

Margaret? Many marriages are collapsing after analysis of the memory card. Relationships have plunged into a treacherous emotional quicksand.

Desire: Confession time: Browsing in a hell phone store, you marvel at just how gorgeous /tempting **hell phones** have become. Slim, pearly-sleek & futuristic, they incorporate TVs, still & video cameras, mp3 players, portable game systems, GPS mapping. And apps, apps, apps...this earth has now become The Planet of the Apps. Compare them with plain old cameras, computers, watches & there's no competition; it's clear that the all-consuming, all-converging hell phone is the star of the store. The only machine that's truly compulsive at this point. The hell phone is where the most passionate consumer desire resides right now & where all the design ingenuity is going. **It's just a shame that so few people seem to know the designer's name: Satan.**

Tech Lies: Your Blackberry Bold is allowing you to tell black lies boldly whilst burying your soul. If you haven't told a lie whilst using your hell phone then my name is Alice & I live in a wonderland. Blackberry Torch? Sure is not lighting your way as you stumble in the darkness of sin.

A true story: The sermon was in progress. Also in progress was texting: a young boy, 14. As he "hid" the vibrating phone under his bag; periodically glancing at it; so was I. "Love" messages back & forth. And oh how innocent he looked. And to the sermon & to the sacredness of the Jumuah hour he was totally oblivious. The parents would argue that it was "necessary" to give their son a hell-phone so they can communicate with him "in case of unforeseen circumstances." Well here is one of those "unforeseen" circumstances that they will never see. It's not only Tiger Woods; there are millions of young cubs practicing deception. Satan, dressed in white Satin, is in deceptive control of them. Evil looks flashy & seductive. Blood is staining their pure thought garments as their virginity of soul & mind is being pierced by Satan's "vibrating" tool.

Here's a dire warning from the Prophet (p): **"A lie opens the door to other sins."** Hey, Religious Leader, been calling up that pretty sister, behind your wife's back, on a "spiritual pretext" huh? That hell phone has even ensnared you. You have forgotten Satan's "devious means." But keep **preying**...God didn't take notice of that "lapse." Or take a cell-phone/social networking fast along with a FAST.

Why is evil so irresistibly glamorous? Virtue

may be admirable, but it is vice we find sexy. As in when the angel told God on seeing Hell wrapped in "gift paper"; many will fall for the trap, the camouflage. They will refuse to be guided by their built-in moral compass. Choosing instead the misguided cultural compass of the day...today's shiny hell phone. When did evil start to look so alluring? Is goodness boring. Why has goodness come to seem negative & restrictive? Blame this on the puritanical preachers. As the poet Auden wryly remarked, the Ten Commandments consist in observing human behaviour & then inserting a **"not."** Oftentimes our religion (whichever one it is) gets subtly turned to the denouncement & fear of what is evil, **rather than** the celebration & propagation of what is good. .

...and then I invited God. And like Moses (p) I fell in a swoon. His Awesome Majestic Nature could not be gazed upon by the eyes of lowly man. Later, much later, when I recovered from my "spiritual coma" my soul was ablaze wanting only to follow God's Guidance. I bowed in total reverence to my Maker. I threw my hell phone into the river; from that moment, liberated from the temptation of lies & deception, I could "walk on water." Damnation (your hell phone) or salvation (your soul phone)...your choice! Hope you c-the-point & avoid a digi-cel-hell. Your soul is vibrating...why the hesitancy... answer. It is God calling from His Paradise-phone. He wants the best for you...1-999-DO-Good. Heed the "Call"...We hear. We obey. Count us among those who do good.

The most heart-touching words is The Last Sermon by the Prophet (p). Etched in there for eternity are these words of warning: "Beware of Satan, for the safety of your religion. He has lost all hope that he will be able to lead you astray in big things so beware of following him in **small** things." That cell is **small**...It "quietly" vibrates similar to the "quiet" whispers of Satan...it gives a jolt of momentary ecstasy. True reality is obliterated from our consciousness. This is what the worship of images is about. We retreat into a dark & irrational fear born out of a cavernous ignorance of the real. We enter an age of **technological barbarism**. As you download (steal) music/movies. Barbaric. As you watch evil men & evil women in horrid sex acts. Barbaric. As you use illegal (pirated) software. Barbaric. As you "use" stolen documents /books /manuals. Barbaric. As you "share" your stolen goodies with glee. Barbaric. Satan has led you astray.

Evil allures, but God & Good Endures. Satan, the tempter, uses compelling & logical arguments. As in the event of the Sacrifice. Abraham, Ishmael & Hagar

all refuted Satan in whatever form & arguments were used. They obeyed God's Call...shouldn't we? Busy yourself in adorning your heart with lofty spiritual characteristics. It's in absolute obedience to God that we can prevail. **We can keep staring into electronic screens just as Narcissus, besotted with his own reflection, stared into a pool of water until he wasted away & died.** The crucial sin of modern times is waste...we waste nothing more precious than time...gabbing nonsense /gossip on our mobiles. We can continue our "free talk & text"...**our wasteful way of slow death.** A cancer! As stated in this popular "visionary" song.

Hello darkness, my old friend
I've come to talk with you again
Because a **vision softly creeping**
Left its seeds while I was sleeping
And the vision that was planted in my brain
Still remains...Within the sound of silence
In restless dreams I walked alone
And in the naked light I saw
Ten thousand people, maybe more
People talking **without** speaking
People hearing **without** listening
And no one dared...Disturb the sound of silence
"Fools", said I, "You do not know;
Silence like a cancer grows;
Hear my words that I might teach you..."
But my words, like silent raindrops fell
And echoed...In the wells of silence
And the people bowed & prayed;
To the neon god they made;
And the sign **flashed out its warning**
And the sign said, 'The words of the Prophets are
written on the subway walls & tenement halls'
And whispered in the sounds of silence.
Meanwhile it would do you the world of good if
you sought refuge from the crowd mentality, from the **Devil** of sameness, from the **Shaitan** of dullness, from the **Iblis** of social media mob mentality. Do not lose this fleeting time in idle talk. Light on the tongue but heavy on the Scales is the glorification of Allah. Praise Him!!! Whisper His golden sounds, silently. Glorify Him!!! Bow & pray (communicate) to the Real God...heed the words of the Prophet (p)...smash the idol neon god.

Satan has become the unique god of many fallen souls...he inspires them thru the hell phone to greater perversions. Satan could not have fallen on a more potent instrument with which to enslave the world. And how men & women indulge their morbid fantasies.

And to whom did u bow & pray? **Just asking?**

Billions dial **his** hell-phone every moment

Satan

Trapped in **her** electronic hallucination

Feared by many. Worshipped by some. I invited Satan to tea. What a face! Intelligence with slyness, beauty with ugliness & softness with wickedness. **He was as "beautiful" as a woman.** Please turn off your **hell-phone.** (S)he smiled slyly but complied.

Satan, what's your standing with God? Unlike mankind I have first-hand knowledge of The Most High. He's the Creator of everything in the universe, including me. It's laughable those who are atheists. Satan, how do you carry out your work?

God has given me **permission to attack mankind with all devious means.** Satan sipped some tea & glanced at me with those cunning, yet magnetic, eyes. **Eyes bound for hell kept glancing at the cell.**

The next question was obvious. How? I **whisper** into their hearts. See how people's words & their accompanying actions are worlds apart, Satan stated. I nodded my head. What's your most dangerous pastime, Satan? Destroying marriages!

Why? Because it's the foundation of society. Children **without** loving parents become easy prey for me. Love, the milk of human kindness, is missing.

Satan paused, waiting for the weight of that statement to sink in. I build dazzling casinos, hotels/clubs, banks & **some "houses of worship"** upon the foundations of lust & self-gratification.

Jesus called his people a "generation of vipers!" The people accused the most chaste woman, Mary, with the **grievous sin of fornication.** Satan gushed with pride recalling such "**accomplishments.**" I am the inspiration of falsehood, slander, treachery, deceit & mockery. Your other major target? **Politicians.** Our eyes locked...then we burst out in spontaneous laughter. Today's people? Oh, they are easy prey.

Because of their lack of spirituality, their marriages collapse easily. Today was great. Excuse me, Satan said, I need to worship God. And (s)he bowed in total reverence to our Maker...and we walk on

blindly/arrogantly. **Then I invited God...** as Satan began **texting furiously...**

as people started demonically "multitasking." So **B.U.S.Y...** Business Under Satan's Yoke.

The boldest of requests. Satan said: “My Lord! Give me respite till the Day of Resurrection.” Allah said: “**Verily! You are of those allowed respite until the Day of the time appointed.** Satan said: “**By Your Might, then I will surely mislead them all, except Your chosen slaves amongst them.**” That pledge by Satan carries an ominous ring...fierce & nerve-jangling. Satan’s power originates from God.

“The Truth is & the Truth I say, that I will fill Hell with you & those that follow you.” (38:79-85) It’s Satan’s avowed purpose to destroy virtue. Because of God’s granted request the life of felicity in the garden was halted. God has given us this temporary life...a life that has become entwined as DNA strands...pain, anguish & deception (Satan) woven with joy, felicity & guidance (Allah).

Satan deviated from the Oneness of God in the story of creation of man by permitting his own hierarchical value system to supersede God’s will: God asked the angels to bow to Adam, whom He had created. Satan refused, saying that “**I am better than him**; you created me from fire & created him from clay.” The only legitimate “preference principle” in the sight of God is piety. Every time a rich man believes that he is better than a poor one, or a white man believes that he is better than a black one, then he is being arrogant. He is adopting the same hierarchical principles adopted by Satan in his ignorance.

In a twist of irony many curse Satan but he has become the source of their “tranquillity” & “happiness.” Few are left in the world who “consciously” refuse to have a c(h)ell phone. Many live & prosper in the shadow of the devil. Satan’s existence is now tied to our conscience. Many fall into his trap-laden path. The straight way (once an oasis of emotional stability & common sense) is now a lonely road. Switch your device off for five minutes & read why they are causing relationships to burn in an earthly hell.

Interruptability: Phones have always been interrupting machines. Like a screaming baby demanding to be fed, a phone demands your attention as soon as it rings. It requires you to be interruptable. A hell phone, unlike a landline, tags along with you wherever you go, nagging, nagging, bloody

nagging...like that dissatisfied spouse.

Health hazard: Any small, desirable consumer item you wave around conspicuously in public makes you a target for thieves, who may well injure you. Your hell phone may/may not give you brain cancer, but it certainly increases the quantity of microwaves being pumped through the air. What’s more, like any electronic device, it’s difficult to recycle. Then there’s all the **cultural pollution** hell phones are responsible for: annoying ringtones, or those loud conversations you’re forced to listen to. These social aggravations affect your health by raising your stress levels; the confrontations they can spark with your fellow citizens can come to blows. Not healthy! Hey, don’t yell into your cell; it’s hell.

Surveillance: A hell phone is a device you carry that, when switched on, tells a satellite exactly where you are every few seconds. It’s a device with a microphone in it that can transmit all it hears even when you’re **not** consciously making a call. You don’t have to be super-paranoid to see how this compromises your privacy. You don’t have to read Wikileaks to see how little we can trust govts these days not to use, misuse & hoard whatever information they can get on you.

It doesn’t even have to be the govt. It might be a sleazy tabloid journalist, a stalker or the detective employed by your estranged wife. Hell! Look your bluetooth technology is used by “spies” to track all your calls/texting. As you “privately” communicate with your boy/girl friend, as you cheat on your spouse with that “hot” secretary, know that someone could be gleefully “seeing” your shenanigans. This devil guy is so sneaky. He’s not just a goodly serpent tempting you with an apple. God, those were the “good” days.

Private in public: OK, now the religious cloak; now we come to the ethical stuff. Hell phones encourage a privatization of public space. Whereas once the voices in public places were always directed to **other people who were present**, a great back-turning seems to have taken place. A voice on a bus is now as likely to be speaking to someone invisible & absent as someone else sitting on the bus. As a result, the public zone becomes cluttered with the useless chaff of private conversations intended for someone somewhere else. Like a freeway built through a village, this prioritization of what’s elsewhere degrades many of the pleasures of being here, now. Sharing: it’s better to do so thoughtfully instead of impulsively.

Flexitime: Have you noticed that no one makes firm appointments anymore? Everything is sketchy, provisional, pencilled in. “I’ll call you when I get there.” “Something’s come up; can we reschedule?” The hell phone may be a boon to the spontaneous, but **it’s also a license for the slippery, evasive, the passive aggressive to mess with your head.**

Detached: Just as hell phones allow you to avoid committing yourself to a specific time & place, so they allow you to remain detached from other commitments. We switch our phones off in the cinema because without bracketing all other concerns and giving our undivided attention to the drama unfolding on the screen we’d be wasting our time and money. But what about the drama of our lives? Why is it OK to interrupt that? Is there such a thing as “emotional multitasking”? Maybe that’s what you were doing when you struggled to suppress rising irritation as you waited for my hell phone call to end ... I’m sorry about that. And I’ll be sorry next time, too.

The auction: (Ditch the collars. Clip on the red devil horns for this one.) Okay, I’m here right now, but I’m just waiting for a better offer to come along. Hold on, my cell is ringing. Listen, I have to go. I’ve decided to spend my evening somewhere else. I might not even stay there, either. I run my social life like an auction...the offers come in by the hell phone. Eh, I’m really trying to impress you that I’m so busy. Active social life. Hey, Facebook is low-priority noise...a dead-end. **Facebook isn’t social networking. It’s anti-social retreating.** The reality of using Facebook is that you’re just typing & viewing insignificant bits of information on a digital device. A hug isn’t a real hug. A smiley isn’t a real smile. All you’re doing is pushing buttons. A false perception that appears to be real, as when, for example, a person dying of thirst in a desert thinks that he sees a lake. Satan laughs at your time-wasting. Your tongue is not parched but your digital life is a mirage. “Sorry” to burst your bubble. It’s dangerous to live in denial.

Me & my friends: A hell phone connects you, potentially, to everybody in the world. But when was the last time you called “somebody in the world” just to say hi? A hell phone lubricates habitual links to a small circle of people you already know. Whereas the internet feels like a public & global space, a hell phone feels like a private, local one. Most hell phones users call the same numbers over & over. You become socially stagnant. The

sparkle drains from your social life. Instead of appreciating your real friends that help you stay young at heart your mind is distracted with “digital friends” with whom you might be incompatible were you to really meet them.

It’s not exactly horizon- or mind-expanding. Combine that restricted form of sociability with other social developments like gated communities, filtered news sources & a security-obsessed state: **it leads to a dangerous narrowing of the mind.** With a few clicks, you can delude yourself into thinking you have an active social life.

Why, when there are laptops with proper keyboards, do people insist on tapping out text on a phone’s keypad – the world’s worst text-input device? Insane? Why turn the English language into mulch – when you could just use a writing machine actually designed for the purpose?

Affairs: Guess how many are affected by this. “Cell phones are causing marriage problems in ways the inventors never could have imagined,” says marriage counseling coach Nancy Wasson, Ph.D. “Every week I deal with cases involving emotional or physical affairs that are impacted by the **secrecy that cell phones afford.** This has gotten to be a fairly common problem. The spouse often never suspects that the partner is having intimate conversations with someone else throughout the day. When confronted, the secretive partner often defends what’s happened by saying that the other person is **just a friend.**” Heard that “innocent” phrase recently! Wasson admits to still being astounded by some of the cell phone stories that she hears each week. “One husband woke up in the middle of the night to find his wife crouching in the closet talking on her cell phone to her male ‘friend.’ Others tell of mates who lock themselves in a room for private conversations, giving lame excuses afterwards.” When you are single the hell phone is seductive. Keeping in touch with males/females. Get married and, literally, all hell breaks loose. “Who is that?” A friend. Does that “friend” have a name? And the lies begin. Male becomes female & vice versa. And your phone list reads as Satan’s blogroll. Is Christine really Chris? Is Mark really

Conspiring **secretly** is the work of Satan

The Quran (58:9-10)

Prepared by: Zamals Software Co.
6 Dowding St. Kitty; 225-9031; zsc@networksgy.com
Get all brochures on **zamals.com**