

TOM

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Series: the Necromancer's Tales



CRIPTOALFA
Criptodivisas
y Asesoría Personal

Preface

Thank God, who gave me the merit to write this book, I hope that you like and enjoy this labor written with all the love.

*Thanks to my family, my wife and son, who gave me the necessary time to develop this project called *Necromancer*. Also thanks to my brother's help with the edition.*

The human being is unpredictable, his future behavior is uncertain. However, there are immutable laws, spiritual laws as real as the Gravity's Law.

Selfish people deserve a nastiest end in this life and a bitter one in the next.

Those are the kind of people who waste all their money with strangers while closing their fist with their own family without giving them a coin.

Persons such as Lawyer Luna, the well-known Boss, your uncle, the corner's shopkeeper, this story applies to anyone at any time; selfishness has always been the engine and motivation of many corrupted men.

Not even the most powerful man can escape from the divine laws.

There is a spiritual rule that says "an eye for eye", and this rule applies to all God's creatures.

The Necromancer began to narrate:

It was on Christmas Eve and all December was enlightened by the Christmas spirit; meticulous housewives were hanging decorations at the entrance hall of their houses, contrasting with the Central American immigrants who passed asking for alms or something to eat at the same decorated streets with lights and Christmas trees.

Alexander, a 16 years old teenager, liked to listen to his Guns N' Roses records in his room. This night, being sure he was alone at home; prepared a marijuana's joint while he was listening to the second song from the disk "Use your illusion 2".

The marijuana had been recently legalized in that country and as a result, it had become very common for the young people to buy it.

Alexander had a beauty youth image and an admirable soul, which radiated rebellion, he was not at all an ass kisser; he was a born leader. Alex was the son of a well-known and powerful litigant of the country's capital, an educated man who spoke several languages, with a bulked beard, brawny and intimidating appearance, very controller and dominant; even at his age he always looked vigorous and strict, but that was just from outside, as inside he was a dammed frightened and weak worm...

He was a crafty and manipulative old man, without honor, liked to play the vulnerable when it was for his convenience, the complete sociopath profile. The boss sentenced people with God's anger and forgave them with His merci, according to his twisted morality.

The famous Lawyer Luna had made his fortune and power thanks to his excessive corruption and traffic of influences at the highest political level. He was a full-time authoritarian rascal, who divided

people in “good ones” those who followed him and “bad ones” those who don’t.

When someone needed a favor, he used to go to “the boss Luna”, who did not have fear to solve anything, either to strip the possessions of a poor man or to kill a rich politician, the “boss” was the hard hand to whom the fat fishes politics look for. He was the one to look for to get the chestnuts out of the fire. The famous boss Luna was born in Ocotlán, Jalisco.

The “boss” used to say to his son “the youth that beautiful gift of God or of devil, seize it because when you get my age you will take out the youth from a wallet, to which Alexander has always disgust. He was not absolutely, as his father, he hated his father’s infidelities with fifteen-year-old girls.

People say that the tree is known for its fruits; Alexander was a good boy, maybe his father was not a complete evil, was he?

That day in the celestial court, they were dictating the judgment of who would live and who die. In the spiritual world, life is a reflect of the material world; as it is above it is below; just as what was, already is and what will be, we could not add nothing to the truth and to the King’s judgment.

People should understand that there is a King who rules all of us, and King’s decree is irrevocable; being the only one with free will as you take it, if you take it with happiness and resignation or you get angry, persist in foolishness, causing more calamities to the existing ones, attracting greater evils, until you repent or until you die.

Or maybe something worse! Much worse than death! The non-existence!

Let’s see what happens with Alexander’s father...

Chapter 1. The boss

The boss came home early that night, very drunk and with the clonazepam effects in his head, rumbling his eardrum like hammering, walked staggering throughout the long and cold halls of his luxurious house. From his drunken perspective, the high and intimidating ceilings seemed much darker and gloomy. The atmosphere was tense; the silence was preceding a great chaos.

The boss Luna noticed the delicious smell of marijuana that Alexander was burning in his room.

Only Alexander stayed with lawyer Luna, he completely knew his father's routine and perfectly knew that he won't arrive home until Saturday afternoon. Tom, Alexander's youngest brother, had been sleeping in his mother's house.

In his private life, Lawyer Luna behaved like a beast; so eventually, his wife left him, taking her six years old son Tom out of this hostile and toxic atmosphere. Alexander nobly decided to stay and accompany his father, to whom he felt sorrow and pity. However, he had the naïve hope that someday his father would change to become a good person.

"He is just an insane person who needs help," he always said.

Alexander's door was closed, you could heard the song's sound "Get in the ring", the album had reached the half and the light and the attractive smoke came from under the door, worthy Snoop Dog's room or a rock star. Sometimes teenagers do stupid things as, at the moment, this seems to be a good idea. Alexander thought his father would not come back until next afternoon, "surely he will

have sex with any 15 years old girl," he thought ... and will be drown with cocaine and tequila all night long.

He had always done that, at least, each Friday night.

The chief was based on his deranged Bible's own version, on the Azazial teachings, a new age channelize of those who abound, pastors of weak souls and fat wallets.

The tension in the air was to be cut with a knife; a light cold air was entering through a small space of the hall's window; slowly, the furious boss Luna walked to Alexander's room.

Imitating Axel Roses famous step, and without suspecting anything, Alexander was dancing ecstatically on the music's rhythm, drugged in illusions. With a disrespectful blow, as given by the worst tavern drunk, the boss opened the door with all his strength, whose final slam caused a dreadful and known sound that penetrated deepest in his marrow, petrifying the young Alexander.

Chapter2. The Priest Martin

The priest Martin was in his modest rented room, which he paid monthly to a fat widow with bad manners and who without any reason, in any opportunity, enjoyed making his life a hell. Sometimes in the morning, she used to turn off the boiler, once even she put a pair of scorpions in his socks. It was such contempt that Mrs. Lourdes felt for Martin that even the money that he paid each month seemed “disgusting, but necessary” to her.

Martin was deeply asleep, dreaming practically every day, that particular day he had an unusual dream. Martin was in the second floor at his grandma’s old house in Sacramento. An ordinary afternoon, like any other, all was very pleasant with a peaceful feeling in the air.

Martin saw himself as a 6 years old child who was running towards the second floor terrace; suddenly, he began to run fast and faster, then, frightened, because of the his neighbors screams in the street, they were horror and astonishment screams.

Suddenly, peace turned into a chaos; the reason was the creature that he was looking at in the middle of the street, just some meters near his grandma’s house.

Everyone blow out in hysteria, along with the militarized groups that were getting into the area to capture the terrible creature. Purple and green lasers beat brutally the creature, while dogs barked furiously, a total chaos.

Martin could see two spaceships, surely aliens, with a rectangular shape, like a Super Nintendo cartridge with a school bus size.

Totally black with white lights stripe that were covering the backside.

The creature was 1.90 meters; it looked like humanoid, two legs, two feet, and a long tail with dark green scaly skin, covered with a strange green slime. It was smiling with its double teeth's row, every time that the military forces shot it. Martin fixed his sight at the big yellow reptile's eyes, they were trapped and Interlaced.

Martin woke violently and jumped from his bed soaked in sweat, with a tachycardia which might kill him. Then he noticed that everything was a nightmare.

~~"ASMOBO"~~... That was you". Repeated Martin at the same time he served a cup of whiskey-. It's 3:00 a.m., he opened his laptop and looked at the time, checked his skype and saw his friend Alexander on line... he decided to call him.

[Skype tone]

...

[Skype tone]

[Skype message: your call was not answered...]

Insomnia was killing him, anyway he couldn't sleep, he walked with weak step to a corner, where were his books, took out three books, the Sefer Yetzira, Pope Honorio's Grimoire and Salomon's clavicle.

Apart of being ecclesiastical, Martin was well known by his friends as an occultism's lover, and channelizer and inclusive alchemist. Some people would call him a wise, other would call him a warlock that depends on the opinion of everyone.

He took the Sefer Yetzira and decided to do a yijud (unification), he focused and entrusted himself to God All mighty and began to meditate in the Sacred Names mentioned in the book.

Martin repeated using the mantra way, over and over combinations of Hebrew words and letters, exchanging them with each other and spinning them until the divine energy that emerges from each turn envelops each atom of their matter.

This kind of facts was common in Martin's life; they were a routine and part of his nature, his contact with the supernatural and with inter-dimensional entities were natural as breathing.

Since being child, Martin was very sensible to "whistles" and "visions"; due to that, he was convinced all his life that there was a beyond and there was a life after death. Martin was sure he could heard spirits' conversations talking to each other, almost all the time, for that reason he became a priest.

Martin was welcomed by a secret society of Jesuits, called "THE HIDDEN ONES", who, to protect Martin's unusual talents, kept him in one of their numerous institutes, he worked as tutor with new students, earning life in this way, and avoiding to eat the "bread of shame", something that was abominable to him.

On the next day, Martin was walking in the park with his students, explaining them a difficult reasoning of his theology class when suddenly; Martin stopped and bended down in front of some rocks that were in his way. His students saw him and were very confused. What happened with our master? Who suddenly and despite the cold of December, did not hesitate to put his knees on the frozen floor!

Why did you kill? And the life of someone else you took, the King of Kings put you here and made you a stone...

Martin continues talking to the stone:

Killing is the ultimate selfish acts. It is selfishness at its purest and absolute end. The pleasure that you feel when you take the life of someone else, the satisfaction, this feeling is the purest act of selfishness that there may be among humans and therefore now The Holy One, blessed be His Name, has reincarnated you in this stone.

Now you will feel nothing, and you will stay like this until your rectification ends in this dimension and the King of Kings will have mercy on you.

Martin's students were astonished.

Master-said one of his students

It doesn't amaze me that you talk to the stones; it is known that you have this gift. What amaze me the most is that you have acted as a strict judge with this poor inert mineral!

On what you base your judgment to say that this Stone is a killer or it deserves this or that fate? Second, leaving apart this fact from the madness' field and talking in metaphysical terms, explain to me how you, apart from judging, talk to a mineral?

Everything has a soul – answered Martin to Alexander.

***M**y communication was through the soul... from soul to soul. The upper part of my soul communicated with the upper part of this mineral soul which you call inert, but inside between each atom, there is more life connected to the superior worlds, than all of us together celebrating the most transcendental victories.*

If talking to a stone surprised you- added watching Alexander.

***I'**ll tell you something, sometimes the crazy ones are healed, but the fools never- ended.*

Never is an absolute word that doesn't apply to Our Creator- reply Alexander. Well, as it's written, who could straighten what he has twisted?

***W**ho did that to your face? - answered Martin, pointing to the bruises that Alexander had on his right side.*

That is what I wanted to talk to you about- ended Alexander. It was obvious that Alexander's irreverent question was just to attract Martin's attention.

Chapter3. The grimoire

*Martin - **L**awyer Luna was drunk again, wasn't he?*

Alexander- No need to be a divine to notice what is obvious.

Sit down- answered Martin, at the same time, he stretch his arm reaching an old book.

Do you know what this is? - asked Martin.

A book! - Answered Alexander.

No, it's a grimoire! – said the priest.

The December's cold intensifies in the room to the point that between each word and word both begins to give off steam from their mouths. An icy wind gets in and takes the atmosphere which turns dark and colder.

A grimoire is more than a book, it is a directory that connect you with the divinity; there, you will find the addresses and names of all forces that lead this universe, you cannot find letters in it, just symbols, using properly these shields, and under certain days at certain times and with certain specifications one can literally dispose of nature as he wishes.

If you promise me to study and get a good grade in the next exam, I promise that I will teach you how to properly interpret each symbol. As each symbol is a key that opens a specific door and you ought to have the knowledge to know how to open or close it, yet against your own will...

Suddenly, the school's bell rings and it was time for Alexander to return to his math class and for Father Martin to return to practice his devotions.

They both leave the room, but Martin forgets to lock the door, and it is when Alexander, curiously, gets back into his friend's room and secretly seizes the grimoire.

Alexander closes the door and runs without leaving a trace. Nobody saw anything; this was between Alexander and his Creator.

Alexander escapes from the college due to mayors and support staffs were too apathetic to even ask one of his students outside of class, to stop him so he explains the reason for his absence. No, that day they all seemed to be especially distracted with trivia.

Thanks to a lot of coincidences and several related events, Alexander was able to escape from college.

He hated disciplining and subordinating his soul and his body to that cold and inert desk. Alexander did not have time for soulless things therefore he escaped.

Chapter4. Christmas Eve

Alexander arrived home as fast as his tired legs would allow him to run. Exhausted and paranoid, he reaches his living room where he sees a majestic Christmas tree, full of gifts with different sizes and colors. Apparently Mrs. Luna and Tom had arrived home while Alexander was at the school.

It was obvious that Alexander's mother was responsible for all those wonderful details. Alexander showed apathy in front all the decoration and goes up stairs to his room. This time he locks the door with a key, sits down in the old brown chair and relaxes, then breathes deeply and forges a joint.

Under his bed, he had hidden an AeraMax air purifier that he bought last week from Amazon. He turns it on and puts it in a corner. He begins to smoke and directs the air to his AeraMax, he feels satisfaction and he relaxes.

He curiously looked at the old grimoire he stole from his friend Martin's room. He wondered if by abusing his trust would have any Karmatic consequence.

"I'll put my conscience in the freezer as my father says". He told himself while opening the grimoire.

Astonished by its texture, its cover seemed to be made of a strange black material, similar to velvet. For a moment, he imagines that it was a cat skin, Alexander smiles and starts flipping through the book.

He could not find any word in it, instead he finds that each page contains a symbol; those symbols referred to the 4 elements of nature, astrology, pictographic representations of demons and angels.

It was a very short book, with only 7 pages and each page contained a different symbol.

One in particular captured his attention. It was Asmodeo medallion; it contained very high esoteric secrets and was one of King Solomon favorites which he used to surrender the will of his enemies before his own.

He wanted to use it against his father. The few words that the book had were instructions on how to prepare the medallion that had to be necessarily made of the skin of a pregnant black cat. Not only the cat's skin was necessary, so were her ashes which should be ingested by the victim in order to create the connection between the material and the spiritual and bring the impurity forces to the material.

Alexander spent all the afternoon studying the grimoire; Martin had shared deep Kabbalah's knowledge with him. Alex was versed in Lurianic Kabbalah and in Hebrew. He was a Judaism lover even being a gentile. He felt a deep connection with Judaism and his favorite part was the esotericism.

At midnight, the lawyer Luna came over and parked his black BMW in front of the house. The boss is too tired to give importance to the marijuana's smell that is dismissed in the first floor.

In the morning, I'll fix this insolent bastard. Stinky! What a horrible Christmas tree, and those cheap, noisy lights. To hell with your

cheap lights! - exclaimed violently lawyer Luna, while he pees on the Christmas tree.

Finally and bursting into laughter he notices his wife's presence, who, horrified, contemplated the grotesque spectacle from a corner of the ostentatious room.

Lie! Bitch! It's all a lie! Take your fucking lights to your mother. Traitor! Merry Christmas assholes! Screamed! While heading to his room.

His wife was crying; that beast didn't know that God counts every tear a woman sheds, and for each tear, the transgressor will be judged with the maximum rigor.

Marcia, boss Luna's wife, was deeply hurt. She felt humiliated; she spent all the morning fixing the Christmas tree; She bought the lights at the market a week earlier and bought gifts for Tom, Alex and her Husband while they were at work and at school.

She had arrived early with Tom and all their baggage. This time that they had lived separated from her family convinced her to return and make peace with her husband.

In the recent years, lawyer Luna had been too busy being the powerful "boss" and forgot that he also was Ernesto, a family man with obligations which he didn't accomplish at all. To the point of not even giving money for his own family, but with strangers he was a spendthrift.

Boss Luna was well known for wasting small fortunes every weekend in known brothels in the city. The gossips related him to romances with dancers of the most important men clubs in the city.

His wife knew that, Alexander knew it too, but Tom didn't. They protected too much the little and innocent Tom.

That innocent look was not going to be contaminated with his father low inclinations. No, definitively no, Tom had to grow up differently, free of any influence related to that sexual maniac. Marcia was very clear with that.

This healthy and ruddy child had to grow differently. The best was always for Tom. This made Alex feel profoundly distant from his mother and father, as all positive attention was always for Tom.

Marcia sat down to read the Bible by candlelight. The "Boss" was so stingy that Marcia knew that if Ernesto came down for a sandwich and saw her reading with the light on, he could beat her for wasting his "expensive" light.

So Marcia read, read by candlelight, her eyes traced the Bibles' lines, hoping to find comfort between each letter.

Nothing happened; her different thoughts invaded her mind making her forget her reading. That night she couldn't focus properly as the Wisdom spirit was not in her.

Chapter 5. Possession

Alexander is awakened by the midnight wind that bursts into his room through the fissure of his semi-open window. In the wind he hears a feminine voice whispering tenderly and clearly: "get up."

Without fear Alexander gets up and walks slowly towards the grimoire, examines it from a distance, breathes deeply and removes the laments from his eyes. He prepares to study it using his cell phone's light.

Alexander grabs a pencil and a paper, acting like the great Abulafia.

Alexander grabs a pencil and a paper and prepares to meet his God.

He writes the words as it should be written and switch them between each other, again and again first in one way and then in another way. And so he mixes this with that and those with these. The main letters permute with the 3 elementals and so on until reaching a trance. Alexander feels half of his face asleep and a vibration throughout his body. In that moment, the vibration intensifies and Alexander falls into a trance and comes off his body looking at it in an otoscopy vision.

Alexander was having a near-death experience. At that moment he could see from one end to the other of the universe and discovered lots of wisdom in different topics. Alexander entered a chamber that had marble floors.

A spectral being wrapped what seemed to be a light's blanket, communicated telepathically with Alexander and welcomed him to what the inter-dimensional being called as "The Ascents' Chamber".

In this Chamber, Young Alexander! is where we judge who will be elevated and who will be diminished. Who will be rich and who will be poor! Here in this chamber, future kings are crowned and also are overthrown.

Alexander came back after an hour trance. He was deeply exhausted, spiritually dejected. Step by step he rejoins, feeling very tired, as if he had run a marathon. His legs' muscles felt sore and a slight but continuous headache bothered him.

He looked in the mirror and his nose began to bleed abundantly. Alexander could not stop the bleeding which became hemorrhage. He grabbed a sock with his hand and pressed his nose and lied on his bed, however, this didn't help at all.

Alexander was swallowing his blood and he knew that he needed to do something or he would die drowned, as the bleeding became more intense and he couldn't stop it, he felt how his lungs slowly were filled with blood, at this moment blood clots were coming out and his headache turned into a terrible and deranged migraine.

At that moment, he feels a presence next to his bed, his eyes are soaked with blood and he hardly could see it, what he could perceive in the darkness a black bulge with demonic red eyes.

Alexander is on the edge of death.

It is not your time yet. I come for your father – whispers his anonymous angel of death.

Alexander wakes up screaming hysterically.

The Boss Luna is awakened by his son's hysterical cries and angered, jumps out of his bed and walks to Alexander's room determined to give him a good lesson.

Irreverent Boy, Son of your mother I will beat you hardly for that.

I will leave you limping, bastard, open the door, Alexander open the damn door! I'll educate you as my bastard father used to educate me! Open the fucking door!

The boss whips more and more violently the door but it does not move a millimeter. Being very exhausted for his bad condition and just at the moment that he feels weaker and gives up, the door opens alone.

Bastard! -Exclaimed the Boss; while opening the door with fear. For the first time in a long time, he feels fear when he gets in his son's room in the dark. A smell of Incense reached to him and as a frightened child starts to ask.

Alex? Alex? Are you fine?

Alex was fine, standing in a corner, pissing in his pants. Something has frightened him and made him piss. Alex was covering his head in a fetal position; the boss approaches him with determination ready to beat him.

Dam you Junkie; I'm going to educate you miserable!

Before he raised his hand a steel serpent pierces his throat causing him a horrifying deformation.

Ernesto's body shuddered and shook violently. His breathing became weak between every spasm. He falls dead at his son's feet while the reptile ASMODEO smiled satisfied.

The creature walks through Alexander's room and looks with disdain on Alexander's father disfigured bloody body.

He speaks to Alexander using telekinesis:

Putrid drop stagnant water... worm and larva... piece of misery!

Who are you?

Who are you?

You dare to wake me from my eternal sleep with your horrible whining!

Who are you?

Are you a Saint like the legendary Akiva?

No...

Stinks ... you stink; your actions have a putrefaction smell!

Although I must admit that your father's soul was stinker...

It stunk more than what your trousers stink, Alexander, his delicious soul, Alexander!

Delicious, feed me Alexander, feed me like your dad did!

The reptile approaches to the terrified Alexander and just when he has it in front.

The reptile rises even more to look more intimidating.

He brings his revolting, nauseating snout over Alexander and licks his face.

Alexander is petrified. Pray for his life, implore that he will not kill him, that he will leave him alive.

The creature looks pleased and ecstatic at the same time as if it feeds on Alexander's fear, as if it feeds on fear, on Alexander's negative energy.

The creature looked at him with disdain and said:

You are a human farm, you are a farm and you provide us food!

I will never let you have peace and your soul will torment for all eternity, you are mine and serving me will be your only consolation.

ASMODEO FADE AWAY AND DISAPPEARED IN THE DEEP DARK FOG...

Everything is at peace, now we can continue - said Martin sitting in his car outside looking at the window of Alexander's room.

Father Martin lights a cigarette with style, turns on his engine and his stereo, today it's up to Burzum! Says Martin and he happily went to rest as tomorrow is another day and he needs to get up early to work.

The End

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