

# **Anthology of the Occult**

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## **Part I**

# **The possesion of Jeremey Loch**



# Chapter 1

"I just dont know what to do."

"Yes I know my child." The father cleared his throat and continued, "In these types of cases, we need to pass through red tape as thick as the earth itself. You have to understand–"

"Understand what exactly?" I spoke up. i pulled my hands out of my jeans, "What the hell are we doing here? We are supposed to be helping their son and you want to talk about red tape."

"Father Peter, I can assure you–"

"I am not a father." I said it plainly, and I had a mind to continue my grievances, but the mother spoke up:

"Then what are you? Why are you here? You haven't done anything since you have gotten here. All you have done is smoke and drink... CONSTANTLY." She shook her head violently, "You are drunk right now I bet. and you have the audacity to even discount my religion. Father O'Hennessy–"

"Has done absolutely nothing! But here is the fucked up thing about it. He knows he can't do anything. Do you want to know why he cant?" I didn't let her get a word in edgewise. She needed to know the truth, no matter how bad that truth was. "You are putting so much in the Church, when the damn church doesnt even believe you." I turned around. "Isn't that right?" He looked agast, but when he looked at the mother; all Father O'Hennessy saw was doubt. "I believe that this is your cue to explain what I mean."

He fingered the rosary around his neck, and chooned his lip. After a pregnant silence, he spoke up: "You must understand. Real posessions are not as common as you might think." "You have got to be fucking with me!"

"Mrs. Loch please, The church cannot send their highly trained proffesionals to every supposed possession! And to be honest there hasn't been any proof yet!"

"No proof? No proof!" She gafawed, and then her eyes shot right through the priest. She wanted to get this into his soul not just into the priest's ears. "What about my son talking in a dead comma?"

"Mrs. Loch there are tons of evidence of that happening in normal commas."

"The what about the shadows surrounding him in the security cameras?"

"The could be doctored in realtime. There could be any number of explanations. The church needs more proof in order to move forward with any sort of investigation."

"Then what about the rat?" I was done with this show.

The mother turned around and stared at me, "You mean gunther? What about gunther?"

"Father O'Henessey, when Job was set against by the devil, was it not true that his stewardship, his flock, was tortured or even slaugthered?"

"Yes that is true, but what does that have to do with–"

"And Mrs. Loch, if I told you that Gunther was dead would you believe me?"

"Not in the slightest."

"And why is that?" Mrs loch stopped and looked at me. Then She started running to the kid's room. i followed and saw the familiar scene. The pale faced child no more then seven, hooked up to machines of all kinds. He was emaciated, and even though he was under a comma, he looked like he is was in so much anguish. It took me a-back as I saw the child. This wasn't fair.

The mother took me out of my thoughts. "See he is ok." She offered to let me hold him, and so I did. I pet the poor rat. "There is just one problem." I looked her straight in the eyes, and with authority, "Rats can't gag." The priest walked in and that was when it happened. The rat began to convulse and gag. I quickly put back the poor rat. "Father, step out if you would." He listened surprisingly, and then as he left the room the rat went back to his normal self. "I dont know, maybe its a coincidence that nature's lawas are being broken when ever there is the presence of the holy around this child?" It wasnt really a qustion, but she took it as one.

"Do you think that the demon is affecting the rest of the house."

"Yes and no. Demons are obssesed with life. They feed off of the life force of everything around it. Powerful demons that I have seen can sap the life out of towns. Hundreds of people at once, but this one is only able to affect a boy and his rat. But the demon is hardly able to affect the rat let alone the Jeremey." We started walking out of the room, and met with Father O'Hennessy. "This is definitely a posession, fortunately for the boy, this isn't even a real demon. An imp most likely."

"Are you sure about that? Peter Dane, full of pain, wont you make me whole again." It was a new voice. It was as deep as a tuba but as raspy sandpaper. There was the sounds of bones cracking and grinding. We looked up slowly all at once. There was the boy with blacked out eyes and skin some how more sallow before. The boy was crawling on Cieling above us and his head turned all the way around. The possed smiled as the mother screamed and the priest made the sign of the cross. "Didn't You hear me? Peter Dane, full of Pain, won't you make me whole again." I opened my mouth to speak, but as soon as I did; The possesed boy open is mouth and started vomittinf a black liquid as dark as any night. The possesed dropped from the cieling fell and fell right ontop of me, in a deeper and more crude voice unnatural to any child it screemed: "PETERDANE! FULL OF PAIN! WON'T YOU MAKE ME WHOLE AGAIN!" The Possesed begain clawing at my face, trying to scratch my eyes. Then it started headbutting me repeating the triplet. Louder and Lauder it became until the sound was deafening. Then the barrage stopped.

The boy turned around aand looked at the priest. His arm was outstretched with a rosary presented. "The power of christ compells you." The possesed boy stepped back mouthing no. "I said that the Power of Christ compells you! The power of Christ compells you." With every time the priest said the words, the possesed reeled in agaony until he was back against the wall with me. I tried to say something but i couldnt my mouth was full of blood. I spit out what i could to yell but Father O'Hennessey wasn't listening, "THE POWER OF CHRIST COMPELLS YOU!" "Help me please!" This time it sounded like the child's voice. Frantically I tried to speak but more blood and black liquid had filled my mouth.

"I will help you little lamb the power of christ averts the demon." Then father O'Hennessey pointed now at the kid. "I command you foul demon—" The possesed jumped up and bit off the finger of the priest.

The thing started laughing uncontrollably. And it gyrated the boys hips. "Didn't they tell you Peter Dane? Any child of the leviathans are great and powerful." I t was about to bight at my neck, But i wante the thing closer. I spit out the eucharist right into the child's face. Smoke and white fire began to billowing off of the childs face. But it was enough time for me clear my throat, and start praying what needed to be prayed.

"Saint Michael the Achangel, defend us in battle. Be our protection against the wickedness and snares of the devil; May Adonai, The God of Holy Hosts, rebuke him, we humbly pray; O prince of the Holy Hosts, by the power of the Father, thrust into hell Satan and all evil spirits who seek the ruin of all holy men. And though I walk through valley of the shadow of death, I do not fear any evil, for you are with me lord. You are my rod and staff which I walk with. You are comfort and protect me. Cast out this wretch. Begone from the world of man, for the power of the Christ compells you!" Then for good measure I pulled out a crucifix and placed it on the forehead of the child. There was a blood curddling scream.

"LEVIATHAN!" Then like a sack of potatoes. The boy fell down out cold. I hadn't nticed it before but as soon as I cast the demon out the room went back to being lit by the sunlight. The worls was alittle more bright again.

I looked at the priest who was staring at me even though his finger was bitten off and was lying severed on the floor. "You can't Just invoke the power of Christ just because you saw that in movies! Thers's nuance. And put that finger on Ice they might be able to save that."

## Chapter 2

While Father O'Henessey went to the hospital for a hunting accident I staid at the house observing the Boy and his rat. Both were perfectly healthy. Weak. But alive and healthy. The mother pulled me away at night. "I thought you said that that... thing wasn't powerful."

"I never said that. What I said was that Powerful demon can affect whole towns. This one was hardly affecting anyone else. This wasn't just any type of demon. It was a child of the Leviathan. Gluttony incarnate. There was a reason why it wasn't just sucking up as much life force as possible."

"Why is that?" She asked weakly.

"It was planning to suck your son dry. To wring your son of his entire soul and then it would have come for you."

"So what it was a leech?"

"Exactly like a leech. However, how could it be brought into this world. There is no way that Jeremy knew how to invite a demon of that caliber into the world. These types of demons are special. They need to be invited into the world." I rubbed my chin but then cringed as the pain of the scratches reminded me of that night. "The children of the Leviathan, make deals of gluttony. They are the ones that make vampires if you could believe it."

"I didn't mean to call a demon." We turned around and there was young Jeremy. He was up and walking and looked more like he was tired rather than just possessed by a demon, but he pet his rat and cuddled the fat rat as if it was a teddy bear. "Honest mister, I wanted help."

"Well of course you didn't mean to call a demon. No one does. They are crafty and try to confuse you. Don't tell your mom I said this, but demons are assholes." I winked and that made him laugh.

But then he got somber all of a sudden. "I wasn't tricked." I really wasn't I was reading from a prayer book.

"Sweety, I know but we don't have any prayer books." I cocked an eyebrow. She picked up on it and explained: "We may say we are Catholic, But we are more like Easter Catholic. Especially after my Husband passed 3 months ago." I nodded as a matter of fact. Careful to make sure that she knew that I wasn't judging her. I didn't go at all.

"That's not true. I have one."

His mother was about to protest, but I cut her off: "I would love to see this prayer book." I smiled softly. "Please would you show me it." without missing a beat Jeremy turned around and starting limping back to his bed as he pet his rat. We followed. As we got into the room we saw that Jeremy was reaching under his bed and pulled something out. He handed it over to me saying: "The librarian said it would help. She said that this would help bring daddy back." The mother was about to burst with rage.

I interjected and said while looking at her, "What a wonderful gesture." I took the book and smiled a bright smile. "We will take a look at this and you will get to sleep. Put Gunther back and make sure to give him some food he is a little low." Jeremy nodded, and then went back and started putting Gunther back into his cage. I took the mother's arm and left the room immediately. "The last thing you need to do is get mad in front of him. He doesn't understand that this was a set up."

"I'm sorry."

"I would be that mad too. Trust me." I chewed my lip, and then narrowed my eyes as I looked at the book. It was a leather bound book.

"What are those letters on that book?" She asked, "I have never seen any type of language like that."

I breathed heavily looking at the words. "Nor should you have. It's an ancient language. The first Language. It's Enochian: the language of Lucifer the Scribe."

"A satanist cursed my child!"

I smiled, "No, not a satanist. Satanists aren't who you think they are. Most believe that Satan was right: Humans were inherently evil and were a perversion to God's grace." She was obviously confused, so I didn't spend time waiting for the inevitable question. "The difference between what Judeo-Christians believe and what Satanists believe is that Judeo-Christians believe that we committed original sin. That Adam and Eve took a bite from the Tree of Knowledge. That's why we sin. The core of the Satanic is that God made us imperfect on purpose. Setting us up for failure. The point is... this wasn't the work of a Satanist. Satanists use Latin and Aramaic."

"Who uses Enochian then?"

"I am going to find out."



# Chapter 3

I looked at my watch. It was 3:00pm and school was getting out at any second. And as if on queue, the bell rang and kids streamed out like water. I walked on past all of them and quickly towards the library. Sure enough there was the librarian. She had black hair and couldn't have been more than fresh out of college. She was putting books away on a ladder. She turned around and smiled. In a teasing tone she chuckled, "Hey I don't care that it is after school I can't be ogled at openly." I didn't acknowledge the jab. I tossed the book onto the front desk. I folded my arms across my chest. And with my eyes I gestured to the book.

"I care that you are about ten years younger than me. The book: That's some real heavy extracurricular studies. You know I swear they are teaching sex-ed and Enochian younger and younger."

"Look its harmless it was just to take the kid's mind off of—"

"I don't have time for this." I took out my knife and cut my palm and quickly in Enochian I said allowed, "The shadow gluttony, the unholy Leviathan, here my call drain the room of all light. Make it perfect for the world. Make it prime for Lucifer the light-bringer!" And almost instantaneously, the room went pitch black. It was a neat trick and it took far too long to learn it, but it told me a lot.

"Oh my fucking god! Please don't hurt me!" She kept rambling and begging. Fortunately for her, this was only a spell to make darkness to increase the powers of occultists. But I was only using it to scare her. I let her unravel for a bit and then I repeated the prayer backwards which brought the light back. When she could see again, she darted to me, "What the fuck is your problem! No! What the fuck was that! No! Just... Fuck!"

"No need to yell, you are still in a school."

"You just Dumbdored the entire room, how the fuck do you think I am not going to swear, and you have a knife what the hell! Why?"

I put away the knife, and started putting on bandages that I had prepared. I sighed. "You didn't answer my answer my question. Quid pro quo."

She slapped me, "You are going to tell me who the fuck you are or I am going to call the cops."

"Trust me," I said after feeling the reopened wound on my lip, "You really do not want to get the cops involved, Jennifer." Before she could ask how I knew her name, I answered that: "I spoke to your dad. You know the Sheriff. Really nice guy, he bought me a coffee. I was hung over from dealing with the mess you made at the Loch household. You know before high and mighty, answer the question. The book."

"That's not a question old man."

"First, I'm thirty-two. I'm not actually ten years older than you." That old man business hurt my ego a little, "Second, either you are doing a great job of covering your ass over this fiasco because you know how much trouble you would be in," she started rubbing her arms chagrined, "Or you had no idea what this thing was." I took out a cigarette and lit it up, she was going to stop me, but I stared her down and shook my head no. "I am willing to give you the benefit of the doubt. But answer, and even make it easier for you, where did you get this, and more importantly why give it to a kid? For godsake."

She closed the library early and took me to a bar. She wanted to make sure she was in a public place so that there was no way that I could try any more magic. I didn't mind. There was no way I would trust me after that. When we got our drinks she looked me dead in the eye and said, "I really had no idea that any of this shit was real." She took a deep drag of her beer and then asked for a cigarette. I obliged. "Listen, how could I have had no idea that the kid would even read that thing. Fuck, I—I was just trying to give him some peace you know? He was always so depressed and the school counselor was doing nothing about it. That's fucked up."

"And your solution to a kid being depressed about his father death, was to give him a book of spells that could open a doorway to demons if you're not careful." Her face went pale, I rolled my eyes, "I am careful. I know," I waved my hands around in the air, "Generally what that book is."

"Then why are you here if you already know what it is?"

"Generally." I took a healthy drink of my pint and then shook my head. "I honestly thought you would know... anything about it."

"I didn't say that I didn't. I said I didn't know much. And you still haven't told me what happened."

"Jeremy was possessed." She put out her beer to the dismay of the bartender.

After the bartender cleaned up the mess, she asked in a hushed tone, "Is he okay?"

"You didn't hear that he was in a coma for a week?"

"A coma? They told me that he was getting some psychiatric help. What the hell. Is he okay?" "He is ok," I finished my beer and signaled for another, "Well shaken up and sore from the contortions that he went through, but he will make it. He will definitely need psychiatric help now." She laughed an empty laugh, and she stared into her beer. She really didn't know what the thing was, or if she did she really wasn't a believer of what it stood for. "Jennifer—"

"Jenny is fine."

"Jenny... I know you weren't trying to get the damn kid possessed. But I am going to need to know everything that you know." I put my hand on her shoulder. "That's how you can make this better. By helping me make sure that this does not happen again."

She nodded her head and I took my hand off her shoulder. "She looked at me.