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1. WHO

The time ticks. The breeze seems still. It was dark. Bit by bit the air seems to thin. My breathing became hard. Whatever I felt all this while was known. The tap was close tightly but the drop kept on dropping. Tick...ticks...tick...It sounded so near.

Each drop of water was not just a drop of water from the tap. Its meaning was mere drops but more than that. I could barely hold this pen. Each word I'm writing is a beat from my heart.

A black heart. Sin was in my blood. Ahhhhhhhhh.....arghhhhh!!!. Why did he come? Who was he after? Who send him here? Where was he from? What does he need or what does he want?. It keeps haunting me.

I first got to know him in the year of the tiger. The tiger is a fierce animal. Based on the Chinese calendar, the tiger is one of the strongest zodiacs. Among the twelve zodiacs, the tiger falls in 3rd from the zodiac hierarchy. He came on the 3rd of July. Looking at him the first time, I felt something was not right.

His name itself was weird. A name I have never heard before. Hse Lam was his name. He came to the food court on the 8th floor. I still remember that very day. We were having breakfast.

“Good moming guys, can I join you guys,” a husky voice came from a mere distance. I stared at him. He stood there, height around 180 centimeters, broad shoulder and with a clean shaved face. He gave a smile. My boss, Malar “Of course, you can join us, you are a part of our team!!!,” she said.

What the heck was my boss saying? Was she okay? “. Hse Lam was not even a week on the floor and now suddenly he is a part of our team!?!,”

I was confused but I could not say much or utter a word. My colleagues ushered him with open hearts but with a slight fear. Fear?

He offered his hand “Nice meeting you John,”. A wink with a sinister smile. Nathan was standing beside me. He had an eerie feeling. Accepting someone who is a total stranger would have everyone’s thoughts puzzled. It’s human nature. The fear of acceptance and changes.

“Okay guys, let’s go..enough with the jokes!!!! ,” Malar uttered, “You guys better finish your targets today, not shit excuses, okay?” she said with her eyebrow raised up a bit.

We understood what she meant. It was dark. The four walls covered around me. It was like a tall barrier. My eyelids were heavy.

It could be the lack of sleep for several of days. I switched on the lights. For a contact centre that operates twenty four hours a day, a moment of silence is not something you can expect.

It usually sounds like a fish market, everyone trying their best to sell their products. I was very surprised it was very quiet. "No calls?," I asked. "No lah bro, system down...only got three of us working night shift," he said as he was fidgeting with his mobile phone. "Melissa is not here, don't know where the heck she went as usual," with a sigh.

As I was listening to him, my thoughts were not on what he was saying.

My eyes were opened wide. I could not believe what I was seeing. Is it really him? This early? What the heck is he doing here so early? My thoughts were puzzled. I harden my heart and walked towards him. "Hey what the hell are you doing here so early," I said to him. He stared at me. He stopped what he was doing.

It seemed that we was writing or marking something on my colleagues table, Vito. "Nothing bro, just thought of coming early", "that's all bro," Hse Lam said. "Ahh...Okay bro, got to go, ahh... going to to get some breakfast ," he stammered. He left.

As soon as he left, I went to Vino's table. I was curious, very curious. I searched Vino's table. Wondering what he did on his table. I found nothing but I had a bad feeling. Something was just not right. I was always the earliest one to come into the office.

None of my colleagues would come as early as I do and they won't even attempt to come early. But why Hse Lam? He rides a bike to work and it only takes fifteen minutes from his place to the office.

My thoughts were going wild. As the days passed and months passed, work was becoming a routine. Nathan was my mentor. He taught me everything about the job. Nathan was not just a work colleague; he is like a brother to me. We had gone through hard times and good times together.

Nathan was a religious friend. Religion played an important role in his life. I used to follow Nathan when he goes for prayers.

He always tells me that there are forces of good and evil. Every time when Nathan starts his lecture, "Do you know that we are just mere being in the other world!!!," "I saw this...I felt this...I was there...", on he goes. What crosses my mind was Star Wars.

The fight between Darth Vader and Luke Skywalker, good versus evil. When Nathan's stories become darker, my thought runs into Exorcist. Is not that I don't believe him, I just can't understand it.

For me, what matters most was he is like an elder brother and I love him a lot.

“You watch your mouth!!! Why are you telling all this to boss? You just mind your own business, Okay,” Vino said sternly. “I know you are informing everything to boss, you chat with her on intercom, you go up and see her on the 25th floor, You think I don’t know is it?,” his tone started to rise.

I just stood there. I could see the anger in his eyes.

I have never seen such anger. Misery, hatred, jealousy...the fire was in his eyes. His hand clenched, forming a fist. “Hey guys cool down, cool down...let’s talk this over,” “Mind your own business John, buzz off!!!!”, Hse Lam pushed me. He whacked the table with his fist.

He pushed the door and left. Vino pulled out his tie and walked off. I was blank. I felt hopeless on what had just happen. There was no unity in the team anymore. Since he came, there were always some issues within the team. Other colleagues started to notice the friction among us in the team.

It was so dear. We tried to cover it and pretend that everything is okay. But it’s not. News started to spread throughout the floor. “He is a very quite person, he never smiles, he always keep himself reserved,” an agent whispering to another agent on the floor.

I passed by them pretending I did not hear anything but I did. "I feel scared sitting beside him, he stares at me as like he is going to eat me," the whispers continued. Everything that I believed started to turn upside down. Nathan shared something to me.

I couldn't accept what he was saying. I don't believe him. I didn't want to believe him. Remember the saying "Seeing is believing," I said to myself in my heart. I should never doubt Nathan on what he was telling me. Things started to reveal when you take concern about it.

I did not believe him. I don't believe him. I could not believe him. I saw it. I saw it. I swear I saw it. Have you seen an egg? Why do you keep an egg near your computer? People passing by would never notice it. I saw it. If you notice his table or we call it as workstation, the Central Processing Unit (CPU) is behind the monitor.

There is a stack of notes covering the rear part behind the CPU. The wires connect the CPU and the monitor plus the other hardware's for the computer. There is a green cover / lid that covers the main plug point. If you lift up the lid, you can see an egg on the left side on the plug point.

I was shivering!!!. A chill sensation went down my spine!!!. I could not digest what I heard from Nathan and what I saw. Nathan continued to share to me. "Why do you always wear the green jacket?" I asked him curiously. "I like this jacket, it keeps me warm always," he replied. "Would

you wear a jacket when the air conditioner is not working and the temperature is at twenty eight degree Celsius?," I thought.

Seriously it sounds dumb and illogic. I saw it. I saw it. I swear I saw it. I was in the gents. He would come as early as me. It was the first time I saw it. Tattoo!!!!. He had a tattoo on his back. It was a tattoo I have never seen before in my life. Never!! Never!!! Never!!!!. It was writings. I'm not sure of what language it is.

It seems like some ancient language. There were 6 dots on his back ragging from the shoulder to his waist. Surrounding the 6 dots, the ancient writing starts from the back of his neck to his shoulder. There is also a continuation of the ancient writing on his left wrist.

I could not believe my eyes on what I was seeing.

"Sorry JJ, I'm allergic to cotton," he said. Cotton??? Allergic!!!!. You got to be kidding me!!!!. " I just got this shirt from Jusco, but damn, I have rashes now!!!,"" Luckily I always keep a spare shirt in my locker bro," he continued while he changed his shirt in the gents. I just nodded.

Shocked. Speechless. I just don't know what to say. I looked at the mirror. I was sweating. Chill sweats???. Chill sweats early in the morning???. I was freaking out!!!. I was bloody freaking out!!!.

The water felt extra cold than usual. I collected the water with both of my hands and splashed it at my face. I did it three times. As the water slowly drips down my face, I could only imagine the worse. Password expired. Change password. Sigh.

How many times do I need to do this?. I retyped a new password. "Hopefully this new password could last for another one month," I thought to myself. "How's the call? What was the customers enquiries?," I asked the agent. The agent gave a blur look. I sensed that the agent thought I'm an idiot asking the wrong questions to him.

"The caller wanted to change the flight, the return sector flight from Denpasar to Perth... I changed the flight for him, change fee and fare difference," he said.

The same questions with the same answers and excuses. I have heard it all. Sensing the absent of Nathan as he was ill, I miss him a lot.

Ash was on the other side, busy munching on snacks. That's the only thing she knows. When it comes to work, she always give the excuse "Oh...I don't know how to it," "no one taught me!!!," Arrrrggghhhh!!!! She really gets up my nerves. It's been three months since Vino was terminated.

The absent of Vino was a big lost to the team. I always cherished the great times we had together. Breakfast outing, lunch outings...the best of all dinner outings. We really can

eat. “Hahahaha,” my mind wandered as I passed VIno’s table to get the score sheet.

His termination was a shock to us all. Why was he terminated? A question that was not answered or given to us by our beloved boss. “When the time comes, I will tell you guys,” Malar said that three months ago.

I still can remember the exact quotation she said. I personally feel that it doesn’t really matter now. Looking at the window, the reflection of the building was very clear. The wind was blowing strong. The lightning struck. A heavy downpour. “There is no way I’m going back now!!!,” I thought.

I leaned back on my chair, adjusting the knob at the bottom of the chair, sliding it right to the end. My headset was plucked into my ears. The soothing music, quieted my heart. I was rocking the chair like it was a rocking chair.

Turning to my left, turning to my right. Back and forward. As the light was flickering above me, the section of my workstation was rather dark.

Mr. Lee forgot to fix the light. As I was rocking the chair, I noticed the pillar on my right side. I saw a shadow. A dark shadow. I stopped rocking the chair. I stared at the shadow for a moment. My thoughts were curious. At that point of time...two red dots appeared. A blink of a pair of eyes. Blink!!! I shouted.

”!!!! Ash!!!! Did you see that!!!!?!, did you see that!!!!”
What?!, “ she looked at me. Giving that shock look. “The
pillar!!!,” “The pillar, did you see that!!!,” I pointed at the
pillar with fear.” See what???,” she says. ????.

I freeze. I sensed she didn’t see what I saw. “What lah
dei???,” she asked me. Nothing. Nothing. I’m I going crazy?
Did I just see a pair of red eyes staring at me from the
pillar???

Its 7pm only....I’m day dreaming?? Or was I too tired???. I
took off the headset. Locked the pc and headed to the door.
“Hey...where you going lah..,” Ash asked. I just walked
without answering her. I was not bothered. I tag myself out
and headed to the toilet. I entered one of the cubical in the
toilet. I locked the door.

I moved the lid of the potty and sat.

I was shivering. I still see the eyes. The red eyes. Every
time I tried to close my eyes, I see the image of the red eyes
reappearing. I fidgeted the cross near my chest. I held the
cross hard. I was murmuring a prayer. The Lord’s Prayer
came to mind.

“Please tell me I did not see that Lord,” “Protect me
Lord,”. I lost count how many times I repeated that. I was in
that cubical for twenty minutes. As I started to calm down,

I opened the door of the cubical and headed out of the
toilet. I headed back to my work station. Ash was missing. I

assumed that she has left. Her handbag was not on her table. I slowly walked to my workstation passing by the pillar. I stared at the pillar as I passed by it.

No shadow, no red eyes. I looked at the window outside. The rain has stopped. I started to plug out the headset wire. Shut down the unused programs in the pc. As I was busy closing the programs, I stopped for a while. I turn my head to my left, facing Hse Lam's work station.

Hse Lam stared at me. Did he sense that I was going to look at him or was it just a coincidence???. He grinned. An evil force was lurking. Clashed with the black helmet, and the big headset, Hse Lam headed his way towards the door. His shadow reflected on the floor as the fluorescent light glared at him. A small child???.Two shadows???

A figure as of a child aged...maybe five, "what am I imagining,". His shadow accompanied with another shadow. "Hehehe ahahahaahhaa," a hysterical laughter. A laughter of a child drummed in my ear. I shut my eyes.

I opened my eyes. The laughter disappeared so as Hse Lam. I was trembling. What just happen???. Is my eyes playing tricks on me??. Did no one in the office noticed it??. I tried to calm myself down. I sat on my seat. My forehead on the table with my eyes closed.

I immediately thought about Nathan. He knows a lot of these weird things. Since Nathan is strong in religion, he could maybe explain what just happen earlier.

I slide my hand into my pocket and reached my mobile phone.

I contact Nathan. The ringing tone was there but no answer. Damn Nathan!! Answer the damn phone!!! I uttered softly. Then I thought, what if Nathan thinks I'm crazy or something?. I stopped. Deep in my heart, I was suffering in fear for what I just saw. I had no idea what was going on. I keep telling myself it's all a dream.

Delusions. That's all. End of story.

I packed my bag and left the office. I didn't want to think what happen, how it happen, why it happen. I was lucky to get the bus at 11.30pm. I assume it was the last bus. I sat in the bus, I started wondering. I can't stop my thoughts. His grin, the tattoo on his back.

The red eyes, the raw egg with worms investing it. The images kept reappearing over and over again. I reached home. Entered my room and took a shower.

I headed straight to bed. Why am I seeing it again?. Why am I hearing it?. Is it all coming back again? Its 3am and I'm still awake. I just couldn't sleep. That's just the beginning of sleepless nights...

2. SERPENT

The dampness soaks the air. The wine tangles among the bushes. The smell of decay as of death surrounds the atmosphere. She hurled through the thick bushes. The thorns pierced into her flesh. Cuts and bruises growing deeper and deeper. From the skin to the flesh, from the flesh to the bones.

She ran as fast as she could. The howling and screams of wild worsens the condition. "You cannot hide," words echoed in her mind.

Her heart started hammering inside her chest as she heard the voice in her head. She was a mess. Her face was swollen and a prominent dark bruise was invading her neck. Her outfit was a mess as well.

She was wearing a white gown, it was stained everywhere with a dark liquid I could not describe. Her movements become slower. She gasped for air. She can't run no more. The fog blinded her sight. The still waters reflect numbness. Living things floated on the surface of the lake.

It became darker. The cloud clouded the light of the night.

Slime at the edges on the lake. A tailless amphibian sat on the rock of the dead lake. It leaped forward towards her. It croaked so loud. Its cleft tongue attacked her. Its slime gushed to her face. The green goo disgusted her. The goo went down deep into her deep throat, forcing her to throw up.

Her vomit wet her gown. Slithering worms soaked her gown. She's already half dead. "What's happening to me!!!!," she scream her lungs out." Why are you doing this to me!!!!,". At that time, the bushes beside her started to wither.

A burned stench slowly filled the air. She was so weak. The bushes were on fire. A serpent emerged from the lake. The forked tongue serpent glided through the burning bushes. As the serpent glided its way, it formed a path way. The surface of the lake was on flames as a figure emerged from the lake.

Its broad shoulder and legs, thin waist was as of a man. Its jutting chest and large arm were engraved with weird writings.

It headed towards her. She crawled like of a baby wanting attention. The ground was wet with fresh blood. It picked the serpent from the ground. The serpent entangled itself to the arms of the figured man. "What do you want from me???, Why are you torturing me like this!!!," she plead as blood oozed from her mouth. " I know you're there," a

male's smooth voice said to her "I can sense your fear, Malar." It said the last word bitterly, sounding disgusted by it.

She was too scared to say anything back. "Let me in" he whispered making his voice sound even smoother as if it was trying to enchant her. "Please leave me!!!," she cried. "Don't make this any harder Malar," it said. She swallowed hard.

The way it said her name gave her a chill. How did it know my name? Who is this man? "You cannot protect yourself and the people around you anymore," its tone softened. "This won't be long, Malar. Your time is here" it promised but she was not falling for its words.

"Malar!!! Cooperate with me or this can be really painful if you don't," it said to her. "Stay away from me!" she yelled.

A hand covered her mouth while its strong arms wrapped around her waist. The slithering serpent nibbled her neck. She struggled desperately to free herself. She could feel the strong figure behind her. "Shhh" it whispered in her ear, its breath was warm.

She kept fighting to release herself. She screams but its drowning in her throat as they couldn't escape since its hand was tightly covering her mouth. Despair filled her veins.

Its arms loosen her waist, as its hand slid inside her gown. It's warm fingers, with pointy nails grazed her skin. It sank its nails deep into the skin at her chest. She screamed in

pain. “Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh”,. Suddenly everything changed. Everything blank. Her night gown was damp. She stared at the ceiling while her blurred sight was clearing up. Her eyes were adjusting to her surroundings. Her eyes widened in realization. Immediately, she sat up causing a wave of dizziness to wash over her.

She held her forehead trying to stop her head from spinning around. “It was a dream...,” her thoughts in rationalizing of what just happen.

She looked down at her chest. She stopped breathing for a while. There was a dark line, some sort of a cut on her chest. It’s the same spot where it had poked her in her dreams. She quickly got out from her bed and headed straight to the mirror.

She stared her reflection. She rubbed her neck. She felt a pimple. It hurt. It was as if it was a sting. What had happened? The dream is real?? “You cannot protect yourself and the people around you anymore.” Malar had a gut feeling, the dream meant something.

This night had been so strange.

There was something really wrong happening. Malar’s relationship with the boys grew closer and stronger each day. It was good to have them around. Since the day Malar managed the boys, the boys were like her sons.

She made sure she made them know how much she loved them. Why? Because it was the last time she saw them...

3. THE ATTACK

It was a fine morning. Temperature was good. The tank full. The air tires pumped. The rugged brown cloth, with the saying "Get A Life," catches my eyes. The cooling glasses add the handsomeness for both of us. "Faster lah, I don't have the whole day," Nathan shouted. I understood he was angry.

We planned this for so long. I was as eager as he was. The cool air started to fill the machine. Vrooomm!!! Vrooomm!!!, the machine tested. "Awesome!!!," he sounded confidently.

The speed 120mph. The scenery was beautiful. "Damn, this is really hard, I don't know how long I can continue this," I'm struggling," I questioned my inner voice. "The time will come," my inner voice said on the other end of my mind. I listen to it.

Knowing Nathan for so long, it was really difficult to keep the secret. I stared absently on Nathan's face. I admired the way Nathan could hide his frustration towards work and his love life.

I recalled the happy couple came grinning and laughing when they shared their love story. I wondered what it would

feel like to be in love like that. I'd never had a girlfriend, God I'd never been on a date in my entire life.

Was that pathetic or what? I guess it is but, I don't have the time for it. My eyes traveled to the gold medallion, they have a thin silver line crossing them. The print, its dark spot gave it an elegant appearance.

How many times had I stared at the same medallion? Why did I always wonder why he wore it. I leaned back on the chair. "John," Nathan called me breaking into my staring moment. I lowered my head and turn to look at the source of that voice and I saw a frowning Nathan.

"Talk something lah...why you keeping quite only??"
"Nothing," ending it with just a word. Nathan sensed that I was hiding something but he wasn't able to identify what it was.

On the highway, the big arch welcomed us to the City of Histories. "At last we're here," said Nathan. "Yup," I said half heartedly. I checked in the nearest hotel available in that city. The room looked rather old but if it's enough for us to bump a night. It had all the basic facilities, bed, air conditioner and a toilet.

After putting our bag there, we rested for a while . At around four in the evening, we started our journey exploring the City of Histories.

Nathan was really happy as he kept snapping photos of everything that catches his eyes. I tagged along with his antics with a half hearted feeling. The city got its name based on the historical buildings surrounding the city. The building showed a variety of colonizes eras.

It started with the Portuguese, followed by the Dutch and ended with the British. The sunset gave an extra boost in the photos. I took the photos for him.

We had a few photos taken by the tourist who were amazed with the strong bond we had for each other. We continued to take photos. As it started to become dark, our stomach started to make noise. Our stomachs were hungry. So we started to find the restaurants to satisfy our hunger.

We tasted food like we never tasted food in our lives. The food was really good. The price was quite reasonable for a city with so many heritages.

My mind start to wander into the enjoyment that we were having .I didn't what to think of what happen. The fear that ran through my head. I just want to enjoy the moment. "The fish is really fresh, I feel the sweetness in its flesh,"

Nathan said while stuffing the sliced fish into his mouth. I laughed looking at him enjoying the food. I felt happy for that point of time. We continued eating and we were good at it. "Hahahahaha," I laughed at Nathan.

The exhausting day came to an end as we took a slow walk to the hotel. I took us at least thirty minutes for us to go back to the hotel. Our filled stomach was well digested with the long walk. The night was cold and silent. The streets light lighted the city of histories.

There was hardly much cars on the road at that time. There were more trishaws compared to cars and motorcycles on the streets. I could clearly see the sign board of our hotel. "At last we're here," Nathan smiled.

I too was exhausted with the long walk. Nathan fidgeted his pockets searching for the hotel room key. I got the keys and from him and inserted the key in the pinhole. I turned the knob anticlockwise. The door opened. The room looked exactly how we left it earlier before we started our journey.

Nathan free felled himself of the soft white bed. I joined on him on the other mattress on the other side of the room. A sensed of relived dwell in my heart.

Worries and fears flew away. My muscles eased of the soft mattress. We were so tired. I got up from bed. "I'm going to take a shower first," as I headed to the bathroom. The icy cold water running against my face gave a sense of relieve. It felt so good. I just imagined the whole day like a reversed movie.

As I came out of the bathroom, Nathan was asleep. I woke him up. "Hey...go and take shower lah... then sleep!!," I said to him.

He then lazily woke up and headed to the bathroom. I switched on the television. "Hmmm...guess what!," I thought to my myself...The Bodyguard airing on television. I have never watched the movie but I knew it was Whitney Houston's first movie in her movie career. I took the pillow and placed near the wall.

I leaned on the pillow as I watched the movie. I didn't want to think too much. I just wanted to enjoy the movie. Nathan wiped his hair as he stepped out of the bathroom. He changed his clothes and joined me with the movie. As we watched the movie, Nathan showed early signs of sleepiness.

His eyes lids were slowly slipping down. He was sleepy. He silently slide on the bed and draw the warm blanket up to his chest. "Good night bro," he said as he snuggled to bed.

The room was dark. The ray of light from the television directed at me. I watched the movie intensively. Even thought so I was yawning badly, I was sleepy too. I took the remote and shut the television. Pitch dark. I closed my eyes and tried to sleep. My body was tired but my mind did not put myself to sleep.

I tossed and turned trying to make myself to sleep. As I turned towards Nathan, I could hear him snoring. Suddenly...his snoring stopped.

His snoring sounded as he was gasping for air. "Nathan!! Nathan!!," I yelled from the other side of the bed. Then...I saw it again. The same fierce red eyes. The human like

figured shadow...it was as it was squatting on the Nathan's chest. It strangled Nathan. "Nathan!!! Nathan get up!!! Wake up!!!," I yelled as I jumped out from the bed and tried to grab Nathan.

The dark shadow stared at me. Its eyes flickered at with me a grin.

I grabbed Nathan's hand. Pulling him. The dark shadow vanished. Nathan was coughing as he tried to breathe. I dragged him to the floor and reached the switch for the table light. I turned on the table light. Nathan was coughing blood.

His t-shirt was soaked with blood as blood smothered on his t-shirt. "Nathan!! Nathan!!! Hang on!!!," I cried. I ran to the door and opened it. I went to the hotel receptionist and seek for help.

The person on duty contacted the medic and they followed me to the room. As I reached the room, Nathan was still coughing blood. The medic tom his blooded t-shirt and held his hand near his chest. "Breathe!! Nathan!!! Breathe!!!,"

Tears rolled down my eyes. I couldn't stop the urge. In several minutes the medic were trying to stabilize Nathan. His cough reduced .They brought the stretcher and took him out of the room and into the ambulance.

I followed Nathan to the hospital. I sat beside him the whole night on the bed. He was unconscious. The doctor said

this is due to shock. He should regain conscious in the morning. As the morning light ray blazed through the window, I felt as stranger or someone touching my hair. I immediately raised my head from the bed and stared at Nathan.

“Dei!!! You here the whole night,” he spoke softly. “Thank God you are alright!!!,”. “I know I will be John...You were there with me!! Saving me...!!!,” he said with a tried smile. I hugged Nathan. “Tell me what’s going on John!!! You know,” he said.

Nathan slowly tried to sit up. I helped him to put the pillow close to him to support his back.

As he looked intensively into my eyes, I know I could not hide it anymore from him. His eyes eagerly wanted to know what just happen. What did I see? Hundred and one questions with no answers that need to be revealed.

I drag the chair near the bed closer to the bed. I know what I’m going to say to him will change everything of what we believed in so much. I had no choice and control of what happen and I sensed I owe him a big explanation.

I don’t know how far this matter will go or how deep this issue will drag us, but Nathan is involved. The secret. The truth. The fear that haunted me.

4. PARLOR

The memories were still flashing in my mind even though I was unable to accept the fact. The dark marks below my eyes were a clear picture that I'm having sleepless nights. The image kept reoccurring in my mind. I am tired. The buzz awakens me. "Mum" I uttered. She sounded different.

Shallow and uncertain her voice started to sink in. "Are you at work, Yup..what's up?," I asked curiously. I sensed something as mum never calls so early in the morning. "Errr....dear..grandma is gone and is with our beloved Lord, I kept silent. "Are you okay dear???", "mum snapped me."

When?," I asked. "She passed away in sleep this morning,". "Alright mum, I'll be on my way back home,".

I switched the phone off. I stared at the monitor in front of me. I saw the same wallpaper every day. I felt angry. That thought was roaming around my mind. That could be the only explanation.

Had I just imagined the whole thing? Everything I've been through had felt so real. Sadness is real, isn't it? A shot of pain went through my heart. I didn't want to think anymore so I let myself suffer in misery. I took my bag and left.

“Chief..I’m going home. My grandma passed away. John..are you okay,”. “Chief I’ll update how long I’ll be on leave,” I said sternly.

My Chief could barely say anything to comfort me. I knew he tried, but I felt neither empathy nor sympathy. “I’m sorry for your lost John...Its ok Chief, Got to go Chief,” I ended the call and switched off the phone. Everyone was coming to work on Tuesday morning, but I was leaving the office as early as 9am.

As the train arrived, the white collared people rushed out. It was as if it was the end of the world. I just couldn’t understand the feeling.

My grandma was always a nice person. The grey air, with the wrinkles on her face was a clear cut that she has reached her time. Grandma never really talked much to me. She is strict but loving. Being her grandson, I never really valued the time I spend with her.

Grandma always sat on the old rattan chair. The chair was made by my grandpa. Grandma never really spoke much about grandpa. I assume grandma never really wanted to share her grief’s about grandpa. I never meet my grandpa. The only thing I knew was grandpa died with cancer.

He suffered a lot and grandma really took care of grandpa. My thought wandered through the journey. Being the second eldest grandson in the family, I spend most of the time with grandma. But either way, I knew I was not a good

grandson. I never really cared much nor even thought much about it. The color of the paint looked dull.

The cracks on the wall showed that the house was as old as grandma. The rusted gate with the knob almost dropping off made it clear of the maintenance of the house.

The branches lurked as high as the roof. I could barely recognize grandma's house. It was not the image I remembered when I was a small child. The orchids, the lilies and sun flowers filled the compound of gardens around the house.

The chirping of birds on the phone wires across the porch of the house was music soothing to ears early in the morning. All those were not relevant at that point of time. Nothing seemed beautiful.

As I turned the knob in a clockwise mode, Aunt Jane stood at the side of the door. Her dark blue eyes seemed to lose its color. "John," her voice was soft. "Aunt Jane," I hugged her. I strapped my arms around her. I felt the warmth.

Aunt Jane started to tear. I felt the dampness as her tears rolled on my shoulder. Her tears sipped on the cotton shirt I wore. I could barely say anything. I kept hugging Aunt Jane hoping that she will feel better. Come...I bring you to grandma.

I have never seen Aunty Jane cried in my life. Aunty Jane stayed with grandma her entire life. She never got married. I have never asked way she never got married. Aunty Jane and my mum are twins. Identical twins. The room was dark.

The checked bed sheet with light blue lines and squared with boxes indicated the old fashion style. The oak wood with its floral carvings shows the creativity of the carpenter of early 50s.

Grandma laid there still. Her face was so pale. Her wrinkle on her fore head looked so obvious. The batik sarong and white t-shirt belonged to grandpa. My grandma wore it always. Aunty Jane couldn't control her emotions. She wept more as I was sitting beside grandma on the bed. I stood up and patted my Aunty Jane's shoulder.

"It's alright, grandma is with our Lord," I said trying to comfort her. I knew I was not sounding confident saying it, but at that point of time that's the word that came to mind at that time.

I ushered Aunty Jane out of the room, as I could see Aunty Jane weeping in the room. I went back to the room. I sat with grandma. I looked closely at grandma's face. Her eyes were shut with her lips looking white. I touched her face. My senses triggered with shocks of chill done my spine. Grandma was icy cold.

Grandma looked so old. I grabbed her hand. I looked at the line on her right hand .It looked white. As if there was no

blood left anymore in my grandma's body. I pressed her hands. Deep down in my heart...I wanted my grandma to arise from her deep sleep.

I knew for a fact that will never ever happen anymore. "John," a voice distinctly. I lay grandma's hand on the bed and turned around. Dad stood at the entrance of the room. His face was as if he could not care less of what I felt at that point of time.

"The coroner is here to examine the body," he said. I looked at dad, and then turned my head towards grandma. I stared at grandma and in my heart I whispered "Thank you for all,". I stood up and left the room.

The coroner examined grandma. They took grandma on the stretcher and entered her body in the van. "We will take it from here; we'll bring her body to the parlor later in the evening. "You guys can be there at around 6pm," said Mr. Albert the coroner.

I went home with my parents. I was just waiting for evening to arrive as I was sitting in my room staring at the four white walls. The sun started to look red and orange.

Its silhouette image started to surround the parlor. The chanting was irritating me. Since there was a wedding at grandma's neighbor house ...the chances of having the funeral ceremony was a big no no. We had to conduct the funeral at the funeral parlor. Sharing the parlor with someone else made it worse.

I felt disgusted about it. As the people started to fill the hall for the service, the evening was an unusual evening for me.

I stayed close with Luke. Luke is the eldest grandson. I have not seen Luke for at least 2 years. The only time I see him is during our reunions at grandma's place during Christmas. Since he was away in United Kingdom for his studies, I didn't see him this year for Christmas.

His boyish look was not there anymore. He looked like he was a dad of four kids. We used to spend a lot of time together when we were young at grandma's place.

Luke was always the loved grandson of my grandma. Though he did not spend much time with grandma, he never ceased to make grandma happy always. He had a sense of humor. The candle light lightens up the parlor. The white coffin was placed at the centre of the hall.

The portrait of grandma was placed at the side of the coffin. The flower covered the foot of the coffin. The rear window on the top of the coffin was a look through mirror.

Grandma's face was coated with a thin layer of powder. The light make up was added on, so grandma looked more presentable. Grandma looked better compared when I saw her on bed earlier in the day. As the service went on, I listened to the pastor's message as well. A lot of people shared their experiences with grandma.

I tried my best to listen but I felt empty. Was I so cruel and selfish? The message of forgiveness surrounded the hall.

It did not sip into my head at all. My relatives came and comforted my mum and Auntie Jane. I left the hall and stood outside. I noticed the moon. It was a full moon. "Someone needs to stay with grandma tonight," said Uncle Ben. Why not you two boys stay with grandma? You guys have a lot to catch up with grandma he grin.

I looked at Luke and he started at me. We somehow understood that were the ones that will be there to stay the night. My other cousins were too young and did know grandma as well as both of us. Ya...sure we will be fine, I said confidently.

Luke smiled. As everyone started to leave the parlor, Luke and I sat on the cement chair. It was nearly midnight. The chanting was still going on the other side of the parlor. "Hey...its long time since we spend time together...yeah..I never imagined it will be like this," Luke said. I nodded my head as a sign of agreement.

We chat and shared a lot through the night. My eyes felt heavy. So did Luke also. We decided to take small nap for a while. The breeze was cold. The chanting stopped. I arranged the plastic chairs in a row. It was enough to lay my tired body down. I stared the stars above. It was like a painting with the moon as bright as a lamp.

The stars seem to be to close as if I could touch it. As I was amazed with the stars, my nose itched.

My smell sensed a burned smell. I got up. Luke was fast asleep. I think he didn't sense the burn smell. The candle was still burning but never smelled a burnt feeling before this. I was curious. I walked towards the candle. The candle was placed around the coffin.

I walked toward the coffin. I peeped at my grandma's face through the rear window above the coffin. She looked still. I was about to touch the window when I heard a soft weeping voice.

It was so low as I thought I'd imagined it. But then I heard it again. Ok, I was definitely not imagining that. At first I stood frozen right there. The weeping became a little faster and louder. Whoever was weeping was obviously becoming impatient.

Slowly, I turned my back around. My heart was pounding really fast, my hand began to sweat and my breathing wasn't regular anymore. I was deeply scared. For some reason, I knew something bad is going to happen.

There stood a small girl at the back of me. Wearing a red dress she wept." Why are you crying?," I curiously asked her. The little girl slides her hair to the side and pointed her finger to me. "It's all because of you!!!! YOU!!!!," she wept. Her of tears started to turned red.

Dark red as if it was blood. I stumbled and fell back. I opened my eyes. A familiar face was staring at me. "You're awake, hmm....It's funny to find you sleeping beside grandma's coffin. I didn't know you sleep walk John," Luke said with a smile. "I was sleep walking??"

I questioned myself. Who's that little girl? Grandma?

As strange as it gets... things became worse.

5. MUM

The fan pinned. The squeaking sound of its bearing made it worse. She was gasping for air. I knew there was nothing much I could do. Seeing her in that condition made my heart pain. Regrets of the lack of care and love made me guilty. The tubes in her veins connecting to the chest into the machine showed that she couldn't live without the machine.

Doctors were shocked of what they discovered. Based on the MRI scan, doctor couldn't find anything.

There were no signs of injury, mental disorder or what so ever. Mum was no more herself. She seemed to be out of her mind. The doctor added her with sedatives to calm her down. I never seen mum like that.

She was hysterical. She shouted, yell for no reason. Looking back at mum's condition, my mind started to wander. I never expected mum to suffer like this. She always tells me of what happen when I was bom. My mind just can't accept what's going on. Looking at the real fact, it seems to be a big puzzle.

Mum always tells me this crap stories of the black cat.

There used to be a black cat that always lingered around my house. I could never remember it as I was still an infant at that time. Mum always said the cat will cross the house every morning, daytime and evening.

Based on mum description, the furry animal glowed with blue eyes, silky black fur and its retractable claws. It seemed that the black furry one always growling and grunting when someone was near me. What's happening?. Mum's eyes were open.

Motionless. Her eyes were pitching black. Mum...I whispered at her ears.

There was no response at all. She just started at me. Mum seldom fall ill. I can hardly recall how many time she fell ill. Mum was doing all okay two weeks ago. The incident is still fresh in my mind as it happens like yesterday.

I got back from work as around 10pm. I turned the knob and peeped at mum like I always do. Mum was soundly asleep. Mum looked so old. At the age of eighty, mum could barely do anything. She only thing she does is rest the whole day. Even though so, as I noticed her sleeping, she looked so tired.

I closed the door gently and proceed to my room. I washed the clothes as usual, boiled the water and iron the clothes. I prayed like I always did and went to bed. I could not really sleep as usual. "Go away!!! Go awayyyyyy!!!!" a hysterical scream.

I got out from bed and ran towards mum's room. I on the lights. Mum!!!! I shouted. Mum was sitting far across the bed. Her expression was as she saw a ghost. Her hair was wet. She was sweating. Her light blue shirt was soaking wet. She was breathing rapidly. "Mum what happen??" I asked. Go away!!! Go away!!! Arrggghhhh!!!!Ahhhhhh!!!! She screamed.

She kept pointing towards the cupboard. I looked towards her direction. There was a monkey with its head ripped off. Blood flooded the floor. It was gruesome. Worms invested the monkeys head. Its blood kept out oozing out the monkeys brain.

What happen mum!!! Who did this!!! I startled mum. Mum kept saying go away!! Go away!. "Mum calm down, tell me slowly, what happen?,". Mum kept repeating the same thing.

My mum was in shock , I thought to myself. I grabbed mum's hand and hold her shoulder. I guided mum out from the room and moved her slowly. I brought mum to the hall. Mums eye never blinked .She kept looking at the room. Mum started to whisper. Go away go away!!!. I never seen mum like that before.

She sat at the sofa. "Don't worry mu...all will ok, I said to her," insincerely. I'm lying to myself and mum. I tried to lie mum on the sofa.

I sat beside her, patting her to sleep as she used to do it for me when I was a small child. Mum kept on murmuring about it while she slowly dozed off. What just happen??? I stared at the bloody floor. The blood stopped oozing for the monkeys head.

I started to dean the bloody floor. I took the bloody monkeys head and its body and stuffed in the black plastic bag. I hung it up the gate. I mopped the floor. I didn't sleep that night.

I sat beside mum the whole night. As the ray of light started to reflect in the window, I draw the curtain. I could not believe my eyes of what I saw. A group of black crows were sitting of the railing of my gate. The crows did not make a sound.

The crows surrounded the black plastic without peeking it. As I slide the sliding door, the crows turn their head towards me. Staring at me. It was as if the time freeze. The crows stared at me without a blink.

After a few seconds all the crows flew away. The black plastic bag was dripping with blood. I quickly took another black bag and over lapped it. I took the bag at put it in the car booth. I drove to the waste land and threw it into the dumpster. I made sure no one was there when I threw it.

Kriiingggg!!!!the alarm rang. The figures started to drop rapidly. Mum!!! Mum!!! I cried. The doctors rushed into the ward. Get me the stabilizer!!!

The doctor shouted. Bring him out of the room!!!. As mum struggled for her life gasping for air..the last word mum said was Dad...

6. PRIEST

The priest knew. He grinned. His chanting brought a meaning that I could not understand. I plead to the priest. Why is this happening to me!!!. Please save me from this evil!!!!. The circle of fire looked so fierce. My chunk of hair, my nail and blood burned.

The slit at my wrist gave an opening for the blood to drip. Drop by drop. My red thick black blood. The priest continued chanting looking deep into the circle of fire.

His eyes opened, a, lips bitten. I couldn't explain his expressions. I couldn't understand. Nathan was not beside me. The priest said that whatever happen, Nathan should not be aware and should never know about it. Nathan sat in a circle of candles surrounding him on the other side of the monastery.

The room was fill with the white smoke. The white smoke did not evaporate within the air. It was coming from the buming of the circle of fire.

The priest looked old . I assumed it based of the wrinkles and rugged dothes he wore. His rough white beard and thick mustache indicated his experience and knowledge. "Son," he

called me with a stern tone. I looked at the priest curiously. The priest nodded his head in dismay, in rejection, despair. "What I'm going to tell you will not change anything....but you must know the truth...," his tone lowered. "What do you mean ???,"."

The incident that happen in your life and people around you were meant to be, some were to protect you, some were to harm you. But He has come for you, is the last one. Your time is near, for he has come to take what is his,". "I don't understand what you are saying!!! Who is after me!!! Why me!!!," I shouted at him.

"Calm down my son!!! You need to know the truth, that is what you are here for. This is not coincidence but it was destined,". I was freaking out. The more he said, the more I was confused. The more I feared the worse.

The circle of fire looked as it was alive. The flames didn't seem to ease down. The fire would in the end become amber. The amber within the red circle was in red. "Listen carefully to the story I'm telling you son...he said with the husky voice of his. "Tell me!!!,"

I said eagerly. Long time ago, there was this young man. His life was full of misery. His life is filled with misfortunes. This young man had 4 siblings. HE was the oldest among of all of them.

His parent died when he was still young. His dad was killed during the Japanese occupations. His mum was brutally

raped and murdered during the Japanese occupations too. He had to protect his siblings and raise them up. He loved his sibling very much.

He took care of them. He worked hard to educate his siblings. One day, he was coming back from work. He rides an old bike. As he was riding his bike on a long and widening road, he meets this lady by the road side.

She looked very beautiful. She was wearing a white gown. She looked sweet. The young man was curious why the lady was at the road side so late at night. The lady said that she lived nearby. She was on a her way back after a funeral at the nearby village. Feeling half hearted the young man gave a ride to the lady.

The lady sat at the back of the bike. The lady sat quietly at the back. The young man rode the bike. As he stared at the rear window of his bike, he was unable to see the lady. It was as that lady was not there.

The young man was terrified. He was scared. He ride the bike even faster. There was a sharp turning point at the road. He was unable to control his bike. He crashed at the divider forcing him to flung out of his bike. He was badly injured. He was fighting for life.

He could barely breathe. He was bleeding badly. His vision started to blur. At that point of time, the lady in white passed there. The lady smiled at the young guy. The young man was terrified. "Oh my little one, are you afraid of

death???",". The young man could barely say anything. "I will give you life but in return I need a life.

I will give you all the riches in your life and for your siblings,". The young man importance is only for his siblings. Nothing else mattered. As the young man struggle to stay alive, he agreed with the lady's offer.

"The time will come when I claim what belongs to me!!!,". The lady in white walked away. The young man was unconscious. As the young man regains consciousness, he realized he was at the roadside without any injuries.

He was fine. The young man thought everything that happen earlier was a bad dream. The young man's life changed after that. He started to have bad dreams almost every day. One of his siblings killed himself by hanging himself. The promises made by the lady in white were true.

His siblings were filled with riches and wealth. The young man life was also blessed with riches. Even though so, the young man always had bad dreams and a painful headache.

He always dreams of the lady in white. There was a voice in his head telling him and reminding him the agreement with the lady in white to spare his life. "What does all this got to do with me??? Who is that young man?," I asked him curiously. The priests kept silent for a moment. "Son ...the young man is your dad!!!. Dad??? I couldn't believe what I was hearing. I took a step backward back from the priest.

What nonsense are you talking about? I don't believe you.
This is all crap!!!!.

7. DENIAL

You can never run from the truth!!!! You have seen in your life but all this while you denied it!!!! You can pretend but you can never hide. You know I mean son!!! This word keeps echoing in my head. My mum always tells me the stories of my birth.

The importance of my birth, that my birth was special. As I grew up, I experienced a lot of thing that I never told anyone. I sensed that if I tell anyone, people will think I'm crazy.

What the priest told me, hmm..as I try not to trust it, I feel it's true. Things started to make sense. I tried so hard not to believe of what I see and what I hear. But it seems threes no point anymore.

The shooting star on the night Rover died was the beginning of all, I think. I was barely five or six years old at that time, when Rover died. Rover looked to sad. Rover shed tears. I hung Rover very hard like how I always do. I love Rover so much.

Don't cry dear...Rover is going to sleep, he is going in a deep sleep," mum said to calm me down.

I didn't really know what was happening to Rover, but I was very sad. This weird people in black came and took Rover away from me. They packed Rover in a black bag. I wiped away the tears from Rovers eyes. Rover was always special to me. Every time back after my nursery, I played with Rover. Rover will always come to me and lick my face.

It felt wet but I loved it. I will kiss him. Pet him on his head. Rover always followed me wherever I go. I don't really know how Rover came into my life. Based on the photos in the photo album, there was one photo of Rover. Rover was still a puppy in the photos. Rover was wrapped in my father's arm.

Cuddle warmly. Rover looked so cute and adorable. I never really asked my dad and mum of Rovers origin. Rover was the first ever death I saw in my life. Everyone will die someday...no one lives forever. I could barely underhand that at my ages.

As I got older I, things started to seem different. The things I see, felt special. Was it special or was it a curse??? I used to go to my aunty house during my school holidays. I was very close to my aunty. She took care of me when I was young. After she got married, I will visit her when I have the time.

She stayed in the outskirts of the city. More to the rural area. The problem with rural area is that, there are not much entertainment like the city. Catching chicken, taking a dip in

the river, fishing, hmm...this are the past time activities there.

I always played at the compound of my aunt's house. Along the compound of the house, there are a lot of bushes and trees. As I always played there, there was this person that I see most of the time. There was this young lady who looks so beautiful. She was all in white.

There was a baby in her arms always. She smells so nice. She smells like flowers. She always stood near the tree at the edge of the compound. She always smiled at me. Being young and naïve, I was always a curious boy. I will approach the lady.

But every time I try to get close to her, she turns her back and heads to the bushes. She seems to vanish within the bushes. I told my aunty of what I saw but she never believed me. She knew I was young, and young kids always have imaginary friends. Being the only son the family, there is no doubt an imaginary friend will always be there.

I could not prove anything of what I saw."No aunty she was there, she always smiled at me!!!," ."No no no, it's just your imagination,....stop this nonsense., the usual statement by aunty to shut my mouth when I talk about the lady in white.

The lady in white was not so obvious as I got older. I spend lesser time at aunt's place. Being buzz with my studies and other things. I started to grow up. Becoming an older

boy. As I hit adolescence, my life as what I see it, turned around. Changes of hormones, getting a husky voice, being bold and stupid, I started to change.

With my group of friends who like the extraordinary things in life, we will spend most of your time to seek the super natural things. The paranormal activities. I was dearly influenced by watching a lot of UFO's movies, the famous television series the X – Files and so on. "The truth is out there" that was what I and my friends were seeking for.

We had trip to a beach somewhere in Morib. Morib it's a small town in the outskirts of the busy city of Kuala Lumpur ,Malaysia. There are nice beaches there but not much people go there.

We decided to go there because there was no crowd there. In the end we friends decide to spend a night there. We brought our camping gears and all set up to spend the night there. The wind was cold. The tides were high. We found a good spot to camp.

I pitched up the tent while my friends set up the fire. There was a total of four of us. They had difficulties setting up the fire because the wind was really strong. After a few attempts in the end they were able to set up the fire. We started our barbecue session there.

We laugh and joked as the warm fire kept us warm. After the wonderful meal, we were exhausted but that did not keep just from enjoying ourselves to the max. We

decided to take a walk around the beach .There was no moon light. Not even the star to provide us the source of light. To make things worse, we did not even have torch lights.

The only thing we had was a box of candles. In that box we had 6 stick of candles. We have 2 lighters. "Just do it" another idiot idea we had in our minds. We brought the box of candle together and started the journey.

It was pitching dark. Creepy feeling arise while walking there. We were quite far from our camping spot, trying our best to keep the light alive. The strong wind made it hard for us. To our shock, we saw an old cemetery. I was an abounded cemetery. "Hey...it's a chance of a lifetime, why not we hang around here for a while...,"Adam said eagerly waiting for a good respond from us. "I don't think we should even be here at the first place..," I said hoping we will leave this eerier place. "Stop being such a pussy!! We have are going to hang around here for a while, and see what we can encounter,".

I was freaking out but I had no say among the four of them. So what we did, we sat beside a tomb there. We had no idea whose tomb was that. We formed a circle and sat there. We joined all the four sticks of candles together. A s we were sitting there, I felt eerie nothing else.

A chill feeling slides down my spine. I felt so cold. My hair was standing .Goosebumps s all over. I have no idea what they felt, but I was freaking out.

I open the drawer. The black book with the writing the Holy Bible, encrypted on the front once cover of the black book.

I know I have not touched the black book for a very long time. As I took the book out and hold it in my hands, I felt uneasy. I could not figure out the feeling. Was I lost, that I'm so far from God??. I could not even feel the presence of the Lord. My mum always told me that, every time you take the bible, and open to read it, the pages and that you open and that you see are meant just for you.

So randomly I open the bible.

I opened it in the centre on the bible. The pages of the black book were very thin and fine. The writings were small but I was able to read it. I looked at writings. I try to read it.

It said "so I also will choose harsh treatment for them and will bring upon them what they dread. For when I called, no-one answered, when I spoke, no one listened. They did evil in my sight and chose what displeases me" – Isaiah 66:4.

God's word. It was direct judgment on me on earth. I have no idea, how far I can go on. I closed the bible and left it on the brown table. I tried to put myself to sleep but I can't.

8. DEEP DEPTHS

The demons name is Cubus. The Cubus usually inhabit the deep depths of hell or also known as the ocean of fire. Its master is the Satan himself, for I have no name for him. God and the Devil are usually portrayed as fighting over the souls of humans, with the Satan seeking to lure people away from God and into Hell.

The Satan commands his forces of evil spirits, commonly known as Cubus. The social structure of the circle of fire is similar with us in with families, clans, and royalty. The Cubus often have supernatural powers, and must be appeased with certain rituals and customs before they can be summoned.

During the days of our ancestors, Cubus were supernatural entities believed to assist demon practice in their practice of magic. According to the records of that time, they would appear in numerous guises, often as an animal, but also at times as a human figure.

According to my dad, exorcism is the way to overcome the attacks of Cubus. However in your current circumstances, I'm unable to perform the exorcism. The Cubus does not

possess you because the Cubus has already made a covenant with your dad and your ancestors.

In this case the Cubus, "do not obey exorcists, have no dread of exorcisms, and show no reverence for holy things, at the approach of which they are not in the least overawed. It was hard for me to grasp the words from the priest. The Cubus is the demon that instigates tests upon humankind.

Many people have fallen in the arms of the Cubus because of their sinful natures. Due to greedy, jealousy, hatred, the urge of immortality, people would sacrifice their souls in chance for perfection in life. That is what your dad did!!! The priest confirming it.

The demon has been following you for all your life in many forms. You have seen it before in your life but you denied its existence. If you have realized son...the demon has taken the lives of the people close to you. All of them had an encountered the Cubus in one way or another.

They were they to protect you. The longest person, who was with you, was your mumson. She saw everything from the beginning until her death. When you were born, you were born underage. You were not even 9months. You were barely hitting your 7th month.

They had to do a Caesarean to safe you and your mum. Your parents named you John in Greek meaning a blessing. However, you are a curse. The cursed child of Cubus. Your

mum could not accept the truth of the curse that was upon you.

She gave you name for a hoping of a miracle. Upon your birth, your dad suffered more of the pain and the voice in his head. I never knew all this. The revelation from the priest was as he knows the whole journey of my life and my parents. Your dad died when you were five years old. He died a very bad accident.

The accident took place at the place where he first meets the Cubus. During the funeral, the coroner was shocked to see the body of your dad. Your dad's body was infested with worms. It was as if the body was decomposed for years. They have never seen such things in their life. The worms were consuming your dad's body.

The blood kept oozing out. Due to this, the priest conducting the funeral ceremony said it's better to proceed to burn the body and then proceeding for a burial. As everyone gave their last respect to your dad, your dad body kept on bleeding.

When your dad body was burned, the priest was shocked of what he saw. The priest identified as the sign of the devil. There was an image in the flames of the fire. An evil entity. The priest could not explain nor believe. In his heart, he chanted a verse from the bible to protect himself and the people there.

There were no ashes collected from your dad's funeral. The priest who conducted the funeral services died mysteriously. It seems that the priest slashed himself six times at his chest before he died. The Cubus doesn't spare anyone.

The priest smiled after telling me all this. As he smiled, blood started to flow from his nose. He took his hand and wiped the blood from his nose. He grinned. My time is here. The priest stood up. "Son...leave my monastery. I have told you everything that you need to know. But Rabbi!!!! What must I do now???"

How can I overcome this curse? Have you not understood my explanation son??? Do what you have to do son...Now leave my monastery..he said angrily.

His blood dripped to the floor of monastery. Leave!! He shouted. I got up. I turned to Nathan. Nathan was asleep on the other side of the monastery. I woke up Nathan. Nathan let's go!!! The priest wants us to leave the monastery.. What happen??? He asked.

Don't ask..let's leave. Sons!!!!!! Leave!!!! His voice surrounded the monastery. We left the monastery with uncertainly.

9. REVELATIONS

All that happen were destined. I'm sweating blood. Hse Lam revealed to me. He was the last incarnation of the Cubus. In the form of a human or in another term mortal. My beloved boss , Malar died after she told the dream that she had. After the dream Malar could not sleep.

She kept mumbling about the dream. She could not eat. Day by day she became thinner. Due to her lack of performance at work, Malar was terminated. She stayed at home for day's without leaving the house. When I heard the news that she died, it seems that the police and doctors were shocked to see her condition.

Her body was invested with worms. Her whole room was full of blood. On the wall there was writing in blood stating Cubus. Doctor confirmed that she was mad and attempted to kill herself.

I know the truth. Mum last words were "Dad". Mum started to fall ill after my dad passed away. She was diagnosed with diabetes and kidney failure. After a year, mum was diagnosed with colorectal cancer. Mum started to have symptoms like rectal bleeding and anemia which made her lost weight and changes in bowel movement.

Doctors were amazed how she could be diagnosed with so much illness in such a short period. Doctor was more surprised when the discharges from the bowel moments were worms. Mum could not sleep. Mum looked stoned as she was possessed by something.

Mum died in the hospital. I know the truth. Nathan had also the similar case. After breaking the truth to him, we when and saw a priest. The priest was a very close friend to Nathan and has guided Nathan in all religious issues.

Nathan said that my issue needs to be addressed to the priest. I told everything to the priest. The truth was revealed. Its prophecy. As the priest demanded us to leave the monastery, we left the monastery. A few days after that, we got news that the priest hung himself with in the monastery. On his chest he carved the word Cubus in ancient Sankrit. I know the truth.

Nathan started to act strange since the priest died. Nathan had bad dreams of the priest. In his dreams, he kept seeing a man holding a serpent on his right hand, the priest's head on his left hand.

As long Nathan closes his eyes, the dream keeps reappearing. Nathan started seeing things. His condition became worse. On one Sunday morning, Nathan was found dead on his bed. Beside his table was a bottle of sleeping tablets. The strange thing was there were not tablets in it, but worms.

There was also a note written by Nathan." I'm sorry I'm unable to save you anymore, I know I'm going crazy, I'm suffering John...deep down I can't take it anymore...it has come to get me,". I know the truth. I prayed to all the God's I ever knew.

I seek for help from priest, monks and shamans. You are cursed!!! That's the only thing they say. I feel so weak. My gums are bleeding. Everywhere I see is blood. Blood!!! Blood!!!. I hear whispers every night. What is real and what is not?

Drops of blood smothering the pages as I write this. I looked through books, bibles about my issue. A cursed person would endure bad luck until eventually the demise would mean death. The people around him will also face the similar consequences. Death!!! Death!!!. I know the truth.

The candle slowly melted. The air is still. I stared at the walls in my room. Blood. I stared at my palm. Blood!!!. Where is God??? I thought about it. My right hand wrist oozed out blood as its vein just snapped.

I can see him now!!!! In front of me!!! The Cubus, inviting me to follow it. I understand. I know the truth.....Im going now...This is for you...

This is the diary I found on the table. It was his last words whereby the pages were all in blood. His writings were the only proof of what the Cubus was all about.

Police had no evidence of his body. His whole room was in blood raging from the ceiling, walls and floor. Worms were consuming the blood. John did not mention to whom the writings are for, but I believe he wrote it for a purpose.