To Become

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a true story where the main character is you... have you reached the ending yet?

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Today is like any other day, any other Sunday. You woke up, got dressed, got in your car, then drove to church. Not that you really believe in God or anything, but thereâ s people out there you want to keep happy. They call you 'Christian', they expect this of you. So you do it. Better give a few hours up every Sunday then spend countless fighting with other people about your 'soul', right?

The worship music was done with, and the sermon is coming to an end. But, like every week, thereâ s and alter call to sit through still. You don't know why, it just bothers you to see others going up there crying. As if somethings really moving in them. as if their really getting saved.

*What a bunch of idiots...*you somehow manage to keep your annoyance from showing, *endure it, just endure it...* your eyes scan the pews at all the people still sitting, your eyes meet those of a teenage girl sitting a little ways away from you. You can tell she is annoyed by the alter call, too. She's just like you.

And then you hear a scream.

Everything around you changes; the lights grow dimmed, the room shrinks, the walls turn into gray brick, the floor beneath you is dirt. Your pew is no longer there, you are standing in a filthy corner of a dungeon. The scream echos again, you cover your ears but can't keep it out, you search for the source. Your eyes frantically look around. You see the girl again. But she's different in this room.

Heavy chains are rapped around her wrists and ankles, they hold her to the wall so she cannot escape. She wipes fat tears off her dirty cheeks with shaky hands, she's clearly in pain. Another scream breaks free from her mouth, this time you make out a word.

â *no!*â her body is thrown against the wall by an unseen force, the invisible is holding her by her neck choking her. Off instinct you rush to help her, but you feel something pull at your wrists. When you look down you find you, too, are chained. You think this impossible- but deep inside you knew these chains have always been there. A broken sob fills the air followed by unearthly laughter. The girl is thrown to the ground, you close your eyes not wanting to see her broken body lay there.

Watch

a voice, gentle and small, whispers. You don't want to obey, but you do anyways. When you open your eyes you see that you and the girl are truly not alone in this room. You see your captures.

The creatures, for they are no where near human, are hideous in nature. Scales line their bodies and horns protrude from their heads. Claws, boils, wounds, blisters... their bodies are that of nightmare. They don't seem to see you, their focus is the girl. The defenseless, broken, weak, frail little girl... one of the creatures picks her up again, she screams and lashes out trying to fight it off, but she's no match against the monster. With it's sharp claws it slashes her stomach. Another scream comes from her. You watch in horror as she withers onto the ground. She shakes, screams, and fights back.

She kicks, swings her arms back and forth trying to hit them, but the chains are so heavy and her body is so weak that she can't do any damage. They laugh, almost like snakes and lions, at her feeble attempts. Your blood boils in white hot rage at their cruelty. They continue to torture her, hit her, slash her. The more you

watch the more you come to realize that they are the definition of evil.

Demons

the reality of who they are comes to you, your breath stops, your heart skips several beats, fear grows in your core making you shiver. Demons, they're demons. You never believe in hell, in satan. You always thought it was some guy in a red suit with little horns that sat on your shoulder, not *this.* These... these were the real demons. They were monsters, hideous and evil in nature. Pure hatred radiated off their bodies and through their gaze. To them, mercy was none-existent, they hated that girl and they made sure that hate went into every blow.

The girl starts to scream out again, but this time she manages sentences.

â *why? Why do you let them do this to me? Why hasn't anyone saved me? Where is your church, God? Where are the ones who are suppose to lead me? Why wont they make this stop? Why wont you make this stop?*â he voice broke, sobs shook her body. Then, in a voice that was almost to quiet for you to hear, she whispers- â I need you Jesus. Please, save me...â instantly, a blinding light fills the room, but yet you can still see. The demons shriek in their turn of agony as the light hits them; they flee from it and disappear not being able to withstand it. Before your very eyes a man appears in front of the girl. You notice that the light doesn't come from him. It *is* him. Joy, peace, love, the emotions fill the room bringing you to your knees. Tears fall from your eyes for you know these all come from him. The girl looks up puzzled and joyful at the same time.

â who are you?â she asks in wonder, the man smiles. When he does, it is the most beautiful and perfect smile you've ever seen. He laughs and touches her cheek tenderly.

â i'm the one who has come to set you free,â his voice is full of love, compassion, joy, and longing for the girl in front of him. His free hand touches the chains around the girl, they fall from her. The man pulls her into his arms without hesitation and holds her tight. â my daughter, I don't care what you've done or where you've been. I want you, it's never to late to come home to me....â you sob anew knowing his words aren't for her alone, but for you as well, â my name,â he pauses lifting his gaze from her to meet your eyes, â is Jesus.â

the room spins, changes.

Your back in the church, in your pew, you're still looking into the girls eyes. But not for long. Tears flow over and spill down her checks, heavy laughter comes from her uncontrollably as she gets up and moves from her pew. She barely makes it to the alter before her legs give out and she falls to her knees. Though words do not come out, you can see her begging Jesus to become her Lord and savior.

A strange longing overtakes you, you want what she has, you want to be free. You know the chains are still there. You want to be free. In that moment you make the decision, then you pray the shortest but the most powerful prayer you have ever spoken in your life.

â Jesus, take my life.â before you know it your right by that girl, a fire rages inside your stomach and fills your whole body. You are consumed by the most pure love you have ever felt, the fire inside you bursts out from your mouth and you start singing and praising God.

You feel hands on your back, people pray for you, they cry out to Jesus as well thanking him for bringing you home.

To Become

You lift shaky hands up to the sky-

you are finally free.

You are a new creation.

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