

A movie poster for 'Demoniac Attack' featuring a giant monster with a spiked back and a large, spiky-haired figure in the background. The scene is set in a city with a body of water and a boat in the foreground.

DEMONIC ATTACK

AT D A R E S S A L A A M

DEMONIC ATTACK

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Where It All Started



This is a true story covering my last nine days in Dar es Salaam, Tanzania where I worked as an aircraft engineer between June 2011 to May 2013.

Settling down in Tanzania was difficult. The overbearing Coastal weather and the disturbances of the night overwhelmed me. I occasionally had a drink to cope but life only got worse on both scales. For a Kenyan brought up in Langata, Ngei phase 2, Nairobi and used to a fast paced life, always on the move around Africa when I worked for Aviation Companies at Wilson Airport under contract by the United Nations flight service .I did not settle in well with the lifestyle in Dar es salaam. Here I was in a sandy Dar es salaam suburb, Karakata. My home's proximity to JNIA (Julius Nyerere International Airport) where I worked for a local Airline was the only positive attribute. Occasionally I would query myself on why I had to live in a deplorable area. After all, a number of Kenyans resided within the locality and I was therefore resigned to tough it out as rent is paid six months upfront in Tanzania which meant I had to wait for current rental lease contract to end.

My Kenyan accent made me conspicuous, I therefore kept to myself. My first month at work was great as I proved my mettle and at least the Kenyan born Italian Chief Engineer approved of me staying on for the long haul. At the end of the month I had to request for permission to return to Nairobi to get myself together as I had developed Insomnia, thanks to the crow that would caw outside my perimeter compound wall every day at three in the morning. I had suffered a constant headache for two weeks, I could not stand the living conditions. I was allowed to

leave for Nairobi, Kenya .I recall the headache slowly ebbing away as the bus made the one thousand kilometre journey to Nairobi, by the time I passed the Kenya Tanzania border at Namanga, the headache and fatigue were gone. I did return in two weeks', this time fully rejuvenated and ready to tough it out in Dar es salaam.

By 2012, I was back in Nairobi to visit my wife and our two-year-old son. I got back to duty after my annual leave. However, I was denied my annual increment which had raised a lot of acrimony as my tenure had been very short. Despite my good performance, my social problems and complaints from serving staff about my unusual increment were used to deny me a raise. I recall the words from the female Asian accountant to the effect that indeed my good increment had been approved, but if she paid it out to me, a lot of trouble would arise. I became disillusioned and worked towards having a better reputation, but the more I worked towards this, the more difficult my life became.

Nightmare and Sleepless Nights



My nights were continually difficult. In the wee hours, shrill sounds, crows cawing outside, nightmares and severe depression jolted me out of deep sleep. My wish to leave the country depended on me securing a job back in Kenya. I developed severe ulcers that made me feverish. Luckily I did not contract Malaria or anything worse because the health facilities that I could afford were known to be unreliable.

By 2013, I was really fed up with life away in a foreign country. In January of the year 2013, I retired to bed earlier than usual on my bed after a hearty dinner. All of a sudden the room temperature changed from the usual coastal evening warmth to an uncomfortable drop in temperature that was reminiscent of being in a room with an air-conditioning system turned on to the coldest setting, at best I would put it at ten degrees Celsius or less. I thought loudly to myself “How have temperatures dropped in a hot and humid Coastal town?”

A gingery voice startled me “John, you shall be dead in 9 months.” I don’t know how I got the courage to even talk at the time but I remember I replied “you too shall be dead in 3 months”. All along I was not fully awake but I could partially see though my body was paralyzed in deep fear. My threat really annoyed this invisible being and I felt hands strangling me. I had no defense as I was smothered. Emphatically I shouted out “Jesus, Jesus, Jesus”. I had known the name of Jesus to be very powerful as my Mum had taken me through daily evening prayers from the time I was nine years old. After this the normal Coastal heat took effect.

Strange Happenings at Work



Since I was bent on achieving my career goals, the months of March and April of 2013 were exceptional as I dedicated all my energy to put in what was needed to achieve the upcoming raise in my career. I ensured a perfect department and restricted my social time to weekends.

Strange happenings ensued over this period. Notably an elderly worker collapsed on the Aircraft hangar building floor over the lunch break, to me this was an emergency. I let my seniors know about the incident and I was shocked to hear them say that the company driver was on his way back from town and will arrive shortly to take the man to Hospital. A whole hour went by as the other staff casually walked by and went on with their business as if nothing serious had happened. At last someone managed to call over a friend within the airport who offered his vehicle. Thirty minutes later, the Company staff were told that unfortunately, the old man had passed away. I was very disturbed over this occurrence after a few days I heard from the grapevine that the older staff members mentioned that such occurrences happened when business was low and the effect was that business would then improve as witnessed in earlier years.

After 3 weeks a Kenyan middle aged Engineer collapsed in the same manner, this time he was rushed to a hospital next to the airport, I and the other Kenyans were advised by a senior member of staff to ensure that he was moved to preferably the major private hospital in town, which we did after pressuring the Company for resources. To our surprise he was discharged after a week of treatment as he had

suffered from lead poisoning. The local clinic he had earlier been to had diagnosed him with acute malaria. These events really got me worried and I began to really think of why I should still be resident in this Country. I requested for an early leave and had an option of visiting Ethiopia to attain some certifications. This was not to be. I received my pay and went out on a social recreation mode. I was not composed, yet I had to go through the intricacies of renewing my expired resident visa.

The Attack



Day 1

My funds had diminished significantly and I lay in bed for an entire Monday as I was still on my two weeks leave, I had opted to push the Ethiopia visit to July. I was greatly disturbed by two white visions that looked like adult humans draped in white that I saw when I woke up, they just fizzled off in a cloud of smoke when I looked at them.

Prior to the visions, strange dreams about death had become a norm, I was bewildered. I had my two mini size bibles in New Testament version format. I was not an avid bible reader but I would occasionally pray. After supper I was again in bed by seven in the evening. A power blackout ensued and I could hear the murmurs from people on the murram road outside my bedroom window say that the area transformer had blown up. I enjoyed the solitude in my room and looked forward to a quiet night, if it would be.

I lived in a compound that had a three-bedroom unit occupied by the landlord, three single roomed units and my 1 bedroomed unit. There were only two extra tenants two young men, a single unit was vacant.

The power blackout compounded the night time silence. As the evening caught on everything an unease in the silence caught on. I caught the scent of perfume, I wondered, could my neighbor be using perfume at this time. As the scent of the perfume wore off, the sound of numerous heavy footsteps drummed up and

culminated to an abrupt stop, followed by a single loud bark from what sounded like an adult dog.

My room was suddenly filled with illuminated patterns, the wall in front of shone as a projector screen. People's faces appeared and streamed across the wall and fizzled out in a mist towards the window. I opted to ignore all this but when I closed my eyes the thunderous stumping of feet outside my window got me up. It sounded and felt like there was a group of people stationed outside stumping the ground in a concerted effort. The windows in Dar es salaam do not have glass but a wire gauze netting to keep out mosquitoes and allow air into the room. I opted to open the curtains and lay back on my bed. I noticed a dreadlocked man at the corner of my window who kept nodding his head at me, next to him I noticed rats were plying a route from outside and disappearing under my roof. I was shocked beyond words and annoyed as when I would get up and go to the window this man would just disappear into the wind. I did not understand how a fully grown man could turn to mist if you approached him.

More and more faces started appearing, this time they were more vivid, the more I tried to ignore all this, the more they appeared. As fate would have it, I had lost my phone a few days ago and as it was late in the evening, knocking on a friend's door in the wee hours of the night was out of question. After midnight it felt like the whole world was asleep. From my bedroom window I looked at the window across the road to a semi completed Hotel. In one of the rooms of the close to completed Hotel, I saw three rows of people, in the front row were middle aged women in long robes and head cloths, older women were in the second row and elderly men were in the third row. The five women in the first row were carrying out a ritual dance, in unison they would step forward and bend like they were scooping sand off the ground, step back and swing their hands to the left and then to the right. The

women in the second row noticed me and begun to turn away their faces. The men just looked at me. One burly man who had a dome shaped hat, more or less like the hat Muslims wear cleared his way to the window, opened it in a manner to mean business, then one of the men climbed out the window and floated over the road, he came towards my window grinning and fizzled away in a mist. I was not going to have any more of this.

Day 2
Tuesday 00:00 Hours

I sat on my bed thinking of what to do. In a moment I saw a silhouette of a large man off my bedroom door curtain netting, he had the steepest shoulders and the widest chest I had ever seen. By instinct this was a very evil entity. I rushed to the bedroom door and pulled the curtain back. There was nothing. After a short time, I saw a man crouch and beckon others to come in, the flood of shadows that passed through the door was overwhelming. In very great haste i put on my clothes in the dark and headed for the sitting room. From the sitting room window I noted that the women were now in the compound but when I looked at them they just vanished off in a mist. At last I was out of the house, I noted that there was a woman in my landlord's house holding a baby, from the main bedroom window she seemed to rock the baby back and forth, I knew this was an evil entity as my tenant and her two-year-old son did not look like what I saw.

I decided to walk to a guest house about two hundred meters away and probably sit down with the watchman as it would be safer for me. I got to the guest house but was denied entry. I decided to walk to the International Airport one kilometer away. As I walked along the murrum road out of the locality, the trees beside the

road begun to shake. I stopped looked around and saw that there were young men vigorously shaking the trees and crouching so low that they became part of the undergrowth. I run off in full speed and noticed more young men ahead of me, as I approached them they fizzled off into thin air. After witnessing this, I swore not to return to my haunted home and slowly turned around and started walking towards the airport again.

Surprisingly “early birds” were already out and heading to catch their early commute to Town,it was not uncommon for people to catch their commute to town as early as four a.m in Dar es salaam.This was the only way to start work early and get back home early before the rush hour. I walked alongside a couple, suddenly an old woman appeared ahead of me laden with a large basket on her head, I pitied her as the load seemed to overwhelm her. Suddenly a motorbike approached and blinded me by its headlight, at this instance the lady was gone and in her place was a black cat. The people I was walking with did not seem disturbed. Perhaps because I was hallucinating; the things I was seeing were not visible to them. At this point, it downed on me that I was at the mercy of evil spirits. Fortunately, I made it to the airport, sat down and enjoyed the ambience as there was electricity. I was overcome by numerous visions, a conveyer belt taking dead bodies into the ocean, women spinning on a casino spin table, African tribal men marked with an array of ceremonial markings dancing around me as I lay dead in a bed with blue sheets and numerous people that I had never seen.

At the first light of day I left the airport and crossed the highway with great difficulty as the ground kept thumping around me. I went to a Church that I normally saw on my route to work,to my joy the morning service was about to start. I narrated to the Pastor of my problem and he handed me a bottle of Holy water and asked me to sit down. As the service started, I noticed that there were

silhouettes behind the Alter draping, one was a man in a suit who looked like he was really annoyed and the others nodded in approval. The alter then lighted up likewise to a projector screen. I could see a man who had a bad leg become part reptilian and part human, there was no difference from the clarity of the previous night's visions.

I wondered how these evil beings were able to stand right behind the alter as the Pastor went on with the service. When I looked out of the window I saw the largest human I had ever seen. I convinced myself that that I was probably looking at a work of art that was taller than the usual Palm trees that dotted the landscape at Karakata, Daresalaam. The next time I looked back at this human, it had moved more than fifty meters towards Church. I later came to learn that these are the Nephilim, the hybrid offspring of fallen angels that left their jurisdiction and had children with humans. They are talked about in the book of Genesis. Christians call them (strongmen), they do have a host of servient demons under their command.

The belaboured walk of this entity made me recognize the magnitude of my situation. In great distress I left off my seat and run towards the Pastor and told him that I was in trouble. He asked me to kneel down and he poured Holy anointing oil on my head. At this point the corrugated iron sheets of the church went into a deafening roar likened to a mob stoning the Church. After this everything went quiet and the service was over. No one apart from me and the Pastor heard this noise as all this was happening in the spirit. The Pastor prayed for me, I gave my life to Jesus and I left for home armed with Holy water.

The rest of my day was hectic as I found hundreds of spiritual beings at my residence, they were in all enclosed spaces. When I entered my house they dissipated away but when I looked at the open space in my ceiling next to my

bathroom I saw a crouching man who had bright yellow eyes. Visions of two ladies suddenly leapt out off the wall asking me to join their fraternity. I threw all the Holy water on them and they shrieked in horror and disappeared. This was too much for me to bear, I made my way to the Catholic Church for extra Holy water which I obtained from the Sister on duty, this did not work at all. I returned to the Catholic Church requesting for a team of clergy to come to my house and dispose the evil entities. The Father at the Catholic Church sent me when I disclosed that I was not a catholic. The demonic spirits that followed me there were delighted as they stood in disapproval as I told the Father about what was happening. I spent the rest of my afternoon looking for men of God to help me out. My search turned out futile, on returning to my house, on the bedroom walls were blurred images of a disemboweled man, the blurred images pointed out a threat to me.

At 19:00 hours I was at the Anglican Church waiting for the Reverend. This was my only option as the Pastor who rescued me in the morning only conducted morning services on weekdays. As I waited the demonic spirits appeared in full clothing and showed off their prowess in physical dexterity. I was bemused as I had never seen someone do one hundred press-ups in a minute. As it got darker they come closer and closer to the Church, in great distress I would call out the name of Jesus to the amusement of passersbys' who thought I was speaking to myself. The worst scenario were two reptilian demons half human half reptile, bobbing themselves and sporadically calling out my name from the external Church office. They looked like humans in monitor lizard skin and lizard heads.

I was relieved when the Reverend arrived. The demons were aghast, I myself was scintillated as I felt relief coupled by the sunset effect on the surrounding area. After my elaborate narration he instructed me to ask God for forgiveness and mercy. By this time water was dripping on me from the Church roof yet it was a

normally hot Coastal evening, he then prayed into water to effect to Holy water, he prayed for me and I instantly saw visions of numerous demons in human form being destroyed by the power of God. After the prayer, the vivid visions appeared on the church wall, many were mutilated beyond recognition, there was blood everywhere and a small minority were slightly injured. I could not believe what I was seeing in real time. It was as if I was watching a movie but through the encounter I had learnt the potency of prayer and that demons could be destroyed.

The Reverend then saw me off with instructions to hold fast onto my faith. I got back home, electricity was back earlier. I tried to settle down but found that more powerful demons were now on my trail, I prayed them away but they run off only to return, the dreadlocked demon threatened back at me and vowed to kill me. I tried to sleep but I felt like my legs were being pulled. With my two bibles in hand i left the house and walked up to a bar and restaurant up the road. Since I had lost all sense of time I had become delusional. The open air bar and restaurant was empty, a few members of staff were closing for the day so I grabbed a chair and sat down. The night watchman knew me as a regular patron and just urged me to make myself comfortable. I opted to move to the front entrance building that had a verandah and three shops that were already closed for the day.

Day 3

Wednesday 00:00 Hours

In a flash I was surrounded, to my right were unknown people in formal clothes, in the tree next to me was a large green snake and an object that looked like a football. Under the roof canopy to my left was a green monitor lizard about 2 feet long, to the extreme right was the mythical spirit of the deep the Leviathan, this

bestly spirit is described in the book of Job and only God will effectively deal with it when the time comes. Amongst the trees to my left where the “strongmen” the large humans that startled me in the morning, dwarfs and all manner of creatures. A white woman stood out as she was the most noticeable person sitting on a low branch. Across the road adjacent to me were people in trees, demons in combat attire slightly to the left ready to pounce on me if I tried to get away, pythons were sprawled along the road and a couple of people were seated on large rugged lions. At least they could not come close to me apart from the Leviathan beast that kept trying to approach me. Whenever I shouted the word “Jesus” it would stop in its tracks and vomit maggots onto the bare earth. This went on for hours to the point the snake begun to spit at me.

Armed with my 2 bibles, I declared that if they kill me, they may destroy my body but not my spirit as indeed I was already born again. I knew even if I died today I was definitely going straight to Heaven and for that reason I did not care anymore. At the time, I would often refer to Psalm 23:4 which says “though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.” This part of the scripture kept me going and gave me hope that I will overcome the demons. However, I was getting worn out and I knew that if I held the Leviathan back until daylight it would leave because I had noticed that demons had less power when exposed to bright light. The Leviathan was almost the size of a fully grown bull though slightly shorter in stature. Its eyes were brilliant red, its fangs were about six inches long and looked razor sharp. By all means it was not coming close enough to me and I used the declaration in Ephesians 6 to my advantage. As the night wore off I suddenly felt like fainting but I pleaded with God and I was revived. A voice begun to speak, I got a vision of a bearded man and he said I need to join them which I declined. At some point I

asked him to showcase the hierarchy .My question ironically turned the tide, the demons started disappearing. The Leviathan leapt over the wall behind it. In the aftermath a large snake showed off its head over the same wall and spat in my direction. After the din, all these beings disappeared then very silently the trees formed their branches and leaves to a formation of hanging human skeletons.

After what seemed like a temporary relief from the demons, I moved to the front part of the Bar and restaurant and sat down. Again the place got illuminated, this time by colors that I am yet to see on earth. I began to see a great host of people that frequented the club, they all pitied me over my upcoming death. I did notice that like the demons, they were also in spirit form. This fraternity started their carousing and dirty habits before my eyes. On a larger platform were sets of people crowded. Among them, I managed to see my aunt who had passed on, I wondered why I was seeing spirits of the dead. My parents and brother were present in spirit form and they wailed and sobbed as they could not do anything to help me escape.

A handcart laden with the pleasures of life was carted in and the local patrons were gifted to their pleasure. On top was a dead man with a severed leg purported to be an example of the punishment meted to those who refused to join this demonic fraternity . Nevertheless, I still refused their call to join them to the point the bearded man said that my chances were spent. It was getting disgusting, unearthed puppy carcasses lay completely flattened on the sand around the place I was seated. Young daughters of the revelers were being exposed indecently. The hand cart was rocked by an invisible hand and music so refined was played that the atmosphere glowed, the revelers communed in a distinct that eroded time as indeed distance and time ceased. They drank in a sophisticated way and took turn in bidding farewell to me as indeed my time to leave this world had come. To date I

have never seen a more thorough choreographed set up. The spiritual world is indeed surreal.

In an instant this heightened serenade and rendition effect stopped, my time had come to an end.

I felt my seat move like I was in an elevator descending. I was then told that I shall be killed and fed off to crocodiles and my family in Kenya shall never receive my body. A countdown ensued, I heard the sound of crocodiles approaching and as the count got to zero I expected the worst. It looked so real, the scent of a drying river bed preluding to drought put me into discomfit. Then in unison to the ironic effect of Rhapsody in me, the host of demons reluctantly said; “he has been helped” and after this the crocodiles were suddenly dead. All of a sudden it was day break.

I got back to my house totally overwhelmed by the events of the night. My landlord handed me her phone to speak to my dad yet she had never had his contact, I talked anyway out of confusion. The house was dirty and a voice of condemnation came from the ceiling all morning, since I could not rest I cleaned up and later managed to snooze off slightly at least to get away from the numerous visions that were all over the walls and windows in the compound. I woke up tried to read a magazine and ended up running from the house as I noticed that a small man the size of a pencil run under my bed and when I looked under my bed he had turned to a one metre long monitor lizard.

I had to run further off after I entered the landlady’s house and two men with deep West African accents appeared in black clothes and told me that I must go with them. When I declined, a large maned lion appeared next to them. On seeing this I sprinted out of the compound following the voice of my parents urging me to go to

the Kenyan Pilot Capt Mbai's home. We both worked for the same company. He was later to have a similar attack a few years later within the same locality.

I only had a vest, a blue summer short, and open sandals as I run towards Captain's home. His car was not there and all I saw was that the same West African demons had moved into his house. I sprinted towards the first church I had visited and the people run away from me after I burst into the Church. I tried to pray but the church was pelted with stones and obscenities hurled at me by the demons. I opted to go to my work place but had to turn back as the dreadlocked demon was in the horizon, large and taller than all the clouds. There were flashes of lightning around it and it started throwing balls of fire at me which I had to doge to the amusement of the public who could not see these spiritual beings. My Dad's voice alerted me of volleys of fire that were coming and led me away to safety. I later on came to understand that this was Gods way of protecting me.

At last I bumped into Capt. Mbai as he was driving home, he secured me in his house. At night the demons reflected on every surface, the floor tiles turned to a screen and I could see what people of all nationalities that belonged to the evil fraternity were doing. At the same time, Captain's house was surrounded by international demons, the range of accents was too wide and it was all riot out there. Female demons were having a field day collecting human fluids and filling up their banks which were like rubber bags. I don't know where they took this cargo to after all.

Day 4 Thursday
00:00 Hours

Sleeping was out of question for me as the demons followed me everywhere even in my new location. They would often lift my bed and disturb me if I tried to sleep. At all the windows, were numerous demons, some looked like animals yet they could speak late in the evening, Capt. Mbai, his nephew and his maid retired to bed. Again I was attacked by the demons, I could not sleep. Out of fright I tried knocking their doors to come help me but my pleas fell on deaf ears. It was a battle all night, something bit my arm, the door was locked from inside, demons slipped through the keyhole and got in, the lights dimmed and brightened all the time, wind blew into the house strongly and temperatures fluctuated. The toilet door would open on its own and the corridor would not light up irrespective of the outer security illuminating through the toilet window. Visions of babies being pulled out of women that were revelers at the bar and restaurant appeared on the corridor walls. The worst was the chanting from the demons outside that I should die and the appearance of a wooden mask outside the main door. I also happened to see a hoofed leg of some strange animal that was hiding by the wall next to the window. I left for my house in the morning, as I walked home I saw the “strongmen” again camouflaged in trees. As they moved it was hard to know if they did move as they did so slowly and immaculately. It looked like a large tree swaying but after a moment one would notice that the tree had actually moved. This time they were in military parade mode, they marched away to a very euphoric drumbeat so perfect that it set the pace for them to move to their next destination. I tried to catch some sleep again only to be woken up to see a man in my house release a giant snake to bite me. For the rest of the afternoon I slipped in and out of deep sleep, I was too tired to be bothered by the vision of a man in black clothes eating a child from a

coffin that had donned a yellow bowler cap. As usual all these things disappeared when I woke up.

It was late afternoon and it looked like the demons had taken a break. I left the house and took a walk to the bar and restaurant. This time the people were real and I sat down and chatted with them. I started noticing the presence of many demons in their combat attire; they moved about in like ants and were efficient in all they did. Their leader was holed inside one of the flower beds. The other demons would speed March to his tent and give him information about what they have gathered. As soon as the dark had set in, I went to Captain Mbai's house and found that my Dad had arrived from Nairobi by plane as he had been alerted to come by Captain Mbai. As we had dinner I narrated the events to my Father as I was taken aback by the confusion from the voices outside my house pleading with people not to kill me, other voices were leading others to where I was yet this time the curtains did not show the form of silhouette's but showed bulges in human form. After dinner I was escorted home to my home.

Back in my house, I thought I would catch some sleep, to my dismay I could see a demon slide down my sitting room wall. When I looked outside the reflection from the guest house windows showed that I was standing next to a man in a black suit, yet when I looked to my side he was not there. At that point a black Raven flew zigzag behind me and I could only see it off the window reflection, I was out of the house again and back to the same bar and restaurant. This time round I sat next to the watchman who just fell asleep immediately, after this I saw a demon floating in a basket, a small demon riding on a python, a set of demons carrying out rituals by the fence and shadows with daggers which came behind my backside wanting to stab me. All along the demon who appeared to be in charge of the demons in

combat attire had given express orders that I should not come near his camouflaged hideout.

Day 5 Friday
00:00 Hours

I heard a voice like my dad's cry out that I was being killed. I immediately left and went out hoping to meet my dad in one of the alleyways but he was nowhere to be found. In chorus I could hear groups of demons say in chorus: "John mumbo must die". On returning I watched a show in the air above me, a man wrapped in white cloth had been suspended from two poles, someone came and then stabbed him repeatedly. Beyond the confines of where I was, I could see how demons conduct their night activities, hordes of them in military fatigues would come to their commander and relay information and then go away. Suddenly a dark cloud seemed to form over the place I was at and I had to leave.

At my home I found a man using a cat to tighten a string that a snake was using to crawl into my house through the ceiling. At the gate pillar was a monitor lizard and a woman using a laptop. The woman had the fangs. I rebuked her and she spat out a snake. That night I did not step into my house. There were white and grey spirits inside. The man also had a baby goat that he was to put into my house by passing it along the rope. In an instant this man took off, I did not see anything apart from a vague image moving so fast. My landlord refused to let me into her house since I requested her to let me stay there for the night.

In the morning I returned to Capt. Mbai's home and had a word with my Dad, he advised me to go the guest house and sleep which I did. At the guest house I was

continually disturbed by the sight of a man hanging from a rope. This was crystal clear on the wall. A lot of confusion ensued and I noted that the demons in combat would occasionally pass by the road.

I left to have lunch at the bar and restaurant. Out of nowhere, the voice of the soldier demon boss rang in my ears that I should meet him. When I declined the offer to meet him, he threatened that I would die. As I sat at the bar and restaurant I heard the voice again and by sensing a glitter I could tell where it came from. I went to the corner of the fence and looked into the bush. What a horrible sight. I saw a reptilian human being in military combat uniform, this creature was all green and its eyes would strike at insects with something like a tongue and then eat them. The demon made some big demands and I denied. After this it just told me “John, go home now, we are done with you; you must die today.” I left and went back to my seat

My Dad and Capt. Mbai’s nephew took me a Pentecostal Church in the mid afternoon. The prayers were stronger than the ones at the Anglican Church and I saw similar visions. All along the demons had followed us in hundreds to the Church. They were on top of trees and complained that they could not see me anymore. Orders rang out in the air from their leader telling them “hey, you guys got the wrong order, you did not follow instructions, I said they were in a white car and you struck a silver car, now they made it to church:”. Their leader appeared so infuriated by the actions of the junior demons. The tirade was so loud. A white strongman taller than the Palm trees was preparing a sniper in position to shoot me. At this point I the Pastors, my Dad and our friend got into the main Church for more prayers. The large host of demons shouted at each other in anger that I had permanently escaped.

At last I was fully delivered. After the prayers the relief was overwhelming. The Pastors accompanied us to my house, they prayed for the house, we then went out for a meal. I went back to the guest house, I checked out and went to a different guest house further away. As I walked I could still see numerous demons who said” let this man go home to Kenya” When I checked in, I looked out the window and saw a man in white and a woman in black raising their hands to the moon very grotesquely, they were right on top of a roof. I closed my room curtain. I could hear the demons searching for me all over the place, they even passed next to my room but said to each other that they could not see me. At last I knew that I was safe as I was covered by the blood of Jesus.

Finally, I could sleep, I slept all through Friday night and Saturday. On Sunday I left the guest house and there was not a single demon in sight. In two days I left Dar es salaam for good.

I learnt a lot about Gods love for us and his everlasting power through this unique experience that launched me and prepared me for service as a servant of God.

There is power in the Blood.

Read my other book,

Demonic attack in Nairobi

At last I was fully delivered. After the prayers the relief was overwhelming. The Pastors accompanied us to my house, they prayed for the house, we then went out for a meal. I went back to the guest house, I checked out and went to a different guest house further away. As I walked I could still see numerous demons who said "let this man go home to Kenya" When I checked in, I looked out the window and saw a man in white and a woman in black raising their hands to the moon very grotesquely, they were right on top of a roof. I closed my room curtain. I could hear the demons searching for me all over the place, they even passed next to my room but said to each other that they could not see me. At last I knew that I was safe as I was covered by the blood of Jesus.

Finally, I could sleep, I slept all through Friday and Saturday night. On Sunday I left the guest house and there was not a single demon in sight. In two days I left Dar es salaam for good.

I learnt a lot about God's love for us and his everlasting power through this unique experience that launched me and prepared me for service as a servant of God.

There is power in the Blood.

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