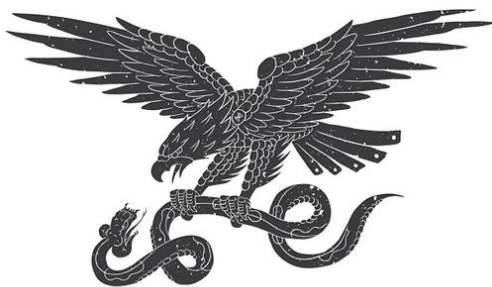


The Battle between Eagles and Snakes

-The Dark Side of a Warrior-





Intro

After I managed to extract it from that location, I followed the itinerary that I had set out before to reach the extraction point.

The girl had been drugged and this made our mobility in the rough terrain difficult. We still had about four kilometers to the extraction point. After a time that seemed like an eternity, I reached the meeting point. Two men got out of a car, took the girl and left in speed. Since that day, I have not seen her again but her eyes remained in my mind, those eyes that ask for help.

I threw the gun and the equipment in the water and went back to the Hotel. I sat down, a glass of whiskey and lit a cigarette. The blood was dry on my hands, when I smoked the cigar I felt the smell of iron.

The phone rang. It was George.

“- You did an extraordinary job, the girl was recovered, and her father has no words to thank you. The Grand Master and the Brothers of this Order are grateful to you. “

My name? Is not important . Who am I? I do not know either. A warrior, a murderer, a monk, a painter, a writer?

13 years of my life, I dedicated myself to the art of war. I worked as a special operator in an elite police unit and then took the same path of the weapons but on the private side.

I have traveled to so many places and I have crossed the seas and oceans that I do not know their number. I have seen and done things that for many can be very scary; many of them were also for me.

After a long time of thinking, I decided to put a part of this events on paper.

This book shares with you my connection with a secret society Order, my collaboration with it in many dark aspects and the destruction of it.

CHAPTER I

The Skull, the cross and no. 13



Whether you believe it or not, secret societies are real and the majority of them have deep roots in the past, and they try to fulfill the different agendas.

Many of them have members, people with power, from politics to the most varied fields. Many of these secret societies and orders are under the shadow of darkness.

When I say secret societies, I do not refer to the various associations registered under different names having social media pages and trying to recruit new members to collect their money in exchange for certificates and badges.

I mean organizations that no one has heard of and that carry out their plans in the dark where the mass of people cannot see.

How it all started?

My whole life I was caught between two personalities. One that focuses on the art of war and the other on the art of interior transformation

If you are not contemplating and meditating on this subject, you will probably see no connection between the two, and think that weapons, art of war, are opposite to spirituality but in fact, this is not true. Some long time ago, I did not understand how I could mix the art of war, the weapons with

the compassion and peace. One of my Teachers gave my answer to me in esoteric meditation. In Buddhism the Vajrayana branch, you will find a category of deities called Dharma Pala or Protectors. These deities are wrathful with many weapons in their hands. If you are not an initiate you will say that are demons but in fact there are enlightened beings full of compassion. Some energies you cannot pacifying them with peaceful manifestations. This is the reason why these beings are taking this form of wrathful warriors. In human history, you will find many warrior monks; one I have engraved in my heart is the Order of Knights Templar.

One of my Teachers always told me that in any action that you take the most important is the motivation. If you use your skills to protect to save the people that have no power to do it by themselves, your sword will be the Light.

I start from a young age to study and read about spirituality, meditation, yoga, and

esoteric knowledge. I remember when I was a kid I was locking myself in „my temple,, a room in my parents' house that was empty and I had arranged to train and meditate. I painted the walls to reproduce an atmosphere from an era of ancient Japan where I identified myself with the samurai whose warrior spirits made them invincible.

I spent the day and especially at night, looking in the darkest corners of my mind, looking for the inner warrior.

On a small altar, I had placed a drawing with Miyamoto Musashi one of the best fighters with the sword and author of the Book of the Five Rings; a small statue representing the Buddha, and a knife that I was using in my training.

It took many years before I met my first teacher in the art of meditation, which gave me initiation into various branches of Tibetan Buddhism.

My interest was towards eastern esotericism. My contact with the secret societies was born

in a mystical and difficult way for me to explain.

Four years ago, I was deployed in anti-piracy mission in the Gulf of Aden and the coast of Somalia. I was in the break between missions on a boat that works as a hotel in the red sea for contractors (mercenaries). I remember that day as if it were yesterday. It was an unbearable heat; I was sitting on the deck in the place arranged for relaxation. I was lying on a mattress, rocked by the rolling of the boat.

I enter in a deep sleep and I had a dream that marked the beginning of this book. I dreamed that I was in front of some people, dressed in white with a red cross on the coat waiting to be burned on the stake. There were many people shouting and insulting them. I looked to my right and saw a man tied with long hair on his cloth was a symbol of a snake that eat his own tale. Then somebody gave me the signal and I light the fire. They started to scream in pain as they burned. My dream ended with a skull with a red cross and the

number 13 burning in front of me. At that time, my knowledge regarding the Knights Templar's was limited to the idea that they were the special forces of their time and that they fought in the crusades.

After a few days, we arrived in Sri Lanka waiting to be taken in a few days for a new mission. I was in a private villa rented by the company for the teams that transit Sri Lanka. The dream and especially the image with the skull and the red cross burning was haunting me. I decided to draw the symbol and go to the city to tattoo it on my chest.

After this, I started to document myself and study more about the history of the Templars by accessing sources that presented alternative variants.

It was the moment when something difficult to explain happened. I find out that the Knights Templar's, or some of them together with the Grand Master Jacques de Molay were burned at the stake on Friday 13.

CHAPTER II

A modern Knight Templar.

A warrior is as spiritual as a monk is. He is the ruler of his mind as much as of his body. He trains his spirit through the form of meditation. No base passion, fear, discomfort or excitement shall control him. He can endure the bitterest cold or the fiercest heat. When faced with death itself, his mind is perfectly still. The odds, the dangers and the enemies may be massively against him and yet his concentration is sharp as a sword and may cut through them all.

Yes, he is a spiritual being indeed - but his spirit is the distilled essence of violence.

I was in India when I receive via Facebook a message from an old friend asking if I am willing to meet him when I return to my country because he wants to discuss something very important that can only be discussed face to face. Of course, I accepted and after the end of the contract when I returned to the country, I met with him.

He began to ask me what I know about the secret societies, the Order of the Knights Templar and to propose my entry and initiation in such an order, explaining to me that he is initiated and has a high rank. Everything seemed to me the script of a movie, the dream, the tattoo, and now someone asks me if I want to be initiated in an old chivalric order. Without thinking much, I accepted and after about a month my initiation into the Templar Knights Order took place.

The warrior was now opening the door that would take him into the dark depths of his own soul.

The initiation took place in the basement of an old monastery that was used as a center of the Order for several generations.

The atmosphere was one with a strong emotional impact.

My friend brought me to the location and led me to the old door leading to the temple of initiation. The others present at the initiation

were nine; all were dressed in white uniforms with the Templar cross on the mantle covered with mantles only the master of ceremony was in black.

After I took the oath being anointed with oil, I eat a small piece of bread and drink red wine from a cup. After a while I woke up in an underground cave in a coffin, in the same room on a cubic stone table was a skull and on one wall the inscription : „Memento mori,, meaning „ Remember that you must die ,, It was an act of meditation, sitting in that chamber contemplating the skull and the meaning of the words .

Meditation on Death is the main core of the warrior inner training.

Impermanence plays an important role in our life. For those who meditate on it, impermanence is not far away at all, instead, lies in everything that happens around us.

It is one of the most essential teachings.



Impermanence can be described in the next words:

“Whatever is stored up is bound to run out.

Whatever rises up is bound to fall down.

Whatever come together is bound to fall apart.

Whatever is born is impermanent and is bound to die”

Most of us think the impermanence of all things is an unpleasant fact that we rather ignore. We look at the world around us, and most of it seems solid and fixed. We tend to stay in places we find comfortable and safe, and we do not want them to change. We think our family, our friends are permanent, we think also that we are permanent, the same person continuing from birth to death, and maybe beyond that.

In other words, we may know, intellectually, those things are impermanent, but we do not perceive things that way. In addition, that is a problem.

I always had in my practice the next meditation method.

I was focusing my attention on the breathing, slow and deeply, relaxing my body. If thoughts comes in my mind, I do not let myself being attacked by them, I let them go and come back to the breathing. I Visualize in front of me, my own death body naked.

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