

# **THE AGREEMENT**

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**Alexandre Rodrigues**

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*"All that man needs is within your heart, but the man forgot it. When you find will become equal to the Father who created it. "*

Try to find out what is fiction and what is reality here, the line that separates them is how tenuous life.

Good reading.

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Dedicated to W. J. C.,  
which was  
next to me  
and today is near Angels.

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## Prologue

We all have secrets. Some simple and others who terrorize us for life. I have mine. And I can only share with certain people.

My name is ARTHMES and my story is very old. I remember when Lucifer called us and said we could have a soul, free will and deciding about good and evil. That were more than human beings. But to have these rights, we should conquer them and not ask because they had grace, but we were denied.

So we launched and the Battle of Heaven began.

It is. I'm an angel Lucifer and supported.

When it was over, we were defeated. We had many casualties, but Michael the Archangel, who was on the other side also had. I saw good friends disappear and I wondered if everything had been worth it. But it was late, we had been defeated. We cut the sky like shooting stars and were precipitated on Earth. Another plane, another realm.

At first we thought that "HE" was mistaken, sending us to the earth, but no, we continued soulless and mortals never accept. So for revenge and we try to influence human beings. We were better because we could decide now. We become experts in greed, selfishness, pride, anger, fear, hate and everything that is considered negative for humanity.

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Strangely many mortals have dealings with us. Most often, to achieve objects materials.

They gave us names and frightening aspects, mainly Westerners. We laughed that while the number of followers increased everyday. I met the various world religions and so called great men. But even liked was the small men, always in prominent places for the people, but, at heart, selfish ambitious, interested in power at any price.

Once one of these great men caught my attention, which was not normal. I started to follow him after forty days in the wilderness, heard their Beatitudes and saw her smile several times until the day he was crucified.

The other demons said that despite this messenger, Being Human would not change because I was afraid of becoming like him and share the same fate. They preferred to remain in place for protected children, forgetting that all one day become parents and who will make decisions that will affect the fate of this entire planet.

From there I and the "others" had times of great vintages, surely the Holy Inquisition was named the best to increase our ranks.

But wait!

Do not confuse. I'm not talking about people burned as witches and wizards, but the clerics and the politicians who sent them to the fire. Wars of the Old World, New World war, war between nations, 1st and 2nd world wars and other minors. Makes almost 2,000 years I heard the messenger of peace, and now an immense boredom was

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taking care of me. Have not performed the task with much pleasure, and Lucifer ... it was no longer the same. There were no claims of improvements as early, just revenge. Each mortal had by his side an angel and a demon. A guardian angel and a demon staff, hence the man exercised his free will. Our work is summarized maintain and consume energy that sent us mortals with their thoughts and their deaths. Actually, I got tired of it all, an eternity without goals and without smiles. Strange. Everything is done for personal gain always has an end.

Lucifer called me to his presence and we were staring at us without saying anything. He turned back and I followed his gaze. We saw everything we had built. He looked at me. Mirei deep into his green eyes and he into mine, then turned his back and walked away, knowing that with this attitude could never return. I went to a high mountain near the sea and there, for the first time in many centuries, the world looked without revenge and without rancor. So ... I began to smile, no "other."

I was alone.

I remembered everything that had happened since we decay and stayed there a few years, until the night that the world would 2000 years of birth of the messenger of peace. That night, I finished my sad memories. That's when I felt something on my face, but ... could not be! We do not feel anything, pain, hunger, thirst, nothing! I ran my hand on his face ... and there was a tear! For a moment I was looking at that drop that shone like a crystal. I could not say anything. Age .. impossible.

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- Impossible! - I spoke softly and awe.

Then I felt a powerful presence behind me. Slowly, I looked and there he was, with all its splendor. As the day we decay, Miguel Arcanjo. He motioned to follow him and I did. Was a few minutes into the New Year deadly. Michael and I have been through several countries like shooting stars and saw their celebrations. When the sun rose, we were on a deserted beach. Miguel, his back to the sea, looking at me.

- Long time ago, Miguel - he did not answer me. When he spoke his voice seemed to come from everywhere, filling the place.

- The Lord of the Worlds sent me. "IT", which is omnipresent and knows everything that happens everywhere the infinite Universe, also knows his creatures. "IT" is also justice and love, the two measures are always equivalent. Arthmes! You who have done part of the Celestial Lights and Infernal Hordes, the Lord calls you to redeem himself against those most harmed. Do you accept?

- What must I do?

- By the end of this year, mortals will open a door to the Astral World and a personal demon to enter this reality. Your job is to bring it back.

- How can I do this? - But he continued.

- Will lose half of its powers, feel pain, most will not die for any injury, shall not hunger or sleep, do not perform miracles, be seen and heard and will have to move from one place to another as all mortals.

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- And the other?

- The devil is limited as you. You can not kill with his bare hands, but his power of persuasion is very large, as you should know.

It is. I really knew what he was referring. For centuries I have used this power to the seduction of mortals.

- Do you agree? - Miguel asked again.

- It's been a long time my friend.

I felt that the phrase thrilled bewildered. Angels have vibrational affinity and love are formed. An energy transformation eternally in motion, the divine essence itself. But they do not know the future or what we say. Only know when "IT" allows.

- Yes, Michael - completed. - I agree.

Was impression? I thought Michael had sighed with relief for my answer and giggled at that. Angels do not laugh, are happy, laughing demons, but they are not happy.

Miguel opened his arms and looked out to sea in the direction of the rising sun.

- What the deal with the Light is now accepted - Miguel said aloud and clasped hands.

The sun was in front of him began to get a brighter glow. First hid the image of Miguel, after the world around you. The light was white with golden rays, and even with my eyes closed, I could see it, the

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music of the spheres and filled the whole place felt a lot of energy out of me, but also a great power coming like he was being washed and while recovering a part of me lost a lot. And the deal was done.

We all have secrets. Some simple, others who terrorize us for life. Have belonged to two kingdoms and now I'm not any. What I had - for the first and second grace by merit - I no longer have. Now everything must be earned. This is my secret and I can only share with certain people.

- Is it? And why just me? -

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## *FIRST MOVEMENT*

### *DISCOVERY*

South America, September 25 of 2000.

- I do not know.

- There! Let me guess. The Almighty came to you and said, "Go to that bar filthy, there you will find the last table a drunk, a frustrated writer named Angel. Take it, take it home and when you wake up, say, "I'm an angel!" Actually, I do not know who you are, you have stayed upstairs and also downstairs ... more "I'm an angel and I want to talk with you together to destroy the Antichrist."

His name is Gabriel, 33, slim, short dark brown hair, a writer by profession, drunkard by choice.

- Look. I thank you that I brought home, Arthmos, Ar .. tos ...

- Arthmes.

- It! Arthmes. Thank you. Now, really, how did you find me?

Gabriel sat on the old couch with a coffee. His apartment was small and most things were not in place, a real mess. Even the pictures were crooked. One of them broke off and fell, Gabriel nor sought to look back despite the noise.

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- No power, it always happens. Now want to answer my question?
- Actually you're not far from what happened. When I separated from Michael, I noticed that I was in Africa and headed for Cape Town. For three months I was there, then came the premonition to travel toward the New World. It took months to get here. Was passing in the street when I had the premonition come and find you.
- Look here, Artos ...
- Arthmes.
- Whatever! If you really believe that, fine. But honestly, do not think anyone XXI century will also believe.

They knocked on the door.

- Go! - Gabriel shouted. - The door is always open even - grumbled.

The guy who came dressed nightshirt sport, jeans and sneakers. Unlike Gabriel, who had a horrible appearance, he was clean-shaven and was smiling, was about 29 years old.

- And then Junior?
- You are a "shard" Gabriel.

Gabriel pretended not to have heard the noise.

- Let me introduce: Junior, this is Ar .. thmes, an angel, an angel that is junior.

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Junior actually Sonato Ricardo de Andrade Junior, eldest son and sole heir of Sonato de Andrade, with investments spread across the world. Junior did not care to work. Had everything easy and not think about changing their lifestyle now.

- He is an angel? One of those angel from heaven? - Said in a tone of jest and pointing upwards. - Or are you still drunk ... or the hangover from yesterday're too strong.

- He said he was an angel and're telling this story early.

Gabriel stood up, going to the window, squinted with clarity and tried to remember a bit more last night, but could not recall nor find his purpose in life. The days came at the wake, trying to write and can not eat any crap and go out drinking. He was in debt and not just dumped out because Junior helped. But that would not last forever. He took another sip of bitter coffee and looked Arthmes, reached deep inside you want the whole story was true. He shook his head, was old enough to have fantasies. Junior kept looking with hand on chin Arthmes. "Another crazy!" Yeah, he must be thinking this.

- He is an angel?

- That's what he says Junior.

Junior was faced with debauchery

- Prove it! - Spoke to Arthmes.

- Please ... Junior he will tell the whole story again.

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Arthmes said nothing, just watched.

- No! Prove somehow visible. Something that only an angel can do.  
Right?

- Okay.

- Wait! How alright? Why do not you show me before?

- Because you did not ask me Gabriel.

Gabriel began to grumble. Arthmes and Junior asked him to sit on the couch as she got up and went to the small kitchen. Junior seized and nudged Gabriel.

- Cara. Not too hot for him to wear this coat?

But there was no response time, Arthmes already returned to the room by standing with the small coffee table between them with both hands and back.

- Now listen, no matter what you see, do not get up, okay? - Gabriel and Junior nodded.

Arthmes stepped back and raised his right hand when he had a large knife. At a stroke, he plunged the blade into his stomach, the pain was so intense, had never felt such a thing. Feel more pain would not die, and he knew it. Junior and Gabriel watched everything with wide-eyed and speechless. Arthmes twisted and wrenched the knife from his body, his pain gradually faded and eventually disappear. Then he opened the front of his coat and they saw that he was

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shirtless, bloodless and also unbranded. Gabriel was impressed but not convinced Junior.

- I've seen magicians in Las Vegas make better guy. - Commented.

Arthmes threw a large knife on the coffee table and took another step back. Gabriel took advantage, grabbed the knife, examined it and was surprised.

- Junior! This knife is for real! It's my knife to cut meat. There is blood!

For a moment Junior was confused and looked at the two Arthmes, who was grinning at Gabriel's comment.

- I want to see if it can do its magic.

And played back, especially down the back falling at your feet. Arthmes was pants and black shoes. Gabriel and Junior were paralyzed with more eyes that open and mouths too. Arthmes's back began to rise slowly and were huge. Therefore the above! Light, white as snow, beautiful, wonderful. They were ... wings. Arthmes turned back and saw that they were fused with the skin. He turned from the front, opened them fully and waved. The vision was sublime, breathtaking and intimidating at the same time. Junior dropped to his knees.

- Get up Junior! - Arthmes said. - Stop it. Get up! - More he was motionless.

- But ... but ... how? - Gabriel stammered.

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- When did the deal with the light, they were returned to me I will never forget my goal and do not let me fascinated, again, by ... details. Junior! Want to get up?

Junior Gabriel helped him up and were playing their wings. Arthmes left, then put back his coat, sit down and asked again told his story, only this time I knew I was being listened to seriously.

- Let me get this straight - Junior said, when Arthmes ended narrative - the three of us we have to find and destroy a demon?

- No, Junior. I'll repeat - "Patience!", Thought Arthmes.

- I had a premonition find you and Gabriel. Like "IT" - spoke and pointed upwards - united us ... we must find the demon together from the moment he has come to this reality. We have seven days not to destroy it, but to send him back to his kingdom.

- What if we fail? - Asked Gabriel.

- He will put down roots in this reality. Ceases to be a personal demon, and gains autonomy will likely bring others here. Takes control with some certainty that the community will grow and shape your kingdom here, a new Hell, revenge ideal that Lucifer would.

- And how do we control it?

- Earlier Gabriel, "he" will still have a strong connection with her death. We use this to contain it, as we try to convince the mortal who "he" belongs to you and you should receive it back.

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- How so?

- Gabriel, think well. We will have seven days to convince a person to accept having a demon in his daily living. All have, but few know - Arthmes breath. - Moreover, without the devil, is the only guardian angel, ie everything that this person has the inspiration to do after these seven days will work. It's as if you found the goose that lays the golden eggs.

- What a comparison! - Junior said.

- But this is the truth - continued Arthmes. - How do you tell someone that their future wonderful world has to end? She will have to accept his demon back and that his life will return to normal or as unfortunate as it is made before?

- It would not be an advantage to the person runs out of the devil?

- Everything in the universe is balance Gabriel. If the angel gives protection, the demon gives the initiative: "If the angel is the armor, the devil is the sword, armor protects always, at any time, but it is with the sword that opens paths. More it takes skill and learn to handle it with care. " In summary, one should not exist without the other.

There was a brief silence in the room. Arthmes not know how to continue, Junior and Gabriel did not know what to ask.

- Do you know Jesus? - The question came from Junior.

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The question came as a surprise and Arthmes felt a little lost for answer.

- How is it?

- If you ... he met Jesus? - Junior repeated.

- It is. Met.

- He had big hair?

- No. I had full hair - Arthmes replied, gesturing in the air around the head. The next moment, looking at each other's face, began to laugh.

- I do not believe it! - Gabriel yelled, getting up and going to the window.

- We are talking about something terrible that can happen and you two are playing with?

- It was only a question, man, a ... curiosity ... simpl ... - Junior but could not finish the sentence with laughter.

- Oh, great! - Gabriel shouted. - That's great! We have a curious angel and a jokester.

But the two did not stop. Junior came to rely on the coffee table to keep from falling. After all, each in their own way expressed nervousness. But seriously Gabriel continued, and after a few moments of laughter, they stopped.

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