

BF Jeremiah 29 March, A.D. 2022

Dear reader, whomsoever you may be,

*I am writing this to you in order to fulfill a promise I made long ago. I only ask of you, please read this account thoughtfully, carefully, and then, after you have finished, decide for yourself what you believe. I remain,
faithfully yours, B.*

“ON THE STORMY NIGHT of March 29th, in the year of our Lord 1992, I was upstairs in my study, reading by candlelight an old dusty volume of the venerable Roman Historian Plutonus. When suddenly there was a knock at my door. Taking my candle, and donning a coat against the elements, I descended the long, winding stairway to discover who my late night visitor might be... Upon opening the door, however, I was surprised to find no Man there, but instead, to my utter amazement.... a SCROLL... lying on the ground. Glancing quickly about to make sure that I was quite alone, I picked up the Scroll, and, closing and bolting the door behind me, went back to my study.

The Scroll was bound in a hand tooled leather cylinder “envelope.” It was made of parchment, very fine, and apparently quite old.

But what immediately struck my eye was its SEAL. For the Scroll was sealed with a wax Insignia that bore upon its face the image of a creature most malign...

The Creature was blood red, with veined bat like wings and a long daggered tail. A torrent of hellish flames spewed from its open mouth. At first glance I thought that surely this Creature must be a “dragon,” so closely did it match fairytale pictures I had seen as a child; but, as I studied it more closely, the realization slowly dawned - that this “dragon” before me was no “dragon” at all; rather, it was a DEMON...or some other dark symbol of Damnation...

I sat there for a moment in stunned silence, staring down at the Creature. Then, grabbing my penknife, I opened the Scroll and began to read. Time disappeared, and sooner than I could have imagined possible it was Dawn. I rolled up the Scroll, resealing the wax, and placed it back in its container.

THIRTY YEARS have now passed since that night, Dear Reader. Thirty years. Yet through all those many years, I have returned to the Scroll EACH AND EVERY night thereafter, in an attempt to understand, ever more fully, its dark, obscure meaning. I do not have the power to describe to you in my own words the Scroll's contents, nor to elucidate the effect it has had on my life from that night forward - So therefore, by your leave, and placing my trust in the providence of Almighty God - I BEQUEATH THE SCROLL TO YOU HERE...in like manner as it was bequeathed to me...

... it is my sincere wish, dear reader, that this dark tome may comfort thee, aid thee, and help thee find strength in YOUR NEW LIFE, as it did in mine...

sincerely yours,

B.

29 march, A.D. 2022



VAMPIRIC RULES FOR YOUR NEW LIFE



1. **MAGIC!** Since you are now endowed with **MAGIC**, strive to use that **MAGIC** in harmony with him whose hand is not your own...



2. **BEAUTY!** Since you are now endowed with **BEAUTY**, strive to be **BEAUTIFUL**, and **PLEASING** to Him, in the depth of your soul...



3. For the message I bring to you is this: There is a supernatural story being told, and you, his beloved child, are now forever, intimately, a part of it.

4. So.... **Elegance of Manners, Grace**... very imp... 🧑

5. Always remember to.... Shower the people you Love with Love 🎵❤️

6. And, as far as “This World” is concerned...

-REMEMBER THIS-

Because you now stand outside of time, you are uniquely able to see the “fleeting rhyme” of all earthly things: Mark them, therefore, mark them ‘read,’ but then RISE and SOAR above them!

(*since you are already “dead” to this world anyways, this should be easy...) 🦋

7. Be Patient. Be kind.

8. Be at Peace, and let your light so shine that it falls gently upon others WHERE THEY ARE...



9. And now, the most important thing for you to remember, “The Crucible of Our Magic”

Because you are now a beloved child of the King, you have the power to look into your soul and transform everything you see there into GOLD. All your anxieties and fears, all your hurt and despair, can always and forever now be TRANSFORMED BY PRAYER, and dissolve into GOLD...


“And NEVER, EVER, let yourself be told that it’s not gonna be all right.... that everything doesn’t turn to GOLD....it does.”

It does...



10. And now the FINAL, most IMPORTANT Reminder to take with you into your NEW LIFE... It is this -

Finally, and Completely, Be at Peace.

He loves you so... 

So, there it is, dear unknown friend, The Letter, in its Entirety, as I received it that night so long ago, and as I promised to hand it down.

IT IS YOURS NOW.

I have neither added to it nor taken away, and I have kept it folded neatly, all these years, in the envelope in which I received it.

The only time I ever ventured to put my hand to it, was this night - when I took up my old familiar pen, and, as Light began to Dawn, wrote at the bottom of the page these words -



Praise to thee, oh Lord our God, our Father, and our King.

Amen.