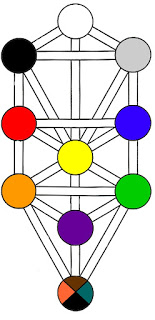
Attacked from the Shadows or Shadow People: Both the Palo Mayombe and Goetic perspective.

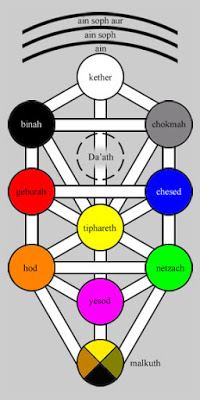
I will be making a brief sojourn away from my independent, and self imposed supporting role in the great work of David Paulide's Missing 411. I will be introducing a topic of my own personal investigations as well as one which is local to me.

I am the priest of a ever growing and lively Palo Mayombe house here in the Pacific Northwest.  
  
I am a Bokor having been put "on point" with a couple Loa ( means I am not a Voudu priest but the Loa themselves, through taking possession of Voudu priests/priestess, placed me on point with them directly and specifically. I can call of those Loa like I was a Houngan or Mambo, but only those individual Loa) as well as a fully made magician in a select number of Grimoire/Goetic traditions.

My religious inclination (as well as my high success rates) make me a rarity in this region and people seek me out for consultations regarding often dire circumstances which have proved well beyond the ability of Neo-Pagans, Wiccans, eclectic New-Age Shamans and intuitive Psychics to handle effectively.  
[](http://2.bp.blogspot.com/-uKERouGWLrM/Vf0R9IojbTI/AAAAAAAAANY/6wYTYcEVd0c/s1600/sp2.jpg)  
I was recently contacted by a timid, and nervous young man.  
  
He was gaunt looking, distressed, and disheveled.  
  
He tells me he has been like this for a couple years now.  
  
He tells me that he is under attack.  
  
People made of shadow, reach out from or step out of the shadows and grab or and swipe at him.  
  
He tells me about and then shows me long narrow dark purple marks, like bruises, which run down his back and across his rib cage.  
  
He tells me that he feels them drain away not only his energy, and his vitality but his ambition.  
  
He says to me human figures of shadow talk in his ear at night.  
  
Most of what they say sounds like an unintelligible jumble of word-like sounds layered over one another, but every so once in a while he can hear his name and threats of violence against him in the noise.  
  
He tells me that he is considering suicide but in a dream a woman came to him and said that if he kills himself as a direct result of these shadow people, his spirit will be pulled through a portal into their realm and he would be lost to them forever.  
  
He tells me they come for him when he is alone, mostly at night (but not just night time anymore as they have been coming during the day now) and at home.  
  
He says he can now see them while outside, standing in shadows cast by trees, walls, cars, etc, and that once in a while he can see a Shadow Person following other people especially the elderly and young children.  
  
He tells me that he remembers the first time he saw one.  
  
He was at school and playing in a group of kids.  
  
They where taking turns pushing each other higher and higher on a swing. One of these kids fell out of the swing, and landed on the back of his head.  
  
This man told me he knew right then and there they boy was dead.  
  
All the other children ran, but he felt compelled to stay with and comfort the dead boy. He sat next to him, even holding his hand until adults/school officials came and pulled him away.  
  
He tells me that while he was holding this dead boy's hand, he looked up and for a brief moment he saw a human figure. The figure was solid black, extremely tall, and looking down at him.  
  
He said that he felt a sudden uncomfortable connection happen, but that being was gone in an instant and simply just did not know what to think of it.  
  
As a kid he says that his encounters with shadow people was very sporadic. Months or even a year between encounters, then weekly for a little while and then not again for months.  
  
However these sporadic encounter where very violent and traumatizing.  
  
Often it was just one shadow being, and he felt the same shadow being he first saw, but at time there could multiple Shadow People.  
  
He told me he could start to feel a notable difference between male and female Shadow People, and that he thought that this Shadow Person was like a father of a shadow family with shadow children.  
  
He said to me this is a horrible father or a terrible family, and that what they do to him is pure evil.  
  
Now that he is older, the encounters are regular and almost daily.  
  
The experiences are no longer overtly scary, but their intentions are no less sinister.  
  
He begs me to help him.

[](http://3.bp.blogspot.com/-P5lC1CS3ad4/Vf0SB4yvyoI/AAAAAAAAANs/dAIJPHAhiqM/s1600/sp1.jpg)

He says that he will eventually kill himself, that is what he feels influenced to do, or they will find some other way to bring him to their world.  
  
I can see in his face that he is humiliated in just voicing this to someone else and he is at the end of his rope.  
  
Before I can ask he starts to rebut me.  
  
He says he wants to sleep with the light on, but they seems to be able to create harmonics which are painful and disorientating until he turns the lights off.   
  
He tells me that he wants to not be so isolated, but that these Shadow People sow seeds of paranoia,and mistrust in all his relationships.  
  
He has been conditioned to feel most comfortable when he is alone. He also tells me that the Shadow People have told him they will go after anyone else who becomes close to him.  
  
He tells me they will be extremely angry at him for talking to me and that he is very afraid of the night ahead of him.  
  
My Nfumbe tells me he is not lying.  
  
I tell him I will need to preform a deep spiritual and psychic investigation to decipher what needs to be done and what of it I can do.  
  
I meet with him latter that evening at his place.  
  
I take my M'paka and do a walk through of his home and I do not immediately feel or experience anything. However near the back of the house a can feel a heavy presence dissipating away from me and my M'paka.  
  
He tells me that he has not felt his house feel so light and free in so many years he almost could not remember his house as feeling safe.  
  
I bring him a n oil lamp to burn over night. The oil lamp is under the M'pungo (a powerful deity-like spirit) Zarabanda, my Congolese spiritual father in the religion of Palo Mayombe.  
  
These oil lamps are specially constructed and contain many ingredients that are sacred to the M'pungo the oil lamp is being made for.   
  
Zarabanda is the M'pungo of all weapons, war, roads, work, strength, and occultic power.  
  
After doing a quick dispensing, I wanted Zarabanda's influence to fill the now empty space, and hedge out the Shadow People.  
  
I told him to light the lamp once I had left, stay close to it, and no matter what not to put it out.  
  
If the the light goes out during the night and he can not relight he was to quickly call me, no matter how late it was.  
  
Now I began my investigation, I go before my Mpungo, calling my Nfumbe  I go into deep mediumship.  
  
In my rama (tradition) of Palo Mayombe, we not only recognize the existence of shadow people, but we understand (to some extent) their shadowy realm.  
  
In my rama there is a secret transmission from the M'pungo and the Nfumbe about the La Sombra del Mundo  or World of Shadow/Shade of the World.  
  
In the Tree of Life Glyph  is also the placement of a Shadow Realm which is nearly completely lost to New-Age occultists.  
  
I would like to state that what I am about to say is NOT on the internet (no we are NOT talking about the Qillopth which is so misunderstood by the idiots talking about it they ARE the Qillipoth and if you understood the Qillipoth you will know the implications of that statement), and no the tradition of Hermetic magic does NOT include this either.  
  
[](http://1.bp.blogspot.com/-cES7ypdzDcc/Vf0SD6SyVBI/AAAAAAAAAN0/gu-Ue4dG4qE/s1600/tlgcolor.jpg)I would ask that you cite back to this blog spot if you are going to introduce these concepts elsewhere as it will be easy to track it back to where this information originated from.  
  
From the very heights of the Tree of Life Glyph is the one and first emanation of pure brilliant white light descending down and infusing with the color vibration of each sephirot/planetary sphere beneath it (i won't get into connecting paths here).  
  
White to grey to black to blue to red to yellow(gold) to green to orange and finally purple (puce).  
  
The first physical sphere, meaning sphere not just made of light, that this collective prismatic ray of planetary influence hits is earth or Malkuth.  
  
This is extremely similar to the situation in my rama of Palo Mayombe, where Nzambi the great creator spirit pours light down onto the physical world (N'toto).  
  
The shade cast by the physical world once it was bathed in divine light becomes a reality all its own.  
  
This shade is the La Sombra del Mundo.  
  
Going back to Tree of Life, the Astral Realm is Yesod or number 9, the physical world or Malukth is 10, and Pluto the realm of the dead or Dnaath is 11.  
  
Pluto or Dnaath is generally placed on the middle pillar path between Kether or Uranus and Sol the sun or Tipareth on the Tree of Life Glyph. This is a stellar placement and invokes a number of mysteries.

[](http://4.bp.blogspot.com/-iZ54zA1vAEU/Vf0SFxdFLPI/AAAAAAAAAN8/rMNNAxkGgTI/s1600/tlgpluto.jpg)

However, Pluto nor the Realm of the Dead is the Shadow or Shade of the World.  
  
The Shadow World is a dimension that resides immediately preceding the Physical World creating an absence of light and is like a highway that connects the Astral Realm, Physical world and Realm of the Dead.  
  
The Shadow World is truthfully just that, a shadow of the Physical world in it's design and culture .  
  
It is dark, and gloomy, with no real light and everything looks similar to the Physical world which gave birth to it but with maligned features.   
  
Everywhere in the physical world gives birth La Sombra del Mundo as anything physical can cast a shadow, even down to the molecular level, and thus holds a spacial component in the Shade of the World.  
  
This is not to be confused as a "psychological" construct such as the "Jungian" shadow, no, this is a literal description for an actual time and space, no more or less real than Japan.  
  
Malkuth or the physical world is the end result or product of the descending emanation of light and sound from above.  
  
However La Sombra del Mundo or World Shadow is the first step of the physical world's disintegration or breakdown.   
  
What comes into manifestation will eventually fall into un-manifest.  
  
The emanating lights and sounds lend the construction materials to build the physical world, but under the Saturnine directive of time and space, nothing physical can last forever. The physical breaks down and is recycled as energy or "force" to be placed fresh once again as a "new" physical "form".  
  
Force into Form, Form back into Force.  
  
The Shade of the World is where energy/force first goes when it has leaked or loosed from its physical form.  
  
The nature of the Shadow Realm is the beginning of disrepair, dissolvement and disintegration.  
  
It is also a place of quite death, subduing, and sedating. Smothering energy, like a thick wet blanket tossed over a small fire.  
  
As is the nature of this place, so too are its inhabitants.  
  
The disposition of Shadow People is alien to humans, although truth (surely an unpopular one) is your *own* shadow supports the existence of Shadow beings, however I am not certain if the relationship is such where there is one human for one shadow being.  
  
The residents of La Sombra del Mundo actively participate in and feed off the breakdown of our physical world. They are parasites and resemble carrion eaters in their habits. I believe them to be opportunistic hunters who prey on the vulnerable.   
  
The link of Shadow People to death and sickness is well established.  
  
They take sustenance from the byproduct of deterioration, and the crumbling of that which was once intact. This comes in the form of the death of the physical body or its steep decline in cases of disease. This can also come from mental break downs, and in particular long term depression.

[](http://4.bp.blogspot.com/-xwXtGjQBiLQ/Vf0SAA3nyVI/AAAAAAAAANk/XRLUHlR2Bxg/s1600/sp3.JPG)

I have encountered shadow people in abandoned houses, empty lots, and derelict buildings.  
  
I have been told and have also intuitively guessed that Shadow People drain away old psychic residue, and maybe even drain away "time" itself.  
  
In my Goetic tradition there are certain daemons or spirits who frequently dwell in the Shadow of the World. The dominions and principalities of these Goetic daemons give further clues to the purpose served by the Shade of the World.  
  
For example (NOT a complete list)  
  
Guland: A vampire and vessel of transmutation and inoculation. The syringe is said to have been developed under his influence. He creates diseases (and thereby can remove them) and drains away energy at a catabolic rate faster than something's natural anabolic rate.  
  
Morail: A daemon who is as close to a Shadow being as a goetic daemon can get. Morail conceals, and subdues, blots out frequencies making them less detectable.  
  
Brifrons: A daemon that revels in the decay and malaise in the cemeteries of the world, causes corpses to move (breaking down faster) and  attracts the ill prepared living to places of death for his own agendas.  
  
Musisin: A bit of a vampire himself, this daemon transverses the shadows to act as a covert agent for his own agendas. He reveals secrets, matters of state, and blackmails merchants, nobles and even royalty.  
  
Crocell: A daemon who belly floats down the river Styx, crosses through the Shadow World draining away memories from the dead transition from one life to the next, while traveling between the realms of the Dead and the Astral.  
  
Frucissere: A Necromantic daemon who squeezes the last drops of vitality out of corpses, and is a master in the use of acids and poisons.  
  
The dominions of these daemons are well suited for the Realm of Shadow, they reflect the due course of its great purpose and mirror the sinister side of nature most universal.  
  
In my psychic investigation of this man's dire condition the answers made a great deal of sense when stacked against what I know of La Sombra Mundo.  
  
I called out to my Nfumbe to help and guide me after explaining the situation.  
  
I went to Lucero Mundo (The Light of the World) an M'pungo who's Congo name is Nkuyu, he rules over crossroads, doorways, travel, destiny, luck, magic and sorcery. I asked Lucero Mundo to help me gain access La Sombra Mundo, and see through my M'paka ( A magical horn filled with secret items sacred to both Palo Mayombe and the M'pungo it is made under, finally capped with a round mirrior) what I needed to know.  
  
I then went to my Congo father, the M'pungo Zarabanda also known as Nkosi Mukumbe, asking that he fight for me and let me see through his eyes (M'paka) into the World's Shadow.  
  
He was spot on correct about his situation.  
  
The Shadow Person he first encountered came to feed off the death of the boy who fell from the swing. The Shadow Man saw an opening inside him, and latched so he could follow him.  
  
The sporadic attacks on the young man where due to his spiritual guides who could fended the Shadow People off most of the time.  
  
Because his spiritual guides went unacknowledged (considered evil by his Christian up bringing) they became less effective against the Shadow People who eventually overran them.  
  
The violent attacks on him by the Shadow People where both out of spite for having to fight so hard to get him, but also an act of terrorism him making him fearful and instilling a sense of helplessness.   
  
It was the that same first Shadow Man predominantly who attacked him, and who eventually started bringing his Shadow "brood" to feed off of him also.  
  
The Shadow People had broken him down enough to simply show up and feed with little fear of resistance.  
  
They consider him a beaten and broken dog.  
  
The Shadow People keep him perpetually depressed. This keeps him docile and complacent in his surrender. Soon they know there will be no resistance not even subconsciously.  
  
The Shadow People cause discord in his relationships by installing paranoid thoughts to him and potential friends. They increase and manipulate feelings of unease for people getting to know him. Finally they leverage against him past memories of bad social interactions to keep him fearful of reaching out.  
  
The Shadow People level threats of retaliation against him and anyone who he lets get close. These once empty threats now have merit.  
  
Lastly, the Shadow People are influencing him to commit suicide. They would indeed be able to abscond with his spirit to their realm if they can cause his departure from this world.  
  
The investigation was loud and clear, he is in danger, but what to do?  
  
The answer, begins with the veneration and elevation of his ancestors.  
  
This means giving those of his bloodline who have died light and water. This pulls them up put of spiritual darkness, heals their traumas, and unites his scattered bloodline under a single banner. This pulls them close around him to protect and fight for the continuation of their people.  
  
By surrounding himself with his ancestors who are his first and last line of defense in light and progress he will create an illuminated sphere of protection.  
  
A powerful cleansing must be done for him which will severing the Shadow Man's attachment to him, and wash away this thick heavy influence over him.  
  
A similar cleansing must be done to the house, but a fire cleansing with a garlic and Florida water.  
  
A machete and or chain of Zarabanda must be made and placed near the or at the threshold of the door to the house and to the room he sleeps in.  
  
This will prevent the Shadow People from gaining access to him and put the fear of grave retaliation back within them.

[](http://3.bp.blogspot.com/-V82RJ8SgfNM/Vf0Tf8ipxDI/AAAAAAAAAOE/VenQJfnq3M0/s1600/pineapplechola.jpg)

Lastly a lamp of Zarabanda must burn for a set number of days to fight off the Shadow People and train his ancestors in the art of spiritual-magical warfare.  
  
A lamp of Brazo Forte (M'pungo of volcanoes, and a mighty warrior) to burn away spiritual filth and cleanse the energy matrix of the house.  
  
Finishing up with a lamp of Mama Chola Wenge to attract friends, lovers and money back into the home.  
  
He tells me that the lamp of Zarabanda burned all night, but the flame whirled, snapped and crackled the whole time.  
  
This is the influence of Zarabanda actively engaged in combat. He tells me the house no longer feels depressed and he slept deeper and more sound than he has in years.  
  
I am in the process of building his lamps and preparing the machete and chain of Zarabanda for him and his home.  
  
With his continued permission I will update you on  his personal cleansing and the purification of his house.  
  
-Papa Crocodile.