

REVISED
EDITION

Lord Foulgrin's Letters



— A NOVEL —

RANDY ALCORN

Author of Bestselling *Deadline*, *Dominion*, and *Edge of Eternity*

“*Lord Foulgrin’s Letters* is a welcome addition to the world of Christian fiction. Randy Alcorn provides a needed reminder of just what it means for Christians to be engaged in battle with principalities and powers not of this world. But *Lord Foulgrin’s Letters* won’t send readers looking for demons under every bed—it will send them to the right place, the study of God’s Word.”

Chuck Colson, Founder, Prison Fellowship Ministries
Author of *How Now Shall We Live?*

“In renowned C. S. Lewis style, Randy Alcorn demonstrates that Satan is a liar and his demons are masters at deceit. In *Lord Foulgrin’s Letters* we hear how demons plan to ruin us, keep us from God, and make us miserable and unfruitful. If you are interested in gaining a better understanding of Satan’s strategies and becoming more successful in resisting him, this book is a must read.”

Tim LaHaye, Creator and coauthor, the Left Behind series
Beverly LaHaye, Founder, Concerned Women of America, Author of *The Act of Marriage*

“Randy Alcorn has written one of the most unusual and important inquiries into the demon mind since *The Screwtape Letters*. It is no easy challenge for a dedicated Christian author to realistically portray the spirit realm, but Alcorn rivets our attention in a way readers aren’t accustomed to. This book will disturb, stimulate, and enlighten.”

Dr. D. James Kennedy, Senior minister, Coral Ridge Presbyterian Church
Author of *Evangelism Explosion*

“*Lord Foulgrin’s Letters* is loaded with thought-provoking scenarios driving home the point that we are spiritual beings living in the midst of a spiritual war. Alcorn graphically portrays the struggles between the angels of God and the forces of the evil one. His artful description of the devil’s strategies reminds us that Satan still prowls as a roaring lion seeking to devour those who trust in God. I highly recommend this book!”

Paul Eshleman, Director, The JESUS Film Project
Author of *The Touch of Jesus*

“As this powerful book goes into print, there will be a major meeting in the committee rooms of hell. Randy Alcorn will be high on Satan’s hit list, so let’s pray for him. God’s Word is clear that we must not be ignorant of Satan’s devices. This book will be a great help in doing just that. The devil is not happy with it. Beware! A dynamic, demon-binding book.”

George Verwer, Founder and director, Operation Mobilization
Author of *Out of the Comfort Zone*

“Not since I produced the art for *This Present Darkness* and *Angelwalk* have I read a book that caused me to look over my shoulder while reading. More than once I winced at recognizing myself getting caught in the enemy’s web and falling for his subtle tricks. If Randy’s pattern for *Lord Foulgrin’s Letters* is *The Screwtape Letters*, the student has, dare I say, surpassed the teacher.”

Ron DiCianni, Artist
Author of *Beyond Words*

“*Lord Foulgrin’s Letters* is a wonderful accomplishment. It should be required reading. I wish I’d had it years ago, before I was such an unwitting accessory to so many of Satan’s schemes. Randy Alcorn makes no apologies for the truth that radiates off each page. He skillfully reminds us that we are not fighting against flesh and blood. I highly recommend this book to anyone who wants to grow.”

Terri Blackstock
Author of *Private Justice*

“Paul admonishes us to ‘stand against the devil’s schemes.’ My friend Randy Alcorn goes undercover to disclose those schemes so we can be better prepared to stand firm, overcome evil, and faithfully represent Jesus Christ.”

Luis Palau
International evangelist
Author of *Where Is God When Bad Things Happen?*

“I love to read everything Randy Alcorn writes. *Lord Foulgrin’s Letters* is reminiscent of *The Screwtape Letters*, echoing the solid theology, insightful psychology, and literary creativity of C. S. Lewis. It is both challenging and encouraging, a wake-up call to the reality of personal evil in the circumstances of everyday life and, best of all, a forceful declaration of Jesus’ promise of victory over every work of darkness for those who trust Him.”

Ron Mehl
Senior pastor, Beaverton Foursquare Church
Author of *God Works the Night Shift*

“Randy Alcorn has brought into the twenty-first century the classic concept behind C. S. Lewis’s *The Screwtape Letters*. Written in clear, compelling style, *Lord Foulgrin’s Letters* is at once entertaining, fascinating, and highly illuminating. It is a book for believers and unbelievers, for young and mature Christians. I pray I never forget it.”

Angela Elwell Hunt
Author of *The Immortal*

Lord Foulgrin's
Letters

A NOVEL

RANDY ALCORN

Multnomah® Publishers *Sisters, Oregon*

This book is a work of fiction. With the exception of recognized historical figures, the characters in this novel are fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

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To Steve and Sue Keels

Your love for Christ and each other
has touched countless students and their families,
including ours.

Thanks for being there for us
and so many others in times of deepest need.
We respect you deeply and treasure your friendship.

*The safest road to hell is the gradual one—
the gentle slope, soft underfoot,
without sudden turnings, without milestones, without signposts.*

C. S. LEWIS

Other books by Randy Alcorn

NONFICTION

Heaven
50 Days of Heaven
TouchPoints: Heaven
In Light of Eternity
Money, Possessions, and Eternity
The Law of Rewards
ProLife Answers to ProChoice Arguments
Restoring Sexual Sanity
Sexual Temptation
The Grace and Truth Paradox
The Purity Principle
The Treasure Principle
Women Under Stress
Why ProLife?
If God is Good...

FICTION

Deadline
Dominion
Deception
Edge of Eternity
Lord Foulgrin's Letters
The Ishbane Conspiracy (with Karina Alcorn and Angela Alcorn)
Safely Home

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Heaven for Kids
Tell Me About Heaven
Wait Until Then

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I'm touched by the kindness with which people agreed to read and endorse this book, most with schedules so full it was hard to imagine they'd say yes. Thank you for your generosity.

I'm deeply indebted to the prayer team that faithfully lifted me up in the writing and revision of this book. Any eternal impact this book might have is the direct product of war waged in the prayers of these brothers and sisters.

Finally, I can't begin to express the depth of my love and appreciation for the One for whose glory this book was written. Foulgrin calls Him the Enemy and the Tyrant. I call

Him my Creator, Provider, Sustainer, Savior, Advocate, and closest Friend. Your sovereign grace, Lord, overwhelms me. I can't wait to be with You in Your place. Meanwhile, please empower me to serve You faithfully where I am.

Our prayer, gracious Lord, is that You would use this book to work a miracle of illumination. Penetrate the lies of the dark powers with the light of Your truth. Use these imperfect words to accomplish Your perfect purposes. Touch readers for eternity, as only You can.

NOTE TO READERS

If you'd like insights into the distinctive background and approach of this book, you may wish to turn back to the Afterword now and read it as if it were an introduction. (That's what I originally intended it to be.) Or, wait until the end. I repositioned it believing many readers would rather dive right into the story without explanation. Whichever you choose, I hope you enjoy and benefit from *Lord Foulgrin's Letters*.

PRELUDE

THE HUNT



If Jordan Fletcher wasn't happy, it was only because he needed something else. Happiness had always been just one step around the corner. He'd spent his life chasing around that next corner...and the next and the next and the next.

Jordan never realized that all the time he'd been hunting happiness, someone had been hunting him.

IT DOESN'T GET ANY BETTER?



Shirtless, Jordan Fletcher kicked back on the lounge chair on the sunny deck of his new house in Sunriver, basking in the high desert beauty of central Oregon. He'd always longed to have a special place of his own. Now it was his—and no one could take it from him.

Jordan's wife, Diane, sat five feet away reading her novel, but it may as well have been five miles. They inhabited two different worlds. He found it easier to avoid conversation, since it usually ended up in a laundry list of ways he'd let her down or things she wanted him to do. *High maintenance*, he thought. He breathed in the scent of fresh pine and contemplated the mountain peaks framed by the huge blue sky.

She can't accuse me of blowing it on this place.

"I'm walking to the store." The voice from behind startled him. Jillian? It didn't sound like the voice of a little girl—maybe because his strawberry-blond daughter was now seventeen.

"Okay," Diane said absently, eyes not moving from her novel, the story of a life far more interesting than her own.

Jordan looked disapprovingly at his daughter's skimpy outfit. He started to grumble something about not talking to strange boys, but by then she was gone. She seemed always to vanish these days, outrunning his words. Jillian never asked permission for anything anymore. Half the time she never told them where she was going.

He looked over at fourteen-year-old Daniel, his hair in a stiff black bang against his pale skin, earphones permanently attached to his head. He sat under a desert pine, still pouting because his best friend couldn't come with him and he was stuck with the family. He wore his perennial black T-shirt featuring some rock singer, embossed with a "Hail Satan" logo that had blood spurting out of the words. Daniel gazed at a magazine Jordan didn't recognize, probably about computers or vampires or who knew what.

Jordan stood restlessly and ran his hand across the smooth deck railing. He looked toward the tennis courts, where he could faintly make out someone practicing serves. He watched carefully, trying to figure out if the guy was good enough to beat him. Finally he turned around and studied the house, his latest symbol of success and happiness. The shutters screamed at him.

Idiots.

The builders had installed the wrong shutters. He'd left a message and hadn't heard back from them. He wouldn't let them get away with it. Still, though, the place was beautiful.

Wait till Hal sees this. It makes his mountain chalet look like a bungalow. And Matt's little

beach cottage? No comparison. I'll buy a barbecue and have it going Friday night when they get here. A few cases of beer on ice. Everything'll be perfect.

He looked at the vacant spot under the tree where Daniel had been a moment ago.

Oh, well. He's fourteen. Not like he needs a babysitter.

Jordan went inside to get his briefcase off the shiny oak dining room table. He pulled out the new monthly sales figures. He'd gone over them already but wanted to study the numbers again. He returned to the deck and settled back in his lounge chair, sipping lemonade.

Yeah, it was true. He'd outsold everyone. He'd come out on top again.

I can borrow a little more, get that ski boat. No problem.

It felt great.

Yeah, great. Everything's great. It doesn't get any better than this.



LETTER ONE

Our Working Arrangement

My newly assigned subordinate Squaltaint, I'm recording these instructions, despite the misgivings of my assistant Obsmut, who believes it's too risky.

As you've heard, there's been a reshuffling of the chain of command in your geopolitical sector, precipitated by the removal of Ashtar for his reprehensible acts of disloyalty against Lord Beelzebub. I've been assigned to command your region. You and your cadre of six tempters now fall under my authority. So do all your current subjects, including the vermin assigned to you, Jordan Fletcher.

In our kingdom's multilevel marketing structure you have now come under me. I will be the beneficiary of your successes. I will also be held responsible for your failures. Make sure there are none.

Since I have vested interests in your success, I'll offer my keenest advice and monitor your progress. I'll aid you in deceiving and destroying Fletcher. Together we'll share the spoils of victory.

I'm a master of strategy and tactics. In my letters, I'll tutor you in the fine art of deception. I'll begin with Foulgrin's Basic Training or, if you prefer, Temptation 101.

These half-spirit, half-animal hybrids who inhabit this planet, *our* planet, are

an endless source of fascination and frustration. They're such *creepy* little things, misshapen balloons of flesh, bloated bags of liquid and alloy. Grossly inferior to spirit beings, they should be our servants—yet the Enemy would have made us theirs!

As you deal with Fletcher or any of them, remember in the end that they are but raw material, to be used by us against Him or by Him against us. They're weapons to wield in our jihad against heaven, that oppressive citadel called Charis.

Never forget the reason we revoked our citizenship—to establish the new and greater realm of Erebus, that mighty domain of which hell is but a junkyard, a ghetto for human slaves. (The Enemy claims we shall one day join them there—I think not, but if the worst proves true let's first do all the damage we can.) Our kingdom is being built each day with the bony bricks and bloody mortar of the Enemy's precious image-bearers—including your cockroach, Fletcher.

Picture it, Squaltaint: The sludgebags are caught in the crossfire between Erebus and Charis. Skiathorus, what they call earth—that festering wound, that canker sore of the cosmos—is the battlefield where two rival kingdoms vie for the allegiance of puny men. The delicious thing is, the vast majority of them don't have a clue about the raging battle. How can they prepare for a battle they don't even know they're in? And how can they win a battle they haven't prepared for?

Foulgrin's rule number one: Keep them in the dark.

The central question is always this—how can we exact revenge on the Enemy? It was He who evicted us from our rightful dwelling, He who chose the sludgebags over us. He made ours a government in exile, driving us out to the hinterlands of the spirit realm, where we have no place to call our own until we colonize Skiathorus.

What can we do to inflict pain on this Creator who at first glance appears untouchable?

Intelligence-gathering yields the answer. The Carpenter gave it away when He asked that vermin Paul, "Why do you persecute Me?" Well, who was he persecuting but Christians?

There you have it, so simple it's elegant: To persecute *them* is to persecute *Him*. By striking out at them—and at all His weak and vulnerable image-bearers—we kill the Enemy in effigy. Better yet, we actually inflict harm on Him.

In and of themselves the vermin are utterly insignificant. But because the Enemy places such value on them, they become immensely useful to us. What better way to hurt the Divine Parent than to kidnap His children, brainwash and torture them? Delightful, isn't it? As you hatch your plots for Fletcher, Squaltaint, never lose sight of the big picture.

As you're doubtless aware, I'm known throughout Erebus as a highly decorated agent of Beelzebub. Indeed, from time to time I've traveled with the Master Himself and served as His confidant. My sage advice and counsel to field-workers is legendary. You'll find me far more accomplished than Ashtar.

Count yourself privileged to be the recipient of my advice. Know that many would

give their right arm to receive my counsel. Know also that many *have* given their right arms when they failed to heed it.

Despite Obsmut's reservations, my sending letters to subordinates has many advantages over our conventional communication. Something vital gets lost in oral transmission, and you can never fully trust the messenger. (The Enemy has the unfair advantage of being present in more than one place at a time. The rest of us must make do.) I have before me your résumé, Squaltaint. I see you've had only mixed success with the thirty-eight sludgebags assigned to you in the past seven centuries. No less than six of these became Christians, and only three of those did you manage to derail from serving the Enemy.

My standards are higher than Ashtar's, and my tolerance for failure is lower. Trust me when I say it is in your best interests to serve me well. Sit at my feet and learn, or you will lie on my plate and be devoured.

The scientist must know the lab rats or he will not be able to use them to his greatest advantage. Guided by my keen eye, you will come to understand your human prey. You will learn to stalk them, developing the keen instincts of the predator.

You will submit detailed information on Jordan Fletcher immediately. In my next letter, I'll advise you concerning my strategy of team temptation. Bear in mind, I may pay a visit to the field at any time. Unannounced.

To get you started, here are Foulgrin's Rules of the Sting:

1. Never lose sight of your goal—Fletcher's enslavement.
2. Find just the right bait, tailor-made for him. Be sure the hook is well hidden.
3. Use as many lures as you can. He may pass on one but bite on the next, or spend his life moving from one to the other.
4. Make him promises and actually *keep* a few now and then, so he doesn't catch on to the setup.
5. Tempt your prey with what *he* wants to have, but give him what *you* want him to have. Lure him, coddle him, reassure him all will be well, even as you fatten him for Lord Satan's altar.

If you're somehow unfamiliar with my past campaigns and decorations, you should review the attached sixty-page vita, which summarizes a smattering of my accomplishments over the millennia. Attached also are *Foulgrin's Sixty-Six Rules of Temptation*, an acknowledged classic. Read, marvel, and obey.

There are many reasons to follow my orders. First is our common commitment to retaliation against the Enemy and aggression against the sludgebags. Second is the punishment I'll inflict upon you if you let me down. I'll celebrate your victories with you, but should you fail, I'll discipline you severely. Mercy is the Enemy's weakness—not mine. We are forging the only sort of alliance that works in Erebus, a coalition of mutual self-interest that keeps our house from being divided against itself. For both our benefits you must deceive and destroy Fletcher.

When talking to you, I explain, clarify, and enlighten. When talking to the sludgebags, I hide, eclipse, and obscure. You must be honest with me and dishonest with them. Never get it backward. I eagerly await your first report.

Remember, Squaltaint: While the vermin have successfully exorcised demons from their daily conversation, they've failed to exorcise us from their daily lives.

We always work best in the dark.

Your indisputable superior,

Lord Foulgrin

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