

Copyright

“Snap 4 – Rise of the Lie Detector”

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Bible Scriptures in this book are from the King James Version.

Introduction

When a mysterious voice calls into local radio talk show host Barry Porter claiming to know where bodies are buried, it starts a string of events that will drag in the Shield of Abraham. As the Shield again rises against a group of sex traffickers, they encounter Jenkins Roth's half-brother, Wilhelm Schnell and hell is broken loose.

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Chapter 1 - Shapeshifters, Ghosts, Angels and Demons

Jenkins Roth sat alone in a booth at a Mexican Restaurant in Fairmount, Indiana. He had visited the James Dean Museum and now sat alone with his thoughts. He glanced up and saw Dave Duncan sitting across from him, "It's okay Jenksy, you can do it", he said. Jenkins blinked and suddenly there was Helmut Schnell, "ju pees ant; ju von't do anyting; ju are wortless". Dave Duncan reappeared, "that bitch is dead; don't listen to him". "Son, you can't run from your past or your DNA. You are your father's son", said Kyle Roth, whom Jenkins could see the resemblance; it was clear. A different person appeared, one that Jenkins did not know, "you are fine Jenkins, follow the instructions", the person said.

"Who, who are you", Jenkins Roth said as his head was swirling.

"I am Hezekiah Sampson. I am the brother of the man you know as Sir", he said.

"You're his brother?", Jenkins said as he curled his brow.

"Senor. Senor?", the voice said as Jenkins emerged from his trance. Jenkins looked to his left and saw the portly waiter, "senor, your order?".

Jenkins looked across the table at the emptiness on the other side of the booth. "Uhm, sorry. Uhmm, the fajitas quesadilla. Steak with rice and beans please".

"Si, senor", the waiter said as he turned and walked away.

Jenkins reached for another chip to dip in the salsa and was amazed to find only a few chips left.

"Aye, Jenkinson, I'll assist ye me brother", the Irishman said.

"Dexter?", Jenkins said. "How did you get here?".

"I'm not really here me brother. It's a mindfuck", he said with a hearty laugh.

Dexter McCubbins was gone and was replaced by a hideous creature. The creature caused Jenkins to flinch. Snot, slobber and seemingly flesh dripped from the fangs of the monster as its red

eyes pierced deep into Jenkins. The words were inaudible; it was so loud that the reverberation ricochet about his mind. It caused Jenkins to squint as the noise was immense. He covered his ears as he tried to make out the words. 'Did that say for me to kill myself?' Jenkins said to himself. "FUCK YOU!", Jenkins said rather loudly.

"Senor?", the waiter said. "Hot plate", he said as he set down the quesadilla. "You are bueno, senor?".

"Oh yeah, sure, just uh, a bad headache", Jenkins said knowing his behavior was strange.

"SI senor", he answered, "more sweet tea?".

"Yes please", Jenkins responded. Jenkins dipped a corner of his quesadilla in some salsa and looked across the table and was shocked to see 'nothing'.

It had been 13 months since Dave Duncan was killed by security of the Lords of Brimstone as Jenkins and Dave watched the bizarre ceremony at The Grove. Jenkins was sure he had seen giants.

Giants that had been injected by Nephilim. Jenkins was sure he had seen giants, but then again, he was just visited by three dead people and a monster. It has been 8 months since Jenkins and the teenager Rusty Sylvester had been training in the mountains and Jenkins awakened on a ship owned by Royce Spurlock. Royce Spurlock revealed to Jenkins that he was the money behind The Shield of Abraham. Mr. Sir had to follow the directive of Spurlock. 'Everyone has to answer to someone', thought Jenkins. Even Mr. Sir, 'Who then does Spurlock answer to; if anyone?'. While on the ship, Spurlock had told Jenkins that he was to kill his brother. 'Know how is he supposed to kill the most highly protected two-year-old in the world since Moses floated down the river?'. It was six weeks ago that Bucky Meeks had told Jenkins that Mr. Sir wanted him to take six weeks off to rest his mind and try to clear his thoughts. No such luck. Jenkins was feeling stronger than he ever had. He was feeling fit. His ability to run on a treadmill at top speed for more than five minutes. Everything felt great, except for his mind. He kept seeing these things. Were they visions? What exactly were they?

Chapter 2 - Matthew 12:45 b - And the final plight of that man is worse than the first. So, it will be with this wicked generation

Two tiny lights were shining in the radio station on Highway 28 on the Westside of Tipton, Indiana. One light was shining in the producer's room where Ronnie Moore sat and made sure to screen the calls for Barry Porter. Barry Porter was the host of a late-night talk show called, "The Night Owl". For the most part the callers were conspiracy theorists, UFO enthusiasts and outright kooks. It was a Friday night just past one a.m. when Barry read the caller's name on the screen. It read Holly Smythe. 'Nice, a female caller', Barry thought to himself as he looked for Ronnie to give him the signal.

"Hello, you are on with The Night Owl, is this Holly from the south side of Indy?", Barry said with his deep voice that suited a midnight radio host.

"This is Holly Smythe, spelled with a 'Y', she said.

"I think everyone knows Holly is spelled with a 'Y'", Barry said.

"Of course, but so is Smythe but pronounced Smith", she said.

"If it has a 'Y', doesn't that make the pronunciation "SMYTHE" with a long I sound", Barry said.

"I didn't pronounce it that way, did I?", Holly quipped.

"Oh okay, I got Helen Reddy", Barry snapped back.

"I don't get the reference", Holly replied.

"You know the song, I am a woman hear me roar", Barry said as Ronnie gave him a thumbs up. Barry could see Ronnie chuckle.

"You mean I must be a feminist because I am strong", Holly Smythe (with a short I sound) said.

"You don't need a man, huh? Can't really blame you", Barry said.

"I don't like a lot of men either".

"Not everyone is in need of another, Barry. I have what I need", she said.

"Anyway, Ronnie tells me that you want to talk about sex trafficking", Barry said, getting to the point of the call.

"Yes, Barry. First time, long time. I do want to speak about sex trafficking. You know, Barry, criminals can make far more money selling children than they do selling drugs", she said.

Barry became intrigued, "explain your theory Holly".

"Not a theory, Barry, it is a fact. Once you snort, smoke, shoot, or swallow your drugs it is gone. You can sell a sex worker all day. There is always a need. Male or female and regardless of age. There is a desire for many things. Especially when it involves sex and with the dark web, well, anything is possible", Holly included.

"Interesting, Holly. I can follow your theory. It has little to do with attraction. People who are willing to pay for sex; pay for the act, not beauty", Barry said.

"Exactly. It is easy to find children. You just need some corrupt folks in CPS and bang, you have a victim to be sold. When they become useless because of addiction or disobedient, you can turn