"Did we ever have a time last night! You should have been there, Lenore," Renee declared, putting her coat inside the locker and picking her books up. "You're missing out on all the fun and I don't like it. We used to have such good times together, you and I."

Lenore smiled and fell in step with Renee.
"You're not one bit of fun anymore," the redhead told her friend. "I still love you heaps, Lenore, but you've gone stale. This religion bit's sort of dried you up, where fun is concerned."

"I don't have 'religion,' Renee; I have salvation . . . Jesus Christ living in my heart. The two are poles apart. I wish you . . ."

"Please, my dear friend, no preaching!" Renee interrupted, her voice rising to a thin, high-pitched tone. "If I ever do decide to get religious I'll contact you. See? Now, back to last night; we had a blast. A real blast!"

"'Blasts' can be dangerous, Renee."

"O cut it, Lenore! You know what I mean. In simpler terms, we 'did the town,' A real night! We all met at Kayla's house . . . her parents are away for a week. Get it? She has two ouija boards, a couple sets of those fortune telling card things and she's at the top of our group in astrology. Whew, did I ever learn some things!"

"Did your mother know what you were doing, Renee?"

"Are you kidding! I'd be 'grounded' for the rest of the school terms if she knew."

"Why are you afraid to tell her?" Lenore asked. "Anything open and above-board doesn't need to be concealed."

Renee stopped so suddenly that she almost lost her balance. She spun around on her heel and faced Lenore. "Don't you squeal!" she exclaimed with impassioned anger.

"I'm not a tattler; you know that. And you don't have to glare at me like I'm some kind of ogre. I only wish you'd come clean with your parents and tell them what's going on. It's exceedingly evil and wicked. Somewhere down the road the truth will come out and you'll wish then that you had told your folks and had quit going to these parties."

"Look, Lenore, I'm almost eighteen. I'm old enough to know what I want and what I don't want. This is fun; it's exciting and . . ."
"Renee. Renee," a voice called from the hallway. "Did you hear about Becky?"

"What about Becky?" Renee asked, looking eagerly at Ernestine's face. "She had a good time last night. She's a bit flighty but . . ."

"They may have to take her to a hospital."

If Renee hadn't known that she was walking down the hallway to her classroom, she would have thought she was having a bad nightmare. Ernestine's words dropped like a bomb around her. "What happened to her?" she asked. "I know something's been bothering her but . . . but . . ."

"I don't know what's wrong, but it must be serious. Ever since last night she's been screaming and acting like a wild person, Janie said."

"Is . . . is Janie here?" Renee asked quickly.

"Yes. But she's all nervous and torn up. Said she doesn't know what she'll do if anything happens to her sister. She and Becky are very close, you know."

"Did . . . did Janie tell her mother about last night?"

"Of course she didn't! This is strictly a hush-hush thing. We're organized into a club now. A regular club. Imagine it!"

"I didn't think we were to be so free with letting this out!" Renee exclaimed by way of rebuke.

Gesturing nonchalantly, Ernestine said, "Who cares! Lenore doesn't tattle. Even though she isn't one of us, and has no part with this jet-set age group, she's A OK."

"Where is Becky?" Lenore asked with concern.

"At home. Yet, from what Janie says, she may be going elsewhere unless she snaps out of this . . . this . . . Well, I don't know what it is. She just plain acts crazy, Janie said."
"What happened last night?" Lenore asked. "I wonder if I can help Becky. She's always been a sweet, good natured girl. She may be frightened. Or possessed. Or obsessed."

"Possessed? What do you mean by that?" Renee squeaked.

"Simply stated, demons may have taken possession of her heart and life. This is usually always what happens when one dabbles in the occult or looks to fortune tellers and/or those cards and 'reads the stars,' 'plays' the ouija boards and all such things. The revival of 'spiritism' and 'demonism' and 'witchcraft' is one of the surest signs of the soon coming of Christ."

Ernestine turned ash-white. Her hand flew to her heart in fear. Renee looked wild and angry.

"Tell me more," Ernestine implored eagerly.

"Shut up!" Renee yelled and went running down the hallway.

Fear gripped Lenore's heart. Renee was acting strange and wild, totally unlike her natural behavior. Could it be that she was . . . ? She pushed the horrible thought away and thought of Becky. And of Ernestine.

"Please Lenny," the girl-cried, "tell me. I want to hear. I must know! I . . . I thought it would be such fun to . . . to know what's out in the future. But . . . I'm frightened. It was weird last night. Kayla's the head of a witch coven, you know."

Lenore gasped. "No. No, I didn't know," she admitted, shocked to hear it.

"Well she is. There are three covens here in Brecken High. Kayla's clear at the top in the one; she's a high priestess. But let's forget about that while you tell me about being obsessed or possessed, whatever it is. Last night the tables and chairs began to move by themselves and there were voices all around the room. And they weren't any of our voices either. It was spooky, real spooky. I mentioned this to Kayla; she only laughed and told me to forget it, that I'd get used to this sort of thing after a while. But honestly
Lenore, I . . . I'm not sure I want to get used to it. Not if I . . . I'll become obsessed."

"As surely as you continue going to these things, Ernestine, you will become obsessed and possessed. The devil will see to that."

Ernestine shuddered. "Go on, please!" she implored.

"Demons belong to the 'power of darkness,'" Lenore said. "They are a great army, veterans in the service of Satan. They are not angels. Angels have bodies. But the fact that demons can enter in, and take possession of, and control human beings and animals (the swine in the Bible) is proof that they are 'disembodied spirits.'"

Again Ernestine shuddered. "They . . . they're real, Lenore?"

"Very real. In fact they even have a personality. This is revealed in the fact that Jesus conversed with them, asked them questions, and then received answers (Luke 8:26-33). They know that Jesus is the 'Son of God,' and that, ultimately, they will be confined forever to a place of eternal punishment and torment (Matt. 8:29)."

"I . . . wish I'd have started going to church with you when you asked instead of taking up with Kayla and the group," Ernestine said. "I've only gone to these meetings three times," she added quickly.

"I wish you hadn't gone at all, Ernestine. The farther away you stay from this sort of thing, the 'healthier' it will be for you. Demons can cause many things in people; among them is dumbness (Mat. 9:32-33), blindness (Matt. 12:22), insanity (Luke 8:26-35), suicidal mania (Mark 9:22), personal injuries (Mark 9:18), supernatural strength (Luke 8:29), and many other things. Once demons have gotten control over a human body they can come and go at will (Luke 11:24-26)."

"Do you mean that sickness is caused by demons possessing people, Lenore?"

"There is a big difference between diseases and demon possession, Ernestine. Matt. 4:24 gives us a clear distinction between these two. Read this when you get home. Disease is one thing; demon possession is another."
"The horrible-frightening thing about demons is their devilish character employed in the use of their helpless victims. They use them as 'instruments of unrighteousness' (Rom 6:16). They become human robots for Satan, going and coming at his bidding and command, delving into the hidden things of darkness, proclaiming the 'doctrines of devils' (I Tim 4:1), and the teaching of 'damnable heresies' (II Pet. 2:1).

"Demons incarnate themselves in human beings, take possession of them and their personality, and use them for their own base, unclean desires and purposes."

"No wonder I was frightened, Lenore. Oh, do you think I am possessed, or obsessed? Do you? the senior high student cried anxiously.

"Let me define both words, Ernestine, and differentiate between them; then you decide for yourself if you are or aren't."

"Please do!"

"I made quite a thorough study on this for some of our young peoples' services in church," Lenore said. "To be obsessed, or have an obsession, the dictionary says is 1. influence of a feeling, idea, or impulse that a person cannot escape; 2. the feeling, idea, or impulse itself. Obsess, means fill the mind of; keep the attention of; haunt.

"Now here's the meaning of possess, or possessed: 1. own; have. 2. hold as property; hold, occupy. 3. control; influence strongly. 4. control by an evil spirit."

Ernestine was in tears. "I don't believe I am possessed, Lenore, neither obsessed. But I'm frightened. I don't want demons living in me and controlling my mind and body. What must I do to keep them out? I'll never go to another meeting of the club. Never! I'm sure this is Becky's problem, her trouble. I . . . I'm afraid she . . . she's possessed, after what you just told me. Oh, Lenny, wouldn't it be horrible if the demons drove her to commit suicide? Please tell me how not to become filled with these horrible creatures. Please!"

"By coming to the Lord Jesus Christ and confessing all your sins. Scripture tells us if we confess our sins the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son,"
will forgive us our sins and cleanse us from all unrighteousness. When you are saved . . . forgiven by God, 'born again' Jesus called it . . . then the blood of Jesus covers you. And so long as you walk in God's beautiful light and obey His voice and His commandments and stay covered by His blood, no demon or demons can ever take possession of you nor harm you. Demons are powerful, to be sure, but they are not all-powerful like God. The day is coming when God will cast the devil and all his demons into the lake of fire and brimstone, and they shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever. Revelation 20:10 tells us this."

"Oh, Lenore, will you please tell me more? And . . . and could you come by my house after school today and show me how to get saved? I'm going to change. No matter how much fun the girls and boys make of me, I'm changing!"

"I'll be glad to come by after school, Ernestine. I want to go see Becky, too. Jesus can help her. Well, there's the bell. Better be getting to our homeroom."

"After school," Ernestine said tearfully, giving Lenore's hand a tight little squeeze.

"After school. Yes, the Lord willing, " Lenore repeated. "Meanwhile, I'll be praying for you."

Ernestine dried her tears and smiled, then vanished around the door into her classroom.