

# **The Love Spirits**

**The Little Girls who came from the Stars**

**Marcos Aragao Correia**

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## Note from the Author

Love is the most beautiful and powerful force in the entire world! These very true words were pronounced by Kami to the satanic witch defeated moments before by a large group of wonderful Love Spirits. The marvelous union between all the Love Spirits, based on their affinity with values of absolute Love, brought their much needed victory into effect, once again proving that, even at the last minute, Love will always prevail. All Love Spirits are wonderfully replete with Love, and their consequent spiritual beauty gives them immense pleasure and extra motivation to protect each other fiercely. An enormous difference indeed from the spirits that chose to reject Love! But it is in the hands of the malevolent spirits, and their hands alone, to choose the other way, the way of true and eternal happiness and bliss. Anyone can become Love; it's just a matter of the individual wishing it truly and intensely with all his or her heart, regretting all the evil done by action and omission. Becoming Love is thus an exclusively individual choice, based on the Spirit beginning to really love Love. It must be an eternal decision, otherwise it's not true love for Love, since true Love is eternal. Love Spirits do not retrograde; the decision to become Love is done only once. This decision, to be valid, must be not only free and informed, but also absolute and eternal, using individual free will. The Spirit must want to be Love forever, otherwise it will not be accepted; if a spirit is not sure about wanting to be Love forever, this means that the spirit does not truly love Love. If a Spirit really loves Love, he/she loves Love

truly, permanently, absolutely, always and forever. Only this is true Love. Of course, after that initial decision, there is also a continuous decision to continue to be Love, but this happens naturally due to the initial decision, due to the true love for Love, and also due to the immense pleasure that constitutes loving Love and identifying with Love. It's really very reassuring to know that it's totally impossible for a Love Spirit to become evil! And only because the Spirit does not want to!

This book is based on facts. Extra attention was given to the Love Spirits incarnated as children, and specifically as girls simply because children and women are still among the main targets of the destructive actions of the malevolent spirits, and labeled by them as "inferior" just because of their age or sex. Let's remember that Spirits do not have gender, though their bodies do. The same Spirit can reincarnate alternately as a man or as woman, and even, with highly developed paranormal powers, change sex during the same reincarnation. Let's also remember that the age of the physical body of a person is not necessarily the same age as the consciousness (Spirit). A young child can be a very old Spirit, with thousands of previous past lives. Also true, what really makes a person superior or inferior is only his/her Spirit of Love, or the absence of Love. No one is inferior or superior because of their place of birth, nationality, money, age, sex, or color of skin, hair or eyes. Superior Spirits are simply the Spirits that are truly Love. Inferior spirits are all spirits that rejected Love. This is the only criteria for inferiority or superiority. Simply because the true God is Love, or, in other words, Love is the true God. Love is the origin of the Universe and the only way for absolute happiness for all Spirits, since Love also means life and bliss. And because of the Love of God, no one is forced to be Love. There is free will for every Spirit. And the cause of all the evil in the world is, exactly, the free will of those who reject Love, since they, and only they, do not respect the other way (our way). They are the only cause for all the unhappiness in the Universe, the only cause for all the world's tears of emotional pain in the world. They are entitled not to be Love, but they are not entitled to harm Love.

Francesca Orofino, Joana Cipriano and Madeleine McCann are only three of the numerous wonderful Love Spirits who have been murdered, directly or indirectly, by the monsters devastating planet Earth. Here in

this book they are remembered with immense tenderness for all they have done for Love, and for all the pain they suffered because of their Love. Thus, their earthly names also symbolize all the other Love Spirits who have perished in this unfriendly planet known as Earth, a planet where the majority of its inhabitants do not love Love.

This book is part of the work to counterattack the horrible dissemination of lies, hypocrisies, and other varieties of disinformation intentionally propagated by evil spirits, who have two main objectives: to maintain all the alike spirits in their inferior state, and to induce confusion and suffering in general among the Love Spirits.

Apart from that, this book is dedicated to all of the Love Spirits (every single one!) and was written to help maintain the hope and joy of the Love Spirits laboring on planet Earth, so often under so difficult and adverse circumstances, millions and millions of miles away from the absolute happiness that their home would offer them. You are not alone! We Love you!

March 2012,

Marcos Aragao Correia



*Dedicated to all the Love Spirits,  
that they might never stop believing in and  
desiring a better world.*

*In special and loving memory of  
Francesca Orofino,  
Joana Cipriano,  
Madeleine McCann,  
and all the other Love Spirits  
murdered by the monsters devastating planet Earth.*





# Chapter 1



Softly, Sarah opened her favorite book. It was a book of magic, filled with enchanted stories that freed her mind from her everyday problems.

The heart of this nine-year-old girl beat with joy as she entered imaginary worlds, much more so than for the world in which she spun.

Her long, straight black hair, which contrasted with her fair complexion, touched the open pages of the book while her beautiful brown eyes scanned hungrily for the last paragraph she had read.

No more than a few minutes had passed before Mr. John Nobrega, Sarah's father, barged into his daughter's room without knocking.

"Sarah Nobrega!" he shouted furiously. "Once again reading that magic garbage instead of studying?!"

"It's that I—" began Sarah fearfully, avoiding eye contact with her father.

"I don't want to hear your excuses. Give that trash to me now," he said, brusquely pulling the book that Sarah had been holding so tenderly.

"What is it that I've already told you?" he shouted while scanning the pages of the book. "I'm not going to raise my daughter to be a slacker who is only interested in things that won't make money!"

"But Dad, I've already done my homework."

"I don't care!" he shouted angrily. "I don't want you to waste time reading anything to do with magic. Do you understand me?"

Sarah kept her mouth shut, realizing that it wouldn't help to argue with her father.

"And what's more," continued her father, "this book is finished." He immediately began to tear the book apart violently.

"No, Dad, please... it's my favorite book," Sarah implored, tears welling in her eyes.

It didn't help. A rain of little pieces of paper descended over the carpet of Sarah's room, as if an evil god had unleashed a horrendous storm over the poor child.

Sarah was devastated. The tears that she had so far managed to contain now trickled down her face as mixed feelings of sadness and helplessness came over her.

Hearing all the noise, Sarah's mom, Mrs. Theresa Nobrega, headed to her daughter's room to see what was going on.

"This useless girl doesn't study but wastes time with these things of..." explained John to his wife, his voice taking on a mocking tone, "...magic!"

"Daughter," her mom affirmed in a tone of absolute calm, "you have to understand that your father is right in what he says.... You can't live in a fantasy world...."

Now feeling attacked by her mother as well, Sarah, already crying like a river, shouted, "It's not a fantasy world! It's a very real world! It's not my fault that you guys don't believe, but you have to respect my beliefs!"

"You dare to shout at us?" questioned her father, moving closer to Sarah. He gave her wet face a violent slap.

The shrill sound of the slap was followed by an overwhelming silence. Sara looked at her father with great displeasure. No need to say anything. Her eyes pierced her father's eyes with such sharp intensity that they seemed to burn his very soul. The moment seemed to last an eternity.

Sarah moved to her bedroom window and peered through the glass at the sky. Although it was not yet night, a star was already clearly visible. Sarah focused on the star and whispered to her, "Please help me!" and the star seemed to respond by shining more brightly.

Her father, sure that the punishment had been sufficient, left Sarah's room, her mother following close behind. "I'm sure she'll use her brain from now on," he said to Theresa.

"She needs to understand that, although we are wealthy, she has to study and work to become someone in life," Theresa agreed.

Sarah hadn't slept. Her alarm clock buzzed intermittently, indicating that 6:30 AM had arrived. It was a new day, but the routine was the same.

She got up quickly from bed, as there was no time to lose. She still had to take a shower, eat breakfast, and brush her teeth, all by 7:30 AM, at which time the driver from her father's firm would come to take her to school.

"Good morning, Edward!"

"Good morning, Miss Sarah!" responded Edward politely as Sarah got into the back of the car. "How was your Sunday?"

"Bad—I mean..." she corrected herself quickly, "okay. And how was yours?"

"Same as always.... When one has little money, there are few options in this world. But what about you? You seem a bit sad...."

"Well, a little. My father tore up my favorite book and forbade me from reading anything that has to do with magic," she confessed, head hanging low.

"But why would your father do such a thing?"

"Because he is blind.... He thinks that life is all about money," responded Sarah quickly.

"Well... money in and of itself doesn't bring happiness. You know, Miss Sarah, I've been poor all my life. My parents were poor, my wife is poor, and I work twelve hours a day, six days a week. But if there is something I can be proud of, it's that I've always done the best I could for my family. Respect, support, and kindness are much more important than money." He looked at Sarah through the rearview mirror. "Don't be sad, sweet girl, because you have it all: health, smarts, beauty, kindness...."

"Well, it's true that there are boys and girls in a much worse situation than mine," Sarah said, looking out through the window of the car. "I would love to help them," she mumbled.

Around forty minutes later, Sarah arrived at school. There had been an accident on one of the main streets on their way, and traffic had been backed up. The school bell had already rung, and Sarah ran to her classroom.

"Good morning, Teacher. Sorry I'm late."

The teacher gave Sarah a disapproving glare.

"Don't tell me... it was an elf that made you late?!" said the teacher ironically, provoking laughter among the students. The teacher had received instructions from Sarah's parents to firmly discourage any beliefs their daughter had with regard to the supernatural.

"No," responded Sarah, embarrassed. "There was an accident, and—"

"I know...an evil witch knocked your car off the road!" the teacher interrupted abruptly, provoking even more laughter.

Sarah remained silent, not knowing what else to say. She was standing between the door and the teacher's desk, head down, embarrassed, feeling humiliated.

"So, have you lost your voice?" continued the teacher. "Or are you just lost in this imaginary world of fantasy, huh? There are no witches!" he shouted angrily.

Hurt, Sarah shouted back, "Yes, there are! There are witches and wizards!"

A great silence fell upon the room. The students admired Sarah's courage in how she responded to the teacher. The teacher rose from his desk and walked to Sarah.

"Of course. Of course they exist. How could I have forgotten?!" he said, pointing his finger at Sarah's delicate face. "You're a witch!"

Immediately, a chorus arose in the room, in which all the students shouted, repeating endlessly, "Witch! Witch! Witch!"

Sarah was devastated. As if yesterday wasn't enough, already this morning she had to deal with the goading of her teacher and classmates.

As if he approved of the shouting of the students, the teacher sat back down without uttering a word. Sarah felt beyond humiliated.

"Witch! Witch! Witch!" continued her classmates insistently, now even louder. Sarah broke into tears.

"I'm not a witch!" she shouted desperately, but it was hopeless, as her voice could not be heard over the shouts of her classmates. "I'm not a witch!" she repeated, sobbing.

"Witch! Witch! Witch!" they continued.

"Stop! I'm not a witch!" she said once more, but already, her voice was fading from her sobbing. From one corner of her eye, she saw that her teacher was smiling while watching the sad spectacle.

Seeing this, the feeling of despair gave way to a feeling of anger, and Sarah became more and more furious at the injustice of it all.

"Stop!" she shouted more loudly than ever. "I hate you all!" she shouted with deep anger.

Suddenly, to the surprise of the class, all the windows of the classroom shattered, falling on the floor in thousands of little pieces. With this, the room became silent. The teacher and students were stunned, their silence revealing fear.

Sarah ran out of the room and away from the school as fast as she could.

She knew of a little shop that sold books, magazines, and other items, all related to the paranormal, and she had become very friendly with the owner, Miss Daisy. Sarah had spent most of her allowance there, buying everything she could to learn more about the subject. Now she was there to ask for some advice from a friend.

"Hi, Daisy," greeted Sarah as soon as she saw her friend behind the counter.

"Hi, Sarah! What brings you here today? Don't you have school? Come give me a hug, my beautiful girl," she said, coming around the counter and kneeling down to give Sarah a warm hug.

Sarah enthusiastically returned the embrace while wiping a tear on the sleeve of her sweater.

"What happened, little Sarah? Have you been crying?" asked Daisy worriedly.

Sarah put her backpack down in a corner of the shop. "I need your advice, Daisy," she said, grabbing her friend's hand and pulling her back behind the counter.

"Sarah, you look so sad today."

Sarah sat on one of the chairs beside the phone, took a handkerchief out of her jeans pocket, blew her nose, and tied one of her shoelaces that had come untied when she had run from the school.

"You know, Daisy, something really strange happened today. Remember that book that I bought from you last week? There was a chapter about people being able to move objects...."

"Yes, psychokinesis. There was a chapter about psychokinesis," confirmed Daisy.

"Yes, exactly! Well, today, something similar happened to me. I think it was something that I did subconsciously."

"What happened, sweetie?"

"Well, I arrived a bit late to school today. My teacher, who knows that I'm very interested in the paranormal, began to mock me, and then all the students joined in. I was completely humiliated. I started crying, but then I got so angry that I told them all that I hated them—something I've never said to anyone," she lamented, half crying. "Just then, all the windows in the room shattered, and I have the feeling it was caused by me."

"Oh, sweetheart," said Daisy softly, "what happened to you was natural. You were under extreme stress. Something was really hurting you, and that was the way your mind dealt with it, relieving your stress without hurting anyone," she said, caressing Sarah's head. "You must not blame yourself... you are a sweet girl with no bad intentions," continued Daisy, gently bringing Sarah's head to the warmth of her chest.

"Thanks, Daisy, for being so understanding," sighed Sarah tiredly. "I don't consider myself bad, but quite the contrary..."

"Sweet little Sarah, of course you're not bad!" exclaimed Daisy resolutely. "I've known you for some time now. When you first came through this door, I saw how your eyes sparkled with goodness." Daisy hugged Sarah even tighter.

Sarah was very happy to have such a good friend. She jumped up from her chair and said in a happy tone, as if nothing had happened, "I'm going to study psychokinesis! Which book do you recommend, Daisy?"

"There are several that are very good.... Let me see...." Daisy was thinking about some books that might be more on Sarah's reading level, though she knew it would not be a big issue because Sarah was very mature for her age. "Here's one, Sarah, *Life After Death*. It explains really well the differences between psychokinesis caused by humans like us and psychokinesis caused by disembodied spirits."

"I'll take it, then! How much, Daisy?"

"For you, my friend, I'll discount it to only four dollars."

Sarah pulled her little wallet out of her backpack, and as she opened it, she remembered that she didn't have any money since her father had

taken the rest of her allowance yesterday as an additional punishment for reading books on magic.

"I can't buy it today," lamented Sarah. "I don't have any money with me."

"Oh, then accept it as a gift, sweetie," said Daisy, giving the book to Sarah and stroking her head.

"Are you sure?" asked Sarah with concern.

"Of course! It's yours!"

Sarah picked up the book with hesitation.

"Come on, take it. Don't be silly, just take it!" said Daisy sweetly.

Accepting it without reservation now, Sarah wrapped her arms around Daisy's neck and gave her a huge wet kiss on the cheek.

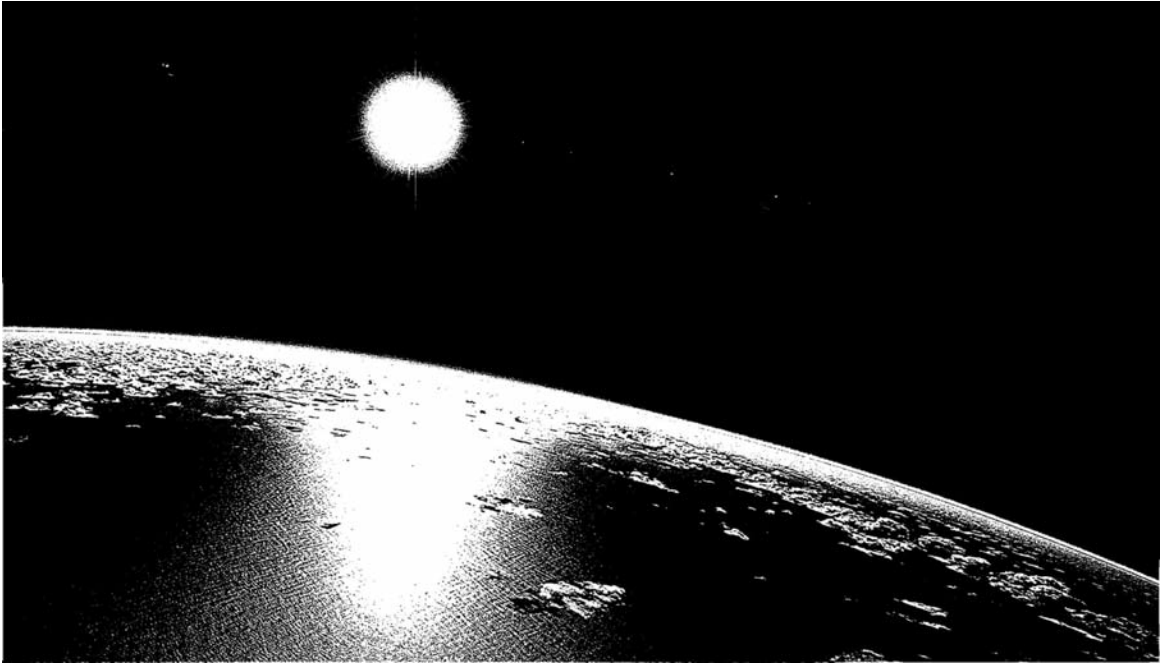
"Thank you!" said Sarah, hugging her older friend.

"You're welcome, sweetie!"

"Bye, see you soon, Daisy!" said Sarah as she happily grabbed her backpack.

"See you later, little Sarah. Take care!"

Sarah knew that she couldn't go home yet. She had to wait for her father's driver to pick her up at 6:00 PM. Moreover, she would have to be careful and avoid reading the book at home, lest her father or mother catch her again, so she decided to walk to the park, where she could read in peace until it was time to go home.





## Chapter 2



Sarah closed the car door and waved good-bye to Edward. She walked nervously towards the gate of her house and rang the bell, hoping that it wouldn't be either of her parents who opened the door.

"Who is it?" asked the maid from the other side.

"It's me, Maria," she responded, relieved, and hurried to enter the house. "Are my parents home yet?" she asked anxiously.

"No, not yet. Did you want to talk with them?"

"No, no," she replied quickly. "I'm going up to my room. You don't need to prepare a snack tonight, as I'm not really hungry."

Heading up the stairs, Sarah entered her room and put a chair behind the door. Her parents didn't allow her to lock her own door, so they had never given her a key.

*I've got to hide this quickly,* she thought, pulling a box from her closet. *If they catch me with this book, they'll kill me.*

From a tiny little pocket in her pants, she pulled out a tiny key, with which she opened the box. Inside were dozens of books and magazines about the supernatural. No one would ever suspect that she was hiding something there, as it was a box of ceramic dolls given to her several years before by her maternal grandparents. As for the dolls, Sarah had given them in secret to a neighbor girl, asking in return that she never tell anyone that Sarah had given them to her. It had been a good deal, as the girl across the street had been so happy, and at the same time,

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