

My LOVE HATE FAIR
with SATAN!

I felt icy chills run up my spine and the fingers of terror gripped at my heart. I dare not turn around. I ~~could~~ ^{can} feel those penetrating eyes piercing through me and I know that even though I am in the safety of my ~~own~~ bedroom with my parents nearby, he ~~was~~ ^{is} after me. A cold wind ~~drifted~~ ^{darted} through the room and encircled me. It seems ~~as if~~ ^{to be} whispering my name. Diana -- Diana. I had closed my window a short time ago and there ~~is~~ ^{is} no reason for the wind. No natural reason, that is. He has found me again. I know that I must go with him. He is commanding me. I have no strength left to resist him. Under his compelling ~~insistence~~ ^{insistence} I obey and slowly turn to face my suitor. Yes, I was right. There in the window -- his face. Those burning eyes are calling to me. I make a feeble attempt to break the spell. I must not give in. I have to fight him. With all my strength I manage to turn away from the window. He immediately ~~reciprocates~~ ^{reciprocates} for my rejection. The cold wind eddies about me and

hurls my bedside lamp against the floor. I hear
my parents running up the stairs. "Diana -
Diana". Are they calling my name or is
it still him? Is he still here? As if in
answer to my question, my dresser is pushed by
unseen hands in front of the door - thus
blocking off my parents' entrance. I can
hear them now banging on the door.

"Oh help me, please help me. I am not
Diana, Queen of the Bees. Do not belong
to Satan. Don't let him take him. Don't
let him take me." A strong wind whirled through
the room and I am thrown on the bed. The face
in the window is gone now and the room is
calm. I want to let my parents in but I am
afraid to move. What if it starts all over again.
No one believes me - - how can they? Would
you believe someone if they told you the devil
was after them? Sounds crazy, doesn't it? Well -
don't be too sure.

Two years ago, I would have scoffed at this idea, too, but now I know the truth. It can happen. It is happening to me.

When, Angie, my best friend in school, first brought up the suggestion of attending a Salem Occult meeting I thought she was joking. We were sophomores in high school then. Angie and I had grown up together and were more like sisters than friends. I confided in her and she usually told me all of her troubles. Not that either of us had any real problems. We both came from good families. We were both ^{poor} "only" children in the house and while our parents weren't rich, we weren't wanting for anything either.

I knew that Angie expressed an interest in this "occult" stuff but I never really thought she took it seriously. Not until that cool autumn evening, ~~when~~ we were walking through the park, ^{and} she started ~~bringing~~ ^{bringing} up the subject again. As a matter of fact, she sprung it on me with an abruptness I wasn't prepared for.

"Diane - 'she said suddenly' 'why don't you come with me next Saturday night?'"
I looked at her surprised. "Where - what are you talking about? I thought you had to go to those secret society meetings on Saturday nights?"

It never occurred to me what those 'secret society meetings' were. I knew Ange had joined some group last year and had been going to their meetings ever since. At first I was hurt because she didn't ask me to join with her. Then I finally accepted the fact that she was entitled to some privacy, too. We had been close friends but we still had to respect each other's privacy.

"That's what I'm talking about, silly," Ange was saying. "I want you to join our 'society'. Please, Diane, say you will. It will be such fun. I know you'll like it."

I stopped walking and stared at her. "You mean you really want me to?"

God, Angie, I don't know what to say. I don't know anyone there. Maybe they wouldn't want me in their sorority anyway."

"Honestly, Diane, sometimes I feel like Angie looked upset and I couldn't understand why." They told me to ask you. They want you to come with me. Well, so do I. I think it would be great to go together. Besides, we'd have a lot more to talk about. Say you'll come, Diane, please --"

I laughed at her silly "little girl" plea. "Well, okay, Angie" I answered. "If it means that much to you. Sure -- I'll be glad to go with you Saturday night. Thanks for asking me!"

Although I was somewhat baffled at her intense interest in my joining their sorority all of a sudden -- I went along with her.

The "sorority meeting" turned my life upside down and was the beginning of my traumatic experiences.

we approached this quaint old house - the
front on a dead end street. It seemed
to have been taken out of an old ^{novel} movie.
The shutters were flapping in the evening wind
and the moon cast a glow of mystery about
it. "It gives me the creeps" I remarked
to Angie. She laughed nervously. We
knocked on the door and waited. The
door slowly opened and we entered a dimly
lit hallway. I looked around, expecting to
be introduced to whoever opened the door
but there was no one there. I looked at Angie
and she shrugged her shoulders.

"Where is everybody?" I said in a low tone.
I half expected someone to float through
the door any minute. I didn't want to hurt
Angie's feelings but if this was decided
to be a fun place, she was bad off.

Angie pointed through the hallway and
induced me to follow her. I had no choice because
I wasn't going to stay there by myself.

I could hear serious music coming
from the end of the hall. "Wasn't they here

a poor lute in music, too," I thought.
What kind of nutty group am I getting
involved with.

Sliding down ground on a horse I
wasn't prepared for. I was taken back by
the sight of a handful of people clothed
in black robes and chanting some
weird kind of song. When they saw us
~~enter~~ ^{approach}, they turned to face us and
immediately they all fell on their knees
and outstretched their arms - "Hail
Diana, Queen of ~~the~~ ^{the} Goddesses" they
shouted.

"Oh no" I held back the laughter -
"This is too much. I get it now. They're
playing a joke on me - right, Hople?"
Hople only looked at me and led me through
the people to the center of the large
room. All the drapes were drawn and

The only light was coming from the four
black candles surrounding what appeared
to be a long slab of stone. I looked closer
and saw that it was an old tombstone - even
had a name and date of death on it. I looked
around the room again. The people were
still on their knees and had turned
to face me. Again they chanted "Hail
Diane - Queen of Darkness". I was frightful
for an instant but then I realized what was
happening and started laughing.

"Ohay, Angie, I got it. It's an
imitation - huh? Coy! There's just great.
Did you go through this too? Maybe it
wasn't going to be such a dull party,
after all - I thought to myself.

Angie disappeared behind a door and returned
with a black robe on. She had another one on her
arm which I took for granted was meant for me. The group
of people then started dancing around me, all
the while chanting this "Hail Diane, Queen of Darkness."

I stood spellbound by the loud music and the atmosphere of tense expectation. "Disne" a voice spoke behind me. I turned to see a man or, at least, I supposed was a man, in a black outfit with a black hood. Only his hood had an added attraction. He had horns on it.

The comedy of the situation was getting to be too much. ~~I burst out laughing.~~ "Oh, Angie" I got out between bursts of laughter. "His costume is the greatest. Wherever did you find ~~that~~?"

Angie spoke sternly to me. "Hush, Disne, this is no game - please be quiet."

"No game, huh?" I replied. "Okay, Angie I'll play along. What else is up your sleeve?" I controlled my laughter and hid the smile I felt inside. This is the first initiation ceremony I ever heard of. I better play along ^{with them} or I won't be accepted. Besides, it'll be a good laugh later.

I was aware that the music had stopped and all was quiet. They wheeled in stretcher and picked up a girl off it. She was placed on the tomb stone. She had a leopard skin cloth over her. A girl stood beside the guy with the horns and he held a sword in his hands.

He took the sword from her and addressed the
four corners of the room with it.

The eerie music was playing again, even that
was a relief from the silence. This spooky setting could
get to a person. I was beginning to feel uneasy.

He was speaking now. "In nomine dei Balanus,
Lucifer excelis!" Is the name of Satan

Lucifer, I command thee to come forth. In
the the name of Satan! Lucifer! Belial!
and Serathan! - Our four dark princes of

hell - I command you to come forth now."

"Well," I thought "whoever planned
this copy - did some research. How else would
they know those weird names."

All this time I am standing there
like a statue. All at once, the one with horns
approaches me and places the black cloth
over me. Two more black candles are brought in
and I am given the task of lighting them. Then
the one with horns and I are in the middle
of the circle and the others are standing
around us.

We took a vial of water and squilled
it over them. I learned later that this was
not water but semen and urine. At the time, however,
I thought it was all a gag. After some more weird
chanting, he returns to my side and takes
my hand. He places a ring on my finger.
I half expected to see a cigar band but it was
a real ring. "This ring shall protect you"
he says. "What a loss! I am thinking they
should get an Oscar for this."

The group ^{forming} the circle starts dancing
around us and shouting "Hail Deane, Queen
of the darkness!"

"O boy, oh boy" they "enough is enough,
is that all now. Did I span you but?"

They keep dancing faster and the music
gets louder. With a quick gesture someone
pulls the leopard skin off the girl on
the stone and I am shocked. She is nude.

all of them pull off their cloaks and
throw them in the circle while they
continued with their weird dance - all of
them in the nude. All of them except the one with Deane
who is still standing and chanting and

I stand hunched for a minute. Then I get mad. I could see no sense of humor in behaviour like this. Before they realize I have left the circle - I scoop up my coat and take off running down the hall. I didn't stop running until I was halfway home. Boy! you just wait. Just wait until I see Angie tomorrow. She is really going to get a piece of my mind. What nerve. How could she be involved with people like that?

I had calmed down by the time I got home. I took my bath and went to bed. Angie phoned and I told my mother to tell her I wasn't home. I was still upset with her for pulling a trick like that on me.

I awoke to birds singing outside. The sunlight brightened my room and I felt warm and tingly. "Glad to be a beautiful day", I thought as I dressed for school. As I put on my green sweater, my eye caught sight of the ring. I was still wearing it. Last night really

happened. It wasn't a bad dream. I
took off the ring and examined it. It
was a good silver ring. Inside was some
writing that I couldn't read. There was also a
scepter engraved ~~into~~ on the inside. I stood in
space as I mentally went over the events of
last night. Maybe I over reacted. Maybe my
thinking was too conservative for the modern day
way of life. No, I decided. I did the right
thing. I absent mindedly slipped the ring
back on and went down for breakfast.

At school I tried to evade Angie
but after school she caught up with me
as I was walking home.

"I sure - wait up." she called as she ran
to meet me. "See, I'm sorry about last night."

I stopped and looked at her. "I'm
sorry, too, Angie. I'm sorry for you if that's
the kind of people you want to mess around with."

"You don't understand" she answered. "Come
back this Saturday night. It'll be different
now."

I wanted to yell at her but instead, I just
shook my head. "No thanks, I've seen enough
to know it's not my thing. You don't belong
there either, Angie. ^{Why do you stay?} Society? - Humpf! -
it's more like an orgy group, if you ask me."

"Oh, Diane" she looked disappointed. "I
~~know~~ they should have told you about it
first. I wanted to but they wouldn't let me.
Not until after the ceremony last night. Believe
me, I wanted to tell you."

"Tell me what?" I shot back at her.
"What are you talking about, Angie?"

"Last night, Diane" she replied "it
wasn't an imitation or anything like that -
it was for real."

"For real? I don't understand - - -"
I looked at her for an answer.

"It was a Black Mass and a celebration."
she said in a weak voice with a downcast look.

"Black Man?" I suggested her. "You mean those nice, fat potatoes?" I gave her a forced laugh. "Are come on, people like me are!"

She stood quietly with her head down. I told you I was thinking about going to the States. Chuck last year, well, I did and I joined. I didn't think you'd be interested but I mentioned that I thought you. That's why I asked you to come with me."

"I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Either Dage was stupid or I was being the dumb."

"You really don't believe that junk, do you, Dage?" I mean about Satan and all. I can't believe that someone of your intelligence would accept that kind of garbage."

She looked on before I could finish.

"You believe in the devil, do you, Dage?"

"Me? Heck no!" I said defiantly.

"That's like Santa Claus - when you're
little they write you into being good
with Santa Claus and when you get
older, they blackmail you with the Devil.

It's all a part of keep-people in line. I

didn't think you were naive enough to
remember that stuff. Really Margie,
you surprise me. Personally, I think
it stinks and hell-you can have this money
any time, I want no part of your "Bible Church."

I handed her the ring and walked away.
She didn't try to come after me, that
time. I know that one bond of friendship
had just been broken.

Margie and I didn't hang around
together after our little chat. We saw each
other in school in about all. She went down
my road in past mine. The rest of the school year
after school was out, I would very seldom see
her. I worked at the White Star during
the summer and that's where I met
Lou. I thought he was the handsomest

try I was laid eyes on when I saw him
walk in the door. His wavy black hair was
accented by his very dark eyes. I fell
for him ^{the instant I saw him} when he spoke to me, I nearly fainted.

"He" he said shyly "I'm new in
town and looking for someone to show me
around."

I volunteered gladly. We spent every minute we
could together the rest of the summer. I was delighted
to find out that Lon would be in most of my classes
when school started again. He would be a senior, too.
Everything looked beautiful and I was the happiest
girl in town.

One evening while Lon and I were walking
on the beach - he grabbed me and kissed me.
That kiss told me that he loved me, too. I
was delirious with happiness. After that, Lon
started getting more persistent. He wanted to
make love but I was afraid to give in. My
love for him finally overshadowed my convictions.
We were strolling hand in hand on the beach
and this time when Lon started making advances,
I didn't resist. I loved him and wanted him.
From that time on, we made love every time we
were alone. It seemed the natural thing to
do for we were so much in love.

School started and we fell back into our old routine: classes, ball games, dances. It was great. I didn't miss Angie so much now ^{because I had Lou to share things with} because I had Lou to share things with. I ^{wasn't on friends} ^{together} ^{and} did talk to Angie ~~now~~ ^{we} and even sat ~~together~~ at lunch on occasions. I had almost forgotten the episode of last year until Angie brought it up again. This time Lou was with me. I was embarrassed and tried to change the subject. I wanted to slap Angie for talking about it in front of my boyfriend. What nerve.

Then I realized that he was talking back to her about this witch nonsense. He was interested in it. I felt sick inside.

"Why don't we go ^{together}, Honey?" he was saying. "I always wanted to see one of those places?" I felt my face getting red as I searched for the right words -- "you wouldn't like it, Lou. It's a bunch of garbage. Really."

"Aw Come on" he and Angie pleaded together -- "Why not, Diane?"

"No" I shouted at them. "and that's final. I won't go back there."

After that day, Lou taunted me and taunted me about the "Lester Church" "I went alone - why wouldn't I go with him". He kept on until I finally agreed to go. But only if he promised to take me out if I asked him to. Angie was surprised but shelled that I agreed to go with her again.

I must admit that the next meeting wasn't as bad as the first one. The one with him was not there and the same girl that had the sword before was in charge. They said he was the High Priestess. I didn't understand all their carrying on and was glad to leave. I was relieved to be out in the air again. I was thankful that no one had devoted their time if they had, I would have left again.

Lou said it was interesting. He told Angie we'd go back next Saturday.

I tried to object but Lou knew how to ~~convince~~ ^{persuade} me and I reluctantly consented to go back.

~~of that~~ ^{on the way to the meeting} ~~of that~~ ^{of that} Lou surprised me. He asked me to be his girl. I gazed at him and said "I thought I was."

"you are Diane!" he announced "but this will seal it." Then he slipped a ring on my finger. I cried for joy and kissed him.

I didn't feel like celebrating at a 2nd Ave. Church but we were already committed - so we continued to the dead end street with the spooky house on it. I tried to talk Lou into backing out but he wouldn't hear of it.

The weird music greeted us as we entered. I saw that Angie was already there. Everyone seemed in a festive mood, all but me. Lou seemed himself to go to the ballroom. I wandered around waiting for him to return. Angie said they were starting and I should come and join them. She said Lou would know where to find me, so I went along with her.

Everything appeared the same. The mood was set for a seemingly halloween night. I felt like a kid putting on a halloween costume as I scanned my black robe and sat with the others in a circle. I saw that the guy with the horns was here. He and the so-called "High Priests" were in the middle of the circle. "I wished Lou would hurry. This place gives me the creeps," I thought as I

looked towards the door. They were chanting
now and getting louder. Then they all faced me
and shouted "Hail Diane, a queen of the Darkness."
I felt silly. Then the High Priestess came and
took my hand. "Come - Diane" she said loudly.
"Join Lucifer - the Prince of Darkness!" As
I moved the center, the hooded one turned
around to face me. He dropped his hood
and I screamed. "It was Lou! My son."
His eyes were red and appeared to be on fire.
He looked scary and I was frightened. He
reached out to me and I backed away. I
managed to break through the circle and
again make my escape down the hallway.
I threw off my ^{hood} and kept going. I
didn't bother to get my coat. I just wanted
to get home. I felt that I was going crazy.
"It wasn't Lou", I tried to tell myself. "It
couldn't have been Lou".

I was home about an hour when the phone
rang. Mother picked up at me. "Diane, it's
Lou!"

I dried my eyes and went down to the phone.
"Diane?" Lou spoke softly. "It is I, Lucifer, I

am writing for you." I screamed into
to the phone - "No - No, it's a lie." I
slammed the phone down and ran upstairs. My
mother followed behind me. "Dear, what is
it? Have you and Lou had an argument. Please
calm down, Dear, and tell me what's wrong."

I shut my door and locked it. I kept
snooping. I finally answered her. "Please,
mother, I'd rather not talk about it now."
After a few minutes I heard her ^{footsteps}
back downstairs.

Alone in my room, I tried to piece
everything together. Was Lou the same one
that was there the first time - but fear?
Was that the reason the guy with horns
was missing last Saturday? Was he
really there - by my side - ? Questions
buzzed through my mind and I could
find no answers. Was this another
joke? Was Lou in on it? No -
he wouldn't do that to me. I was
sure it was no joke - - But what?

I was too upset to sit down so I walked to floor to quiet my nerves. The ring from had given me earlier was still on my finger. I pulled it off and laid it on the dresser. The room suddenly filled with an odor of burning incense and my light got as dim as a candle. The room turned cool and I saw the curtains blow as if a ^{gust of} wind was pushing them out - but my window was closed. A cold sweat broke out all ^{around} me and I wanted to scream out but had no voice. I stood in utter terror as the eerie music from that hated Satan Church started playing on my radio.

I could hear my mother's footsteps approaching my door. "Deane" he called out. "Please turn that radio off. It sounds awful and open this door. I want to talk to you."

Almost instantly, the music stopped and everything returned to normal in my room. Did I imagine it all? No

Mother heard the music. She said, "Turn
it off."

I opened the door and my mother came
in. She glanced around the room and then ^{looked} at
me. "Are you all right, Diane. You're acting
very strange. Are you ill, dear? Shall
I call a doctor?"

More questions - I thought. I faked a
smile and answered her. "I'm okay, mother.
Honest. Lou and I had a spat but I'll
be all right now." I didn't see any sense
in worrying her with all this nonsense.
Besides - it all sounded so unbelievable.
How could I explain it?

After a while my mother left and I ^{started to} prepared
to bed. I picked the ring up and slipped it
back on my finger. The light brightened.
That's odd, I thought. I took it off and
the light dimmed again. I looked closely
at the ring. "Oh no" I gasped. "It's the
same ring." Inside was the same crazy scribbles
and the serpent. There was no doubt in my mind
none at all. This was the ring I got at

that weird place last year. where did you get it?
Could be that Angie slipped it to him and
this was part of the practical joke? No, No -
it doesn't make sense. Why would they do that?

It was very late when I finally fell into
a restless sleep. I was determined to find out ~~how~~
what this was all about ~~to~~.

Angie wasn't at school the next day and
neither was Lou. When the fact fell finally
early I raced home and phoned Angie's
house. I was told she was in bed. Lou
didn't have a phone so I went to his apartment.
I knocked several times but no one answered.
A lady in curlers with a robe on appeared in
the hall and announced - "Nobody home.

there, child, they moved out last night. Left
no forwarding address either. These people moving
in and out are enough to drive a lady up
a wall." This news alarmed me. I had to get
out in there.

After walking a long time, I returned home.
I told my parents good night and
went to my room.

There was no need for panic I kept repeating.
There has to be an explanation for all this.
I tried to sleep but tossed and turned most of
the night.

Angie was waiting for me at the entrance
to school. "Hi, how about skipping first
class, we can talk?" she said.

I didn't know if I wanted to talk to
her or not but that was the only way I
could find anything out - so I accompanied
her to the art room, which wasn't being
used that period.

"Okay - Angie" I started out before
she had a chance to open her mouth - "Let's
have it: where's Lou and just what is
this silly game you two are playing?"

She looked at me with anger in her
eyes.

"You stupid fool, why did you have to
act like that. Don't you know how lucky
you are? I'd have given anything to be the
chosen one - but no, they wanted you!"

I was startled. "Angie," I said "make sense. You're talking crazy - and where is Lou?"

She answered in a hoarse laughter. "You should worry about him now. ~~He's~~ ~~gone~~ ~~to~~ ~~you~~. He'll be around but don't look for him, I'm warning you. I'm going to make him accept me."

"Oh," I said "so that's it, huh? you and Lou. If that was your way of getting rid of me, it was a lousy trick, Angie. Did you really think I'd fall for that nonsense?"

"Angie gave me a sinister look, "it wasn't nonsense, Diane. In that ceremony last year you were united to Lucifer. He has come now to claim you but I won't let you go with him. I've waited too long for this chance. I want to be somebody. I want to be famous and rich. Do you understand, Diane, I'm going to take your place."

Her words were beginning to frighten me. I ran from the school and all the way home. I was hysterical by the time I got in the door. I called for my mother but she had gone shopping. I was alone.

Although it was a sunny day, the house was suddenly engulfed in darkness. There was that funny odor again. I could hear the wind blowing through the rooms. I wanted to run but my feet wouldn't carry me. I heard the door open and footsteps walking towards me. I couldn't breathe.

I knew it was him even before I saw his eyes. They were red and glowing. He called my name. "Diane, do not be frightened. Give in. No one can help you. You are mine now."

"No - no - no" I screamed "go away, leave me alone."

at that moment, my mother's car pulled in the driveway. The house brightened and he was gone. I was sobbing on the floor when my mother found me.

"Dear, what is it?" She threw her groceries on the floor and ran to me.

"Didn't you see him, mother? He just left." I pointed to the door.

"See who?" She looked out the window.

"There's no one there, Dear. What happened? Have you been attacked? In the name of heaven, what's happened?" She was crying with me.

I knew I had to tell someone or I would go completely out of my mind. I tried as best I could to explain it. My mother was polite and listened but I knew she didn't believe me. I couldn't blame her. I can hardly believe it myself.

I can prove it, mother, I said as I remembered the ring upstairs. I searched my room over but couldn't find it. "Mother, was Peggie here lately?"

"Why -- uh yes" she replied, yes, she was. The other day. She brought your coat, said you

left it at her house."

"Now think, mother" I said, "it is important; Did she come to my room?"

"Well, yes. She wanted to borrow some of your records. I didn't think you'd mind."

I looked at my mother and threw my arms up in despair. "She took it then. Never mind, I can't prove it. But you have to believe me. You have to."

My mother was sympathetic but she thought I was unbalanced. I could tell the way she looked at me.

The next day she took me to see a doctor. He was a psychiatrist. I was reluctant to repeat this story to him but my mother made me. He was patronizing. He even went with mother and I to the old house on the dead end street. It appeared to be a vacant house. No sign of anything at all was present. I couldn't understand it. Where did they hide the candles and other things they used. I was stumped.

The doctor explained to my parents that they felt I was suffering from a guilt complex over my ^{sex} affair with their son, and when he walked out on me, ~~it~~ ^{their} ~~guilt~~ manifested ~~itself~~ into hallucinations, ~~which they felt, specifically that~~ ^{and these} ~~that~~ ^{my} allusions of the mind were causing me to have definite mental problems. It was their feeling that I should be hospitalized for observation.

My parents went along with the doctor and put me in the mental ward. They ~~was~~ ^{examined} me before admitting me. After ~~this~~ ^{the} doctor and my parents went out of the room for a conference. I felt like a billiepy under a microscope. I wanted to go home. Run away. Anything - but I couldn't stand this much longer.

"Ahem" a voice behind me suddenly spoke "I'm your new doctor, Diane."

I turned and looked into his red, glowing eyes - I knew I was screaming but couldn't stop it. He vanished.

I didn't tell them why I screamed. I told them that I just couldn't stay there. I know my parents were very concerned but they finally agreed to take me home with them.

My mother stayed in my room with me that night. I felt foolish ^{from being treated like a small child} but I was glad she was there with me.

My mother phoned Angie's house the next day but her father said she had gone to her aunt's in Philadelphia. She was going to finish school there. He said he was sure she'd write and tell me about it.

I didn't believe him. Angie was gone ^{straight} but not to her aunt's. I had to find some way to prove to them that I wasn't lying.

That afternoon, my mother went out for groceries. I assured her that I would be all right. "You can't be dragging me with you all the time, mother, go on and do your shopping. I'll take a nap."

I lay on the couch and soon fell asleep.
I was awakened by someone pounding on the
door. Mother must have forgot her key, I
thought as I went to the door.

When I opened it - I nearly fainted.
Lou was there. His eyes were clear and
brown - not red and glowing. I stepped back.
"Diane, tonight in the night, I'll be
waiting for you." he spoke quickly and turned
away. I watched him walk briskly down
the street. In a few moments my
brother came making in.

"Diane" she seemed excited
"Wasn't that Lou I saw leaving here?"

I looked at her and realized what she
was saying. "You saw him." I said.

"You actually saw him. Thank God. Maybe
I'm not crazy after all. Mother I want you
to come with me tonight. I have something
I want to show you."

He agreed to come with me to the old house. This was the only way I knew to prove to her that I wasn't lying. Lou had said he'd be waiting for me. We went to the old house - I'm sure. They were probably having a meeting tonight.

As soon as we turned down the street the flames were visible. I gulped hard and ran with mother to the burning house. My proof was going up in smoke.

We called the fire department and went home.

"Maybe it's best this way, Dear" my mother consoled me.

The ^{news of} next day fell on us like a ton of coal. ~~Steve~~ ^{Wagner} had been found dead in the ruins of the fire. There were other kids in it, too, but some could not be identified. And of all things - they also found black candle stick holders and parts of an old tombstone.

My mother looked at me with a look of
~~surprise~~ ^{astonishment} gloom. She believed me.
~~At last~~ ^{At last} I was not alone anymore. I knew
then that I wasn't going crazy because my
mother believed it too.

My father thought it was only some
kids pulling some stunts ^{and once or twice some} and
~~since~~ Angie happened to be with them.
He didn't believe in any Satan occult.

It didn't matter because my mother
knew the truth anyway.

I felt sorrow over Angie's death.
She had changed but I still missed the
old Angie. My mother sensed how I felt
for she whispered to me. "You lost her a
long time ago, Diane. That Angie you knew
died a long time before that fire."

I just nodded my head for I had to
agree with her.

I often wonder what happened there
that night. I wonder if Angel got her
wish. Did she become Lucifer's chosen
one? Did he take her instead of me?
I shudder whenever I remember.

I have not had any "illusions"
since the fire. Time will help erase
this ugly memory from my mind.

Someday I'm sure to meet and fall in
love with ^{some} someone else. ^{who has} I doubt
that I'll tell him of my unfortunate
experience ~~when I do~~, with the Satan
occult. I know that if I have any
hopes of living a normal life, I will
have to accept it as an "illusion"
and nothing else.

I would ^{never} advise anyone contemplating
the adventure of the unknown - specifically,
attending a church of Satan - to persevere -
for ~~it~~ ^{and it} could also bring a Love Affair with
Satan.