps or chips. There were none.

"You mean it's supposed to sound like that?" Klien asked in a whisper, "Unbelievable."

He gently pushed the play button again and sat back in his chair, this time somewhat prepared for the so-called music of Damion Tess.

As the loud guitars, thundering bass and pounding drums built to a crescendo and the screaming fans began to applaud wildly and whistle, the powerful, unrestrained voice of Damion Tess began to sing...

**Your parents are all avols
How can you vovd dem?**

With a shocked look on his face Victor started the disk again. He'd never really listened to heavy metal music

THE DEVIL'S PUPPETS

before and he was having a difficult time understanding many of the lyrics. After three tries he could finally make out what Tess was saying. He discovered that this wasn't actually part of a song but was more like a chant which Tess repeated at least a dozen times. It was obvious that the entire crowd of approximately 23,000 young people were chanting right along with him too.

Victor couldn't believe the first line. Tess was blatantly referring to parents, all parents everywhere, with a foul, vulgar street term which Victor could only bring himself to repeat silently. His lips formed the word but there was no sound.

The second line, again referring to parents, was clearer, "How can you love them?"

Klien listened to the mocking question and couldn't help but think of the serpent's wickedness in the Book of Genesis when he tempted Eve by casting doubt on what the Lord had said, "Yea, hath God said?"

When Tess had had enough of the chanting the rhythm and tempo of the music changed and the crowd went wild. Victor could barely make out what Tess was saying over the noise. It sounded like he was thanking a particular individual girl or girls in the front row. Victor made a mental note to ask Laurie if she knew what it was about.

Charles G.B. Evans

As Victor leaned forward and set his full attention on what he was listening to, the song began.

**There's a fool they say to listen to
Many call him preacher
But when you think of what he's telling you,
You'll see he ain't no teacher
He'll tell you all about your sins
Your lyin' and your cheatin'
He'll tell you all 'bout God above
and the Devil He's defeatin'**

At this point in the song all of the instruments abruptly stopped with the exception of the drums which beat out a powerful, mesmerizing rhythm which sounded much like that used by the practitioners of voodoo which Victor had heard in Haiti several years earlier.

Although Klien was not enjoying the lyrics, the overly-loud instruments or the screaming audience, he noticed that his right foot was pumping up and down in perfect sync with the drums. He immediately stopped it and looked around the room as though he was afraid of anyone seeing him.

Within seconds Tess' deep voice returned with another verse.

**But we all know who the stronger one is
and it sure ain't No one above**

THE DEVIL'S PUPPETS

**No it ain't that man Jesus,
pushing gentleness and love.
The one we serve is Lucifer
and he's the one who'll win
'Cause he's the one who lets us live
according to our sin**

With a shaking hand Victor reached for the stereo and switched it off. He buried his face in his rugged hands and wept, "Oh dear Lord, what is happening? What is happening to this world? What is happening to my son?"

Not even the confrontation that he had had with David earlier that morning had prepared Victor for what he had heard. Many times he had listened to various television preachers denouncing rock and roll and he had read plenty of articles on the topic as well. But he never dreamed it could be so bad.

"Are you o.k. Vic?" Mrs. Klien stood in the doorway of the den holding a mug of hot coffee she'd brought for her husband.

"Huh? Oh, Sarah. Listen to just a bit of this. You won't believe it." Victor turned the stereo on and fast-forwarded midway through the song he had been listening to.

**...not what I need,
Their wallets full of money.
Their hearts are full of greed.**

Charles G.B. Evans

**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.'**

Sarah and Victor Klien stared silently at the stereo with eyes that were wide with a troublesome mixture of shock and fear.

Victor reached for the volume control and turned it completely off. The disk continued to spin but no sound came from the small speakers at either end of the bookcase.

Victor spoke first. "Those are the exact words David said this morning."

"Yes. Word for word."

"Sarah, this album is absolute filth! From the perverse artwork on the cover to the blasphemous lyrics in the songs. Where did David get this trash anyway?"

"From us," Sarah whispered, her head bowed.

"What?"

"He got that record from us Victor. We gave it to him for his birthday."

THE DEVIL'S PUPPETS

"Don't be silly Sarah, we would never have even allowed this in our home if we'd known about it!" Victor couldn't believe what his wife was suggesting.

"As soon as I looked at the cover I remembered it. David told Laurie that he was hoping to get it on his birthday and Laurie suggested that we get it for him. Don't you remember? You're the one who drove her to the mall to buy it."

Victor looked at the cover again and thought back to that day. Laurie had just got into the car and showed her father the album. He had made a face at it and told her he didn't want to see it...

"Oh my Lord! We did give it to him! And look what it's taught him!"

Victor turned to look at Sarah with an expression of utter shame and helplessness. "How can we criticize him for listening to this stuff when we bought it for him?", Victor asked out loud without really expecting, or wanting, an answer.

"It's understandable, Honey. After all, do you know any parents that listen to every cd or watch every movie their children own before they let them have it?"

"Sarah that's not the point," Victor's remorse caused him to be more harsh with his wife than he had intended.

Charles G.B. Evans

"Do you know any parents that bother to listen to their kid's music at all? I mean, we allow this filthy trash into our homes without thinking twice about it and then we're surprised when we see behavior like David's this morning. Why don't we just get some drugs and booze and invite the neighborhood kids into our home for a seance!"

"Victor you're talking nonsense! It's only a harmless record!"

"Am I? Have you seen Dave's room?"

Sarah didn't understand the question, "His...room...of course I've seen his room."

"No, no. Have you seen his room...laaatelly?" Victor Klien wasn't in the habit of being sarcastic, especially not to his wife, but he desperately wanted his wife to comprehend the seriousness of their new-found family situation.

"Well, no. David sat me down a month or two ago and told me that he thought it was about time he started to pick up after himself...vacuum his room, make the bed...I couldn't believe my ears!" Sarah's ear to ear smile displayed a tinge of pride in her son's maturity.

"So you haven't seen it then?"

THE DEVIL'S PUPPETS

"No I haven't seen it," Mrs. Klien was becoming frustrated. Right about now she didn't know who had a bigger problem, her son or her husband. "He suggested that perhaps we should start giving him a bit of privacy. I think he had a point."

"Come on.", Victor rose from his chair and marched straight for David's bedroom. Sarah followed somewhat sheepishly.

When he reached for the doorknob Victor suddenly calmed down and realized that this would probably upset his wife more than it had bothered him. "Prepare yourself," he said.

"Oh, for what? What in the world could be so b...", Her question was stopped short when Victor swung open the bedroom door and Sarah saw what looked like a New York City drug den she had seen on a television news report the week before.

Victor immediately noticed something different. Everything appeared the same; the rock posters, the boxes full of albums and cassettes, the obscene centerfolds on the wall. But something had changed...

...And then he knew.



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The Devil's Puppets

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