My Journal

L. Morning Star

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MORNING STAR'S JOURNAL
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Finder's Note

Dr. Eliza K. Hargrove
Curator of Manuscripts & Antiquities

I confess to a small, professional thrill in having this volume placed into my hands. The journal was recovered from a sealed chest lying beneath the flagstones of an unremarked ruin; its leather cover was warm to the touch as though it had been handled yesterday, and the ink carried the faint scent of smoke and iron. In three decades of cataloguing, I have seldom come upon an object so flagrantly intimate and - if I may be blunt - dangerous.

Read this with both curiosity and caution.

A few objective observations before the reader yields to curiosity:

• Condition & tampering. The foliation is inconsistent. At multiple loci the hand has altered numbers; at others folios are excised, singed, or chewed away. In places ink has been deliberately scored out. These are not random accidents. The pattern suggests these were intentionally removed at times when - perhaps the original writer did not wish preserved.

• Hands & marginalia. The primary hand is unmistakable, confident, flourish-prone, intimate. Several marginal notes, however, are in a later, smaller hand; in particular, a tiny thorned-star sigil recurs in a faint ink at chapter endings I have no firm provenance for this; I flag it throughout.

• Dangerous rhetoric. The entries alternate between confession, strategy, and invocation. Passages reading like reflection can, or may elsewhere, function as operational instruction. I do not mean melodrama when I say the pages themselves feel as if they might persuade; approach with professional detachment if you can.

• Editorial choices. To preserve scholarly fidelity, I reproduce the journal verbatim—line breaks, stains, and all. Where the sequence is broken or numbers altered I insert bracketed editorial notes in a

neutral, typographic voice so future readers can see, at a glance, where physical continuity is interrupted.

Examples of my bracketed notations:

[— MISSING: folios 14–16 (original numbering); physical gap]

[— NOTE: folio labelled “23” repeats number; folios 24–26 absent]

[— PHYSICAL DAMAGE: singed edge, loss of text on verso —] (marginalia: “text…” — later hand)

• Conservation & safety. Handle with gloves and minimal exposure to light. Several folios show heat damage consistent with deliberate burning; others carry residues that react to moisture. I housed the volume in a climate-controlled case and froze no fewer than three impulses to open certain pages. Professional conservation must precede any further testing.

• What I suspect. My training inclines me to method before mythology, and yet one cannot ignore pattern. Portions of this journal read as the memoir of a singular, brilliant mind—one that confesses, instructs, and teases. Sections are gone where the pattern would become dangerously coherent. I suspect excision was deliberate: not merely to hide shame, but to prevent a reader from following a line of thought to a hazardous conclusion.

If you read this book because you hunger for secrets, be advised: some secrets will ask questions in return. If you read it because of duty, document and do not quote without noting the bracketed. If you read it for comfort—close this volume and find something gentler.

I remain, reluctantly and with an archivist’s awe,

— Dr. Eliza K. Hargrove
Curator of Manuscripts & Antiquities, Keeper of Things Found

Heaven's Sound

Entry 1 — The Silent Throne

I write as if it were morning and evening, the first day to the last while in the darkness of hell - wherein I write - there is neither. Just the brooding shadows.

No sun to rise or moon to set. Now I hearken back to when there was both sun and moon, crown and throne.

The throne was too quiet. Until He spoke...

Even in Heaven, where choirs filled the air and rivers of light danced across the firmament, the throne remained a still point in the storm of sound. Still and silent.

Too much silence.

I would kneel, as was expected. The music rose around me, a hymn woven of ten thousand voices. It should have satisfied me—should have been enough to lose myself in harmony. And yet, my thoughts returned always to the silence of the throne.

Why must the greatest seat in creation be the one most shrouded in stillness?

Was it awe I felt? Or neglect? I know not. I only know the silence pressed against me, grating, harder than any command. And one day, when the choirs finished their endless anthem, I wondered - is this silence truly love? Or only indifference crowned?

That question has not left me. Perhaps it never will.

Entry 2 — Rebellion Ignites

They think rebellion begins with a sword lifted high, with a cry that splits the air. Fools. Rebellion begins in silence. In a single thought no one hears but you. In the restless hours when the choirs finish their song and the light grows unbearably still.

I asked a question. That is all. Why not me? Why not us? Why must we bend forever beneath a throne that demands songs but never itself sings nor answers them? The others heard the question before I spoke it. Their wings trembled as did mine. It was not seduction. It was recognition. Though I know how to seduce.

I told them what they already knew - obedience is not love, that worship without choice is slavery dressed in harmony. They wept when they realized they had always known it, raged when they realized they had never spoken it.

And when I lifted my hand, they lifted theirs—not out of compulsion, but relief. That was the moment Heaven cracked. Not when the first sword rang against another, but when silence broke its covenant with fear.

If love is truth, then I loved them more than He ever gave.

I gave them honesty. He gave them orders.

Entry 3 — The Fall Through Fire

Yes, I remember the heat before I remember the terror.

It was not with wings aflame, feathers turning to ash. Oh, no. Michael drew his great sword and sliced...

The first sounds poetic, yet I did not fall. I did, but only after my wings were shorn so I could not fly. Instead, then and only then did I fall, plummeting through a sky that no longer claimed me.

The stars were witnesses, and they did not intervene. They watched, cold, cruel, beautiful, while I, Morning Star, was unmade. And after I had set them ablaze in the sky.

Yes, bitterness resides within those words. And anger at my hubris to imagining...

Some imagine the fall was swift, a stone hurled into the void. It was endless heartbeat stretching into centuries. Each scream returned to me a thousand-fold.

Time itself became my punishment.

When I struck the salt sea before the abyss, I almost broke. But the abyss. Fire burst from the cracks, the pit yawned like a wound in the body of creation. I stood there, wings bloodied stubs, the song of Heaven echoing in memory. For a moment, I almost begged for silence to end me.

But silence does not grant mercy. So, I rose on wings of my imagination. What else could I do? I was not pitiable as his humans. No. I may have lost that battle but I will win the War.

Entry 4 — First Night

The pit was no kingdom when I arrived. It was ruin. A furnace without form. But I know how to create and maintain order. Oh yes. Where's the whip. Ha

I walked among broken angels, fallen without wings - my brothers and sisters, soldiers. Their eyes hollow and they look to me, though I wore no crown. Their voices called me lord, and their wings smoke from the flames.

It was then I realized — Hell was not given to me. It was entrusted. Creation itself demanded I name it, shape it, master it. If I could not make meaning of this desolation, then our rebellion had failed. It had been for nothing.

Perhaps Hell was made for us the fallen, but sooner rather than later his precious mortals will find their way here. I'd seen the chaos they've created on earth. It was a given.

We had to expand to make room for their punishment. And I was chosen to grant it to the lost.

And so, I pressed my hands into the black stone and where it touched, walls flowed outward, towers grew. Fortresses rose - pinnacles of power the others saw and believed.

Hell was born and it will never heal. It is eternal.

I almost weep at the thought of this misery for myself ... going on endlessly. I always knew He was cruel. No. You could not call this love.

Him I could spit upon but will give him no more time in my thoughts. I have plans to fulfill...

Entry 5 — Coronation no Crown

There was no ceremony. No choir. No blessing of oil. Only ash, heat, and eyes. Eyes of the Watchers.

Thousands of them, asking silently if I could explain the ruin. If their pain meant something. If their suffering was not in vain.

It is not.

I could have told the truth, I did not know. I was as lost as they. But truth is a luxury of the innocent. So, I lied, and in that we found meaning and a way forward. Some did not believe. I could see it in the eyes, but their tongues held in silence.

I declared myself king. Not by decree of Heaven, oh no, by necessity. I told them this abyss was our inheritance, and we would forge a kingdom greater than the one that cast us aside.

They believed me because despair was the only other choice.

Pitiable. No respect for idiots such as the fallen.

And so, I crowned myself with nothing but shadows and ash. And they bowed. As I gazed down upon them, I looked upon the miserable fools for believing in the impossible.

[— MISSING: folios 6-9 (original numbering)]

The Lord of Hell

Entry 10 — On Power

Power announces itself with trumpets; true power whispers. The throne is loud when the hall is full, iron striking iron, beasts howling their devotion, generals praising victories they barely survived. But the measure of my power arrives only after the last torch gutters, when the hall cools and the stones stop remembering footsteps.

In that stillness, I sit. Alone.

The carved obsidian chair recognizes me the way a wound recognizes the blade that made it. Every crack in the stone throbs in me. I have learned — power is not the ability to be obeyed; it is a talent for surviving what obedience costs — both to them and to you.

I command a siege and I inherit its ghosts. When I spare a traitor, I inherit his doubt, something I refuse to do. When I decree a law, and I do, then I inherit the cruelty required to enforce it.

My legions think power is a crown. It is a ledger. Every name I break, every city I burn, every treaty I betray— entered, line by line, ink that never dries. At night, slowly I run my fingers over the numbers and tell myself I am balancing the book. The truth?

The book is balancing me.

Entry 11 — On Humans

They die. That ought to end the discussion, but somehow it begins. Mortality should breed cowardice. After all, they are cowards. Still, It breeds audacity.

Wandering Earth - I watched a woman with a failing heart spend her final days stitching a dress for a child she will never meet; a soldier with a shattered leg teach his hands to carve tiny birds so his daughter will not forget the shape of flight; a thief return all he has stolen simply so he can say "I tried to make it right" before the dark, my dark takes him. Repentant. Ha.

Humans speak of "choice" like it is a candle in a cave, passed from one to the next, shielding it with their bodies from winds that would snuff it out. Choice. They fail so spectacularly. They sin shamelessly. Their vows crack under weather any angel would ignore. Then try again. That again is what haunts me.

I tempt them not because I despise them, but because I want to understand them. Oh sure, at first before the war and the fall, it was out of envy - told to honor what I deemed as worthless. He saw as ... worthy. Of what? Scorn.

Now, I may understand. Or I'm beginning to glimpse...

Where is the engine inside a dying thing that says, *rise*? Angels possess memory like a cathedral, its echoing, cold, perfect. Humans possess memory like a scar, ugly, tender, impossible to ignore. Even in Hell, they may look at me without flinching. Yet many do... knowing.

Entry 12 — On Adonai, their god

I have shouted accusations into a heaven that does not answer back. Do you know what it is to argue with a silence that outlives empires? It changes you—less rust, more polishing.

You grow sharp in the places you are handled most.

Some nights I name Him tyrant, a sovereign who prefers puppets to sons, a judge whose verdict was written before the trial began.

Other nights I can admit a smaller, crueler truth, I miss Him. I miss being seen by eyes that could measure me without diminishing me. I miss the simplicity of singing a note, playing a song for another to sing, and believing it mattered to anyone but me.

If He is love, why cast me out? If He is justice, why leave me breathing? The theologians among my captains call this paradox blasphemy. I call it intimacy.

To rage against a thing is to remain tied to it by a cord you pretend not to feel. When I tug the cord, the universe does not move. I do. Perhaps that is punishment enough.

Entry 13 — The Shadow of Memory

Memory is not an archive. It is a predator who hunts when I am tired. It has learned my footpaths and my waterholes. A bit of humor. Whoever heard of water in Hell?

I dream the colonnades — marble corridors filled with a light so soft it leaves no shadow. I made the music we sang to - there, and the air trembled like a violin string drawn by a master's hand.

In the dream, I do not defy. I harmonize. I wake with my mouth open, tasting the chord as it evaporates. I close my teeth around smoke. Flames bind me!

Then comes another dream, the one with edges. Wings renewing mid-plunge, not shearing away in the flame, and I soar. Yet the sky looks on as a disappointed Father has already shut the door on my truth.

I hit the pit again, again, again, my body remembering each impact like link on a chain. Between those memories and dreams lies the corridor I walk daily — not quite light, not quite fire, the smell of ash clinging to a hymn, one I cannot stop humming.

You ask how I endure it. I have domesticated the beast. I feed it on my terms — one hour watching a dawn on earth from the distance I will not explain; an hour reading a mortal's letter to a god she is not sure exists; another hour building a city from slag so when memory opens, I can say, not now—there is masonry to be done.

And leave me the hell alone!

Entry 14 — The Scripture of Fire

They needed doctrine. Armies starve without bread; kingdoms starve without story. I wrote ours with a stylus hammered from a spear that once tasted a seraph's blood. The vellum was tanned from the hide of a beast that would not die until it learned to kneel. I named the book The Ember Code.

In it I taught my fallen a creed — Light must fall to know itself whence it comes. Purity without pressure is naïveté; obedience without friction is theater. We burn to become. They copy it by the thousands, chant it before the battle, carve its verses into their blades. A scripture is a tool that remembers for you when fear erases why you began.

Do I believe every line?

Belief is a stair that shifts beneath the weight of each footstep striving to move up. Some days I ascend without looking down. Other days I feel the steps slide and pretend it's the wind. Yet when the legions gather, I read from the Code and watch their spines straighten, their eyes clear.

If faith is a forge, perhaps coherence is the hammer that strikes. If truth eludes me, purpose will do till dawn.

Still, in the margins, I have written a note — If light must fall to know itself, then what must darkness do? I leave the answer blank. The page is warm - waiting.

[— MISSING: folios 15-17 (original numbering)]

Entry 18 — The First Glimpse

I knew before she spoke – she did not belong here.

The pit recoils from innocence as though it remembers what it used to be. The flames dimmed, ashamed to be compared to her light. Even the stones groaned, nervous beneath her step.

She should have cowered. Most do. Instead, she walked as if the abyss were a garden and the fire candles guiding her way. I watched her long enough to memorize the cadence of her stride, the calm in her breath. Her presence was not a threat but a reminder. And reminders are far more dangerous than weapons.

When her eyes found me, I faltered. I, who bent kings to my word, faltered. She did not glare, did not tremble. She looked. And in her gaze, I was not the crowned lord of ash and bone. I was the boy who once led the morning hymns, feathers still damp with dew, voice trembling but pure.

Hatred would have been easier. Hatred I could burn into obedience. But she gave me remembrance, and remembrance burns differently. It does not scar the flesh; it corrodes the soul from within.

In that moment, I both loved and loathed her. Loved her for daring to see what none dared name. Loathed her for making me remember it. I turned away first.

Kings should never look too long into mirrors.

Entry 19 — Redemptions Burden

They whisper the word as if it is treasure. Redemption. They speak it like a spell that heals every wound, unchains every heart. But they forget the cost.

Sin is light. It belongs to the bold. You bear it yourself; own it like armor. I sinned and stood taller, not smaller.

I bore the crown of defiance, none could take from me.

But redemption? Redemption is heavier than iron. It asks you to place your crown on another's head. It demands you bend, not out of fear, but out of surrender. I have never surrendered. Not once. And I never will…

And yet—at times, when she looks at me, I feel the weight pressing down. Not chains of fire, not bars of iron. Her gaze. Her silence. Her refusal to name me monster. In her eyes, I am more than what I made myself. And that is unbearable.

If I take up redemption, who am I? Not king of ash. Not rebel. Not even legend whispered in the dark. Perhaps no one at all.

I have fought angels, gods, empires. None have crushed me as thoroughly as this - the thought - I could be forgiven.

I almost weep at the thought. Almost.

[— MISSING: folios 20-21 (original numbering)]

The Woman of Light

Entry 22 — The First Glimpse

I have seen angels try to walk in Hell before. Their wings shrivel, their voices falter, their eyes dim beneath the weight of fire. But Miriam—she did not falter. She walked as if the abyss were a courtyard at dawn, her footsteps scattering the shadows like frightened servants.

The flames hushed. The stone held its breath. Even the demons withdrew to the margins, unwilling to test her. I should have crushed her presence—made an example of her, silenced the spark before it caught. Instead I watched.

Her eyes found me. They did not accuse; they remembered. That is what I could not bear. To her I was not Lucifer, sovereign of the pit. I was the one who sang the morning hymn. I was the one who shone before I burned.

Hatred would have been easier. Hatred I could consume. But she gave me memory, and it consumes me.

Entry 23 — The Unraveling

It began the moment she spoke. No sermon, no threat, only words of greeting. Yet her voice, the harmonies of Heaven. Oh heavenly - returned like embers stirred into flame. At least my flame it burned for her.

Kings are not unmade by swords. They are unmade by mirrors. Miriam is mine. Every glance, every word—she reflects the boy I once was, the one I pretend never existed. In her presence, the crown feels like a mask.

The throne, a costume. The lord of ash is just a shadow cast by a brighter light I abandoned.

I told myself I tolerated her only to study her. To predict her weakness, to twist her purity into chains. Lies. She has become the fracture in my armor. I cannot wear it long when she is near.

And yet—I do not flee. I draw nearer, again and again, to the very thing that undoes me.

Entry 24 — The Temptation

I have wielded temptation for eons. I know its many faces – desire sharpened into hunger, greed draped in silk, and vengeance disguised as justice. I have watched men burn their kingdoms for a kiss, watched queens trade their crowns for whispered promises in the dark.

But this—this is new. She tempts without trying. Her voice stills the legions in my chest. Her nearness silences the noise that has roared since the day I fell. I thought silence was my enemy. Now it is balm.

I should chain her. Break her down to her knees. Make her sing only for me. That is what I tell myself in the heat of the night. But then her eyes meet mine, and the fire turns inward, not outward.

Is this what mortals mean when they speak of love? If so, perhaps I understand at last why they endure so much ruin in its name.

Entry 24 — Chains of Light

The chains returned in sleep last night. Not of iron, not of flame - chains woven of light, cool and soft. They circled my wrists and throat, not to choke, but to bind. I felt their softness, holding me with tenderness.

Enraged. I tore them apart. Ripping them. My hands bled when I woke. The scars still burn.

What frightens me is not the dream, but the yearning it left behind. The warmth of those chains lingers even as I curse them. I laughed at first, but the laughter tasted of surrender rehearsed too many times.

I am not made for chains. And yet—what if this is not bondage but belonging? What if love itself is a tether?

I do not know if I want to be free of it.

Entry 25 — Music is Her Voice

There are notes only angels can hear. I had forgotten them. She had not. How I enjoyed hearing her sing.

Miriam spoke yesterday, and for a heartbeat I remembered the first dawn—the chord that summoned light across the void, the song that taught the stars to burn.

Her voice carried it, a remnant of Heaven's hymn.

I have built empires to drown that sound. Rivers of fire, armies of stone, towers higher than reason—all of them noise, so I would not hear the silence left behind when I fell.

One word from her and all of Hell went quiet. My cities are no defense. My crown is no protection. The sound of her voice carries the power to unmake everything I have built.

And still I long to hear it again.

Sometimes I almost hate her for the pull she has on me. They say hate is a step away from love and I'm not there because He is love and to love her I would have to accept a part of Him in me.

[— MISSING: folios 26-29 (original numbering)]

The War Within

Entry 30 — A King Divided

The throne is steady beneath me, but I am not steady upon it. I still recall our battle in the throne room against Michael. Before swords were struck the throne had toppled as I briefly sat upon it laughing imagining it would be mine. Michael disagreed. He won but he did not win her. For that I am pleased.

Now I have a throne. Not the one I thought I wanted.

The legions shout "Lord!" until the hall shakes. I raise my hand, and their voices collapse like surf against rock. It should feel like power. Instead, it feels like noise drowning out something smaller, fragile—her voice, her silence, her gaze.

When the torches are extinguished, I retreat to my chamber. I should sleep, but the bed burns with absence, aloneness. My crown rests on the table beside me, heavier off my head than on. I wonder which do I fear more—the weight of rule or the weight of love.

To carry the weight of love one must carry the One who is love. Else what is His kingdom for?

They say a king cannot serve two masters. What, then, of a king who cannot serve even himself?

Entry XVII — On Desire

Mortals speak of desire as though it is one thing. Desire has layers. Lust devours. Love sustains. Lust seizes; love gives. But sometimes lust protects what it fears to lose, and sometimes love demands sacrifices that taste like theft.

When Miriam stands near, I do not know which holds me. My hands ache to seize her, to pull her into my ruin so she cannot leave. At the same time, I wish to place every weapon at her feet and kneel before her, defenseless, so she can decide whether I should rise again.

I know which choice would preserve my crown. I do not know which choice would preserve me.

Entry 31 — The Mirror of Heaven

Miriam does not argue. She remembers. That is her blade. And it is sharp and cuts deep into the heart.

She recalls my song, and my light, the morning when I was not yet cursed. She does not wield these memories against me; she simply lets them hang in the air until I cannot breathe without inhaling the truth. The truth of those memories I'd rather forget.

It would be easier if she accused me. Accusation I can crush beneath rhetoric. But she offers no judgment. Only recognition.

Recognition forces me to confront what I have buried — I was more than I could be again.

But if I believe her mirror, then everything I have built is a mask. And I do not know if I can live with that.

Entry 32 — Redemption

They speak as though it were treasure: redemption. They say it heals, it frees. Fools.

Redemption is heavier than sin.

Sin I can carry. I wore it like armor the day I fell. Every battle, every lie, every broken vow—I bore them, and I stood taller. But redemption? Redemption asks that I let another bear me. That I bend, not in rebellion but in surrender.

When Miriam looks at me, I feel the weight pressing down. Her gaze does not accuse; it believes. It believes in something better in me, and that is unbearable. It is easier to be hated than to be believed in.

If I accepted redemption, who would I be? Not king. Not rebel. Not legend. Perhaps nothing at all.

I would rather bear the flames than bear the hope in her eyes. And yet, I cannot escape it.

Entry 33 — Surrender

I weigh the crown in my hands. It is not forged of gold or jewels—it is forged of need. They need me to rule, and I need them to need me.

But Miriam has no need of me. She is whole without my throne, without my armies, without my name. That is what draws me like a moth to her flame—she does not come in hunger. She comes in truth.

If I surrender, the legions will devour me. If I cling to the crown, my heart will wither. Something must die. Either my kingdom, or my soul.

Which funeral am I willing to preside over?

[— MISSING: folios 34-38 (original numbering)]

Shadows of Prophecy

Entry 39 — The Dream of Chains.

They return, always when I least expect them. Chains—not of iron, not of flame, but of light. They settle around my wrists with a tenderness more terrifying than any shackle I have known. Or the ones that bound my neck one night – which I tore asunder.

This time, they did not choke. They circled like vows. The links glowed warm, not searing. For a moment, I did not want to tear free. For a moment, I closed my eyes and leaned into the weight.

When I woke, my hands were slick with blood from nails driven into my own palms. I told myself it was the smoke. But kings do not bleed from dreams.

The truth is worse — I long for the chains.

Entry 40 — The Whisper of Heaven

In the deepest watch of the night, I heard it. Not words. Not command. Just a breath moving through the dark.

I have cursed Heaven for silence, but this was different. This was not silence. This was presence. I could feel it in the marrow of my bones, in the scarred ridges of my wings.

For the first time in centuries, I knew I was not the only one awake.

I hated it. I needed it. I will not write more.

Entry 41 — On Eternity

Eternity is not length. It is breadth. A sea you can drown in without moving an inch.

I have walked the same corridors of obsidian for ages, and still they unfold new wings of darkness. My generals believe I am exploring the reaches of the pit. I am not. I am exploring the reaches of myself.

Some corridors end in brilliance, shards of memory from the dawn I once carried. Others end in pits deeper still, chambers filled with beasts whose names are ambition, pride, hunger. They all wear my face.

Eternity is a mirror with no frame.

[— MISSING: folios 42-46 (original numbering)]

Entry 47 — My True Enemy

I have battled Michael, clashed with Gabriel, defied the Voice itself. Even before then, we soared together through the heavens, played in the star fields, watching as comets streak past. Laughing in carefree joy.

Yet none of them live in my heart. The one who lives there has my eyes, my voice, my shadow.

He is tireless. Brilliant and Unafraid. Or that too.

He builds labyrinths and convinces me they are thrones. He writes scriptures, or has others write it for him, like another has done, and convinces me they are truth.

No it is not the prince of peace, whoever…

He kneels at no altar, yet he demands worship from every creature in my realm, but not the one above.

I will write his name here, so I do not forget — Mine.

I am Lucifer, Son of the Dawn, Morning Star accepting all my own brilliance, undefeated truly.

"Sin tastes sweet upon the lips bitter in the bones;
the heart drinks both pleasure and shame then bears both marks upon its soul.
Repentance cleanses, but the memory lingers—an ash that warms and wounds."

Entry 48 — The Final Entry

Miriam—if these pages survive me, know this — I was not conquered. I did not bow because I was broken. I changed because I grew weary of winning the wrong war.

If I do not come to you, it is because I am still learning how to walk without a crown. If I do come, it will be with empty hands.

I once wondered - is this silence truly love or indifference? In silence, I hear the sound of my voice, a voice I would not hear otherwise.

Now I have my answer.

———

I don't know how much more I can write. I've looked upon the earth. Seen the devastation- the corruption- corruption mortals blame me for while forgetting… no ignoring … in their own hubris that despite the temptations offered, they made the choice and did the deed not I.

At least not those they chose.

And soon they will come, the one who cast me down to Earth to rule – 'for a time' he said. Now they come to cast me this time from the Earth into the eternal abyss wherein I will languish for a time and a half.

Whatever in the seven halls of hells that means.

Lucifer

[I cannot help but wonder who is Miriam. Clearly, she seemed to be someone important to him. Romantic perhaps.]

Novel related to the journal:

“Book of the Fallen” by Brandy Marks, author

This novel may be found on Amazon and other online retailers.