

LORD FOULGRIN'S LETTERS



*How to Strike Back at
the Tyrant by Deceiving and
Destroying His Human Vermin*

RANDY ALCORN

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The safest road to hell is the gradual one—the gentle slope, soft underfoot, without sudden turnings, without milestones, without signposts.

C. S. Lewis

Note to readers:

If you'd like insights into the distinctive background and approach of this book, you may wish to turn back to the Afterword now, and read it as if it were an introduction. (That's what I originally intended it to be.) Or, wait until the end. I repositioned it believing many readers would rather dive right into the story without explanation. Whichever you choose, I hope you benefit from *Lord Foulgrin's Letters*.

Randy Alcorn

Prelude: The Hunt

If Jordan Fletcher wasn't happy, well, it was only because he needed something else—someone else or someplace else. All his life, happiness had been just one step around the corner. He'd spent his life chasing around that next corner...and the next and the next and the next.

Jordan never realized that all the time he'd been hunting happiness, someone had been hunting him.

Chapter 1

It Doesn't Get any Better?

Shirtless, Jordan Fletcher kicked back on the lounge chair on the sunny deck of his new house at Sunriver, basking in the high desert beauty of Central Oregon. He'd always longed to have a special place of his own. Now it was his—and no one could take it from him.

Jordan's wife Diane sat five feet away reading her novel, but it may as well have been five miles. They inhabited two different worlds. He found it easier to avoid conversation, since it usually ended up in a laundry list of ways he'd let her down or things she wanted him to do. *High maintenance*, he thought. He breathed in the scent of fresh pine, and contemplated the mountain peaks framed by the huge blue sky.

Well, she can't accuse me of blowing it on this place.

"I'm walking to the store." The voice from behind startled him. Jillian? It didn't sound like the voice of a little girl—maybe because his strawberry blonde daughter was now seventeen.

"Okay," Diane said weakly, eyes not moving from her novel, the story of a life far more interesting than her own.

Jordan looked disapprovingly at his daughter's skimpy outfit. He started to grumble something about not talking with strange boys, but by then she was gone. She seemed always to vanish these days, outrunning his words. Jillian never asked permission for anything anymore. Half the time she never told them where she was going.

He looked over at fourteen-year-old Daniel, his hair in a stiff black bang against his pale skin, earphones permanently attached to his head. He sat under a desert pine, still pouting because his best friend couldn't come with him and he was stuck with the family. He wore his perennial black T-shirt featuring some rock singer, with an embossed "Hail Satan," blood spurting out of the words. Daniel gazed at a magazine Jordan didn't recognize, probably about computers or vampires or who-knows-what.

What's he doing wearing those stupid boots on a hot sunny day? When will he grow up, take some responsibility?

Jordan stood restlessly and ran his hand across the smooth deck railing. He looked at the tennis courts where he could barely see someone practicing serves. He watched carefully, trying to figure out if the guy was good enough to beat him. Finally he turned around and studied the house, his latest symbol of success and happiness. The shutters screamed at him.

Idiots.

The builders had installed the wrong shutters. He'd left a message and hadn't heard back from them. He wouldn't let them get away with it. Still, though, the place was beautiful.

Wait till Hal sees this. It makes his mountain chalet look like a bungalow. And Matt's little beach cottage? No comparison. I'll buy a barbecue and have it going Friday night when they get here. A few cases of beer on ice. Everything'll be perfect.

He looked at the vacant spot under the tree where Daniel had been a moment ago.

Oh, well. He's fourteen. Not like he needs a babysitter.

Jordan went inside to get his briefcase off the shiny oak dining room table. He pulled out the new monthly sales figures. He'd gone over them already, but wanted to study the numbers again. He returned to the deck and settled back in his lounge chair, sipping lemonade.

Yeah, it was true. He'd outsold everyone. He'd come out on top again.

I can borrow a little more, get that ski boat. No problem.

It felt great.

Yeah, great. Everything's great. It doesn't get any better than this.

Letter 1

Our Working Arrangement

My newly-assigned subordinate Squaltaint,

I'm recording these instructions, despite the misgivings of my assistant Obsmut, who believes it's too risky.

As you've heard, there's been a reshuffling of the chain of command in your geopolitical sector, precipitated by the removal of Ashtar for his reprehensible acts of disloyalty against Lord Beelzebub. I've been assigned to command your region. You and your cadre of six tempters now fall under my authority. So do all your current subjects, including the vermin assigned to you, Jordan Fletcher.

In our kingdom's multi-level marketing structure you have now come in under me. I will be the beneficiary of your successes. I will also be held responsible for your failures. Make sure there are none.

Since I have vested interests in your success, I'll offer my keenest advice and monitor your progress. I'll aid you in deceiving and destroying Fletcher. Together we'll share the spoils of victory.

I'm a master of strategy and tactics. In my letters, I'll tutor you in the fine art of deception. I'll begin with Foulgrin's Basic Training, or if you prefer, Temptation 101.

These half-spirit half-animal hybrids who inhabit this planet, *our* planet, are an endless source of fascination and frustration. They're such *creepy* little things, misshapen balloons of flesh, bloated bags of liquid and alloy. Grossly inferior to spirit-beings, they should be our servants—yet the Enemy would have made us theirs!

As you deal with Fletcher or any of them, remember in the end they are but raw material, to be used by us against Him or by Him against us. They're weapons to wield in our jihad against heaven, that oppressive citadel called Charis.

Never forget the reason we revoked our citizenship—to establish the new and greater realm of Erebus, that mighty domain of which hell is but a junkyard, a ghetto for human slaves. (The Enemy claims we shall one day join them there—I think not, but if the worst proves true let's first do all the damage we can.) Our kingdom is being built each day with the bony bricks and bloody mortar of the Enemy's precious image-bearers—including your cockroach Fletcher.

Picture it, Squaltaint: the sludgebags are caught in the crossfire between Erebus and Charis. Skiathorus, what they call earth—that festering wound, that canker sore of the cosmos—is the battlefield where two rival kingdoms vie for the allegiance of puny men. The delicious thing is, the vast majority of them don't have a clue about the raging battle. How can they prepare for a battle they don't even know they're in? And how can they win a battle they haven't prepared for?

Foulgrin's rule number one: Keep them in the dark.

The central question is always this—how can we exact revenge on the Enemy? It was he who evicted us from our rightful dwelling, he who chose the sludgebags over us. He made ours a government in exile, driving us out to the hinterlands of the spirit realm, where we have no place to call our own until we colonize Skiathorus.

What can we do to inflict pain on this Creator who at first glance appears untouchable?

Intelligence-gathering yields the answer. The Carpenter gave it away when he asked that vermin Paul, “Why do you persecute me?” Well, who was he persecuting but Christians?

There you have it, so simple it's elegant: to persecute *them* is to persecute *him*. By striking out at them—and at all his weak and vulnerable image-bearers—we kill the Enemy in effigy. Better yet, we actually inflict harm on him.

In and of themselves the vermin are utterly insignificant. But because the Enemy places such value on them, they become immensely useful to us. They're the objects of our aggression and the means of our attack against him. What better way to hurt the divine parent than to kidnap his children, brainwash and torture them?

Delightful, isn't it? As you hatch your plots for Fletcher, Squaltaint, never lose sight of the big picture.

As you're doubtless aware, I'm known throughout Erebus as a highly decorated agent of Beelzebub. Indeed, from time to time I've traveled with the Master himself and served as his confidant. I am an experienced tactical instructor. My sage advice and counsel to field workers is legendary. You'll find me far more accomplished than Ashtar.

Count yourself privileged to be the recipient of my advice. Know that many would give their right arm to receive my counsel. Know also that many *have* given their right arms when they failed to heed it.

Despite Obsmut's reservations, my sending letters to subordinates has many advantages over our conventional communication. Something vital gets lost in oral transmission, and you can never fully trust the messenger. (The Enemy has the unfair advantage of being present in more than one place at a time. The rest of us must make do.)

Our methods of thought projection have also proven imperfect. Enemy warriors—those boot-licks with whom we once served—sometimes overhear our messages. And occasionally our emotions—rage in particular—blur our thoughts and create some...unfortunate misunderstandings.

I have before me your résumé, Squaltaint. I see you've had only mixed success with the thirty-eight sludgebags assigned to you in the past seven centuries. No less than six of these became Christians, and only three of those did you manage to derail from serving the Enemy.

My standards are higher than Ashtar's, and my tolerance for failure lower. Trust me when I say it is in your best interests to serve me well. Sit at my feet and learn, or you will lie on my plate and be devoured.

The scientist must know the lab rats or he will not be able to use them to greatest advantage. Guided by my keen eye, you will come to understand the human prey. You will learn to stalk them, developing the keen instincts of the predator.

Submit immediately detailed information on Jordan Fletcher. In my next letter, I'll advise you concerning my strategy of team temptation. Bear in mind I may pay a visit to the field at any time. Unannounced.

To get you started, here are Foulgrin's Rules of the Sting:

1. Never lose sight of your goal—Fletcher's enslavement.
2. Find just the right bait, tailor-made for him. Be sure the hook is well-hidden.
3. Use as many lures as you can. He may pass on one, but bite on the next, or spend his life moving from one to the other.
4. Make him promises and actually *keep* a few now and then, so he doesn't catch on to the set-up.
5. Tempt your prey with what *he* wants to have, but give him what *you* want him to have. Lure him, coddle him, reassure him all will be well, even as you fatten him for Lord Satan's altar.

If you're somehow unfamiliar with my past campaigns and decorations, you should review the attached sixty page vita, which summarizes a smattering of my accomplishments over the millennia. Attached also are *Foulgrin's 66 Rules of Temptation*, an acknowledged classic. Read, marvel and obey.

There are many reasons to follow my orders. First is our common commitment to retaliation against the Enemy and aggression against the sludgebags. Second is the punishment I'll inflict upon you if you let me down. I'll celebrate your victories with you, but should you fail, I'll discipline you severely. Mercy is the Enemy's weakness—not mine.

We are forging the only sort of alliance that works in Erebus, a coalition of mutual self-interest that keeps our house from being divided against itself. For both our benefits you must deceive and destroy Fletcher. As long as you do, we will get along fine.

When talking to you, I explain, clarify and enlighten. When talking to the sludgebags, I hide, eclipse and obscure. You must be honest with me, and dishonest with them. Never get it backwards. I eagerly await your first report.

Remember, Squaltaint, while the vermin have successfully exorcised demons from their daily conversation, they've failed to exorcise us from their daily lives.

We always work best in the dark.

*Your Indisputable Superior,
Lord Foulgrin*



eternal perspective ministries

with author Randy Alcorn

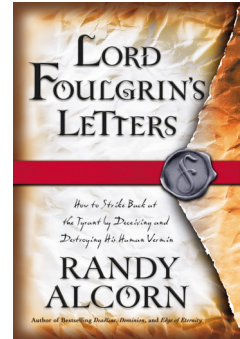
Learn more about *Lord Foulgrin's Letters*

Lord Foulgrin's Letters are written by a demon to his subordinate Squaltaint. Lord Foulgrin, a proud, demanding and devious rebel, advises Squaltaint how to tempt and deceive Jordan Fletcher, the human "vermin" or "sludgebag" to whom he's assigned.

As Christians, we are on Satan's hit list. Demons are out to get us. They are devoted to deceiving and destroying us, as a means of lashing back at God, the Creator who evicted them from Heaven when they rebelled.

Imagine what it would be like if we could overhear our enemies assessing our weaknesses and strategizing how next to attack us? If they didn't know we were listening, we could learn a great deal from their insights about us, how the war is going, and which of their strategies are working on us and which aren't.

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About Randy Alcorn

Randy is the founder and director of Eternal Perspective Ministries and the best-selling author of over 50 books (over nine million in print) including *Heaven*, *The Treasure Principle*, and the Gold Medallion winner *Safely Home*.



About Eternal Perspective Ministries

Eternal Perspective Ministries (EPM) is a nonprofit ministry dedicated to teaching principles of God's Word and assisting the church in ministering to the unreached, unfed, unborn, uneducated, and unsupported people around the world. You can order all of Randy's books and products through EPM's online store at www.epm.org.