



# Evil Forces Surround Me

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I have noticed this past week that I am feeling tired and frazzled and lonely and slightly irritable. Now SOME people might think that this is because my wife is out of town, and I have to keep up with her responsibilities as well as mine, and I have not been able to relax much. This SOUNDS like a perfectly natural and rational explanation. But I've been watching the world around me carefully, and I know what's really to blame.

It's WITCHCRAFT.

Just the other morning, I saw a squirrel run into the bushes in front of my neighbor's house. And not five seconds later, out came my NEIGHBOR. It's clear to me now that my neighbor assumes the form of a squirrel at night, and he uses this animal form to spy on me to nefarious ends. I have also seen him meeting with the other members of his coven in the woods around our house—everyone knows that gray squirrels and black squirrels are natural enemies and would never thus collaborate, unless they were conspiring to harass me with their dark magic.

It occurs to me now that this is why our dogs bark at every squirrel they see. Dogs are much more sensitive to the paranormal than we humans are, and they have surely identified the true nature of these creatures. I am glad I have their natural protective animal spirit aura permeating my house, particularly the bedroom where I sleep; our chocolate lab's powers have only increased as she has gotten older, and a protective aura that is almost tangible emanates from her blanket.

I tested this theory by establishing a psychic connection with her and asking her some pointed questions. First, I allowed her to drift off to sleep—she is so in tune with the spirit world that this happens almost any time she lays down.

Once I was certain she was in a psychically accessible state, I asked her, "Who is the Black Mage Squirrel that deals me such setbacks and discomforts?"

She did not respond to this, presumably out of fear of the warlock's powers. Then I asked her, "Does the evil conspiring against our household reside outside?"

At this mention of the dangerous spirits held at bay only by the blessed boundaries of our house, she opened her eyes and stirred. I asked again, "It is outside?"

She jumped off the bed and moved in an agitated fashion, as if waiting for me to ask a more significant question. I could not receive the fullness of the psychic impression she was trying so hard to transmit to me, but I knew I was on the right track. I asked, "Could the evil be trying to contaminate our food? Say, a cookie?"

At that she grew extremely excited, jumping up and down and running back and forth between the living room and the kitchen, where she knew the evil was taking its most dangerous form. I blessed myself in the name of a domestic spirit with whom I frequently communicate, and commenced to clean out the pantry and refrigerator.

Later that night, I was alarmed to hear rattling and banging near our front curb. I looked out the window, but I couldn't see anything due to an obscuring, eerie blackness that had descended after sunset. But in the morning, the energy-enhancing pyramid arrangement of trash I had so carefully constructed the previous night had been completely destroyed.

All of the bags had been opened, and bits and pieces of food packaging were strewn on the street. The only plausible explanation was that the food, permeated with evil energies, had summoned a powerful army of poltergeists to free it from its confines. These dark spirits had done such a thorough job that the food itself was largely gone, vaporized by paranormal energies; the little organic matter that remained had mysteriously transmuted into long strands of stiff, hair-like fibers.

Somewhat rattled by these events, I prepared to take my usual morning shower and was dismayed to find that the hot water ran COLD when I turned on the faucet! It took me several minutes of crystal-enhanced chanting to disperse the frigidity spell presumably placed upon it by my neighbor. (As incontrovertible evidence, I note that there is a clear line of sight from a tall tree in our backyard into the bathroom, from a spot easily accessible to him in his squirrel form.) After showering, I tested the faucet again, and was relieved to discover that it now ran hot immediately, and that the spell had been disabled, at least for the day.

I dressed and went to the kitchen for breakfast, before remembering I had discarded all of the cursed food the night before. So instead I went to a small diner in town and ordered two eggs, scrambled, and pancakes with toast. But when my meal arrived and I picked up my fork, I discovered one of the prongs had been BENT by telekinesis! I did not see any such anomaly when my silverware was initially delivered, but as soon as I unwrapped it from the napkin, there was the BEND!

I looked around for the psychic culprit, and spotted one of my co-workers having breakfast in a booth nearby! I have no doubt that it was he who perpetrated this deed, using supernatural means to inhibit my ability to gain nourishment for the day, and thus improving his own position in the company by comparison. He waved, and I said hello and waved back, timing my hand movement precisely to deflect the negative energies he had surely sent my way with the gesture.

When I started my car to drive to the office, I noticed that eerie red lights appeared in front of me, as though some variety of glowing demon was trying to reach into our dimension from whatever hell it inhabits. The lights danced menacingly as I crossed the railroad tracks, but I made it clear that I was not afraid, and as I fastened my seatbelt the most persistent one gave up and disappeared.

I am maintaining my vigilance today, and keeping my chakras pure. Be aware of your surroundings, dear reader—for Evil is everywhere!