

Small Child – First Born Son

I am the oldest of six children, born into a working-class family. My dad was a policeman for a few years when I was an infant, and then a blue-collar steel foundry employee. My mother raised us until she had six kids, and then finally had to go to work outside our home.

With neither parent at home after school, we more or less ran around doing mostly as we liked, although we always had an adult at home. An old one. Weak and slow.

Sometime around age eight or nine, I started seeing a black silhouette at the foot of my bed. It was not present if the light was on, but in the gloomy darkness of my bedroom at the end of the hall, the thing was blacker than night.

I used to cower, trembling under the covers, peeking out to see it as it moved from the foot of my bed to the side. Only the silhouette. No face, no eyes, ears nor fingers that I can recall. Just the thin, relatively short (5 feet, maybe?) black shape, stalking me in there for a long time.

It was not present every night. Not even frequently. I only recall seeing it a few times, and none after my brother was born. He slept in my room and I was seven years older than he. So it had to be sometime between age seven and eight, as my brother moved into my room a few months after he was born.

My dad seemed to hate all of us kids. He changed his name from John Wesley to John Wayne because he didn't to be named after the powerful old Methodist preacher named John Wesley. He whipped me with a metal-tipped belt until I bled. Mom slapped me in the face frequently.

My mom had an uncle by marriage that attempted to sexually molest me when I was nine or so. I spent the night with his son and the next morning "Uncle Murphy", the part-time preacher, part-time saddle maker walked me out to his little saddle shop, dropped his pants and told me what to do.

I ran. He said "You'll get in trouble", and I replied over my shoulder "No I won't. You will". I ran into the house to the phone and called my mom. She picked me up soon (the perv didn't come in), took me home and I told her what happened.

Her reply was "No it did not". Three times I told her and three times she denied it. So I said I would tell my dad, and she said "You can't tell him. He will do something bad and will go to jail. Do you want him to go to jail?"

As I looked through the kitchen into my parents room where my dad was sitting, I realized that I was on my own. I had no one. Church was a joke. My parents fought like wild cats in the car every Sunday morning. I was beaten with clothes hangars, extension cords, a bull whip, the metal belt. It was hell. All of us suffered all the time.

So, abandoning "god", and having no leadership at home, that night on the living room sofa I called on Satan and committed to follow him if he would help me gain power.

[Close This Page](#)