

THE DARKEST OF DAYS

Chapter 1

My niece and her husband brought their two children over to my house to keep as they went to work.

I loved those little kids.

The girl had big brown eyes and thick hair her mommy parted into two thick plaits.

Her brother had big brown eyes and she kept his hair cut low.

The two little ones were a perfect chocolate color.

The little girl was five and her brother six.

Because of his birthday, he could not attend school until the next year.

He was happy because he and his sister would be in the same grade.

I was happy for the two to be with me for that day.

Their parents normally worked from home but had to go into the office that day.

I fasted and prayed for several days and was up all night praying.

I knew something was not right.

But I did not know what.

I walked through my house praying and interceding for someone but did not know what.

I became sick to my stomach.

I could not eat, although my fast of seven days ended at midnight.

I sat in my window and looked out at the rainy, cloudy dark and dreary day.

Then I heard the car pull up.

I smiled and walked out my kitchen to the living and unlocked my front door.

The little ones were peeping out the car window at the rain.

Their mother and father jumped out the car and each grabbed a little one and ran to the front door.

I stepped back and allowed them to enter the living room.

They kissed the little ones and said, "Good morning."

I had on my pajamas and said, "Good morning".

My niece said they wanted to go shopping and out to lunch with some friends and would pick the two little ones up around three pm.

I told them. "Fine. I am retired. I don't have anywhere to go."

The three of us stood in the door and watched their mommy and daddy pull off to go to work.

I looked at the clock it was seven am.

I said to the two little ones, "Babies stepped out the door so I can close it."

They stepped back but wanted to see the rain.

I took their hands and carried them to the living room picture window.

We sat and watched the rain and the cars splashing water as they sped by.

After a half hour I asked the two little ones if they were ready to eat.

The little boy was on the floor pushing one of his little cars jumped up and said, "Pancakes auntie."

I laughed.

I knew my niece said they had to go shopping, so I knew the children had not eaten.

I was glad they did not stop at a fast food place and give the babies that food.

The little girl turned and looked at her brother.

I stood and placed the curtains back and said, "Babies come on in the kitchen. So, I can make you whole wheat pancakes."

The little boy said, "Are they pancakes."

I laughed and said, "Yes they are a different flour from the fast food restaurants."

I helped them into the breakfast nook.

I loved the upholstered nook, which was my last project before I retired six months ago.

The two little ones were laughing and talking and looking out the window at the rain.

I told them if the rain stop we could go on an adventure.

They said, "Woo."

I laughed and thought about their grandmother, my sister.

I knew she could have loved being there with them and seeing them grow up.

I could not understand how she and her husband had aneurysms and died within a few days of each other.

I had to plan a double funeral.

Our small family decreased from four to two.

Me and my niece.

My sister and her husband had just re-done their wills.

They left me the executor of both of estates.

Everything went to my niece, which was right.

She left our mother's pearl earrings and necklace to me and our grandmother formal dishes.

The day of their funerals I went to the house to ride with my niece in the family car and her boyfriend was sitting in the house.

I went and got the pearl earrings and the china which I already boxed up.

I carried them to my car and locked the car.

I knew she and her boyfriend was off into something evil and they were not going to steal my stuff.

I walked back in the house my niece and her boyfriend were standing in the kitchen whispering.

Everyone was peeping at them in the kitchen and then looked at me.

I sat with her father's relatives until the funeral cars drove up.

Me, her and her boyfriend got in the first family car.

The husband's family got in the two remaining cars.

After the service and burials, we ate at the church.

I did not want anyone at the house.

A brother asked me when I walked in the house could I get him something to eat.

I ignored him and kept walking.

A month after the funerals I went to the house to tell the niece we were to meet with the attorneys the next week.

I ring the doorbell and her boyfriend came to the door with no shirt and said, "Yeah."

I said, "is my niece here?"

He cut his eyes at me like he was daring me and turned sideways.

I saw a house full of young black males and smoke filled the living room.

I looked around at the house and it looked terrible.

Cars in the yard and on the grass.

The grass not cut.

Somebody ran into the mailbox and propped it up on bricks for the mailman to deliver the mail.

The porch smelled like urine and alcohol.

I could not believe the state of my sister's house in thirty days.

It had become the den of every evil person in the neighborhood.

One of the young black men walked to the door and looked me up and down and blew smoke through the screen in my face.

The young black males laughed.

My niece came out the bedroom pulling my sister's robe up on her shoulder.

I thought.

My niece said, "Uh. Uh don't do that."

I looked at the young black male.

I knew his worthless family.

I stared at him.

He looked at me as if he could kill me.

I wondered at his attitude.

My niece walked to the door and pushed it open and said, "Come in auntie."

I looked and knew what was going on I said, "No. Here I gave her the letter from the attorneys."

The boyfriend looked at me like he wanted to kill me.

I stared at him.

He was closing the door in my face and the other one was laughing.

I saw what was going on and I knew my sister and her husband.

I walked off the porch and looked at the garage.

I stepped over to the garage to see where the cars were.

The garage door was bent.

I saw in the crack the cars were not in the garage.

The young black male whose family I knew was worthless yelled and said, "Man she's looking in the garage."

My niece's boyfriend ran out the house with a beer bottle in his hand.

Some neighbors were walking with their dogs.

They stopped.

I slowly turned with my gun drawn and pointed at his head and the gun cocked.

He stood in disbelief.

The police drove up.

Neighbors had called the police.

I heard the back door opened and many feet running.

Some of the folks in the house tried to climb other neighbors' fences to escape.

The neighbors jumped on them and some dogs bit them.

The police was at the back of the house and when they ran out the house.

The police caught most of them.

The police had the gun on the one that blew the smoke in my face.

I wanted him.

My niece's boyfriend was still standing in shock of how smoothly and uncaring I held the gun in his face.

The police ran and put the handcuffs on him and said, "You are threatening her with the bottle."

They made all of them sit on the ground.

The neighbors were running out of their houses to see what was taking place and talking.

The young black male whose family I knew looked at me and said, "I'm going have you done."

I stared at him.

He looked at me and his face was evil but he was in shock.

The police asked for my license to carry the gun and my id.

I gave the police both and stood and waited for them to finish running my information.

The police brought my niece out the house.

Then I saw she was pregnant. I did not care.

She was acting like a dog.

Like was nothing and her family was nothing.

The police asked me what was going on.

I told them I did not know that my sister and her husband died a month earlier and came to give my niece the letter from the attorneys to come to estate meeting next week. And the two on the ground were threatening me.

The police told me to leave.

I went to my car and left. I knew Marjorie and her husband would call me and tell me everything that happened.

When I arrive at home, I realized I was riding around with my mother's pearls in the glove compartment and our grandmother's china in my trunk.

I drove into my garage and unloaded my car.

I took out my grandmother's china first. I came back for the pearls.

I unloaded the groceries and dry cleaning.

I knew I would be busy the week-end with my homecoming.

I looked at my car and knew I had to have it detail while I was having my hair, eyebrows and nails done the next day.

I took the gun from the glove compartment and the one from underneath the seat.

I went into my house and went from room to room and closets to make sure no one was in my house.

I checked on the guns I had in each room.

The two guns in my car I put in my tote bag and placed by the door, so when they finish detailing my car I can easily put the guns back.

I put up all the groceries and started washing my grandmother's china.

The telephone continued to ring until nine pm.

I began to clean my house and knew what I did not complete that night would not be completed the next day.

I hung a new wreath on my front door and saw the packages out front at my door.

I was glad I lived in a neighborhood where the people did not steal.

Apparently, the packages had been there for a couple of days.

I brought the packages in the house and opened them.

My outfits for homecoming week-end.

I pressed the outfits and hung them in bedroom.

Several of my friends would be staying with me with their husbands.

I was glad for this break and I was glad those creatures were in jail, maybe the city would be safer this week-end.

I prayed and read my bible.

I went to bed and woke happy.

I prayed and showered and ate breakfast.

I dressed for the day and looked at my house.

It was nice and decent.

I picked up my tote bag and left the house.

I dropped my car across the street at the wash and detail shop and took my tote bag with me and walked to the hair salon.

After three hours I left and walked and got my car and before I drove out the parking lot I put the guns back and then drove the car for a tune up.

I met my friends and their husbands at our favorite seafood place.

We beat the rush hour traffic.

After we ate.

They followed me for thirty minutes to my house.

One couple called me on my cell phone and said they were going to buy their cocktails.

I smiled.

When we reached my home it was night, but the lights were on outside and a few in the house.

I checked my mail and looked for any more packages.

We all went into the house.

The first couple took their cocktails upstairs with them.

The second couple arrived thirty minutes later.

We laughed and talked until the morning.

We settled in for the night.

We got dressed and went to the luncheon at the school.

We were at the school all day.

Attending programs and fundraisers.

We bought sweatshirts, bags, hats and t-shirts.

After a full day we all split.

The two couples at my house went and spent the evening and night with their best friends.

I met some friends and went to a steak house with them.

We were there until midnight.

I left and was on my way home when my houseguests called and said they were nearly to my house.

I arrived a few minutes before them and drove into my garage and checked the mail.

We all walked in the house and my telephone messages center was full.

I had a number of messages from my niece.

We heard the messages.

Then I had strange messages from someone who was trying to disguise their voice.

We all listened.

The messages made no sense.

I saved the messages, and I went to bed.

The two couples were downstairs sharing cocktails.

I prayed about my niece and asked GOD to save her soul to give her salvation. I asked GOD that the attack the devil was bringing against me with the telephone messages be destroyed and give the people in my house divine protection and safety.

I laid in bed and read my bible.

GOD to assure me that my niece would not go to hell.

I knew she was involved with evil, but I did not know the extent.

I asked GOD don't let her have children if she is evil and will be going to hell and protect and deliver the child that was in her.

The niece was sitting in jail with her orange jumpsuit on.

They let her out late that day because the judge did not want her in jail that week-end and plus several colleges were having their homecoming and the judge wanted to make sure they had jail space.

The rest of those in the house were still locked up.

My niece went home and stayed in the house.

I enjoyed my week-end with my friends and classmates.

I did a very beautiful breakfast for twenty people and we all prayed.

They left.

Some were close by and had only a short travel time and they dressed for church.

Some had long drives or airplane rides.

I took several people to the airport.

I passed the way to my niece and did not stop.

After everyone was gone, I went through my house and blessed and cleaned it.

I took the garbage out and down to the street for the next day collection.

I went into my house and sat and played the messages again but backwards.

I heard the threats against my life.

I went on a forty day fast and drank only water. I went on a thirty day fast when my sister and her husband died. I lost a dress size and a half.

Everyone thought I looked great.

I prepared my life to battle a spiritual fight.

I wondered about my niece.

I prepared myself for week for the week.

I laid prostrate before GOD all night long. I was seeking GOD to deliver my niece and save her.

My telephone was on low.

I could still hear the messages, but I was not going to move from the presence of GOD.

Everyone I had contact with this week-end said they made it home fine and safe.

I thank GOD for HIS blessing of divine protection and safety while I was before him.

I got up after eight hours on the floor and showered and dressed for work.

I worked full days and would sleep until midnight and wake and lay prostrate before GOD in prayer.

I went to the meeting with the attorneys about my sister and brother-in-law estate.

My niece and her boyfriend were sitting in the attorney's conference room.

Her boyfriend tried to give me a look to kill.

I pulled out the chair next to him and sat with my body on his.

He looked at me.

The attorneys and staff knew it was a problem.

I stared at my niece's boyfriend, because I knew it was him who left the threats on my telephone.

How he did while he was in jail I did not know, but GOD and JESUS did.

One of the attorneys said, "Problem?"

My niece's eyes bucked and I said no a word.

I stared at the boyfriend.

My niece patted the arm of his chair and said, "Stop."

I sat sideways and stared at him the entire meeting.

He jumped up and pushed his chair back and stomped out the room.

His buddy was outside.

The young black male whose family I knew was worthless.

They disappeared.

Two hours later my niece signed the papers and I signed the papers.

My sister and brother-in-law's house was to be sold along with his truck and all the belongings in the house. The money was to be placed in a trust fund and their daughter would only get a thousand dollars per month.

After the burials, bills and work on the house and attorney's fees the attorneys approximated my niece should get two hundred dollars clear and with the sale of the house and truck and items from the house should get a half of million and the one thousand dollars for her life.

I knew my sister and her husband did not want their daughter's boyfriend to live off her.

If she had ant children after her death they get whatever is left and if there is no children, then whatever is left would come to me.

My niece looked at me and said, "Auntie I want all the money now".

I showed no emotions and said, "Why?"

She could not answer me.

The attorneys looked at her.

I said, "You can fight this in court if you want to. I will not be a part of it and when these attorneys finish and get their part you won't have anything. Get out of the house this week-end. I know everything in that house. Don't take anything."

I stood and walked out the conference room and out the office.

I saw the two riff raff at the end of the hall staring at me.

I had to pass them to get to the elevator.

I was ready to kill them.

I realized they were evil and killed my sister and her husband to get their money by my niece.

They pressed for the elevator.

They got on the elevator and stood behind.

I turned and leaned my back to the elevator's wall and stared at them.

They tried to stare at me, but they kept blinking.

I was becoming angrier and angrier.

They followed me out the building.

They ran upon me.

The attorney and his staff were watching from their windows.

I wanted the pleasure of my fist on their faces.

A car pulled up and the door opened.

They tried to push me in the car, I fell to the ground and grabbed the young black male whose family was worthless.

The security and the police were running from all directions.

The car tried to pull off but the police and security pulled out their guns on the driver.

I held the young black male whose family was worthless, and I was choking him.

He passed out the police get him.

My niece's boyfriend was struggling to get a loose to get to me.

One of the police knew him and pretended to have placed the handcuffs on him.

My niece's boyfriend lunged at me.

We fought.

I asked JESUS to let me kill him for what he did to my sister and her husband.

All I knew was that my fists were hitting something hard.

The police saw what the other police officer did and handcuffed him.

I began to feel a tug on my shoulders and then eventually a voice that kept repeating. "Let him go."

I finally came to me senses and saw I had my niece's boyfriend in the air and choking him and beating him in the face with the other hand.

He was hitting at me but was missing.

The police pulled me back.

My niece ran out the building and stood.

The police cleaned the area and arrested the police officer along with the four young black males.

The four were sentenced to twenty five years in prison for a number of charges.

I continued with the estate plans and sold the house everything in it and my brother-in-law truck.

I invited my niece for Thanksgiving dinner.

She was reluctant to come in my house.

I thought, "I know."

No one was there but the two of us.

She drove my sister's car and wanted me to give her gas money.

I told her no.

She left. I was glad because I was on my forty days fast and was on day thirty eight. I would not have eaten but I did not want to prepare dinner for her.

I lost another dress size and a half.

I had not received an answer from the LORD about my niece's salvation.

I was scared.

Chapter 2

As I was flipping the cartoon character pancakes for the two little ones my mind came back to me.

I looked at them being so happy and laughing and talking.

I wondered how long that would last.

It has been six years since my sister and brother-in-law murder for that little money.

Some of the murders are in prison for twenty five years.

My niece left my house that Thanksgiving Day and went to a fast food restaurant and had enough money to buy a burger and sat and ate.

She met her husband and my baby girl's father sweeping the floor.

He took her to his room he rent and they married a month later.

He is a Christian and would not have her living with him in sin.

That has been nearly six years.

He used her car, which is my sister's car and they use the thousand dollars a month to get into a small but decent house.

He is a hard worker and finally got his high school equivalent certificate and went to trade school.

They work from home and make ends meet.

I do not step in nor offer help.

I believe my niece had her parents killed for that money and something else.

Why after six years GOD has not answered me about my niece.

I just her saved.

What is GOD not letting me know.

I walked to the table with my loves character pancakes in their characters' plates with their character cups and forks.

They screamed in delight.

I sat and drank water while they ate and enjoyed my wholesome pancakes.

I was watching them and was delighted at them.

I would watch the rain slowing down.

My niece looked at me and turned and looked behind her at the rain.

She said, "No more rain."

I grinned at her as she turned and looked at me.

She looked in my eyes and grinned.

Her brother was enjoying his pancakes and looked out the window.

I took their plates and wash and dried all of the dishes as they played and ran through the house.

I closed all the curtains and double locked the doors and windows.

I brought them upstairs with me, while I showered and dressed.

I put on jeans, a sweatshirt, socks and rubber shoes and while I sat on my vanity seat my niece ran into my dressing area and saw me putting on my shoes and not slippers.

She said, "Nana we go out?"

I loved how observant this little baby is.

I looked at her and grinned and said, "Yes."

She said, "Nana no shoes."

And pointed at my rubber shoes.

Her brother ran to the door and stood next to her with his airplane in his hands.

I laughed and turned in my seat and picked up a bag that was next to me.

I turned around and pulled them out a pair of rain boots, raincoats and umbrellas and backpacks in their favorite cartoon characters.

They screamed with happiness.

I sat in my chair and finished tying my boots.

I stooped on the floor and helped them to put on their rain gear.

I was getting sick to my stomach.

I prayed silently, "GOD why am I getting sick to my stomach. Are we suppose to leave the house. Let me know if we are suppose to leave and if so show me what to do. In JESUS' name."

I smiled at the two little ones.

They were all dressed for the weather.

What I buy for them stay at my house.

I never send anything home with them, because I wonder about their mother and her connections I don't know about.

I smiled at my loves as they stood waiting for me.

The little girl said, "Now you."

Her brother was jumping around with his airplane and ran to me and hugged me.

She ran and hugged me.

They act like they were deprived.

I have seen their father buy for the both.

I wondered.

I said, "Nana have to get her bag and put on my coat like yours, wait here."

They yelled, "Ok."

I stepped in the closet and picked up my bag that was on the floor.

I picked it up and unzipped it.

I peeped back at the two little ones.

They were quiet and standing and watching me.

I grinned.

I needed to grab my gun so they could not see me.

I said, "GOD."

They heard a truck and ran to the window.

I quickly grabbed my gun and a n extra clip and put it in my secret lining in my purse.

I said, "What was that?"

The little niece shrugged her shoulders and said, "I don't know I didn't see it."

She looked at her brother and said, "Did you see it?"

He was playing with his airplane and said, "Nope."

I knew then it was GOD to give me a minute to grab my gun and that it was meant for me to leave the house with these two babies.

I said, "Ok."

I grabbed my rain slicker with the hood and my purse.

I sat in my chair and counted out the money for our bus fare going to the library and back.

I called them to me and had them to count with me.

They got it right and we all yelled for joy.

I knew what time the bus should come.

I knew the little ones walked very slow.

We only had a less than a block to walk to get to the bus stop.

I took them by their hands and said, "Look at me. You don't go to anyone and you hold onto my hands. Understand."

They repeated, "Understand."

I said, "When we get back I'll order us pizza and we take a nap until your mommy and daddy come and get you. Understand."

They looked me in my eyes and said, "Understand."

I stood and said, "Let's go."

They ran down my stairs and stood in the hall and were jumping yelling at me to come on.

I walked down the stairs and said, "I plead the BLOOD of JESUS over my house, our pathway, our plans and over us."

They joined me and said, "In JESUS' name."

They ran to the door and I unlocked the door they ran out the door and stood in the first mud puddle they saw.

I looked at them as I set the alarm and double lock the door.

We walked out my yard and up towards the street.

They jumped and played in all the rain they saw.

The clouds were dark and gloomy looking.

I was praying in tongues because I knew whatever this was GOD had prepared me for it.

Sometimes I prayed for something and got something I did not want.

I wondered if this was one of those things I prayed to GOD about and HE has answered in a way I didn't want.

I looked at the two little ones.

I said, "No GOD, not the babies."

We heard the bus.

The little ones stopped and said, "Nana is that the bus?"

I laughed and said, "Yes. Look."

They turned and saw the bus and tried to run.

They were kicking their feet high in the air.

I laughed and told them, "That bus is bringing people this way. The bus we catch will take us that way."

They pointed in the opposite direction.

I said, "Yes loves. But we must walk a little faster so we can catch our bus."

They tried to run.

We made it to the street and crossed it in time to catch our bus for the five minute ride to the public library.

The bus stopped and splash water.

I pulled them back and stared at the bus driver who kept his head straight.

I picked the two little ones up and put them in the first seat on the bus.

They were so excited to be on a bus.

They spoke to everyone.

I stood and pulled out the exact fare for the three of us.

I put the fare in the machine and stared at the bus driver.

He would not look at me.

I said, "Give me three transfers."

He was to ask me and refused to give me service.

I took the three bus transfers and walked to the first seat with my loves and stood in front of them for their protection.

They were in the seats in their knees and looking out the window.

I pulled the cord for the bus to stop.

The bus driver yelled, "Feet out the seat. Tell them to get their feet out the seat."

I stared at him.

I started to help the two little ones out the seat and the bus driver jerked the bus to cause me and them to fall.

I said, "Hands'.

They reached me their hands.

The bus driver stopped the bus and we walked to the door.

He jerked the bus again to cause us to fall.

I picked the two up and ran from the bus stop because I knew the bus driver would try to splash us again.

The bus driver jerked the bus and made some people getting off fall off the bus.

He looked back at them and closed the doors and sped off and splashed rain water on people on the street.

I looked up and saw the bus supervisors standing and talking and drinking coffee at the fast food restaurant.

The little ones saw the fast food restaurant and started going to it.

I said, "No babies, lets go this way to the library."

I pointed to the library.

The people who fall off the bus saw the bus supervisors.

They ran across the street and were telling the supervisors what happen, including two of the workers at that fast food restaurant.

They were muddy.

The supervisors said, "We saw it and will resolve it."

The workers went inside the fast food restaurant and their manager sent them back out the door because they were dirty.

The women were crying because they would not be paid for that day.

Their manager walked out and said to the bus supervisors, "e all saw that bus pull off and made them fall. I can't let them come to work dirty serving food."

The bus supervisors said, "Tell them to file a claim for lost wages and we will sign it, because we saw what happened."

The two women were sitting on the ground at the pathway because they had to wait thirty minutes for the bus to turn around and come back.

I stood and watched.

The fast food manager walked over to hi workers and told them what the supervisors.

The women stood and walked to the bus supervisors and talked.

I looked at my babies who were jumping and playing in all the water.

I was glad they were slow walkers so I could see what was taking place across the street.

I started looking around my environment.

I slowly walked fast so I could be within arms' reach of my two little ones.

They hopscotch and jumped and played all the way to the library.

I saw a car slow and then pass us.

I felt for my gun.

I watched the dark tinted window of the old economy car.
I saw a female and a young male through the back window.
The thought came to me to watch and see if a male and female come into the library.
The woman kept her head down.
I know I heard her say, "That's her."
The male started throwing his arms up in air like a threat to me.
I said, "Hands."
The two little ones gave me their hands.
We stood and waited for traffic to stop.
We ran across the street and onto the sidewalk.
I turned their hands loose.
They ran a little distance from me and stopped and played until I caught up with them.
I was playful but watchful.
I stopped and turned off my cell phone.
I looked and saw a slim young white male sitting at the picnic table a little distance from the library.
The community put it there for the workers who would come and sit and eat lunch.
I thought and nodded, "He is out of place."
We made it in time for the children's reading hour.
I looked around the library and noticed a couple of workers.
I said, "My GOD."
I took their rain gear and let them go into the children area.
They enjoyed themselves.
I sat and watched them.
When the story reading time was up, I walked to the door.
The two little ones ran to the door to me.
They were being watched.
I was being watched.
We missed a bus and had to wait now for about forty five minutes because there was a break in the bus schedule.

We selected a few books for them to read at my house.

We checked the books out.

I walked them to the lobby and put on all of their rain gear.

I noticed the time.

I put their books in my bag and counted out the exact bus fare.

I wondered what happened to the bus driver.

I stood and said, "Hands."

We all reached for each other hands.

We walked out the library.

I looked around and the children were gone.

I looked up at the slim young white man sitting on the top of the picnic table.

I stormed across to him.

He was smoking crack and blew the smoke in my face.

I pulled my gun on him and he was surprised.

I said, "Get them back now."

He said, "Or what?"

I said, "There is no 'what? ' .

He stared at me and turned his head and said, "You don't know why you are fooling with."

I said, "Satan."

He turned and looked at me.

I knew who he was when his eyes changed and changed back quickly.

I yelled, "Michael!!"

The slim white man disappeared.

I ran back to the library and looked at the clock and screamed.

The people at the car wash heard my screaming.

The people at the gas station heard me screaming.

A couple of police officers heard me screaming.

People at the bus stop turned and looked.

The bus supervisors were sitting in their cars writing they jumped out the cars.

The librarians ran out the library.

I was running around the yard of the library.

Everyone started running.

I was screaming, "My babies!"

The homeless people started pointing down in a wooded area.

The police drove over and said, "What's happening?"

The librarians said, "The children are gone."

One librarian was in the building at the counter and watching.

The police looked at them.

The homeless men said, "They got them and ran under the sewer."

I ran in the direction of the homeless men.

The police said, "What is that smell?"

A librarian fainted.

One of the car washers said, "They blow that stuff in your face to cause you to pass out and steal your children, bags, wallets."

The Asian police officer turned and looked at the man.

The other police officer yelled at me, "Get back here! Where do you think you are going?!"

Everybody started yelling at the white police officer, "You go! You don't talk to nobody like that!"

One of the bus supervisors called his brother, a captain at the police department, and told him about the white police officer.

His brother heard the riot forming.

He was in a meeting with the mayor and city council.

He told them of the situation and his white police officer.

They could hear the white police officer yelling at the woman.

The mayor cancelled the meeting and they left and came to the library.

The librarian was brought to consciousness.

The white police officer saw the mayor and city council people he rushed to them and tried to tell them about the situation.

The young Asian police officer was stumped.

He was looking at the woman running towards the sewer that the homeless people said 'they' took the small children.

The Asian police officer's grandfather, being a Christian was in noon day prayer and began to pray for his grandson.

The young Asian police officer thought it was a trap set up for the woman.

He started walking towards the area.

The homeless men jumped up and followed the woman.

The young Asian police officer was shaking his head.

Somewhere in his memory heard something similar.

Some people tried to follow him and the woman.

He was yelling for the people to stay back.

The homeless men helped the woman move the sewer covering.

The young Asian police officer started running to the sewer.

He was thinking they have a smoke like the pills they put in people's food and drink.

The captain's brother was filming everything.

The homeless men were holding the sewer and the woman slipped into the sewer.

The homeless men moved the covering and were standing looking down in the sewer.

The young Asian police officer ran and slide down the sewer.

He heard the woman running.

The police captain looked at his cell phone and said, "There's snakes and rats down there."

His brother said, "And bodies."

The two thought about their youngest sister who disappeared twenty years ago and d someone told them she was taken underground through the sewer system.

They were quiet.

The police captain sped to the library and drove directly to the sewer.

The police captain jumped out his car and grabbed his flashlight and jumped down in the sewer.

He began to run and shining his light.

The young Asian police officer was running and got lost but saw the flashlight he yelled, "Who are you?"

The police captain shined the light in his face.

The young Asian police officer breathed heavily and rested for a second.

They heard running in front of them.

The police captain said, "Who is that?"

The young Asian police officer said, "The woman who brought the children to the library, sir."

The police captain was talking to someone on his radio and said, "Pull the video from the library and looked for witnesses or anything strange."

Then I began to scream the children's names.

The police captain and the young Asian police officer followed my screams.

I bent over for a minute to catch my breath.

The young Asian police officer's grandfather called his wife in their language.

He told her he felt danger not for their grandson but for a woman somewhere.

She is about to face great danger that no one could survive.

They began to intercede for a woman.

One of my friends who is a minister fell to her knees and my face came before her.

She laid prostrate and prayed in tongues.

The police captain's flashlight was very bright.

They caught up with me.

I knew this was a fight only I could fight.

The police captain asked me what was my name and what happened.

I was breathing heavy to catch my breath.

There were rats and snakes crawling everywhere.

I thought, "This is the place."

We heard a child's scream.

We all ran in the direction of the scream.

The young Asian police officer said, "Wait!!"

We looked down and saw the children's rain gear.

He picked it up and looked at me.

I nodded for yes. And broke out running again.

They ran behind me with the police captain's flashlight lighting our path.

I could smell the stench of hell.

I grabbed the police captain's flashlight and pushed it down.

He understood and cut it off.

The young Asian police officer stood and wrapped the children's clothes in the raincoat.

The police captain unhitched his gun and put the flashlight on his belt.

He thought about the torture his mother and grandmother went through over his baby sister's disappearance twenty years ago.

His older sister lost her mind and have been locked away most of her life.

His grandmother is dead, and his mother was near blind and have heart trouble.

He knew it was over his baby sister.

He promised God if He let him become a police officer and find her or what happened to her he would kill those who destroyed her.

Even if it took his life.

He was prepared to die.

We heard noises behind us.

We hid in a large crack in the wall.

Several people pass us with red robes on.

The police captain whispered and said, "where did they come from?"

The young Asian police officer said, "How did they get pass everyone."

I said, "They were already in here. Please leave."

The captain of the police said, "Not without the children."

The young Asian police officer was thinking.

I started my walk behind the people in red robes.

The police captain followed me.

He told the young Asian police officer to stay there and watch and turn his radio off or very low.

I said, "They're bold. They don't care."

The police captain said, "Who?"

I said, "Witches."

He stopped in his tracks.

I kept walking.

I had my bag across my body.

I said, "You will see things you will wish you never seen."

The police captain said, "I have seen a lot of scary stuff."

He said, "What's that?"

I kept walking.

I said, "Michael."

The police captain said, "I'm George."

I said, "I was talking to Archangel Michael. Do you know JESUS. "

The police captain was quiet.

I said, "Don't let them defeat you on this earth and spend all eternity with them in hell and then the lake of fire. Repeat after me. Because GOD and JESUS didn't..."

We heard screams.

The police captain heart fainted.

I said, "They heard the name of JESUS. It is pain and torment to them when a believer in JESUS speak HIS name."

They screamed again,

I said, "They will be coming soon. Accept JESUS as your Savior."

The police captain said, "Am I going to die?"

I said, "Yes. You are the man of my dreams. You have a minute to accept JESUS as your Savior so you can be with your grandmother and sister."

He said, "Help me."

I said, "Repeat after me..."

We heard dozens of running feet.

I pulled out my gun and the clip.

I said, "God forgive me for my sins."

The police captain repeated.

I said, "I believe JESUS is YOUR only begotten Son who came in the flesh and poured out HIS blood..."

The screaming was more painful.

The young Asian police officer was scared and put the bundle of clothes to his mouth to quiet his screaming.

The police captain repeated after me.

I said, "Accept me as YOUR child by JESUS."

The police captain repeated after me.

We head feet behind us and in front of us.

I saw movement and said, "GOD let these few bullets hit all and kill all of them and Give this man and his family peace and joy. In JESUS' name."

The captain said, "In JESUS name and let me live."

I began to walk and hoot the movement in front of me and I heard shooting behind me.

I kept shooting.

I dropped the clip and put the other one in and kept shooting.

The people outside the library said they could hear all the shooting and began to duck.

The police pulled the tape from the library and saw the young black woman and the young black male were sitting by the door and blew the smoke in my face and grabbed the two little children and ran towards the back of the library.

The mayor said, "Where are they going with the children?"

They did not see the slim young white male.

The police captain's brother sneaked behind the mayor to listen to what they were saying.

I kept shooting.

I saw from the gun light something shiny they had.

I bent down and it was daggers.

I grabbed two from the bodies I saw and ran into the direction they were coming from.

There was a large room.

I saw my two babies lying on a large tree stump naked and chained to the tree stump.

The witch with the big red robe on was still sprinkling something on the children.

I took out my holy olive oil.

He did not turn around and said, "It won' work because they are mine's."

I walked up to him because I recognized the voice.

I was fed up with him.

I screamed, "JESUS!!!JESUS!!!JESUS!!!"

He went into fits and I took the holy oil and sprinkle it over the children and around the tree stumps. So no one could come near them.

I had no more bullets.

I took the daggers and put one in each hand.

I hit the chains that bound my nephew and they shattered.

I hit the chains that bound my niece. The chains shattered.

I stepped away from the circle of holy oil I put around the children.

I had to face this demon once and for all I did not plan to lose.

I could hear radios and shooting in the background.

He rushed upon me with a sword.

I felt searing pain.

He said, "I will have my sacrifice tonight."

I did not feel the presence of GOD, JESUS nor the holy angels.

I knew that sometimes in the worst times of my life I did not feel their presence but at the end I received the victory that JESUS gave to me before the foundation of the world.

I said, "JESUS..."

My enemy started screaming and trying to covering his ears.

I continued, "Give me YOUR victory."

A thought came to me, "Just say the name."

I looked at my enemy who was rushing to me with his sword held out.

I said, "JESUS!"

He went into fits.

Then the word of the Lord came to me.

Zechariah 4:6

It was going in o zoom and the n out of zoom.

I thought, "What is GOD saying?"

I started saying Zechariah 4: 6, "... Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the LORD of hosts."

My enemy started covering his ears.

I begin to see that every victory has been won and carved out for each one of us by JESUS the Christ. I could not defeat and destroy my enemy with the gun and daggers. Those are their weapons. 2 Corinthians 10:4 states, "(For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of the strong holds:)"

As I stood and began to speak GOD's Word against this my enemy, GOD's Word destroyed him.

I threw down the weapons of this world and said as David said to Saul when Saul gave David his armor to put on in 1 Samuel 17:39 "And David girded his sword upon his armor, and he assayed to go: for he had not proved it. And David said unto Saul, I cannot go with these: for I have not proved them. And David put them off him."

I realized, in that den of hell, that I destroyed some enemies by the weapons of this world, but the strongman, the root of evil could only be destroyed by the Word of GOD.

I thank my GOD and JESUS in the midst of the battle THEY steered me into the victory over all of my enemies by THEIR Word.

I danced around my enemies and poured 2 Corinthians 2:14, "Now thanks be unto God which always causeth me to triumph in Christ."

The more of God's Word flowed out of my spirit the more my enemies were tormented.

I stood still and looked at my enemy in his hooded face and screamed, "Isiah 54:17, "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgement thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the saints of the LORD, and their righteousness is of me, saith the LORD."

My enemy fell down at me feet destroyed.

The young Asian police officer ran in the room with my babies' clothes and covered them as they stretched and woke.

The police captain stumbled into the open space.

He was wounded but he did not die as I saw in my dream.

Each time I spoke the Word of GOD in JESUS' authority the enemies' weapons could not kill the police captain.

There was a lot of talking and lights flashing.

I opened my eyes and looked at the two sleeping babies next to me and then at the pizza box on the kitchen table.

I looked at the floor and saw the babies rain gear in the center of the floor.

I jumped up and ran to the door.

My niece and her husband were standing on my porch staring at me.

I unlocked the front door and looked outside at the number of police cars.

I opened my door.

My niece and her husband jumped inside my door.

She said, "We have tried to call you for hours."

I felt my pocket and pull out my cell phone which was on mute.

As I closed my front door, I saw the young Asian police officer.

He turned and looked at me.

I closed my door and watched my niece and her husband walked through the kitchen to the den to get their children.