

**Magus-Thor'rauna High Priest of Satan  
in South Africa  
(Phil Botha receives Christ as Lord).**

*by Francis B.*

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## **Dedication to Pastor Esmond Petzer.**

“I dedicate this testimony to the memory of Clive Esmond Petzer. Who was a former Pastor to the Assemblies of God Church in Amanzimtoti, Natal (in South Africa). He fell asleep in the Lord Jesus Christ on the 20th July 1969. Without his diligence and perseverance, I would never have made my decision to accept Christ Jesus as my Master, Lord and Savior.

Through countless trials, persecution and attempts on my life in the early part of my ministry, he assisted, encouraged and stood by me when fellow believers openly condemned me. I salute you Clive Petzer, my brother in Christ.

*(Phil Botha.)*

*Revelations 14:13 And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.*

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# *Introduction*

This edition of the often, heart wrenching and dramatic life story of Phil Botha was re-written and carefully crafted to present an easier style and format for all readers to grasp and understand. Especially for those sensation seeking teenagers thinking about delving into the occult whose mother tongue is not English. They too will be able to comprehend the extremely important message within the covers of this true life story.

Many surprises lie in store for those already deeply involved in occult *games* or practices and foolishly assume embossed crimson cards entitle one to automatic membership into Satanism for a mere US\$ 200. Concerned and over anxious parents can totally relax and be assured, even before reaching the first chapter.

No young person's future is at risk by reading this book, for it was written specifically for teenagers, parents, teachers and Christians. Exposing the enemy and glorifying Christ in every chapter.

No curses, spells or valid details of any rituals can be found housed within the pages of this Christian biography. Even spirit-guide's personal names have been given pseudonyms to protect youngsters from trying to childishly conjure or call up a demon by their given name. And most important of all, regardless of the length of this book, strict instructions were laid down by Phil Botha, to expose the enemy's true colors, goals, strategies and limitations—with the sole purpose of giving God all the praise, honor and glory.

Triumphantly we reveal the power of God, the real love of Jesus Christ and the guidance of the Holy Spirit, without once giving any credit to the enemy whatsoever! Truth be told, many Christian readers will be educated, shocked and often challenged to the point of changing some of their pet doctrines, when Phil unashamedly reveals the darkest secrets of Satanism.

Nominal Christians will seriously contemplate new Christian lifestyles, once they read how a Magus in Satanism orders his slaves to ruthlessly carry out missions against the Body of Christ. Even before he converted, Phil witnessed the most damnable effects on human beings minutes after committing the unpardonable sin.

A biblical and very balanced line is drawn throughout this biography, with just a brief outline and explanation of the Doctrines of Devils

The Doctrines of Devils are 35 subjects created and taught to Satanists by evil spirits who manifest themselves inside the Temples in tangible 'human' form and order these doctrines be learnt (*which they personally inspired humans to create many years before*).

Once members of the Church of Satan in the USA read this biography and *become of age* as it were and understand what it takes to become a bona fide Satanist—maybe then they will acknowledge how utterly ridiculous the assumptions were of the late Anton LaVey.

We have purposely refrained from printing any drawings, symbols, recipes, potions, curses, charms, talismans, spells or demonic names for obvious reasons.

Thus canceling out any slight possibility of unstable readers trying to duplicate, imitate, improvise or even summon anything from another dimension and harm their chances of salvation.

You will also notice when reading, the lack of use of the terms ‘Satan’—‘Lucifer’ and the devil! Besides the biblical fact that his created name is not housed in the bible, after biblical explanations by Phil and unprinted information, we decided to use a more suitable term—‘*the enemy.*’

Not only do you hold a dynamic true testimony of Christ’s power in 2005 in your hands, but also a unique opportunity to educate and hopefully steer young teenagers away from the grave dangers of the occult, which is *not Satanism at all.*

Anyone trying to contact the dead via a medium, levitating during Yoga or using the Oui’-Ja board, directly opens themselves up to the occult and they are manipulated by demonic spirits. But there is still Good News for those involved in any of the above mentioned occult practices. If they continued for ten years, all they would achieve is being ‘*involved in the occult*’ not Satanism. Just as reading a local newspaper daily for a year cannot make you a member of their staff, neither can any teenager under eighteen years of age ever be recruited, invited or initiated into Satanism.

One of the main reasons every teenager involved in the occult must read this, is because just over 2,000 professional practicing witches and warlocks came out of Satanism in S. Africa and publicly accepted Christ Jesus within the first two years of Phil Botha’s ministry. Now with the sudden influx of television programs in S. Africa spreading occult practices, it only seemed fitting to include the open letters written for all teenagers, parents, teachers, members of Satan in the last chapter of this book.

On the 13th February 1981 as the witches Sabbath took place (*or known as Black Mass to Satanists*), the most unrepeatabe Satanic ‘eclipse of evil’ unfolded before me. Phil being the only ex-Magus Thor’rauna in the history of Satanism to escape alive received a phone call from the newly initiated High Priest of Satanism of S. Africa.

After boasting of his position as Magus, he threatened to have Phil put to death before the year was out. That night before dozens of students from the Stellenbosch University of S. Africa Phil Botha openly wept before the Lord and pleaded for the lost soul of that angry young man who still resides as Magus High Priest in 2005.

I was introduced to Jan, a loving father and the brothers of that arrogant and current High Priest of S. Africa and challenge him in an Open Letter housed in the final chapter of this book. His dedicated Christian father was promised by God that he shall be saved before the Rapture. I call upon every Christian who reads this book to join me and those 2,000 former witches Phil Botha led out of the Satanism to Christ. Let’s pray for the salvation of S. Africa’s Magus in 2005 and on behalf of Jan his father—in Jesus’ name....

# Chapter One

## Deceived by “Light” and Darkness

I grew up in Pietermaritzburg, Natal on the south east coast of South Africa where I did my schooling, but those days were not happy ones as I was considered ‘different’ and could not make friends with the other pupils. No one knew what was really going on inside my head and didn’t seem to care about the great fear I developed towards God. *That punishing God* preached from the pulpit was always so full of hate towards me and all mankind, threatening punishment to all who refused to obey Him.

Many times I crawled under my bed in fear of God when those Natal thunderstorms raged and begged Him not to let the lightning strike me. At first I feared God, but later the fear turned to hate and continued to grow into my late teens. Later I began foolishly shouting and challenging God to come down from Heaven that I could crucify Him again a second time.

I would often scream abuse and profanity at Him because my parents ordered me to attend Sunday school. Only to be forced to hear Jehovah’s commandments to do this and not do that, so people could be justified before God, the Dominee always said. (*In S. Africa, the term Dominee is used amongst the Afrikaans speaking churches addressing their own pastor*).

One night I was woken from a deep sleep by a presence and saw in the darkness, a woman standing at the bottom of my bed. Dressed in white with long blonde hair I saw her clearly though the darkness as she stared back at me and smiled. I screamed in horror, waking my mother who rushed into my room seconds after that specter had disappeared. The next morning I started jerking and twisting uncontrollably with a bad case of St. Vitas dance and remained that way for almost six months.

During those months that same scepter appeared again, four more times and slowly, I started accepting her. Surprisingly, all the fear left me and found myself wishing she would reappear again and again. She did manifest again, but only some twenty years later when I was ready to accept her as a natural phenomena in my life.

After graduating from school I immediately started working in a rather small laboratory as a technical assistant. It was a month before my eighteenth birthday and had to prepare for my confirmation. (*a very strict and old tradition in the Afrikaans community my parents had forced me to attend*). But it was also compulsory for all Afrikaans children at a certain age to enter into a two week crash course-bible study and then be ‘officially confirmed’ as members of that congregation.

What excited us boys the most, was the legal acceptance we gained by tasting alcohol for the very first time in public. And it was even offered to us by the Dominee himself during Holy Communion so *it had to be good* in God’s eyes, because it pleased our parents and the Dominee. Yet it had no basic relevance in our young confused lives at all. Parents ordering children to serve an impersonal angry God, just because their parents forced them to do the same!

We were shocked on that Sunday morning, hearing all of us had received the assurance of going straight to Heaven. Just by reciting a paragraph we were ordered to learn off by heart, how Jesus was born of a Virgin, died for our sins and rose the third day. Instantly that 'made' us children of God and fully fledged members of that congregation?

However in total confusion we stared at each other frowning as the Dominee finished his sermon by guaranteeing *our parents* that all of us were now children of God and would therefore spend eternity in Heaven because our names had just been written in the Lamb's Book of Life! I for one never understood how reciting bible passages gave anyone eternal life. But then again no one was ever allowed to question or disagree with anything the Dominee said, decided or preached.

Nothing changed in my life on the day of my confirmation or afterwards except my growing hate towards God Jehovah. Personally I felt the only good thing about confirmation, was for the first time in my life my decisions were respected, so I naturally stopped going to church right after confirmation.

A few days before my eighteenth birthday, a young man started work at the laboratory and I realized he was very different to everyone else. He read books on the occult and spiritualism and his ideas were strange, yet so very interesting and I started asking him questions on the spirit world and God. He told me that the God of the Bible was a myth because God is love and being love, there could never be a Hell or damnation as a place of punishment for society called sin.

He spoke with such conviction making me wish I knew more about this religion and his freedom from all fear. I asked him which Church he attended and he said the Sanctuary of the Great Light and invited me to accompany with him to the next service and I eagerly agreed. That Saturday evening he picked me up at home and we drove eastward along the national road towards Durban, till we came to an old abandoned Roman Catholic Church where he stopped and parked his car.

Everything was in darkness and many cars were parked outside the old building. He walked to the door, knocked and showed a medallion to the hesitant doorkeeper who allowed us in. The place was lit by dim red lights and filled with people smoking, drinking and to my shock and utter astonishment some couples were in a state of undress, having sex on the floor. Then on the other side of the room, I saw a huge black draped altar with an inverted crucifix on it.

Panic set in and I urged my friend to take me home, but said he had already arranged to see someone and promised to take me back straight afterwards. I stood around feeling very awkward and so out of place, till someone welcomed me and pushed a glass into my hand. After a short while I started to sip the contents and later emptied the glass. And then received a second and a third, so by the time my friend returned to take me home, I insisted we stay a while longer as I was enjoying myself too much.

We only left that place the next morning before dawn and I returned a few times alone and was always very warmly accepted as one of them in their Sanctuary. However on a certain evening, on my arrival there was some kind of ceremony was taking place. A young naked man was dancing to the pulsating beat of drums and strange eastern type music. I watched in awe and fascination as his toned body twisted and curled, muscles rippling and glistening under the red lights.

A short time later, I became aware of someone staring at me and I looked over my shoulder to see a tall man dressed in long white overalls staring right back at me. He

beckoned me to join him at his table and I walked across the floor noticing how large in stature he was. Standing next to him (*being six feet, two inches tall myself*) I had to gaze up at his massive pair of shoulders and very thin waistline.

He must have stood over seven feet tall, with long blonde hair, huge blue eyes and the most perfect features I'd ever seen on any male before. He casually asked if I wished to dance like the young man and I nodded yes in reply. He told me to look into his eyes and in doing so, I noticed from somewhere in the back of his eyes a light appeared....then I felt something warm and pleasant enfolding me.

Though I tried desperately, it was impossible to stop staring into his eyes and slowly I felt myself stripping off all my clothing until I was completely naked. I started swayed to the pulsating rhythm of very strange music and had to join in the dance. Before long I lost control over my body and I danced as if in a dream....all my movements being automatic and smooth!

For over an hour I danced and then fell exhausted onto the floor, then was effortlessly picked up by this tall muscular giant of a man who carried me to a side room where I caught my breath and slowly dressed. In this small room was a single bed upon which he sat and turning to me, asked if I'd like to become a priest to the Sanctuary, which I eagerly accepted. Though I had not the slightest idea of what it would entail or require of me.

"First there are two questions I must ask you before we can accept you as a priest. You must think very carefully and be honest in your answers." he said.

"Yes I will think carefully and be truthful before replying." I answered.

"Very well then, let us begin. The first question, have you ever at any time accepted Jesus Christ as your own personal Savior?"

"Er...um, I'm not sure what you mean, but I have been confirmed a few weeks ago after a two week bible study." I replied struggling to justify myself and hoped it was sufficient for me to be accepted.

"Confirmation?" he exclaimed loudly with a broad frown across his forehead. "That means nothing at all. Have you ever accepted Jesus as your personal Savior?" he asked again with much irritation in his voice.

"No!" I replied and finished dressing. At this point I became slightly intimidated by this rude interrogator and quite unsure of his intentions as his whole attitude had changed when I struggled to understand and give the correct answer he expected from me.

"The second question. Have you ever whilst praying, suddenly started praying or speaking in another strange language? In other words have you ever received the baptism of the Holy Ghost?" I could see he was getting very impatient and tried to answer him as quickly and as honestly as I could.

"Er...I er...I was taught during confirmation classes by our Dominee that only Apostolic churches believed in that and it doesn't happen anymore. Our Church doesn't believe in this tongues speaking stuff." I replied and chuckled under my breath at the very thought of it being allowed in my parents' congregation.

"Have you ever had those experiences and you must be honest with me?" he insisted, the irritation growing in his voice, glaring back at me across the darkly lit room, which I couldn't wait to exist. I felt very uneasy and fumbled with my shirt buttons, trying to look composed as I replied with an obvious tremble in my voice.

"No, I have never done those things. I was forbidden to ever attend any of those Apostolic churches. Why do you ask these strange kind of questions and what has it got



to do with the priesthood?" He turned on me and almost spat out the answer with a touch of pride and anger in his voice.

"If you had personally experienced either of those two events in your life, we would *never ever accept* you as a priest, but only as an ordinary member and slave of the Movement! We consider such a person who has had them (*his voice rose in volume*) and dares to come here to us, is not even good enough for our Master to *spit upon*." he concluded angrily.

"Well I...er" hesitantly tried to pacify him by saying. "I've never had any of those experiences, honest and besides, the church has always condemned it anyway. We were taught that God is cruel and is nothing, but a God of wrath." I added, hoping I sounded convincing enough. The tall gentleman moved across the bed and grinned sarcastically before replying.

"Yes....if only those churches knew what harm they were doing to themselves and others.....those blind ignorant fools!"

"What, er...what do you mean exactly by that?" I asked him in a very half hearted manner.

"Never mind now, I will explain it to you later. I must prepare you for your initiation into the priesthood, starting tomorrow evening! Can you get away from home every night for the next two weeks?" he asked. I nodded yes and he continued. "I want you to go to this address tomorrow night and you'll find the place it easily enough of course?" He handed me a piece of paper on which the address was neatly written, yet startled me as I recognized the address only too well.

"But....wait a minute, this is a *Christian Church*?" I said totally confused. He stood up towering over me once again and with a slight annoyance in his voice and explained with a sinister chuckle in his voice.

"Christian? No it is definitely *not* Christian. They profess to be Christian, but they are exactly like us, just seen by the ignorant public under another cloak that's all. There are many of these so-called 'Christian churches' that have gone so far from the truth in the Bible, that they cannot be true believers." Shocked by this new revelation, I stood there stunned as he opened the door and said. "Call at this place tomorrow evening and ask for Zurall. In this *so-called Christian* church, they will help prepare you for your initiations into the priesthood."

"What a strange name....Zurall?" I replied as I slowly walked towards the open door.

"It may sound strange to you, but that is my name." he said and walked off into the dark shadows, leaving me to ponder over many things I had learnt that night. Shortly afterwards I left the Sanctuary and felt pleased with myself, but still tried to understand why those specific questions were asked and the very strange reasons given by Zurall?

The following evening as instructed, I went to the arranged place and the preparation began. I was led down a side passage of the church to a small chamber, handed a small book and was left alone to study it. As I turned to the first few pages, I sat up with a start, staring at the first paragraph in the book. The Lord's Prayer was so twisted and revised that I felt sick on my stomach. To me that prayer was always the one I said at night before going to sleep, to please God and justify me from been punished.

That night I was forced to memorize the revised version of that prayer and had to repeat it over and over to Zurall, then later I was forced to place certain emphasis on

different parts. The rest of the book contained instructions regarding my behavior towards superiors and other members of the Temple. There were also many strict instructions regarding friends, family and those on the outside in the Pentecostal churches and evangelical movements—our greatest enemies.

The latter I found more confusing and strange because, how could I be harmed by these enemies of the Movement once I was a priest of Lucifer, whom I decided to serve with my life? I even posed this question to Zurall, who was rather reluctant to share too much with me before I was initiated.

“How could a Pentecostal church member ever harm me or even you?”

“Not physically harm us, but they are the nearest thing to real dedicated Christians as you can find. They have not wavered from the Bible and they not only believe in the manifestations of the Holy Ghost, but unfortunately many still use and practice these gifts He gives to obedient saints who openly welcome Him into all their services as well. Therefore they are our greatest and worst enemies on earth! We reject the Bible and IOVA (*the term for Jesus Christ when discussing Him amongst fellow slaves*) because they serve Him whole heartedly and we are complete opposites and their greatest enemies of the cross!”

“But surely all the churches believe in God, the Holy Spirit and Jesus Christ? Why then are they not all *our enemies*?” I logically asked.

“Because of the manifestation of the Holy Ghost of course. Have you not been listening?” he angrily replied, then explained with a deep hatred in his voice that obviously went back thousands of years. “IOVA is able to use believers in any church if the manifestations of His Spirit are freely accepted and practiced amongst them. He will even use one dedicated follower as His mouth piece, to speak to an entire gathering of believers.

His message will then be brought forth in an unknown tongue and interpreted into the spoken *or mother tongue* of that local assembly, helping everyone present to understand. IOVA also heals the sick, drives out the messengers of my Master and still does wonders and miracles. But only through a very small group of certain believers now days.” He concluded very annoyed. I frowned at him and seriously questioned his statement.

“You are obviously kidding aren’t you...IOVA? I thought God never did anything good for others. Doesn’t He hate all human beings who disobey Him? I was even taught that by my old Sunday school teacher.” I replied.

“If only that was true.” Zurall ended the conversation right there. “Be here tomorrow evening at eight and do not go to any one of those churches just to satisfy your curiosity!”

On my way home, once again I was puzzled and bewildered with the new insight I had received. I had never heard or seen any manifestations of the Holy Ghost before and still found it difficult to picture God speaking directly to humans? Suddenly I laughed out aloud and thought to myself (*He was obviously joking—to see if I would believe him. Zurall was only testing me, to see if I’d dare visit one of those churches. Zurall must really think I’m a fool. God speaking to humans? Not since His Son was crucified I’m sure, because obviously now He hates the world.*

“God, can You hear me?” I raised my voice and fist to the stars and challenged God. “I just want to tell *You*....that I do not fear You at all anymore. I know that You don’t really exist as a caring God, but only as a destroyer. I have decided to take Lucifer

as my God. I don't want a God who is jealous and angry, that's just what You are! If You could strike me down dead right now You would, but You can't because I belong to Lucifer and I'm no longer afraid of *You*" I shouted out in anger mingled with fear.

Almost immediately without warning, there was a tremendous bright flash across the sky as a meteor plunged towards the earth and I thought *what if a thunder storm suddenly developed on my way home? Would I still be so full of myself, I wondered.*

The next night I received a tattoo on the back of my left hand. It was a black cobra snake and I shuddered at the sight of the tattoo, for I feared snakes almost as much as I feared a thunderstorm.

*For obvious reasons I refuse to go into much detail concerning any ceremonies, but at certain times when I share detailed descriptions it is to reveal how highly complex and utterly dangerous Satanism really is in its truest form of deception. No ritual, ceremony or any methods used to 'invoke any spirit' will be outlined and cannot be found on the Inter Net either and the reasons will be given later.*

On the seventh night and during my third initiation, there was a final ceremony where I had to lie down in a coffin and be buried alive. The lid was shut and screwed down tightly before I felt the fear starting to choke me. I wanted to scream and bang my fists against the lid and sides, but remained 'calm' by biting my bottom lip between my teeth. When I felt the coffin lift and sway slightly as the zombies found their grip on the six handles, I burst out crying under my breath.

My hysterical sobs were naturally drowned out by the unearthly sound of chanting by the priests as the zombies carried me outside... onwards, swaying helplessly to my death. Madness, fear, suffocation and slow death, raced through my mind as I forced myself not to cry out. The coffin swayed from side to side as the chanting increased in volume in those low monotonous and haunting voices.

Clenching my fists till my chewed off nails almost dug into my skin, I felt the veins in my face and neck almost bursting with every throb of blood from my over taxed heart. My weight shifted to one side as they clambering over rocks, almost losing their grip. All at once, the swaying and chanting stopped and the coffin was placed on solid ground, then Zurall's powerful voice broke the deathly, unearthly silence.

"Phil, we are going to lower the coffin into your grave now. Are you still prepared to go through with it? There will be no chance afterwards to stop these Zombies from burying you alive, for they will only obey my commands. Are you very...very sure Phil? His last sentence faded into the night air and my mind began to scream '*Let me out, please God let me out.*' But as calmly as I could, I answered with a fraction of boldness in my quivering voice.

"Yes...I'm sure. Carry on!" I will never find words to describe the horror of that terrifying night of fear and smell of death that seized my heart, mind and soul. Uncontrollably my heart began to pound faster and faster towards certain cardiac arrest in pitch black darkness and utter silence this time. They lowered the coffin into the grave and I began to sob again softly as I felt the coffin bump against the sides of the freshly dug, downward.....*into my six foot deep grave!*

Choked with fear and the lack of saliva in my throat to swallow, tears started rolling down my cheeks, burning my eyes as I lay trapped with my arms pinned at my

sides, unable to wipe them. Then the reality of utter helplessness dawned on me as the first spade of soil was thrown on the lid of the coffin. *I was....being buried alive.*

Eventually the silence engulfed me and any slight movement I made sounded like a pistol shot next to my ear. Everything became so very still and ever so silent. With my eyes wide open and the black darkness in the coffin entertaining my very emotional and unstable mind, the only '*sane thought*' that managed to reach my brain was—inevitable suffocation and.....a very slow death!

I remained motionless for what seemed like an eternity then out of the blackness appeared a growing white light? Slowly it changed into a very well known face. It was Zurall's face smiling and my first reaction was that insanity was taking over and flooding my mind. I shut my eyes tightly for a brief moment then opened them again slowly and the face was gone!

After a short while a bright red light glowed from inside the coffin above my chest, changing form into that of a very beautiful woman with long blonde hair. She was stretched out on top of me and her naked body was being pressed up against mine. As part of the ceremony, each candidate must face death naked—the way they entered this lost world.

I could feel her warmth against me, trying to seduce and arouse me, so I concentrated on an old woman who had once tried to seduce me when I was ten years of age and thus succeeded in building up resistance against this scepter's advances till it suddenly vanished!

But in her place appeared a huge snake with its head raised and ready to strike. My only *defense* was to close my eyes and just wait for those fangs to dig into my flesh and put an end to this mind boggling ordeal. How long I trembled beneath that snake's darting head and razor sharp fangs I'll never know, but my body was bathed in sweat by the time I heard in a distance....movement of sand?

Yes, then the scraping of a spade against a stone and it was getting louder and louder. I felt the coffin being hoisted up and my heart raced at the thought of being rescued as it was once again placed on solid ground. Hearing the lid being unscrewed I broke down and sobbed like a baby at the thought of not having to die, but more terrified of the uncertainty of my destiny? The light was blinding when the bearers lifted the lid and Zurall helped me out of the coffin, with a huge sarcastic grin on his face.

"How do you feel Phil?" he inquired.

"I'm fine, but I hope I never have to go through that ordeal again?" He assured me that everything else leading up to the main initiation was easy and what I had just accomplished was the worst of the lot.

Once again on my way home, I pondered over the ordeal and was so relieved it was over. But that night I had the worst nightmares of my life, about being buried alive.....over and over. The following nights, initiations and experiences are of no importance to anyone outside the Movement and would only produce curiosity in young readers, so I will naturally refrain.

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