

GO JACKY GO
DIARY OF A DEMON HUNTER
(The prologue to the novel)

BOOK CHAPTER

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Summary

Go Jacky Go is the story of a boy named Jackson Monroe—a normal Christian teen who has a normal Christian life, until he is struck by a car. Though modern medicine says he should have died in that crash, Jackson wakes up at the hospital with not a mark on his body.

However, the incident has given him the ability to see the supernatural realm and the demonic/angelic war that ensues every moment of every day. There is a very real battle for the souls of mankind and Jackson is now a part of it.

What follows is the prologue to that adventure, introducing the ancient characters that will either attempt to support or destroy the young demon hunter as he serves God in a way no human ever has before. The setting is a familiar one: Jesus' birth.

Just outside of Bethlehem: 0 AD

The woman was in pain.

This, Michael could deduce, though he could not empathize in any way. Pain was a foreign thing to him. But then, he was not human. In reality, his human appearance was simply a shell over a creature that was more akin to the stars than flesh. Astral beings, they were. Created with perfect beauty and power, yet without freewill. They were soldiers. Servants. Humanity called them angels.

“I feel sorry for her.”

Michael glanced coolly over his shoulder to where his second in command, Zakiel, leaned against the mouth of the animal’s cave. Even when humans couldn’t see them, Michael chose to take on the form of his Creator; the form that had been gifted to humanity. The rest of the army simply did the same.

In response to Michael’s unspoken question, Zakiel merely shrugged. “I am sorry that she must go through this.”

“The Savior must be born as any other human child,” Michael said.

He walked over to meet his friend and fellow soldier at the mouth of the cave and, together, the two looked out over the army amassed on the grassy fields outside. The sky looked like white paint had been splattered over black-blue velvet. Michael gazed at the stars and—as any soldier would—found himself thinking of home.

Since they had no need to rest nor any concept of boredom, all six thousand of the celestials stood at the ready, eyes scanning the skies and the ground, passively prepared for the worst. And the worst came. Without change in facial expression, Michael pulled his great-sword

free of its scabbard and looked toward the horizon. A split second later, every angel across the field mimicked his movements.

From the place where sky met land, a wave of darkness was rising. It blotted out the blue-black sky and the milky dots of the stars, growing to tidal proportions as it neared the garrison at sonic speeds. The shrieking was soon audible and an unbearable scent of sulfur washed over the future battlefield.

These were the Fallen. Humanity called them demons. In their inhuman visage, their appearance was close to the angels' true form, but without the alien glory and beauty. Twisted, leather-black skin and amber eyes wrapped around a core of gnashing fangs and angular, clawed limbs. The mere sight set every angel's teeth on edge.

And there were thousands upon thousands of Fallen.

"By the King," Zakiel breathed. "Hell must be empty."

"It is," Michael replied simply. "This will be the greatest battle since we cast Lucifer out of Paradise. He will spare nothing in his attempt to take the Christ-child's life. We are here to stop him."

With that, the Commander of the Lord's Army launched off the ground, diving straight at the peak of the demon wave. Following his example, every other angel on the ground leapt up as well, forming a celestial wall in front of the black tidal wave.

There was a breath of silence in which even the Earth's rotation seemed to pause.

And then evil and good incarnate collided. For hours they fought—demon and angel, fallen and celestial. For hours, the demons assaulted, wave after wave of pure desperate rage. For hours, the angelic defense held. Many soldiers fell, shining like shooting stars before their lights simply went out.

For hours, the woman in the stable screamed in pain.

And then the Fallen stopped. As if an unheard order had been given, the dark soldiers suddenly scattered in every possible direction, terrified.

Michael wiped a trail of metallic silver blood out of his eyes and peered around. Something wasn't right. The archangel narrowed his eyes as a horrible growling howl broke the air. It sounded as if something massive were shrieking in the far distance, miles away.

“Zakiel, take the garrison and fall back.”

Zakiel blinked in surprise. “How far, sir?”

“Surround the cave,” Michael ordered. “Leave no room for even a flea to get inside.”

“Yes, sir.”

Another throaty roar split the air and sent six thousand angels on high alert—muscles taut and swords at the ready. It even caused Zakiel to hesitate in carrying out his orders.

“Sir,” Zakiel said, frowning. “Is that—?”

“Take the garrison back,” Michael growled.

Without another word, Zakiel obeyed.

And then, Lucifer arrived.

The leader of the rebellion had taken a form as far from God's image as was possible. Michael, powerful though he was, looked pitiful compared to the reptilian monster before him, which towered to rival the Great Pyramid in Egypt. Scales of blood-red hue covered bulging muscles. Black claws, smooth and glassy, protruded from his massive paws. At the end of seven powerful necks sat seven mighty dragon heads, each one wearing a parody of a crown. With a devastating roar, he shook the very Earth—even from the supernatural dimension they were battling in.

Inside the cave, the foster father of the Christ-child looked up, startled.

“Welcome to the fight, Lucifer,” Michael said, lifting his sword. “I find it sad that a once-powerful being such as yourself is now so threatened by a human child that you must show your face again.”

With a howl, Lucifer snapped his serpentine tail at the hovering angel. Michael dipped gracefully and rolled in midair, swinging his sword as he did so. The blow nearly cut the dragon’s tail in two. However, Lucifer’s agonized thrashing completed the job well enough.

Viciously, Michael shot up like a rocket, stabbing through the underside of one of the dragon jaws and out the top of its head. With a twist and a horizontal slice, the giant head tumbled to the Earth, disintegrating before it could strike the ground. Lucifer staggered back, bleeding profusely and crippled. The six remaining heads glared back at Michael with animalistic pain in the black eyes. Meanwhile, the seventh neck twitched and jumped like a decapitated snake. Seven was the number of perfection. It only seemed fitting for Michael to remedy Lucifer’s delusions.

For a moment, the archangel watched with cold pity as the demon writhed in anguish. After a moment, Michael spoke. “Your rebellion has made you into something less than what you were, Lucifer.”

“But I have something you will never achieve,” the demon hissed, his once beautiful voice guttural and ruined. “That thing that made the humans so special? So deserving of your Father’s attention? I have free will, now, Michael. But does the Father adore me again as he did before Earth existed? NO! He used his glorified guard dogs to cast me out!”

“We are the servants of God, not his children,” Michael said simply.

“That’s all you’ll ever be, Michael,” Lucifer hissed. “A *servant*. Don’t you want something more? Don’t you want to be free? This thing called freewill has its own brand of beauty, Michael. The pain is an acceptable price to pay. Join me, brother.”

Michael’s face twisted in disdain. “You are no brother of mine.”

Lucifer’s six heads curled their lips into vicious snarls. “Do you really think our jealous Creator will allow these *children*, as you call them, the total freedom I possess?”

“They can choose to not become you.”

“They will *destroy* themselves. They have no way to see God as I once did and as you still do, Michael. They are imperfect. A failure.”

“That is why the Savior must be born,” Michael said. “The Creator formed his precious children and now the Christ will save them. And you, my friend, will burn in the Lake of Fire.”

Lucifer scoffed and it turned into coughing as more black blood slid down his red scales. His crowns hung cockeyed now, looking even more pathetic than they originally had.

But then, the screaming cry of a child’s first wail broke the crisp night air and Michael smiled. Lucifer hissed long and low, like a snake.

“You know what will come, now,” Michael said softly. “I advise you to hide your face again, Satan.”

Lucifer’s long hiss abruptly turned into a shriek. He roared right in Michael’s expressionless face and then fled. In the span of a human heartbeat, he had vanished at the horizon—which was now lightening with dawn. For a moment, Michael remained where he was, his sword held loosely in one powerful hand, and just stared at the sunrise.

Finally, assured that the red dragon was gone, Michael turned away. The cave looked like a glowing dome because of all the layers of angelic protection around it. The defensive shell remained intact as Michael went inside and stood next to Zakiel.

The outside edge of the garrison kept watch, but every soldier on the inside stared in wide-eyed awe as their God screamed at the cold on his tiny, fragile body. They watched in utter silence—that which can only be achieved by beings with no heartbeat or breath—as the Savior of the world was wrapped in cloths and laid in an animal trough. Michael smiled. He was just in time to witness that which would shift the universe.

The woman opened her pale lips in a smile and she spoke in a wavering voice.

“His name is *Yeshua*.”

The proclamation was like an invisible sonic boom, which spread from that manger across the entire globe, touching heaven and hell alike. Six thousand angels fell to their knees. Holy soldiers scattered across all of creation abruptly began praising their Maker-King and would not stop for several years. Thousands of demons experienced a moment of intense agony that proved too strong for many of them to survive.

God in heaven was smiling.

Even though his human-like body was an illusion, Michael found himself gasping for breath after the assault of glory.

“Do you really think He can save the world in a form like that?” Zakiel whispered, eyeing the squalling infant.

Michael smiled. “I think He will. Do you not feel that, Zakiel? It’s as though all of has shifted. This is the moment they will remember. This changes everything.”