

*It's a True Story Series*  
真實故事系列

**Demons Go**  
污鬼走

*by Dennis Young*

*I dedicate this book to my wife who  
has been with me in many of  
my unusual experiences.*

## A Word From Writer

This is the first book that I have written. I wrote it in English not because I think I am proficient in English. To be honest, I always have an awful feeling that I'm not a qualified English teacher though I've been teaching Certificate English for more than seven years.

I really mean it. Very often when I read a South China Morning Post, I find many words unfamiliar to me. Likewise, when I watch programmes on TVB Pearl or ATV World Channel, I sometimes cannot understand without the help of Chinese subtitles.

However, an idea came to me in early March of 1994, so I started to write this book. This is the first book, but I am going to write many more. I named this book DEMONS GO and this is also the first book to IT'S - A - TRUE - STORY SERIES. This story and all the coming stories are true stories of mine.

Over the last few years, occasionally I told these stories in class and I found that students were very interested in hearing such stories. God gave me some really amazing experiences. Maybe He would just like me to go and tell them to the people who would like to hear. I prefer to tell them in English mainly because I have got into the habit of thinking in English ever since Secondary Four, as far as I can remember. It is true that

my English ability is not brilliant but I do think in English most of the time. So, don't worry about your English proficiency! If I can do it, you can do it, too.

Don't think that my sole purpose of doing this is to teach you English. No way! I don't like to teach English for the sake of teaching English. If I did, it would be boring. My prime concern is to share with you some of my wonderful as well as meaningful experiences. Of course, I would be glad if my book can help improve your English. As a matter of fact, I would like to recommend my books especially to secondary students who want to improve their English writing skill. Hong Kong students should be familiar with many of the places or terms mentioned in this book such as Maxim's Cakes, Mongkok MTR Station, Chinese physicians, herbal medicine, paper offerings, joss sticks, incense holders, Kwan Kung and Kwun Yum. These will surely be useful to them in writing.

Now the book is to be published with simple printing and binding. It is hoped that when I have got enough money, and when I am sure students in general do enjoy reading my stories, I will arrange better printing and add picture-illustrations to them. Anyway, I am awaiting your precious comments and feedback. May God be with you always!

Yours sincerely  
Dennis Yeung  
1994.3.29

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## Waiting at Mongkok MTR Station

As I close my eyes, I can go back in my memory to the year 1987, March 12th, around six o'clock in the evening. My wife and I were standing in front of the Maxim's Cakes inside Mongkok MTR Station. We were waiting for four young men and one teenage girl. They were brothers and sisters of our church.

I leant against the horizontal metal rail on top of a clear plastic wall which was an inch or two below my shoulders. As I was exhausted after a whole day's work, I closed my eyes to pray for strength. I had the feeling that something strange and special was going to happen that night. Most probably, that was something I had never experienced before.

Not long, a brother came and greeted us, saying, "Mr and Mrs Yeung, thanks so much for coming." "Not at all, Chi Kin," I answered. Chi Kin was the brother who phoned us the night before to ask for help. He told us that his elder sister's family was having a hard time. He believed that they were living in a haunted house. Her family members got ill one after the other. They consulted Chinese physicians and got a stack of Chinese-herbal-medicine prescriptions. Maybe you don't believe it — the stack of prescriptions was almost an inch thick.

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## Being Disturbed

Besides, her family seldom had a decent sleep. Bad dreams and strange noises were frequent. They even saw things and felt the pressures of forces in sleep. Things like these had happened to them for quite a while but they had not asked for help until then. It was because Chi Kin's brother-in-law all along refused to believe that their house was haunted. He, however, changed his attitude the night before Chi Kin called me because he sensed it himself.

One midnight, he woke up with a start. Sleeping on the floor, he clearly felt someone or something walk past him. 'It' was so close that he almost felt 'it' touch his right ear and hair. He was then awake. Though he could not move, he could see that his wife and his two daughters were still in bed. His heart pounded heavily and fright was all over him.

## God Gave Me Strength

Back in the MTR station, we were waiting for the other four Christians to come. We didn't speak much. Neither did we look at one another. It seemed that we were all spiritually preparing ourselves for some kind of confrontation — spiritual confrontation, I would say. It was then that I started to feel warm air streaming across the lower halves of my legs. That feeling stayed with me during the next thirty minutes or so.

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I enjoyed that feeling because it gave warmth and strength to my whole body. It was like soaking my feet in a basin of warm water on a cold winter night. At last, the four other Christians came and then we started to head for the home of Chi Kin's sister. As we were walking, that feeling did not leave me. I truly felt something unseen drifting across the lower parts of my legs, empowering my whole person.

## **Heading for the Apartment**

After walking past a few blocks along the busy Nathan Road, we turned right and started to make our way through the side-streets. We took several turns and came to the main entrance of an old building. We went up to the sixth floor by an old-fashioned lift. The green door of the lift closed slowly behind us.

Walking along the aisle between two rows of flats, we noticed that bunches of red paper offerings were hanging at the doors of most families. The lighting was poor and the whole corridor was filled with smell from burning joss sticks held in incense holders on the floor. To me, it was an unpleasant scene.

We peeped through the iron gates of a few households whose wooden doors were open and saw really big red altars for different gods and goddesses like Kwan Kung, Kwun Yum, Buddha and so on.

## **The Problem Place**

Chi Kin's sister was already waiting for us at the door. She looked very much worried, and yet she greeted us in her feeble voice, "Thank you for coming. Do come in." She was a short, slim woman and had a fair complexion. The pale look on her face told us that she had been undergoing a hard time for a long while.

We were at the doorway of the kitchen when Chi Kin's sister showed us the problem place. She raised her finger and pointed us to an upper corner at the far end of the kitchen. A few feet from the top there was a doorless wooden loft on which a heap of stuff was placed. The stuff was covered up with a large plastic sheet which was coloured with red, blue and white stripes.

## **It Was There !**

She told us that a friend of hers was sure that demons were hiding under the plastic sheet. She believed her friend's words because a lot of evidence obviously proved that her friend had got the ability of seeing ghosts. Besides, many times when she was cooking inside the kitchen, she felt something or someone walk past behind her. Of course, when she turned around, she saw nothing. What's more, she felt strange coldness even when preparing meals. It was unusual because normally the kitchen room was filled with hot steam from cooking and the burner's flame would warm up the air.

## The Things There

"What were under the plastic cover?" I asked. "Well, I don't really know," she said. "We didn't try to find out. They have been there ever since we moved in. This flat is not ours. It's my mother's. We are just living here temporarily. Hopefully, we'll leave soon when we can afford to buy a flat of our own."

"As far as I can remember," Chi Kin said, "underneath the plastic sheet are those old books, broken pots, unwanted clothes, and other useless articles that mother didn't want to throw away."

## Strange Sight

I was looking at the plastic cover without turning my eyes while I was listening to them. As they were still speaking, a strange feeling came upon me and I seemed to see something — an old man sleeping under the plastic sheet which was like a blanket to him. I wanted to tell them what I felt but before I spoke, Chi Kin told me that the younger daughter once saw the back of an old man sitting in the kitchen. What a coincidence! But I decided not to mention it so as not to scare them unnecessarily.

## I Wanted to Touch It But...

I went into the kitchen and climbed up a wooden ladder which led up to the loft. When I had got up there, the stuff was just a foot or two away from me. At first, I wanted to remove the plastic sheet and take a look at the things inside. But when I was about to touch the plastic cover, I started to feel dizzy and very uncomfortable. I found it difficult to breathe and my heart was pounding fast. It seemed that I could even feel the breaths of the 'old man'. At last I gave up and went down the ladder because I felt I was going to throw up.

## Out There on The Balcony

I followed Chi Kin's sister into the living room. The look on her face told me that she wanted me to take a look at all the rooms to see if demons were there but I didn't do it. Instead I went straight out into the balcony. I did it for no obvious reasons. I just felt like doing it.

Oh my God! It was so chilly out there. I felt cold stream rushing up from below. If I had not been strengthened by some mysterious warm current, I would have shivered with the strange coldness of the place. Chi Kin's sister told me that I felt so cold probably because that place was always kept out of the sun. It was so because the balcony was just a few feet from the side-

wall of the neighbouring building which was so tall that it blocked out sunshine most of the time. When it was sunny, there might be, at the most, ten to fifteen minutes' sunlight on a single day.

## **Hundreds and Thousands of Demons**

The lack of sunlight might explain the special coldness I felt but to me there was another cause — hundreds and thousands of demons dwelling in the space between the two buildings. I was so sure primarily because I felt their presence. I came to realize that not only the apartment was haunted but the whole building. Therefore, all the paper offerings and the altars for gods and goddesses were there for a purpose - turning away ghosts, the frequent visitors.

I know that demons feel at home in places free from sunlight. Being exposed constantly to the sun is a torture to them. The Bible also tells us that children of God like walking in the light while followers of Satan enjoy darkness. Watch out, friends! If you are beginning to love activities which take place in the dark but hate going out in the sun, Satan and demons are probably getting close to you. Pray and change. May God be with you!

Chi Kin told me that the elder daughter once saw a bodiless human head spinning in the air on the balcony.

That was horrible. Their daughters were very reluctant to go into the balcony. In fact, both of them were staying in the living room when we were out there. They were really scared.

## **We Tried to Pray But...**

We went back into the living\*room to find a way to deal with the demons. I wanted to have a group prayer first, so I asked everybody to sit in a circle. We then closed our eyes, clasped our hands, bowed our heads and tried to pray, yet instead of prayers, a dead silence followed. Nobody said a word. I, too, could not open my mouth to pray.

I knew that other people were just like me, feeling heavily pressed from all sides and being unable to utter a word of prayer, though we very much wanted to. I knew demons were all around us and I could even sense their whereabouts. I told a brother that a demon was standing behind him. I did it because I wanted to alert him to the presence of demonic suppression. However, immediately afterwards, the demon moved to the back of another sister.

We were besieged by several demons and words of prayer could not come forth. In such a spiritual warfare, prayers are the weapons for Christians. If we cannot pray, we cannot get demons out of the house.



## **This is the Blood of Jesus**

I told everybody to 'wake' up and then I asked Chi Kin's sister if there was enough drinking water for everyone to have a glass. She said no but there was a bottle of one litre CoCa - Cola. I asked her to go to get it and also prepare glasses for all of us.

Each one of us had a glass in hand and then I started pouring Coke into their glasses one by one. Each time I poured Coke into a glass, I said , "This is the blood of Jesus." At first, my voice was a little weak and I felt that demons were trying their best to suppress me.

I kept doing this with the help of inner strength. My voice was growing stronger and stronger as I repeated, "This is the blood of Jesus." When I came to the last person, I almost shouted at the top of my voice with ecstasy, "**This is the blood of Jesus.**"

The atmosphere in the room changed. We started to feel **Power** . We were beginning to believe that we would get victory over devils. At that moment, I truly believed that if I shouted, "Demons, go!", demons would flee. This confirmed what the Bible says -

And they overcame him (Satan) by the  
blood of the Lamb (Jesus).

[Revelation Chapter 12 Verse 11]

In the living room together we drank CoCa - Cola in remembrance of the blood of Jesus which cleansed our hearts and gave power to our bodies.

## **Praying for Chi Kin's Sister**

It was then that we started to pray and praise together. We prayed that God took control over that place and we praised Him because He gave us so much strength that we could overcome demons.

After praying for a moment, I turned to Chi Kin's sister and asked her to sit at the centre. I placed my right hand on her back and started to pray for her. After a while, I told her to follow me in my prayer word for word. At the beginning, she did it pretty well. All of a sudden she stopped. Since my eyes were open when I prayed, I could see that she had difficulty in breathing. Her face looked awfully pale and it seemed that there was unbearable pressure on her back.

## **It was Something Cold and Heavy**

I knew she was in constraint and agony. She frowned and groaned. (She told us later when it was over that something cold and heavy fell on her back and stopped her from praying.) I didn't know what to do, so I waited for instructions from Jesus.

A few seconds later, an order came out from within me as I was gazing at the girl standing across from me. Following the order, I told the girl to place her hand on Chi Kin's sister's head. When she did that, for the first time in her life she felt something like electric current run down her arm and pass onto Chi Kin's sister. Almost at the same moment, I shouted aloud, "Demons, go!" My voice was strong, sharp and clear. Certain unseen opposing force was gone.

## **It Was A Miracle**

Chi Kin's sister took a few deep breaths and then regained control of herself. She was calm and peaceful, so we continued with our prayer. At first, only Chi Kin's sister followed me. Before long, one of her daughters joined in though I didn't tell her to. The next moment, another daughter also started to pray. Within a minute, her husband and all the others were praying.

They were praying with one voice in amazing harmony. The scene itself was a miracle. They, men, women, youngsters and children, were praying in one single voice with absolute oneness. That was incredible. The voice of our prayer filled the air. It was so sweet, so smooth, so nice, so peaceful that we truly believed that neither demons nor Satan whatsoever were still there in the living room.

## **The Atmosphere Changed**

We had overcome demons and expelled them from the living room. The Kingdom of God had come; the power of God had come; the angels of God had come and filled the room. There was no more suppression, no more constraint, no more confusion and no more fear. Our hearts were filled with joy, strength, grace and serenity. No words can fully express our feeling. To us, it was just a miracle. We knew from the bottoms of our hearts that God was right there with us.

## **Dealing with Demons on the Loft**

Soon afterwards, I went straight to the kitchen. I raised my right hand and pointed my finger at the stuff on the loft. All the brothers and sisters placed their hands on me to give me support. 'Words' rushed out from my mouth. They were not just words of prayer, but commands. I found that I was ordering the demons to leave. I even instructed them how to leave. I told them to flow down and get out through the toilet's window. (The toilet was right under the loft inside the kitchen.)

I could see with my mind that they looked like something between gas and liquid. As I was giving them commands, they flowed down over the edge of the loft and moved all the way back into the toilet. Actually they

were running away from us as we were standing at the doorway. I felt that they had no choice but to leave.

## **God Spoke to My Mind**

God spoke to my mind and the message was clear  
— **People are Just Like That.**

The loft is somewhat like our brain and the things on it are like our thoughts. Covering up the articles is like making a decision that we are not going to let people know our thoughts. Neither are we going to use them.

We have so many thoughts in our mind. Some of them should have been discarded but we haven't. I don't have to list them because you know what I'm talking about — sex, hatred, fear, inferiority complex, etc.. Demons would very much like to live among these thoughts which are well covered up.

In some cases, we have been covering them up for so long that we don't even notice their existence. They have become our subconscious and demons are hiding themselves down there. Time and again they come out and give us an attack. It could be an attack of fear, hatred, indecent thoughts, inferior feeling, or other undesirable emotions. The attacks could be so great that we lose control of ourselves. We may tremble, yell, cry

or we may do things which we know are not good for us nor for others. We just can't help it because demons are in control of us then.

## **Demons Breed in Stagnant Thoughts**

The Bible tells us to keep renewing our mind. [Roman Chapter 12 Verse 12] Brothers and sisters, friends and elders, if your mind is full of bright, new, innovative, constructive or even adorable ideas, I think you should thank God because it shows that 'life' is in you.

Nevertheless, if our mind is like a pool of stagnant water, remaining unchanged over the years, we should beware. Demons could be dwelling in us. **Mosquitoes Breed in Stagnant Water** — that's what the government keeps telling us. However, has it ever occurred to any of us that **Demons Breed in Stagnant Thoughts ?**

## **Rats and Roaches**

Friends, where can we usually find rats and cockroaches? Right! At the dark corners inside cabinets, cupboards, wardrobes, chests of drawers and the like. They could be hiding under the bed or behind some big pieces of furniture like couches, sofas, refrigerators, washing machines and so on. In short, they are living among things that we don't usually move and in places where sunlight doesn't reach.

Isn't it clear enough now that renewing our thoughts is important to our mental health? If you are interested in this topic, please read my another book — **The Greatest Gifts God is Giving Me — Ideas**. I've not started writing it yet but I've already had the idea to. So, believe me - it's coming soon.

## **Disposing of the Unwanted Stuff**

I went up the loft again. This time the feeling was totally different. It was so comfortable up there. I took away the plastic cover and removed the articles one by one. Chi Kin was standing at the bottom of the ladder and helped me move the things from the loft to the living room where we later sorted them into 2 categories — things to be kept and things to be disposed of.

We should always do the same thing to our mind. You understand what I am saying, don't you?

**May God Be With You Always!**