

A demon is summoned to take the soul of a young boy, who has the potential to become a saint. By doing this, he will open a doorway to Hell, and destroy the world.

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Chapter 2 : Shadow Builder - Wikipedia

The Shadow Builder dwells in the gloomy nether regions of the universe, lonely and haunting in his realm. He dwells in the area beyond the Gate of Dread, where the great procession meets its final end. The Shadow Builder sees all from his gloom, happiness and sadness, hope and despair. He focuses.

Of course not – the blonde girl in the yellow dress instead found herself among a grove of plywood cutouts. Crudely decorated with green and brown paint, a mere mockery of the majestic towering plants they once were. She knows instinctively that her predators approach. She is the target of a traditional pastime of hunters, who drive their prey into their burrows, before flushing them out. The riders appear on the horizon, abominable things in the form of rats, with sewn mouths and wind-up keys embedded in their backs. They hold weapons – shotguns, rifles – pointed towards the sprinting Alice, and fire in her direction. The cacophony of gunfire is deafening, and Alice holds her long dress high to keep herself from tripping on the rough terrain, covered with dead grass, leaves, and twigs. All she can do is attempt to flee. Her legs are so numb she cannot feel. She cannot see anything but a patch of darkness again. A burrow, made for her, placed underneath a caricature of a tree. She dives in through the entrance. And now, all that remains is to flush her out. Here is where the chase comes to an end, and the dogs will have their feast tonight. For a moment, there is a moment of utter, placid silence. She can hear her heart beating, the blood pumping through her veins, her lungs expelling air, and the slow hiss of – the slow hiss of a lit fuse. A stick of trinitrotoluene has landed at her feet, nearly the size of the girl herself. Containing enough concussive force to render her into nothingness. She moves her lips one last time, staring not towards the darkness, nor at the grinning rats. Into the distance, instead, as if someone could see her. But her words are not heard over the explosion.

Shadow Builder is a film directed by Jamie Dixon. It is based on the story "The Shadow Builder" by Bram Stoker Plot. An evil Archbishop and his followers summon.

The walls are of cloud, and round and through them, changing ever as they come, pass the dim shades of all the things that have been. In it everything is just as it has been in the great world. There is no change in any part; for each moment, as it passes, sends its shade into this dim Procession. Here there are moving people and events – cares – thoughts – follies – crimes – joys – sorrows – places – scenes – hopes and fears, and all that make the sum of life with all its lights and shadows. Every picture in nature where shadow dwells – and that is every one – has here its dim phantom. Here, too, every act that any human being does, every thought – good and bad – every wish, every hope – everything that is secret – is pictured, and becomes a lasting record which cannot be blotted out; for at any time the Shadow Builder may summon with his special hand any one – sleeping or waking – to behold what is pictured of the Dead Past, in the dim, mysterious distance which encompasses his lonely abode. In this ever-moving Procession of the Dead Past there is but one place where the circling phantoms are not, and where the cloudy walls are lost. There is here a great blackness, dense and deep, and full of gloom, and behind which lies the great real world without. The Procession afar off takes from it its course, and when passing on its way it circles again towards the darkness, the shadowy phantoms melt again into the mysterious gloom. Sometimes the Shadow Builder passes through the vapoury walls of his abode and mingles in the ranks of the Procession; and sometimes a figure summoned by the wave of his spectral hand, with silent footfall stalks out of the mist and pauses beside him. Sometimes from a sleeping body the Shadow Builder summons a dreaming soul; then for a time the quick and the dead stand face to face, and men call it a dream of the Past. When this happens, friend meets friend or foe meets foe; and over the soul of the dreamer comes a happy memory long vanished, or the troubled agony of remorse. But no spectre passes through the misty wall, save to the Shadow Builder alone; and no human being – even in a dream – can enter the dimness where the Procession moves along. So lives the lonely Shadow Builder amid his gloom; and his habitation is peopled by a spectral past. His only people are of the past; for though he creates shadows they dwell not with him. His children go out at once to their homes in the big world, and he knows them no more till, in the fulness of time, they join the Procession of the Dead Past, and reach, in turn, the misty walls of his home. For the Shadow Builder there is not night nor day, nor season of the year; but for ever round his lonely dwelling passes the silent Procession of the Dead Past. Sometimes he sits and muses with eyes fixed and staring, and seeing nothing; and then out at sea there is a cloudless calm or the black gloom of night. Towards the far north or south for long months together he never looks, and then the stillness of the arctic night reigns alone. When the dreamy eyes again become conscious, the hard silence softens into the sounds of life and light. Sometimes, with set frown on his face and a hard look in the eyes, which flash and gleam dark lightnings, the Shadow Builder sways resolute to his task, and round the world the shadows troop thick and fast. Over the sea sweeps the blackness of the tempest; the dim lights flicker in the cots away upon the lonely moors; and even in the palaces of kings dark shadows pass and fly and glide over all things – yea, through the hearts of the kings themselves – for the Shadow Builder is then dread to look upon. Now and again, with long whiles between, the Shadow Builder as he completes his task lingers over the work as though he loves it. His heart yearns to the children of his will; and he fain would keep even one shadow to be a companion to him in his loneliness. But the voice of the Great Present is ever ringing in his ears at such times, enjoining him to haste. When, in the fulness of time, this shadow comes into the ranks of the Procession of the Dead Past, the Shadow Builder knows it and remembers it; but in his dead heart there is no gleam of loving remembrance, for he can only love the Present, that slips ever from his grasp. But sometimes too the Shadow Builder has his joys. Baby shadows spring up, and sunny pictures, alight with sweetness and love, glide from under his touch, and are gone. Before the Shadow Builder at his task lies a space wherein is neither light nor darkness, neither joy nor gloom. Whatsoever touches it fades away as sand heaps melt before the incoming tide, or like words writ on water. Whatsoever passes into it disappears; and whatsoever emerges from it is

complete as it comes and passes into the great world as a thing to run its course. Before the Threshold the Shadow Builder himself is as naught; and in its absorbing might there is that which he cannot sway or rule. When at his task he summons; and out of the impalpable nothingness of the Threshold there comes the object of his will. Sometimes the shadow bursts full and freshly and is suddenly lost in the gloom of the Gate of Dread; and sometimes it grows softly and faintly, getting fuller as it comes, and so melts away into the gloom. The lonely Shadow Builder is working in his lonely abode; around him, beyond the vapoury walls, pressing onward as ever, is the circling Procession of the Dead Past. The Baby shadow turns, and goes a little way off. Then over the misty Nothing on which the shadows fall, flits the flickering shadow of a tiny hand waving; and onward, with firm tread, the shadow of the little feet moves out into the misty gloom of the Gate of Dread, and passes away. The hands are pressed to the heart, the loving face is upturned in prayer, and down the cheeks roll great tears. Then her head bows lower as the little feet pass beyond her ken; and lower and lower bends the weeping Mother till she lies prone. Even as he looks, the Shadow Builder sees the shadows fade away, away, and the terrible nothingness of the Threshold only is there. Then presently in the Procession of the Dead Past circle round the misty walls the shadows that had been "the Mother and the Child. Now from out the Threshold steps a Youth with brave and buoyant tread; and as on the misty veil his shadow falls, the dress and bearing proclaim him a sailor lad. Older and thinner she is, as if with watching, but still the same. The Mother kisses her Boy again and again; and together they stand, as though to part were impossible. Suddenly the Boy turns as though he heard a call. The Mother clings closer. He seems to remonstrate tenderly; but the loving arms hold tighter, till with gentle force he tears himself away. The Mother takes a step forward, and holds out the thin hands trembling in an agony of grief. The Boy stops; to one knee he bends, then, dashing away his tears, he waves his cap, and hurries on, while once again the Mother sinks to her knees, and weeps. And so, slowly, once again, the shadows of the Mother and the Child grown greater in the fulness of time, pass out through the Gate of Dread, and circle among the phantoms in the Procession of the Dead Past "the Mother following hard upon the speeding footsteps of her Son. In the long pause that follows, whilst the Shadow Builder watches, all seems changed. Out from the Threshold comes a mist, such as hangs sometimes over the surface of a tropic sea. By little and little the mist rolls away, and forth advances, black and great, the prow of a mighty vessel. The shadows of the great sails lie faintly in the cool depths of the sea, as the sails flap idly in the breezeless air. Over the bulwark lean listless figures waiting for a wind to come. The mist on the sea melts slowly away; and by the dark shadows of men sheltering from the sunny glare and fanning themselves with their broad sailor hats, it is plain that the heat is terrible. Also, from far away, before her course, rises the edge of a coral reef, scarcely seen above the glassy water, but darkling the depths below. Those on board see neither of these things, for they shelter under their awnings, and sigh for cool breezes. Quicker and quicker comes the dark cloud, sweeping faster and faster, and growing blacker and blacker and vaster and vaster as it comes. Then those on board seem to know the danger. Hurried shadows fly along the decks; up the shadows of the ladders hurry shadows of men. The flapping of the great sails ceases as one by one the willing hands draw them in. But quicker than the hands of men can work sweeps the tempest. Onwards it rushes, and terrible things come close behind; black darkness "towering waves that break in fury and fly aloft "the spume of the sea swept heavenwards "the great clouds wheeling in fury; "and in the centre of these flying, whirling, maddening shadows, rocks the shadow of the ship. As the black darkness of the heavens encompasses all, the rush of shadowy storm sweeps through the Gate of Dread. As he waits and looks and sees the cyclone whirling amongst the shadows in the Procession of the Dead Past, the Shadow Builder, even in his dead heart, feels a weight of pain for the brave Sailor Boy tossed on the deep, and the anxious Mother sitting lonely at home. Again from the Threshold passes a shadow, growing deeper as it comes, but very, very faint at first; for here the sun is strong, and there is but little room for shadows on the bare rock which seems to rise from the glare and the glitter of the sea deeps round. On the lonely rock a Sailor Boy stands; thin and gaunt he is, and his clothing is but a few rags. Sheltering his eyes with his hand, he looks out to sea, where, afar off, the cloudless sky sinks to meet the burning sea; but no speck over the horizon "no distant glitter of a white sail "gives him a ray of hope. Long, long he peers, till, wearied out, he sits down on the rock and bows his head as if in despair for a time. As the sea falls, he gathers from the rock the shellfish which has come during the

tide. So the day wears on, and the night comes; and in the tropic sky the stars hang like lamps. In the cool silence of the night the forlorn Sailor Boy rests – sleeps, and dreams. For in his sleep the Shadow Builder summons his dreaming soul, and shows him all these blessings passing ceaselessly in the Procession of the Dead Past, and so comforts him lest he should despair and die. Thus wear on many weary days; and the sailor-boy lingers on the lonely rock. Afar off he can just see a hill that seems to rise over the Water. One morning when the blackening sky and the sultry air promise a storm, the distant mountain seems nearer; and he thinks that he will try to reach it by swimming. Whilst he is thus resolving, the storm rushes up over the horizon and sweeps him from the lonely rock. He swims with a bold heart; but just as his strength is done, he is cast by the fury of the storm on a beach of soft sand. The storm passes on its way and the waves leave him high and dry. He goes inland, where, in a cave in the rock, he finds shelter, and sinks to sleep. The Shadow Builder, as he sees all this happen in the shadows on the clouds, and land, and sea, rejoices in his dead heart that the lonely mother perhaps will not wait in vain. So time wears on, and many, many weary days pass. The Boy becomes a young Man, living in the lonely island; his beard has grown, and he is clothed in a dress of leaves. All day long, save when he is not working to get food to eat, he watches from the mountain top for a ship to come. Time comes when he begins to get feebler and feebler. At last he grows sick to death, and lingers long a-dying. Then these shadows pass away. Out from the Threshold grows the shadow of an old woman, thin and worn, sitting in a lonely cottage on a jutting cliff. By the lamp the Mother watches, till, wearied out, she sinks to sleep. As she sleeps the Shadow Builder summons her sleeping soul with the wave of his spectral hand. She stands beside him in the lonely abode, whilst round them through the misty walls passes onward the Procession of the Dead Past. As she looks, the Shadow Builder lifts his spectral hand to point to the vision of her Son. For when she knows that her Boy is alive, there follows a great pain that he is lonely and waits and watches for help; and the quick heart of the Mother is overcome with grief, and she wakes with a bitter cry. Then as she rises and looks past the dying lamp out into the dawn, the Mother feels that she has seen a vision of her son in sleep, and that he lives and waits for help; and her heart glows with a great resolve. Quickly then from the Threshold float many shadows. Grave men refusing, but not unkindly, a kneeling woman making an appeal with uplifted hands. Hard men spurning a praying Mother from their doors. A wild rabble of bad and thoughtless boys and girls hounding through the streets a hurrying woman.

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The Shadow Builder, as he sees all this happen in the shadows on the clouds, and land, and sea, rejoices in his dead heart that the lonely mother perhaps will not wait in vain. So time wears on, and many, many weary days pass.

Chapter 5 : The Shadow Builder by Bram Stoker

The Shadow Builder dwells in the gloomy nether regions of the universe, lonely and haunting in his realm. He dwells in the area beyond the Gate of Dread, where the great procession meets its final end.

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Chapter 9 : Shadow Builder () - Rotten Tomatoes

The Shadow Builder sees all from his gloom, happiness and sadness, hope and despair. He focuses intently on the relationship between a mother and son, watching everything unfold from his Threshold. It is from these two that he learns the truth about his power, the power of death.