

Chronicle: - SOY 20:84-05:20-4602
"Believed to be the date of
May 20th, 1984, in Buffalo, New York"

The winds bluster wrathfully, and the skies are shadier than normal. A disquieting Evil is present, yet, I see none. The young man named Scott is within sight and, he is troubled, walking the street with a bottle of spirits in his right hand.

Each step he takes brings him closer to the establishment he often visits after his schooling.

After consuming a lengthy swig of the spirits, his senses become distorted, his walking capricious, and unbalanced. Consuming another drink, the lad presses his hand against the restaurant's window for support. I hear the roaring of a car's engine in yonder distance.

Within a shadow across the street, I see the same fiend, the stalker that tormented this young man in his youth appear. Knowing he is not the Evil I had felt seconds ago, I rotate my eyes toward the misty clouds above, swiftly detecting the beast within them, for he is here as well! Stepping closer to the curb, the young man scowls drunkenly at the car that speeds toward him. Spotting the fiend, the young man walks into the street, screaming and raising his bottle, as if to throw it.

As the fiend grins, I turn my attention to the youth that is hanging out of the car's passenger side window, shouting words of aggression. I observe the launching of their bottles at the other. Scott fails, whereas the other succeeds.

From the clouds above comes a laughter, the same unholy mirth I heard on the day of the crucifixion --- the same blasphemous gaiety that slithered through the city streets of mighty Cartridge upon the death of Michael's son, who was beheaded by the mighty sword hand of Azazel.

My heart fills with worry as I watch the fiend walk toward the young man's lifeless body as he lies motionless within the shattered window of the restaurant. He isn't dead, he is somewhere in time...inside the darkness...inside the abyss! Before the fiend gets the chance to steal the lad's soul, his outstretched hands ready to do his masters bidding, a large man of darker skin, with a petite dog at his side has suddenly appeared, his eyes as white as the winter snows.

The fiend stops, his black eyes glowering wrathfully at the half-breed angel --- the son of an angel of virtuousness. His beastly teeth snap ferociously, but to no avail for the holy guardian will generously sacrifice his own life to protect this youth from the vile hands of Evil.

I have seen this guardian at the battle of Cannae, and again during the construction of Solomon's temple. He was there in the lands of Germany, during the second war of the worlds, and inside the camps, helping those who were still with breath. The fiend vanishes into the shadows. Even with my astute tracking capability, I see him naught. With great tenderness, the guardian removes Scott from the broken glass, laying him gently upon the sidewalk.

My recording is finished, but before I will leave I look into the gloomy skies, spotting the eyes of a demon that possesses great strength and power. The harsh winds blow harder, as if this beast is telling me he can see me. I cannot help but feel sorrow for all my brothers and sisters, should this demon's father prevail.

Translated by Professor Robin in the year, 1965.